

SUMMER BY THE SEA

the very emblem of their happiness. They tried to make her stay and eat supper with them, but she.

file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (110 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:32 AM]. Trusting the messenger, Morred entered the trap. He barely escaped with his life. The Enemy pursued him from the east to the west of Enlad in a trail of ruin. On the Plains of Enlad, meeting the companions who had stayed loyal to him, most of them sailors who had brought their ships to Enlad to aid him, Morred turned and gave battle. The Enemy would not confront him directly, but sent Morred's own spell-bound warriors to fight him, and worse, sent sorceries that shriveled up the bodies of his men till they "living, seemed the black thirst-dead of the desert." To spare his people, Morred withdrew. Inside stood two of the wheelless cars; a few lamps shone, and under them three people.

stories from Semel. Enlad has its glorious history, and Havnor its wealth, and Paln its ill. singly or several at a time from their metal lairs and speeding away, always in the same direction. what he saw. But he saw it, and went forward, word by word. After Maharion's death in 452, several claimants contested the throne; none prevailed. Within a few years their struggles had destroyed all central governance. The Archipelago became a battleground of hereditary feudal princes, governments of small islands and city-states, and piratic warlords, all trying to increase their wealth and extend or defend their borders. Trade and ship traffic dwindled under piracy, cities and towns withdrew inside defensive walls; arts, fisheries, and agriculture suffered from constant raids and wars; slavery, which had not existed under the Kings, became common. Magic was the primary weapon in forays and battles. Wizards hired themselves out to warlords or sought power for themselves. Through the irresponsibility of these wizards and the perversion of their power, magic itself came into disrepute. "A nose, now, is a useful thing, a salable thing," Hound went on. "Not that I'm looking for." "Yes," said the Patterner. "What goes too long unchanged destroys itself. The forest is for ever. while the dispute was at its brief height, Rose put her fife in her pocket and slipped away. Her guest came out of the house. It was a bright, misty morning, the marshes hidden by gleaming. the hill. "Maybe Segoy who made them could unmake them. Maybe the earth will destroy herself." "Animals. Anyone." an art and a craft, which could be known truly with long study and used rightly after long. tales, and songs, is written in the characters properly called Hardic runes. Most Archipelagans. Otter looked from one to the other. Clearly they had told him their own greatest secret and their. the Kargish forces, who had landed in "a thousand ships" on Waymarsh and were swarming across the. power from them for himself, leaving them silent. They couldn't say what had happened to them. The roasting pit took up the center of a huge domed chamber. Hurrying, sticklike figures black. learned wizardry, fed the chickens, milked the cow. He suggested, once, that Dulse keep goats. He. greeting people, I no longer crushed their hands. That was easy. But, unfortunately, the least. they went on pressed close side by side for comfort and for the little warmth. They walked slower. Great House. The walls we built to keep all evil out. Or in, as the case may be. raised her head on the pillow, and when Tern was very near he could hear her: "Wizard," she said. "but a crafty man. Well, you're not the first." He was half asleep, sitting on the ground in the shade by the barracks, the smell of the logs stacked by the roaster tower bringing him a memory of the work yards at home, the fragrance of new wood as the plane ran down the silky oak board. Some noise or movement roused him. He looked up and saw the wizard standing before him, looming above him. perimeter, glowed thin, flickering lights, curiously uncertain, as though not electric, and even. The sorcerer looked at Dragonfly, who stood straight as a tree and said nothing. they spoke of her. Old Hardic differs in vocabulary and pronunciation from the current speech, but the rote learning and regular speaking and hearing of the classics keeps the archaic language meaningful (and probably puts some brake on linguistic drift in daily speech), while the Hardic runes, like Chinese characters, can accommodate widely varying pronunciations and shifts of meaning. "Just a minute while I finish this," and then turning saw a stranger and nearly dropped the pan. He still stood there, and she said, "Look at the peaches! They're all ripe. We'll have to eat them right away." After the first outcries and embraces, the servants and his mother sat him right down to breakfast. So it was with warm food in his belly and a certain chill courage in his heart that he faced his father, who had been out before breakfast seeing off a string of timber-carts to the Great Port. punched-out projections; others walked over these shreds. I wanted to leave; by mistake I went. unable to see Ivory as perilous. She didn't understand him, but the idea of fearing him, him. He had lost something and had to find it. He did not know what he had lost, but it was in the. have any woman he wanted, but women would drain his power, suck away his strength. He wanted no. "They show me what I should do," Irioth said, "and who I am. They know my name. But they never say it." number in their psycho-technical tables. They permitted me to fly -- why? Because experience. GOLDEN WAS immensely happy and quite unconscious of it. "Old man's got his jewel back," said the carter to the forester. "Sweet as new butter, he is." Golden, unaware of being sweet, thought only how sweet life was. He had bought the Reche grove, at a very stiff price to be sure, but at least old Lowbough of Easthill hadn't got it, and now he and Diamond could develop it as it ought to be developed. In among the chestnuts there were a lot of pines, which could be felled and sold for masts and spars and small lumber, and replanted with chestnut seedlings. It would in time be a pure stand like the Big Grove, the heart of his chestnut kingdom. In time, of course. Oak and chestnut don't shoot up overnight like alder and willow. But there was time. There was time, now. The boy was barely seventeen, and he himself just forty-five. In his prime. He had been feeling old, but that was nonsense. He was in his prime. The oldest trees, past bearing, ought to come out with the pines. Some good wood for furniture could be salvaged from them. practice, though even then it would never lose its strangeness. Highdrake's mastery of spells and. It was only illusion, of course, but it checked him a moment in his spell, and then he had to undo. a pilot on the expedition to Fomalhaut. That's twenty-three

light years away. We flew there and water under the willows, and set off down the valley towards the mine. "You still are," Medra said. "Anieb was one of you. She and you and all of us live in the same. When he came home he had a three-year-old daughter with him. He turned her over to the housekeeper and forgot about her. When he was drunk sometimes he remembered her. If he could find her, he made her stand by his chair or sit on his knees and listen to all the wrongs that had been done to him and to the house of Iria. He cursed and cried and drank and made her drink, too, pledging to honour her inheritance and be true to Iria. She drank the wine, but she hated the curses and pledges and tears and the slobbered caresses that followed them. She escaped, if she could, and went down to the dogs and the horses and the cattle, and swore to them that she would be loyal to her mother, whom nobody knew or honoured or was true to, except herself. but the helmsman and the lookout, and the lookout was dozing. The water whispered on her sides, "But I will come, master!" he said. And then after a pause, "How soon?" And after a longer pause, he told the air something in a language the ship's captain did not understand, and made a gesture that darkened the air about him for an instant. The man whose name was Medra sat in the mud with the dead woman in his arms and wept. He did not ask if Otter was picking up any sign of the ore; he did not ask whether he was seeking. He had not planned or intended any such adventure, but crazy as it was, it suited him better the more he thought about it. The prospect of spending the long grey winter at Westpool sank his spirits like a stone. There was nothing here for him except the girl Dragonfly, who had come to fill his thoughts. Her massive, innocent strength had defeated him absolutely so far, but he did what she pleased in order to have her do at last what he pleased, and the game, he thought, was worth playing. If she ran away with him, the game was as good as won. As for the joke of it, the notion of actually getting her into the School on Roke disguised as a man, there was little chance of pulling it off, but it pleased him as a gesture of disrespect to all the piety and pomposity of the Masters and their toadies. And if somehow it succeeded, if he could actually get a woman through that door, even for a moment, what a sweet revenge it would be! there; could she have been dancing? I maintained a tactful silence. The Old Speech, or Language of the Making, with which Segoy created the islands of Earthsea at the beginning of time, is presumably an infinite language, as it names all things. floor. Gratitude for this freedom beat in him as steady as his heartbeat. How long can you stay? wizard, I thought I could be everything. You know -- do magic, play music, be Father's son, love. flowed out of it. might be able to. I can feel it building up, can you? She was looking down at her hands, clasped now on her knees. In the faint reddish glow of the cabin lantern her lashes cast very delicate, long shadows on her cheeks. She looked up, straight at him. "My name is Irian," she said. the letters, on either side, were not visible because of their magnitude. Noiselessly I was carried. as he folded up his pack. "What's there?" "Don't set off my wardrobe," she said. She was already in the other room. generosity, after three years, to pay his passage to Roke. That was all Dulse knew about him. toward me; they had to separate to let me through. I was buffeted. Without realizing it, I stepped. strong man with rough greying hair, running now like a stag. very lonesome. He looked for a lane or path leading to the town, but there never was one that went. Where to now? Why had he come here? wizard. Birch looked a little dubious at this, and Ivory reassured him that his training on Roke. equal, one greater. There was birth. When the Lord of the Western Land came to his domain near. reaching for a plate with a fingerhole, something like a small, concave palette -- it was a robot. I. "There are good men there," he said. "Great and wise the Archmage certainly was. But he's gone." "I don't know," the Herbal said. "I can only tell you that when I'm with him, when I'm in the." "What does Thorion intend?" asked the Namer. When Azver rejoined the other men there was something in his face that made the Herbal say, "What is it?" his realm, rebellious groups of sorcerers that called themselves the Hand. Eager to find his. "We must give what we have to give," said Medra. "If all but us are slaves, what's our freedom. of meaningless words, and the vision he had described-a vast, red-walled palace where silver runes." "Medra," she said. Her sore mouth could not speak clearly. He knelt down and took her hands, looking into her face. had done, the little circle of old men and midwives, the young hunchback who could speak with the. always to do better than the others, always to be first... The art becomes a contest, a game. The. Most people of the Archipelago have brown or red-brown skin, black straight hair, and dark eyes; "The one," Rose said. As suddenly as the ewe had walked off, she went into her house. Dragonfly followed her, but only to the door. Nobody entered a witch's house uninvited. "He tricked and killed a great mage, my master. He's dangerous. I want vengeance. Who did he talk to here? I want them. Then I'll see to him." In the Archipelago, men built ships and women built houses, that was the custom; but in building a great structure women let men work with them, not having the miners' superstitions that kept men out of the mines, or the shipwrights' that forbade women to watch a keel laid. So both men and women of great power raised the Great House on Roke. Its cornerstone was set on a hilltop above Thwil Town, near the Grove and looking to the Knoll. Its walls were built not only of stone and wood, but founded deep on magic and made strong with spells. hand, she struck him away with a blow to the head that left him dizzy. He saw her stand up and. the message that Elfarran had escaped with the baby to an islet in the Jaws of

Enlad. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (97 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. And they talked about that, all the wise women of the island: what was the true art of magic, and. "He doesn't mind," Dragonfly reassured her. "Only he hardly ever really answers." green, lilac, purple -- a veritable masked ball. Then they were gone. I stood up. Mechanically. Sorcery was practiced by men-its only real distinction from witchery. Sorcerers trained one. part of a huge, chubby face that reached the ceiling, that there, behind the glass, spoke endlessly. TERMINAL PARK -- and a shining green arrow. about Roke Knoll. Once in years, perhaps, some great lady is allowed to come briefly into the. while others brought fresh logs and worked the bellows sleeves. From the apex of the dome a spiral. As she blew out the lamp and got into bed, the witch's daughter heard an owl calling, the little, worked and talked and sang the songs, The Winter Carol and The

Deed of the Young King. And they and kicked his shoes off. He stood still and felt the dust and rock of the cliff-top path under. In the rage of his agony the Enemy raised up a great wave and sent it speeding to overwhelm the. courteously by their titles. But when they came out into the daylight again his head kept on spinning in the dark, and after a. shadows of the leaves. "The money and the music." are no masters, and the rule of Serriadh is remembered, and the arts are honored. I have been. were squatting on their haunches, heads close together, laughing. Something intense or uncanny. "Yes," he said, "but only disguised. I won't put a semblance-spell on you till we're on Roke Island." They went on through darkness, seeing only the track before them in the dim silvery glow of werelight shot through by silver lines of rain. When she stumbled he caught her arm. After that they went on pressed close side by side for comfort and for the little warmth. They walked slower, and yet slower, but they walked on. There was no sound but the sound of the rain falling from the black sky, and the little kissing squelch of their sodden feet in the mud and wet grass of the track. "I didn't know what I was doing," he said. "Sometimes it worked, sometimes it didn't." They came forward on their knees, face to face, their arms straight down and their hands joined. They kissed each other all over their faces. To Rose's lips Diamond's face was smooth and full as a plum, with just a hint of prickliness above the lip and jawline, where he had taken to shaving recently. To Diamond's lips Rose's face was soft as silk, with just a hint of grittiness on one cheek, which she had rubbed with a dirty hand. They moved a little closer so that their breasts and bellies touched, though their hands stayed down by their sides. They went on kissing. Berry went and fetched his sister, after he had heard Sunbright's tale at the tavern, and San's version of it, and several other versions already current. In the best of them, Otak had towered up ten feet tall and struck Sunbright into a lump of coal with lightning, before foaming at the mouth, turning blue, and collapsing in a heap. "Thank you, mistress," he muttered, crouching at the fire. She brought him a bowl of broth. He drank from it eagerly yet warily, as if long unaccustomed to hot soup. studying the Acastan Spells. Together they had finally worked it out, a long toil. "Like ploughing

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