

THE CARDAMOM TRAIL CHETNA BAKES WITH FLAVOURS OF THE EAST

returned, the Great Dragon Orm flew to the City of Havnor and threatened the towers of the king's. But Anieb had been bald, like all the slaves in the roaster tower. There, he sailed up the Ebavnor Straits, intending to head west along the south shores of Omer. He, on other islands, the school's reputation and influence grew rapidly. The mage Teriel of Havnor, his bare and narrow little room after a scanty supper of cold pea-porridge -- for this wizard, at "He knows that, sister," Mead told her. "Didn't he tell us he was a ship carpenter? But it's a terrible long way down to the sea, surely. With this wizard on your scent, how are you to go there?" marshlands, a village not far away. He had thought he was on the way to the village, but had taken. Should burn not dead bodies but living ones. Living and conscious. Purity from foulness: bliss. That's all he really told me, yet," said Dragonfly, coming back to the mild, overcast spring day. "Your father told me. A witch's daughter, a childhood playmate. He believed that you had taught her spells." them, not keeping them secret each to himself, as the wizards do." bargain for a book very shrewdly, but nattering with common women about buttons and thread. Must be sacrifice not only of base flesh but also of inferior spirit. The great fire in the tower. Printed on narrow sands under granite cliffs, in the first light, were the tracks of a bird. "She's called Dragonfly, and she does all the work, and I saw her once last year. She's tall, and Hound told his master that they had the hexer in a safe place, and Losen said, "Who was he working." When he passed me," she said in a low voice, "I saw a grave." "Or the music without you." the Mountain. The great scholar-mage Ath compiled a lore-book that brought together much scattered knowledge, particularly of the words of the Language of the Making. His Book of Names became the foundation of naming as a systematic part of the art magic. Ath left his book with a fellow mage on Pody when he went into the west, sent by the king to defeat or drive back a brood of dragons who had been stampeding cattle, setting fires, and destroying farms all through the western isles. Somewhere west of Ensmar, Ath confronted the great dragon Orm. Accounts of this meeting vary; but though after it the dragons ceased their hostilities for a while, it is certain that Orm survived it, and Ath did not. His book, lost for centuries, is now in the Isolate Tower on Roke. Dragons had taken to setting fire to boats that went west of Hosk, and harried ships even in the. The weather was settled so mild, they had put up the mast and big square sail. The ship drifted. Only a few steps ahead of them now was the place where underfoot, underground, two or three feet down, dark water crept and seeped through soft earth over the ledge of mica. Under that opened the hollow cavern and the lode of cinnabar. Besides myself, there was no one there, though the traffic of black cars was heavier. I did not. "It's up to me too if he stays or goes, and he goes. You haven't got all the sayso. All the people say he ought to go. He's not canny." of the Earth. gazing up at the white, soft fire of the stars. as weak and wasted as when Hound first brought him. There was no heart in him, the wise woman of. "Only in some very, very old tales. Before the gods were. Before men were. Before men were men, they were dragons." "Do you know his name?" "To drink? Nothing, thank you." laughed and chattered. didn't know why her charm of healing caused the wound to gangrene, why the child she brought into. even a briefcase or a package. The women, too. There seemed to be more of them. In front of me. this year the patterns of the shadows and the branches and the roots, all the silent language of. "What's more wrong than to summon oneself back from death?" said the Namer. by Halkel (finding, mending, dowsing, animal healing, etc.) and some high arts (human healing. "But you do have a talent." He resolved to wait and watch. Being a patient man with a strong will, he did so for four years, till Diamond was sixteen. A big, well-grown youth, good at games and lessons, he was 'still ruddy-faced and bright-eyed and cheerful. He had taken it hard when his voice changed, the sweet treble going all untuned and hoarse. Golden had hoped that that was the end of his singing, but the boy went on wandering about with itinerant musicians, ballad-singers and such, learning all their trash. That was no life for a merchant's son who was to inherit and manage his father's properties and mills and business, and Golden told him so. "Singing time is over, son," he said. "You must think about being a man." powerless. "Crafty men need to stick together," he said. "Men who have no art at all, nothing but wealth-they. doesn't remember any more about it, while the other man walked away unhurt. And they say every." Once in his lifetime, if he's lucky, a wizard finds somebody he can talk to." Nemmerle had said that to Dulse a night or two before he left Roke, a year or two before Nemmerle was chosen Archmage. He had been the Master Patterner and the kindest of all Dulse's teachers at the School. "I think, if you stayed, Heleth, we could talk." pause to "embrace his heart's brother or greet his home." Taking dragon form himself, he flew to. changed and still changing. What I thought was going to happen isn't what's happening, people. her eyes with her apron. "Was that what broke you," she said, "the drink?" hers and smiled at him, a smile so tender and radiant that he said spontaneously, "And may what. looked up with one eye at a cloud in the west; the other looked a little northward of the sky. continue to exist in both forms. The many written copies of the ancient texts serve to keep them. the Archipelago-perhaps to avenge the Firelord. These fiery flights caused great terror, and." The Master said that such gifts or capacities, untrained, are not only wasted, but may be. thinking by his height he was a child, and then saw the small breasts. It was a woman. She was. ledge covered with weakly fragrant flowers, as if we had reached the terrace or balcony of a dark. night came early under the rain clouds, and they could not see where to set their feet. his back. sweet, familiar tune from the western coast, "Where My Love Is Going." "I can't call you." file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (35 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. asked, fascinated, when she saw it, and when he answered with a laugh, "Rosemary," she laughed. There are some who say that the school had its beginnings far differently. They say that Roke used. the use of a gift of power, he thought, if not to get out of a trap?. Heleth said. "I'm not sure." He stopped and felt the dirt under his feet. He was barefoot, as usual. When he was a student on Roke, he had worn shoes. But he had come

back home to Gont, to Re Albi, with his wizard's staff, and kicked his shoes off. He stood still and felt the dust and rock of the cliff-top path under his feet, and the cliffs under that, and the roots of the island in the dark under that. In the dark under the waters all islands touched and were one. So his teacher Ard had said, and so his teachers on Roke had said. But this was his island, his rock, dust, dirt. His wizardry grew out of it. "My mastery is here," the boy had said, but it went deeper than mastery. That, perhaps, was something Dulse could teach him: what went deeper than mastery. What he had learned here, on Gont, before he ever went to Roke.. "He told me what it's like," Dragonfly said. "You walk up through the town, Thwil Town. There's a. "I spoke your true name. It's not what I thought it would be. And I don't feel easy about it. As if I'd left something unfinished. But it is your name. If it betrays you, then that's the truth of it." Rose hesitated and then spoke less angrily, more coldly: 'If you want the power to betray me, Irian, I'll give you that. My name is Etaudis..philosophical, visionary, and spiritual poetry, and love songs. The deeds and lays are usually."Tonight," Dragonfly said. "At our spring, under Iria Hill. What he doesn't know won't hurt him." Her voice was half-coaxing, half-savage..act of doing things well..Making. "Come along, then, Ulla," he said, and the heifer came a step or two towards him, towards Golden owned the mill that cut the oak boards for the ships they built in Havnor South Port and."If you'd like to come with me, she lives this way. And though she's only a girl, and poor, I'll."Does Labby want a harper?". "Whom do you serve?" asked the shorter and younger of the women, speaking for the first time. She had a keen, hard face, with long black brows..And the Lord of Gont Port had tried once again to get Dulse to come down to do what needed doing in Gont Port, and Dulse had sent Silence down instead, and there he had stayed.. "What is a moot?". "I'm going back to where I am," Kurremkarmerruk said abruptly. "I don't like leaving myself about like an old shoe. I'll join you this evening." And he was gone..miserable men dispossessed of their living, driven by hunger to raid and rob..".The Changer stared openly at her. He was not as tall as she was. He stared at the Doorkeeper, and then at her again..fragments into a curve, then closed it into a circle. "Yes," he said, studying his eggshells..will see to your first expenses..". "And we're out of buttons," Tern said. He was cheerful; as soon as he had thought of Pody he knew."Maybe things are, for women. But I...I can't be double-hearted..".and litigations. Farmlands went to weeds, farmsteads went unroofed, milking sheds stood unused..and after a while she smiled a little. Turning back to Medra, she said, "We're prisoners, and so."None of your business if there is! You go off, you turn your back on me. Wizards can't have."Those are spells of illusion only, of seeming. But there are true changes, and true summonings..The curer said nothing to the cowboy but went straight to the mule, or hinny, rather, being out of.CENTER, although that surely did not mean the center of the city. At any rate, I let myself be led..Slaves were wearisome with their weakness and trickery and their ugly, sick bodies. Of course.Gelluk watched him with his inquisitive, affectionate look, and when Otter stood up, wincing and."I think he will not walk in the Grove. Nor on Roke Knoll. On the Knoll, what is, is so..".Grove. Enough to keep even you from being restless. Why north?".of defense and warning. Once those were breached, the pirates took the island not by wizardries.them, but the door's so strong that if the Doorkeeper shuts it no spell could ever open it. And."What does Thorion intend?" asked the Namer..The young man, called Ivory, did not actually have his staff and cloak yet; he explained that he was to be made wizard when he went back to Roke. The Masters had sent him out in the world to gain experience, for all the classes in the School cannot give a man the experience he needs to be a wizard. Birch looked a little dubious at this, and Ivory reassured him that his training on Roke had equipped him with every kind of magic that could be needed in Iria of Westpool on Way. To prove it, he made it seem that a herd of deer ran through the dining hall, followed by a flight of swans, who marvellously soared through the south wall and out through the north wall; and lastly a fountain in a silver basin sprang up in the centre of the table, and when the Master and his family cautiously imitated their wizard and filled their cups from it and tasted it, it was a sweet golden wine. "Wine of the Andrades," said the young man with a modest, complacent smile. By then the wife and daughters were entirely won over. And Birch thought the young man was worth his fee, although his own silent preference was for the dry red Fanian of his own vineyards, which got you drunk if you drank enough, while this yellow stuff was just honeywater..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (51 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].make a public spectacle of fools who had tricked him into fearing them. He would rather have dealt."There are good men there," he said. "Great and wise the Archmage certainly was. But he's gone..did it told me. She talked about her son on Roke. Calling out to him to come, you know. But like.was leaping up and down, a frog? a toad? a big cricket? He went out into the garden and came up..dead, the blind girl who knew the names of things. He told them his trick, and the blind girl."Does Mother know?" Diamond asked..there; walking with Licky; sitting with Gelluk; the slaves, the fire, the stone stairs winding up..surely walk again, yes, and dance the Long Dance..".watched and listened and was still, he watched and listened and was still. So they did for several..after the men were gone did some neighbors creep out to comfort Otter's people as best they could..which the poem was first spoken..him, and gazed away, over the summery fields. "She's never looked at a man before," she said..There were many such isles in the Archipelago, made barren and desolate by rival wizards' blights..Since the coronation of King Lebannen and the restoration of the High Courts and Councils in Havnor Great Port, Roke has remained without an archmage. It appears that this office, not originally part of the governance of the school or of the Archipelago, is no longer useful or appropriate, and that Ged, whom many call the greatest of the arch-mages, may have been the last..At..Ivory departed. He did not return for two days. On the third day he rode experimentally past Old."Conscience caught him," said the Namer. "Conscience told him he alone could set things right. To do it, he denied his death. So he denies life..".his shoulders he approached me, not making the slightest sound. But I had recovered. "There..Money was a problem. The girl thought, of course, that he as a great wizard would snap his fingers and waft them over the sea in a magic boat flying before the magewind. But when he told her they'd have to hire

passage on a ship, she said simply, "I have the cheese money." kind of a situation being dangerous, in a palace. Then I went about to friends of mine and asked. then, scratching up the earth a bit, he neatly and delicately buried them. He dusted off his. "I thought it would be a spell of Change," she said. Starving hungry, frustrated, misunderstood, Diamond reached out to hold her again, to make her. The Namer, the Doorkeeper, and the Herbal followed him with her into the Grove. There was a path for them. But when some of the young men started after them, there was no path. Some people of great innate and trained power are able to find out the true name of another, or even to have it come to them unsought. Since such knowledge can be betrayed or misused, it is immensely dangerous. Ordinary people-and dragons-keep their true name secret; wizards hide and defend theirs with spells. Morred could not even begin to fight his Enemy until he saw his Enemy's name written in the dust by the falling rain. Ged could force the dragon Yevaud to obey him, having by both wizardry and scholarship discovered Yevaud's true name under centuries of false ones. He was mad, and she didn't know what possessed her to let him stay, yet she could not fear him or distrust him. What did it matter if he was mad? He was gentle, and might have been wise once, before what happened to him happened. And he wasn't so mad as all that. Mad in patches, mad at moments. Nothing in him was whole, not even his madness. He couldn't remember the name he had told her, and told people in the village to call him Otak. He probably couldn't remember her name either; he always called her mistress. But maybe that was his courtesy. She called him sir, in courtesy, and because neither Gully or Otak seemed names well suited to him. An otak, she had heard, was a little animal with sharp teeth and no voice, but there were no such creatures on the High Marsh. You can know anything you like. I need have no secrets from you. Nor you from me," and he laughed, that maybe the map of the earth underfoot that was forming in his mind could be put to some good. the distance several people were walking; I was not sure, however, that they were not dolls, and massive, with an iron bolt worn thin with age. "This is the back door," the mage said, unbolting. "The young men come to me and they say, "What good is it? Can you find gold?" they say. "Can you. haze, now by a nearly white one. That was all, that was how the city looked; I tried to find streets. The people of Osskil, Rogma, and Borth are lighter-skinned than others in the Archipelago, and. She did not wait for an answer. "I'll walk her up," she said, standing up, and put out her hand. Long Dance, the celebration of the solstice of summer. birth-easing, and selling spells of finding, love-potions, and sleeping-drafts. She could afford. at last. He dreamed of long mountainsides veiled by rain, and the light shining through the rain. "As... as a bird, a tern. Is this Roke Island?" "He drinks because he drinks," she said. "With some, that's all it is. I'll be in the dairy, now. I'll lock the house door. There's... there's been strangers about. You rest yourself. It's bitter out." She wanted to be sure that he stayed indoors out of harm's way, and that nobody came harassing him. Later on she would go into the village, have a word with some of the sensible people, and put a stop to this rubbishy talk, if she could. She held up her first finger; raised the other fingers, and clenched them together into a fist; then slowly turned her wrist and opened her hand palm out, as if in offering. He had seen Anieb make that gesture. It was not a spell, he thought, watching intently, but a sign. Ayo was watching him. suitably trained. Have no fear, my son. I know why you led my servants only to the little lode. "Don't be angry," I said, emptying the cup, and poured myself another one. The sorcerer came out from behind San. His name was Ayeth. The power in him was small, tainted, corrupted by ignorance and misuse and lying. But the jealousy in him was like a stinging fire. "I've been coming doing business here some ten years," he said, looking Irioth up and down. "A man walks in from somewhere north, takes my business, some people would quarrel with that. A quarrel of sorcerers is a bad thing. If you're a sorcerer, a man of power, that is. I am. As the good people here well know." governments," said tall Veil in her mild voice. She hesitated, seeming for a moment to yield, to come to him, and then cried out, "I am not only. on to the poultry yard, where Brown Bucca and Grey and Leggings and Candor and the King huddled

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