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file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (47 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].way in that great other kitchen long ago. But since he had been traveling about in Earthsea he had.They walked a half-mile or so. The Knoll rose up full in the western sun on their right. Behind them the School sprawled grey and many-roofed on its lower hill. The grove of trees towered before them now. She saw oak and willow, chestnut and ash, and tall evergreens. From the dense, sun-shot darkness of the trees a stream ran out, green-banked, with many brown trodden places where cattle and sheep went down to drink or to cross over. They had come through the stile from a pasture where fifty or sixty sheep grazed the short, bright turf, and now stood near the stream. That house," said the mage, pointing to a low, moss-ridden roof half-hidden by the afternoon shadows of the trees. "Stay tonight. You will?".insubstantial, but she thought he was not there, and when he stepped into the slanting sunlight.an illuminated walkway. I took it. Above me the whitish spans of structures sailed by; somewhere.So it was. For the rest of his life, Medra kept the doors of the Great House on Roke. The garden.of the wizards of Roke had betrayed the island to the crafty men of Wathort, lowering its spells.of rock and earth. It was as if he walked in a great building, seeing its passages and rooms, the.While Morred sought to free his people from these spells and to confront his enemy, Elfarran returned with their year-old child to her native island, Solea, where her own powers would be strongest. But there the Enemy followed her, intent to make her his prisoner and slave. She took refuge at the Springs of Ensa, where, with her knowledge of the Old Powers of the place, she could withstand the Enemy and force him off the island. "The sweet waters of the earth drove back the salt destroyer," says the poem. But as he fled, he captured her brother Salan, who was sailing from Enlad to help her. Making Salan his gebbeth or instrument, the Enemy sent him to Morred with the message that Elfarran had escaped with the baby to an islet in the Jaws of Enlad..Maybe this man began to think, Who's to forbid me to do the same with the living? Why have I the.controlling spells that wove a darkness round him. But when Otter could do so, then it was not so.weather, if you have any need of that. And I'll learn the art from any who will teach me..".Yes," Irioth said. "I understand. You are a kind woman." She was talking about him, about his not knowing what he was doing. She was forgiving him. "A kind sister," he said. The words were so new to him, words he had never said or thought before, that he thought he had spoken them in the True Speech, which he must not speak. But she only shrugged, with a frowning smile..He stared at her, seeing a round-faced woman, middle-aged, short and strong, with grey in her hair and dark eyes under dark brows, eyes that held his, held him, brought the truth out of his mouth..had been a burden to him in his youth, and for thirty years the imbecility of apprentices,.over her face, looked closely into her glassy eyes, as though I wished to know her fear, to share it..".Was that the Archmage? Truly?..where the man was he betook himself there very quickly, on eagle's wings; for Early was a great."I heard -" she said, and could not say what she had heard..All the rumors of Roke had said that it was spell-defended and charm-hidden, invisible to ordinary.there-in time as well as in space..returned, the Great Dragon Orm flew to the City of Havnor and threatened the towers of the king's."You could go to Roke," the wizard said..queens and kings of Earthsea," he thought, "and they are only the grass that grows on this hill..".however well sung, wrecks the tune it isn't part of. Women teach women. Witches learn their craft.what some boys learned in six or seven and many never learned at all, but to him it had been mere.Published by arrangement with Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, Inc..bit... But the boy had met his match in the Masters..change for Galee, change for outer rasts, Makra," babbled the speaker; the carriage stopped, then.energy and hope. He told himself not to trust this man, but he longed to trust him, to learn from.down the path. He had not been standing there until the other mage said 'Ah.' Irian stared from.Men and women of the Hand had joined together on Roke a hundred or more years ago, forming a league of mages. Proud and secure in their powers, they had sought to teach others to band together in secret against the war makers and slave takers until they could rise openly against them. Women had always been leaders in the league, said Ember, and women, in the guise of salve sellers and net makers and such, had gone from Roke to other lands around the Inmost Sea, weaving a wide, fine net of resistance. Even now there were strands and knots of that net left. Medra had come on one of those traces first in Anieb's village, and had followed them since. But they had not led him here. Since the raid, Roke Island had isolated itself wholly, sealed itself inside powerful spells of protection woven and rewoven by the wise women of the island, and had no commerce with any other people. "We can't save them," Ember said. "We couldn't save ourselves..".The first test is the great test, Dragonfly," he said. Every night he lay alone in this cabin he..".As long as I like..".They show me what I should do," Irioth said, "and who I am. They know my name. But they never say.herbals, and established that mastery in high honor at Roke..weakness proved he was not dangerous. Some talents were best not left to run wild, but there was.the winter long, out on the high marsh..which useful, which dangerous; why some people had one gift but not another, and whether you could.During the voyage, however, he talked several times with Dragonfly, which made Ivory a bit uneasy. Her ignorance and trustfulness could endanger her and therefore him. What did she and the bagman talk about? he asked, and she answered, "What is to become of us..".Very well," said the Herbal, with his patient, troubled look; and he went aside a little, and.thing to fight against until he could defeat it. There are many boys like that. I was one. But I.Otter's shoulder. "I know you have the gift of finding what's hidden. Quite a great gift, were it.His spies had been coming to him for a year or more muttering about a secret insurgency all across."OK. And then you'll tell me. . . ?".when he was talking to the work, and insisted that he do his carpentry with tools, in silence..959 Eighth Avenue.which looked constantly as if on the verge of flight, was in fact the city, and that the one I had left."To drink? Nothing, thank you..".cafes, the sharp, persistent smell of fried food, rows of gas flames behind windows, the clinking.and the one in the village, which gave the place its name..better. He

knew that magic itself resists untruth. Conjuring, sleight of hand, and false commerce. man cowered away, shrinking down, shriveling, crying out in a thin, high wail. It is wrong, wrong, scholar by the age of twelve. About that time the midwife who had helped his mother at his birth. He was sitting a little way from where he lay, looking at himself, although it was still utterly dark. He lay huddled and crumpled near where the little seep-stream dripped from the ledge of mica. Not far away lay another huddled heap, rotted red silk, long hair, bones. Beyond it the cavern stretched away. He could see that its rooms and passages went much farther than he had known. He saw it with the same uncaring interest with which he saw Tinaral's body and his own body. He felt a mild regret. It was only fair that he should die here with the man he had killed. It was right. Nothing was wrong. But something in him ached, not the sharp body pain, a long ache, lifelong..sweet golden wine. "Wine of the Andrades," said the young man with a modest, complacent smile. By the first test of character Diamond had broken. "Glass," the wizard muttered. At least this. The poem begins with the best known and most cherished love story in the Archipelago, that of. He asked her, rather timidly, to tell him what the Immanent Grove was, for when he had asked others they said, "Ember can tell you." She refused his question, not arrogantly but definitely, saying, "You can learn about the Grove only in it and from it." A few days later she came down to the sands of Thwil Bay, where he was repairing a fishing boat. She helped him as she could, and asked about boat-building, and he told her and showed her what he could. It was a peaceful afternoon, but after it she went off in her abrupt way. He felt some awe of her; she was incalculable. He was amazed when, not long after, she said to him, "I'll be going to the Grove after the Long Dance. Come if you like." He knew now, from Elehal and others on Roke, what that wall was. It lay between the living and the. San's big jenny by Alder's white horse. She was a whitey roan, young, with a pretty face. He went. severity. "As I see it, the man who brought you here meant to do harm, but you do not. Yet being. gesture.. I made myself comfortable in the chair. The girl, her hand on her hip -- her abdomen. I had the urge to tear from the wall the microphone that was inclined with such solicitude. brought out a small, soft, thick, leather bag that weighed heavy in his hands. He opened it to. silent and went sidling back to the house with their tails down.. "If Roke was now what it once was, known to be strong, those who fear us would come again to destroy us," said Veil.. icy north and there sucked their blood. In villages on Way and Feikway they still tell children. "Oh, are you a teller? Oh, why didn't you say so to begin with! Is that what you are then? I wondered, it being winter and all, and you being on the roads. But with that horse, I thought you must be a merchant. Can you tell me a story? It would be the joy of my life, and the longer the better! But drink your soup first, and let me sit down to hear..." about it. What I said to you about men of a craft sticking together. And who we work for. Couldn't. like the cornerstone of an earlier, forgotten house down in the cellar of a mansion full of lights. Neither of them had been on Pody. It was a sleepy southern island with a pretty old port town, Telio, built of rosy sandstone, and fields and orchards that should have been fertile. But the lords of Wathort had ruled it for a century, taxing and slave taking and wearing the land and people down. The sunny streets of Telio were sad and dirty. People lived in them as in the wilderness, in tents and lean-tos made of scraps, or shelterless. "Oh, this won't do," Crow said, disgusted, avoiding a pile of human excrement. "These creatures don't have books, Tern!". Very slowly they made him understand that one of the women was Anieb's mother, and that he should give Anieb to her to hold. He did so at last, watching to see if she was gentle with his friend and would protect her. Then he followed another woman meekly enough. He put on dry clothing she gave him to put on, and ate a little food she gave him to eat, and lay down on the pallet she led him to, and sobbed in weariness, and slept.. The fashion of the time among the nobility was to have a wizard in their service, a genuine wizard. "There's no harm in him but the drink, but there's not much left of him but the drink. It's eaten. a forester reported an infestation in the chestnut groves, and when he found a mule-dealer had. through greed, the other through foolishness. One had a daughter who married a merchant and tried. of Havnor. He would not see it again unless he went through that narrow passage. Then he would see. and when his son was born, the mother said, "We could call him Chestnut, or Oak, maybe?" But the. meeting, she asked him and he told her more, though reluctantly, always partially; he shielded his. strange, weak noise. I looked around at the motionless faces and left. Not until I was out on the. say the king himself is the new Archmage. But he isn't a wizard, only a king. So others say the. 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.. insistence and spoke freely at last.. behind a city horse, in a city cart, like a prince!". the bed. She was Anieb.. the lead galley, whose hundred oars flashed beating like the wings of a gull. Sometimes he was. He had not heard of that island, and asked, "What's there?". moving within for people. They were puppets, for advertising, performing a single action over. onto a moving walkway. Quite close to me, a pair of startled eyes flashed by -- a lovely dark girl. She looked at him. She could not speak. She stood up and after a moment walked out of the. witches a year's earnings for the promise of a healthy boy, and a rich man touch his gold.. She twisted and untwisted her fingers, not taking her eyes off me, as if with these words. heard about on Roke, nor did he ever speak about them there, maybe fearing the Masters would. Three children, two boys of fifteen or sixteen and a girl of twelve, were taken by one of Losen's patrols south of Omer, running a stolen fishing boat with the magewind. The patrol caught them only because it had a weatherworker of its own aboard, who raised a wave to swamp the stolen boat. Taken back to Omer, one of the boys broke down and blubbered about joining the Hand. Hearing that word, the men told them they would be tortured and burned, at which the boy cried that if they spared him he would tell them all about the Hand, and Roke, and the great mages of Roke.. Yet he spoke as a friend. Why? said Otter's look. Hound answered it.. What they had they shared. In that it was indeed Morred's Isle. Nobody on Roke starved or went. mouthful. "Being a wizard, going to Roke, all that, it never seemed real, not exactly. And with. Iria fell into a screaming rage. "A village witch? A hex-hag to give Irian's daughter her true. Berry ducked his head and muttered. His eyes were dull. It seemed to Irioth that the man had been. particularly of the

words of the Language of the Making. His Book of Names became the foundation.though it is made of horn and framed in dragons tooth and carved with the Thousand-Leaved Tree..At that the Summoner ran up towards her, reaching out, lunging at her as if to seize and hold her..Roke; and the man Otter or Tern came from there, though originally from Havnor; and they held him.Crow cocked his head..On maps of the Archipelago, the island Solea is signified by a white space or a whirlpool..cowboys. She gave her guest a basin of hot water and a clean towel for his poor feet, and then.bruised, swollen, sodden. She wanted to tell him to put them right to the fire's warmth, but."The wizards off on the wrong track, as usual," he said at last. "Said you'd gone to Roke Island.The witch emerged with a soapstone drop-spindle and a ball of greasy wool. She sat down on the bench beside her door and set the spindle turning. She had spun a yard of grey-brown yarn before she answered..Chanter's task is the preservation and teaching of all the oral deeds, lays, songs, etc., and the heed. But if they knew we had five men of power, they'd seek to destroy us again..".in Gont Port, and Dulse had sent Silence down instead, and there he had stayed..rested. The mage was a quiet man. Though there was a hint of fierceness in him, he never showed it.and she put her hand on his forehead. He opened his eyes, looking straight into hers without.They nodded..house and an old plum tree was a wash line, the clothes pinned on it flapping in the sunny breeze..THIS IS THE FIRST PAGE of the Book of the Dark, written some six hundred years ago in Berila, on.Medra had come to Havnor thinking that because he meant no harm he would do no harm. He had done.two mulatto women in parrot-green furs, ruffled like feathers -- apparently, that sort of bird style.She was in his charge, in his care, he had known that when he saw her. Though she came to destroy Roke, as she had said, he must serve her. He did so willingly. She had walked with him in the forest, tall, awkward, fearless; she had put aside the thorny arms of brambles with her big, careful hand. Her eyes, amber brown like the water of the Thwilburn in shadow, had looked at everything; she had listened; she had been still. He wanted to protect her and knew he could not. He had given her a little warmth when she was cold. He had nothing else to give her. Where she must go she would go. She did not understand danger. She had no wisdom but her innocence, no amour but her anger. Who are you, Irian? he said to her, watching her crouched there like an animal locked in its muteness.."The key," Gelluk repeated, urgent..Hound, and used him as seldom as possible, but Hound was too useful not to use..you and watch what they do, you think about it seriously, and you try to tell it honestly, so that."And I in my tower," said the Namer. "And you, Herbal, and the Doorkeeper, are in the trap, in the.That was a leap in the darkness. Which of them had said it?."The Master said that such gifts or capacities, untrained, are not only wasted, but may be dangerous. The art must be learned, and practiced, he said..the high green hill. There, striking down dragons claws and beating rust-red wings, he lighted..The cowboys were discussing whether or not it was safe to eat the meat of a steer dead of the.down, dark water crept and seeped through soft earth over the ledge of mica. Under that opened the.He had forced them to boil any water they used. Now he said, "If you eat that meat, in a year you'll begin to get dizzy. You'll end with the blind staggers and die as they do..".The coppers weren't decently in a bag, even. Irioth had to hold out his hand, and the cattleman laid out six copper pennies in it, one by one. "Now then! That's fair and square!" he said, expansive. "And maybe you'll be looking at my yearlings over in the Long Pond pastures, in the next day or so..". "To bring Lebannen here," said the Herbal. "The young men talk of "the true crown". A second.of me a woman pushed away the stewardess, who, with a slow, automatic motion, as if from the.Witchery was restricted to women. All magic practiced by women was called "base craft," even when.harshly, and Diamond stiffened up a bit..sculpture in breathing metal. At her ears she had something shining, so large that it covered them.they were true wizardry or mere witchery, as they said on Roke. Matters he certainly had never.that art for a long time..truths, immutable simplicities..(used to protect from fire, wind, and madness), Sifl ("speed well"), Simn ("work well") are used.returned to. He had been away from Planet Earth for ten years space-time. But that was 127 years.Dulse knew no transformation that was irrevocable, no spell that could not be unsaid, except the

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