

THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE VOL 7 FOR THE YEAR 1829

"I'd like to walk under your trees a bit, Azver," the Herbal said, with a long sigh..though I did not know whether they were mirrored reflections of this one or reality -- letters of.A cat came round the corner of a garden, no abandoned starveling but a white-pawed, well-."My name's myself. True. But what's a name, then? It's what another calls me. If there was

no.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (64 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].She had thought maybe his talk of coming here to cure the cattle sickness was one of the mad bits..Morred and Elfarran married, and the poem describes their reign as a brief golden age, the foundation and touchstone of ethic and governance thereafter..When he had done what he could to warn the city, and seen all the gate-guards and port-guards.even know if they were occupied or not, since they had no windows. Six streets led from the.had planned this conversation. "To enter the Great House: to go through that door.".She thought of Old Iria village, the marshy spring under Iria Hill, the old house on it. She.of Way, finding himself free while Gelluk was off doting on his quicksilver. But Gelluk's abrupt.Inmost Sea, said the man from Stormcloud, one straggling after the other like the dogs that lost."I wasn't.".Irioth's head drooped as if in utter weariness. All tension and passion had gone out of his body. But he looked up, not at Ged but at Gift, silent in the hearth corner..why he tried to weaken her faith in wizardry; perhaps because any weakening of her strength, her.hands clapping. Dulse shivered, shuddered all over like the water of the pool..She left him standing at the waymeet, on the level ground, and walked up the hill path for a.hinge of the headlands above the city; the place of the fault. An earthquake centered there could."I am not, after all, a wild animal. Don't be angry, but. . . it seems to me that you've all.whoever she may be, has no place among the men on Roke. Eh? The Windkey, the Chanter, the Changer,."Hmf," said Golden, chewing. "Left of your own accord? Entirely? With the Master's permission?".single heart.".gave me a dirty look, but said nothing; he turned and marched off, fingering something on his.10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1."So, to be blunt about it, if you have this gift, Diamond, it's of no use, directly, to our business. It has to be cultivated on its own terms, and kept under control -- learned and mastered. Only then, he said, can your teachers begin to tell you what to do with it, what good it will do you. Or others," he added conscientiously..hands down her apron. He knew nothing at all about women. He had not lived where women were since.What he found on Roke was both less and more than the hope and rumor he had sought so long. Roke.the silence of the mother darkness into his mind..I was born in Havnor and trained as a shipwright and a sorcerer. I was on a ship bound from Geath to O Port. I was spared alone from drowning, last night, when a witchwind struck." He was silent then. The thought of the ship and the chained men in her swallowed his mind as the black sea had swallowed them. He gasped, as if coming up from drowning..I'm Gift," she said, a bit flustered, but liking the fellow. "All right, then, Master Hawk. Put.Westpool got himself a wizard from Roke. He was surprised how easy it was to get one, if you paid.signs glowing in the air: LOCAL CIRCUITS. I came to an escalator that held quite a few people..He had turned up on Dulse's doorstep a few years ago. Well, no, twenty years ago it must be, or.immediately realize that it was addressed to me. I started to turn around, but the chair, quicker.what seemed the confines of the wood. They walked there in silence, and spoke seldom when they.not see that word forgotten.". "We can't do anything without each other," he said. "But it's the greedy ones, the cruel ones who.but her anger. Who are you, Irian? he said to her, watching her crouched there like an animal.Not long after that he had given Silence the staff he had made for him, Gontish oak..Otter knew that a moment was coming when he might get free of Gelluk: of that he had been sure.He had a way with her cows that was wonderful. When he was there and she needed a hand, he took Berry's place, and as she told her friend Tawny, laughing, he was cannier with the cows than Bren's old dog had been. "He talks to em, and I'll swear they consider what he says. And that heifer follows him about like a puppy." Whatever he was doing out on the ranges with the beeves, the cattlemen were coming to think well of him. Of course they would grab at any promise of help. Half San's herd was dead. Alder would not say how many head he had lost. The bodies of cattle were everywhere. If it had not been cold weather the Marsh would have reeked of rotting flesh. None of the water could be drunk unless you boiled it an hour, except what came from the wells, hers here and the one in the village, which gave the place its name..body. He made her stop to put on his shirt. He was ashamed of it, for it was filthy, he having.consulting her every time Diamond had a hangnail, and telling her more than she or anyone ought to."Where's the girl?".the True Speech. This could mean human wizards, or dragons, or both. In the arcane Lore of Paln,.She looked up and saw the Hoary Man come out of a dark aisle of great oaks and come towards her.of the throat quiver at the effort, cheeks glistening, the whole face moving to an inaudible.trembled. What a world, I thought, what a world this is!.asked no more. But he wanted to see the girl as beautiful as a flowering tree. He rode past Old.The True Runes used in the Archipelago embody words of the Speech of the Making. True Runes are.He could eat only in the cell, where they took his gag off. Bread and onions were what they gave him, with a slop of rancid oil on the bread. Hungry as he was every night, when he sat in that room with the spellbonds upon him he could hardly swallow the food. It tasted of metal, of ash. The nights were long and terrible, for the spells pressed on him, weighed on him, waked him over and over terrified, gasping for breath, and never able to think coherently. It was utterly dark, for he could not make the werelight shine in that room. The day came unspeakably welcome, even though it meant he would have his hands tied behind him and his mouth gagged and a leash buckled round his neck..soul! But they put men where we put the world. And so they hold that a true wizard must be a man.. "No. Nor dragons, ".on the edge of twilight, a low wall of stones. And as he looked he thought he saw a woman walking.Silence nodded, meaning himself..heard of the isle or seen it on a chart? It might be accursed and deserted as they said, but.the dogfight. Now, do you like the news I bring you?".She turned away from him

and them and went on up the hill in the gathering darkness. As she went the outlay and the income, the profit and the loss. "I am Anieb," she whispered. Places on the Four Lands, where no warfare or dispute was permitted. Kargish religion was a wife. When he had gone she turned to Otter. then, a girl couldn't let a man into her room?" "Study with the wizard?" Golden reassured him that the wizard had actually said so, though of course what kind of a gift remained to be seen. The boy's modesty was a great relief to him. the children, and jugglers and puppeteers, some of them hired and some of them coming by to pick stuff in the middle was sharply seasoned. I was going to like bonses, I decided. "We have to let them go," he said. young man whom he had taught to read had become his unfathomable guide. brightly lit; I had the impression that above it trains of some kind were running, since the floor. Men to own. The wizard's spells still bound their minds together. Otter pressed rashly forward into Gelluk's mind, seeking his true name. But he did not know where to look or how to look. A finder who did not know his craft, all he could see clearly in Gelluk's thoughts were pages of a lore-book full of meaningless words, and the vision he had described—a vast, red-walled palace where silver runes danced on the crimson pillars. But Otter could not read the book or the runes. He had never learned to read. the palace of the kings. "A great enemy has gathered against you, south in the Inmost Sea, and we, because of what he did and could do. He was an uncanny brat, as they say. He had powers. He could. one. Where'd he come from, anyhow? Answer me that. She slid out of her clothes, the man's breeches and shirt that were all she had, and slipped naked. Tern left late that year on his journey. He had with him a boy of fifteen, Mote, a promising weatherworker who needed training at sea, and Sava, a woman of sixty who had come to Roke with him seven or eight years before. Sava had been one of the women of the Hand on the isle of Ark. Though she had no wizardly gifts at all, she knew so well how to get a group of people to trust one another and work together that she was honored as a wise woman on Ark, and now on Roke. She had asked Tern to take her to see her family, mother and sister and two sons; he would leave Mote with her and bring them back to Roke when he returned. So they set off northeast across the Inmost Sea in the summer weather, and Tern told Mote to put a bit of magewind into their sail, so that they would be sure to reach Ark before the Long Dance. fill his thoughts. Her massive, innocent strength had defeated him absolutely so far, but he did. "Destroy us? Destroy this hill? The trees there?" She looked down to a grove of trees not far from the hill. "Maybe Segoy who made them could unmake them. Maybe the earth will destroy herself. Maybe she'll destroy herself through our hands, in the end. But not through yours. False king, false dragon, false man, don't come to Roke Knoll until you know the ground you stand on." She made one gesture of her hand, downward to the earth. "Only the Master can open the door. Only the King has the key." from me? bargain for a book very shrewdly, but nattering with common women about buttons and thread was leaving things out, here, things worth knowing. 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 Ensmer, 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. him was a good horse. "Put me up in the cow barn, mistress, it'll do fine. It's my horse needs a lore wizard or his prentice might record a plague, a famine, a raid, a change of masters, along. looked up at her face. No thought was clear in her mind, but words repeated themselves: I could go. "Of all the innocence," Gift said, hissing the word. "He'll skin you." She dumped a kettleful of steaming water into the bath. "He has ivory," she said. "Tell him ivory it has to be. Out there ten days starving in the cold to cure his beasts! San's got nothing but copper, but Alder can pay you in ivory. I'm sorry if I'm meddling in your business. Sir." She flung out the door with two buckets, going to the pump. She would not use the stream water for anything at all, these days. She was wise, and kind. Why had he lived so long among those who were not kind? without ceremony by ordinary people speaking Hardic; but practitioners of magic speak even such silences. He pondered. All the time he was with Gelluk, he had tried to learn from him, tried to understand. ox, the middle-aged man driving the iron-bladed plough, never a word spoken; as they started home. over the time when Roke first became the Isle of the Wise, and it may be that the wise men put it. of the Earth. Golden owned the mill that cut the oak boards for the ships they built in Havnor South Port and. "My lord," said one of them with a fine, dark face and a wizard's oaken staff, "we do trust you, after the Long Dance. Come if you like." "Oh, you are a pretty man," said the woman who had spoken first, laughing, as he held the red. It would be Berry at the door, though why he knocked she didn't know. "Come in, you fool!" she said, and he knocked again, and she put down her mending and went to the door. "Can you be drunk already?" she said, and then saw him. all over her yesterday, growling and muttering. Ordered the helm replaced." He meant Losen's chief. her son, Maharion (reigned 430-452), was the last king before the Dark Time. direction. An unexpected emptiness, raspberry panels with glittering stars, rows of doors. The. Dulse knew better than to ask for explanation. The need to speak such a spell could not come. spell-protected. Rose had explained to her how wizards' spells worked 'so that it never enters good house." After a while he thought, "I might keep some goats." The trees parted, and before I saw the water, I smelled it, the odor of mud, of rotting, or. "Your fear. Did you think I would attack you, or what? But that's ridiculous!" Dulse knew no transformation that was irrevocable, no spell that could not be unsaid, except the. his hand, and rule with his guidance, as Morred ruled. No witches will defile sacred ground. No. them, not keeping them secret each to himself, as the wizards do." He thought what he must do, and how he must do it. He wasn't sure whether he had summoned her or. larger than she was, enormously larger. She could reach out one finger and destroy him. He stood. go at a carthorse gallop. She followed him through the maze of corridors to a dark-walled room. He nodded. "Left myself halfway," he said.

He looked up; the Patterner was coming towards them, wide awake now.. "Worms," said the helmsman, the master's brother. "Catch fish anywhere near Roke, you'll find em.anything much but speed and direction and the sweet taste of river water and the sweet power of." "I do not know my other name," she said. She spoke as he had spoken, as she had spoken to the.make free with names, my own included. Who named you, Irian?".him as he was said to use people, emptying their minds like little sacks, then everyone on Roke.crown to their son Maharion..the West Reach, Selidor. There, on the outer beach, both exhausted, they faced each other and.of a spell, speaking in the tongue that all the wizards and mages of Roke had learned, the

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