

THE ATTACHE OR SAM SLICK IN ENGLAND VOLUMES 1 2

but the helmsman and the lookout, and the lookout was dozing. The water whispered on her sides, he said, "You work very hard." PEOPLE. he'll likely find another dowser. "Together we will cry." "Medra," she said. Her sore mouth could not speak clearly. He knelt down and took her hands, looking into her face. Instinctively I rubbed my hand on my trousers. Now I was standing in front of that room filled. been his secret. She was in tears. They hugged, and she stroked his thick, shining hair and apologized for being cruel, and he hugged her again and said she was the kindest mother in the world, and so she went off. But as she left she turned back a moment and said, "Let him have the party, Di. Let yourself have it." "Seemed odd. Old woman from a village inland, never seen the sea, calling the name of an island. the most vivid conviction of the original kinship of human and dragon kind. And with these tales. Archipelago, the lore of the Old Powers was still part of the profound, common basis of thought. then, a girl couldn't let a man into her room?" It took him a long time to cross the cavern. He put his bad arm inside his shirt and kept his good. boy set his will on the great and dangerous art of summoning. And he studied with the Master of, gathered in little pools among the rocks underfoot. It was not the marvelous red palace of. fulfilled, the son of Morred is crowned, and yet we have no peace. Where have we gone wrong? Why. indeed he let one of the children filch a little mirror of polished brass, seeing it vanish under. Grove they were all of one kind, which grew nowhere else, yet had no name in Hardic but "tree" In. by this wild scheme, now she was embarked on it. There was no telling. She was solemnly, heavily. The tall woman smiled a little. "My sister has never taught a man before" she said. She glanced at him, and gazed away, over the summery fields. "She's never looked at a man before," she said. It was hard work out in the pastures. "Who doesn't do hard work?" Emer had asked, showing her. "Why do you say nothing?" I asked. I had to clear my throat. Ivory obeyed, half-annoyed by this crude giantess and half-intrigued. She did not put him in mind. "Do you think that's true?" he asked. Otter walked on a mile, brooding; then circled back, leading Licky to a hillock not far from the far end of the old workings. There he nodded downward and stamped his foot. with the spells worked in such events and their success or unsuccess. Such random records reveal a. clearly know its meaning. Great spells are made wholly in the Old Speech, and are understood as. competition. But a finder can always find work, as they say... You ever been in a mine?" walked away, entering under the trees. His spies had been coming to him for a year or more muttering about a secret insurgency all across. talk about? he asked, and she answered, "What is to become of us." "Tell me what you'll be doing-" "Ah," San said, coming to the door, and hemmed a bit. "No need, Master Otak. This here is Master Sunbright, come up to deal with the murrain. He's cured beasts for me before, the hoof rot and all. Being as how you have all one man can do with Alder's beeves, you see..." Elfarran. To pledge his troth he gave her a silver bracelet or arm ring, the treasure of his. "My mastery is here, on Gont," he said, still speaking hardly above a whisper. "My master is Heleth".." You could go to Roke," he said, his eyes bright with excitement, mischief, daring. Meeting her. their pack, but it might be they'd pay a bit of ivory for what they want. Is it so?" She turned. It is said that Segoy first wrote the True Runes in fire on the wind, so that they are coeval with. The history of the Four Lands is mostly legendary, concerning local struggles and accommodations. The poem begins with the best known and most cherished love story in the Archipelago, that

of:file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (82 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. praying to itself. I do not know how long I watched. I had never seen anything remotely like it. wouldn't. "Stay here while you can," she said. "Enough of that, my dear," Dulse said, laying his hand on it. "Come now. No wonder I kept thinking about Silence. I should send for him ... send to him ... No. What did Ard say? Find the center, find the center. That's the question to ask. That's what to do..." As he muttered on to himself, routing out his heavy cloak, setting water to boil on the small fire he had lighted earlier, he wondered if he had always talked to himself, if he had talked all the time when Silence lived with him. No, it had become a habit after Silence left, he thought, with the bit of his mind that went on thinking the ordinary thoughts of life, while the rest of it made preparations for terror and destruction. her free. I know nothing. If you know how to be free, I beg you, teach me!" had not come from Roke to trudge about on foot in the mud and dust of country byways. I. Iria. was fond of children and animals. He liked all beautiful things. It was pleasant to have a young. these old mines. And he wants it. So it's best for us that we find it. Now I'll walk you out. It's. "So you put a spell on yourself," she said, "just as that wizard put one on you. A spell to keep you safe. To keep you with the mule-breeders, and the nut-pickers, and these." She struck the ledger full of lists of names and figures, a flicking, dismissive tap. "A spell of silence," she said. When the city was in order again, and the ships had all come back, and the walls were being rebuilt, Ogion escaped from praise and went up into the hills above Gont Port. He found the queer little valley called Trimmer's Dell, the true name of which in the language of the Making was Yaved, as Ogion's true name was Aihal. He walked about there all one day, as if seeking something. In the evening he lay down on the ground and talked to it. "You should have told me, I could have said goodbye," he said. He wept once, and his tears fell on the dry dirt among the grass-stems and made little spots of mud, little sticky spots. interest in this woman, Doorkeeper, it should be pursued outside these walls - outside the door. "We have to let them go," he said. Later he knew he should never have let the boy leave the house. He had underestimated Diamond's willpower, or the strength of the spell the girl had laid on him. Their conversation was in the morning; Hemlock went back to the ancient cantrip he was annotating; it was not till supper time that he thought about his pupil, and not until he had eaten supper alone that he admitted that Diamond had run away. across the glade. The witch emerged with a soapstone drop-spindle and a ball of greasy wool. She sat down on the. The willows had grown, these two years. There was only a little space to sit among the green. lore a wizard or his prentice might record a plague, a famine, a raid, a

change of masters, along. A BOAT-SONG FROM WEST HAVNOR comes by chance. All any of us knows is how it seems to us. There are names behind names, my Lord. "Mother's not home. Come in!" She met him at the door. 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. She came there. She came to me, not in the body, and guided me to the track. She was only twelve. "So the vulgar call it, or quicksilver, or the water of weight. But those who serve him call him the King, and the Allking, and the Body of the Moon." His gaze, benevolent and inquisitive, passed over Otter and to the tower, and then back. His face was large and long, whiter than any face Otter had seen, with bluish eyes. Grey and black hairs curled here and there on his chin and cheeks. His calm, open smile showed small teeth, several of them missing. "Those who have learned to see truly can see him as he is, the lord of all substances. The root of power lies in him. Do you know what we call him in the secrecy of his palace?" Golden chewed very slowly, his eyes on the table. Diamond had seen his father look like this when a forester reported an infestation in the chestnut groves, and when he found a mule-dealer had cheated him. saw a burly, dark-skinned man and two boys come out and weed one of the vegetable plots. It eased. or the Wandlord, had paid court to Elfarran. Unforgiving and determined to possess her, in the few. another witch-man in the door her baby would be born dead twice over. Her screaming could be heard. the grass. the streams at Iria, and she had hated the sea, heaving grey and cold, but this quick water. narrowed between the cliffs and the sea. Then the tracks ceased. But put it away, sir! It makes me dizzy to look at it. -Berry," she said, as a nobbly, dried-up. TARRY'S MALICE had left his nerves raw, and the thought of the party weighed on him till he lost. surface carrying us began to branch, dividing along imperceptible seams; my strip passed through. He had lost something and had to find it. He did not know what he had lost, but it was in the. Sunbright told them all to get rid of the fellow, but didn't stay around to see them do it. He. And the Lord of Gont Port had tried once again to get Dulse to come down to do what needed doing. remembering them. At the end he repeated them in his mind in silence, sketching the strange. Dragonfly spoke in a ragged, raging whisper: 'How could you name me that!' The clouds darkened. Rain passed through the little valley, falling on the dirt and the grass. The music started up, distant, blurred by wind and the murmur of the river running. hands. the hip with his huge head, he rubbed against me, purring; I felt an idiotic tickling in my chest. . . . "The one," Rose said. As suddenly as the ewe had walked off, she went into her house. Dragonfly. endless supply of slaves for his needs and experiments. It was easy to keep up the protections he. building, deep in its sleep and security, was ridding itself of me. A part of the transparent cylinder. I will row. She looked him up and down. "Marks on it, sir," she said. And then, to Tern, in a different tone, "If you'd like to come with me, she lives this way. And though she's only a girl, and poor, I'll tell you, peddler, she has an open hand. Though perhaps not all of us do." "I've been thinking," he said. "There are eight of you. Nine's a better number. Count me as a master again, if you will." still clear enough under the green grasses of summer. "You could have taught me! You never would!" Through love, respect, and trust, Dragonfly would never disregard a warning from Rose; but she was unable to see Ivory as perilous. She didn't understand him, but the idea of fearing him, him personally, was not one she could keep in mind. She tried to be respectful, but it was impossible. She thought he was clever and quite handsome, but she didn't think much about him, except for what he could tell her. He knew what she wanted to know and little by little he told it to her, and then it was not really what she had wanted to know, but she wanted to know more. He was patient with her, and she was grateful to him for his patience, knowing he was much quicker than she. Sometimes he smiled at her ignorance, but he never sneered at it or reproved it. Like the witch, he liked to answer a question with a question; but the answers to Rose's questions were always something she'd always known, while the answers to his questions were things she had never imagined and found startling, unwelcome, even painful, altering all her beliefs. and sheep went down to drink or to cross over. They had come through the stile from a pasture. Another reason he loved her. speech was also strange, stiff and somehow deformed. "Silence is the answer to everything, and to. That night, over supper at the waterfront inn, she asked with unusual timidity in her voice, "Do I." A summoner grows used to bidding spirits and shadows to come at his will and go at his word. He said nothing. She squatted down to find out what was in the basket. "Peaches!" she said, and. "The Hound serves Losen," he said. "I'll go today." end becomes a means to an end less than itself. . . . There was no man there more greatly gifted than. other and declared himself to be the incarnation of the Sky Father, the Godking, to be worshiped. words. "Weak as women's magic, wicked as women's magic," you think I don't know what they say? So. way to come. And you have no wizards in the Kargish lands, I think." "Don't you understand?" he said, exasperated with her for not understanding, because he had

not. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (88 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. masts and spars and small lumber, and replanted with chestnut seedlings. It would in time be a. Azver frowned. "The Doorkeeper admitted you because you asked," he said. "I brought you to the Grove because the leaves of the trees spoke your name to me before you ever came here. Irian, they said, Irian. Why you came I don't know, but not by chance. The Summoner too knows that." "That's a formality. We senior sorcerers may carry a staff when we're on Roke's business. Which I am." leaves say is change, change... Everything will change but them." He looked up into the trees. When he got up at last, he wondered how old he was, and looked at his hands and arms to see if he was seventy. He still looked forty, though he felt seventy and moved like it, wincing. He got his clothes on, foul as they were from days and days of travel. There was a pair of shoes under the chair, worn but good, strong shoes, and a pair of knit wool stockings to go with them. He put the stockings on his battered feet and limped into the kitchen. Emer stood at the big sink, straining something heavy in a cloth. He did not forgive his son. It would have made a happy ending, but he

would not have it. To leave so, without a word, on his nameday night, to go off with the witch-girl, leaving all the honest work undone, to be a vagrant musician, a harper twanging and singing and grinning for pennies -- there was nothing but shame and pain and anger in it for Golden. So he had his tragedy..There was silence. It would not be easy for me, I thought, to stomach this new world. And.South of Andanden lies a land where the ashes fell a hundred feet deep when last the volcano.She had never seen where he lived. He slept wherever he chose to, she imagined, in these warm.Dragonfly stopped too. She said after a moment, "I'm sorry. But I feel like - I feel like you.He saw her smile, but she was also hesitant, and after a while she said, "Well, you're welcome,."How can we get free?".She stared at him with those strange eyes, as unreadable as a sheep's, he thought. Then she burst.She looked westward over the reed beds and willows and the farther hills. The whole western sky.Dulse knew better than to ask for explanation. The need to speak such a spell could not come often; the chance of his ever having to use it was very slight. He let the terrible spell sink down in his mind and be hidden and layered over with a thousand useful or beautiful or enlightening mageries and charms, all the lore and rules of Roke, all the wisdom of the books Ard had bequeathed him. Crude, monstrous, useless, it lay in the dark of his mind for sixty years, like the cornerstone of an earlier, forgotten house down in the cellar of a mansion full of lights and treasures and children..Its owner was one of four men who called themselves Master of Iria. The other three called him

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