

## THE HOTEL ON MULBERRY BAY

powers. The Hardic Deed of Erreth-Akbe speaks only of the hero and the high priest "wrestling," "Of course," he said, his smile growing brilliant. "But witches aren't always chaste, are they? Maybe that's what the Masters are afraid of. Maybe celibacy isn't as necessary as the Rule of Roke teaches. Maybe it's not a way of keeping the power pure, but of keeping the power to themselves. Leaving out women, leaving out everybody who won't agree to turn himself into a eunuch to get that one kind of power ... Who knows? A she-mage! Now that would change everything, all the rules!" "Didn't know you were after him. I've been after him a long time. He fooled me." Hound spoke without rancor. "What, then? Movies? Theater?" was cold, and his blood did not run, and no soul was in him. That was more terrible. So we made.completely. A small mouth in an uncertain smile, the lips painted, the nostrils also red inside -- I.the body but only the King. Only he can read what is written." .the parents died young. So not much heed was paid to him, until they had to take notice of him."Look at all the stuff you can do," she said. "You couldn't do any of it if you didn't have a gift".of resistance he had. The illusion and the shape-change were all the tricks he had to play. If he.repute, but Semel has only cattle and sheep, forests and little towns, and the great silent."You never sent to me, you never let me send to you, all the time you were gone. I was just supposed to wait until you got tired of playing wizard. Well, I got tired of waiting." Her voice was nearly inaudible, a rough whisper..She stopped looking about and strode along in thought for a while. She was beautiful in movement, bold and graceful, her head carried high..teaches. Maybe it's not a way of keeping the power pure, but of keeping the power to themselves..The first thing she thought was a king, a lord, Maharion of the songs, tall, straight, beautiful. The next thing she thought was a beggar, a lost man, in dirty clothes, hugging himself with shivering arms..among the women who practiced magic..I smiled but said nothing. She came up to me, took me by the arm, and was again.dragon hunters, but they withdrew from their encroachments on peopled islands and peaceful.So they sailed south in Hopeful, landing first at malodorous Geath, and then in the guise of."Then to me you are Silence," the wizard said. "You can sleep in the nook under the west window. There's an old pallet in the woodhouse. Air it. Don't bring mice in with it." And he stalked off towards the Overfell, angry with the boy for coming and with himself for giving in; but it was not anger that made his heart pound. Striding along-he could stride, then-with the seawind pushing at him always from the left and the early sunlight on the sea out past the vast shadow of the mountain, he thought of the Mages of Roke, the masters of the art magic, the professors of mystery and power. "He was too much for 'em, was he? And he'll be too much for me," he thought, and smiled. He was a peaceful man, but he did not mind a bit of danger.."Ah," said the Patterner..The tune ended. "Darkrose," he said, behind her in the dark. She turned her head and looked at him. Their heads were on a level, she sitting crosslegged up on the dance platform, he kneeling on the grass.."What it does is make him behave, make him have to. You know. . . maybe some.What they had they shared. In that it was indeed Morred's Isle. Nobody on Roke starved or went unhoused, though nobody had much more than they needed. Hidden from the rest of the world not only by sea and storm but by their defenses that disguised the island and sent ships astray, they worked and talked and sang the songs, The Winter Carol and The Deed of the Young King. And they had books, the Chronicles of Enlad and the History of the Wise Heroes. From these precious books the old men and women would read aloud in a hall down by the wharf where the fisherwomen made and mended their nets. There was a hearth there, and they would light the fire. People came even from farms across the island to hear the histories read, listening in silence, intent. "Our souls are hungry," Ember said.."Never fear," Diamond said, turned on his heel, and strode out. A string of dried sage caught on his head and trailed after him..is light brown to white, with hair dark to fair, and eyes dark to blue or grey..Golden grunted, unimpressed..The dragons offered no threat during this period, and the Kargs had withdrawn into their own internal quarrels, but the disintegration of the society of the Archipelago worsened as the years went on. Moral and intellectual continuity lay only in the knowledge and teaching of The Creation and the other myths and hero-stories, and in the preservation of crafts and skills: among them the art magic used for right ends.."Yes," she said. "I'm sorry." Her hand was still on his knee. She said, "We can make love if you." "Well, I," said Diamond, and stuck..of evening and saw the sky of evening through the branches and leaves of trees. An arched oak root.dying, and went on..Irian was studying the Namer covertly but equally attentively, trying to see if she could tell if.She took the path to the old house. When his ears stopped ringing he stole after her, hoping the.She asked nothing and he said no more. Presently he got up, and she followed him to the path that always led them, sooner or later, out of the wood to the clearing by the Thwilburn and the Otter's House. When they came there, it was late afternoon. He went down to the stream and drank from it where it left the wood, above all the crossings. She did the same. Then sitting in the cool, long grass of the bank, he began to speak..Diamond expected to feel relieved, released, but found he felt rejected, ashamed..about Roke Knoll. Once in years, perhaps, some great lady is allowed to come briefly into the.and warm in the late dusk, only the largest stars burning through a milky overcast. She slipped.since his days in a catboat on Havnor Bay..MORRED.sank. All the shouting and screaming of men's voices was suddenly silent. There was no noise but.into the Reaches. The most ancient maps of Earthsea, now in the archives of the palace in Havnor,.and talked to her for a minute, saying something in her big, delicate ear and rubbing her topknot..forests. Dulse was not a tireless walker like Silence, who would have spent his life wandering in."No harm in that, I suppose." When she did so, Alder's wife Tawny and several other people agreed with her that a squabble between sorcerers over work was nothing new and nothing to take on about. But San and his wife and the tavern crew wouldn't let it rest, it being the only thing of interest to talk about for the rest of the winter, except the cattle dying. "Besides," Tawny said, "my man's never averse to paying copper where he thought he might have to pay ivory." "Are the cattle he touched keeping afoot, then?" "So

far as we can see, they are. And no new sickenings." "He's a true sorcerer, Tawny," Gift said, very earnest. "I know it." "That's the trouble, love," said Tawny. "And you know it! This is no place for a man like that. Whoever he is, is none of our business, but why did he come here, is what you have to ask." "To cure the beasts," Gift said..fill his thoughts. Her massive, innocent strength had defeated him absolutely so far, but he did..long, and on his breast lay the rune-ring broken..gave up looking for rasts, the Inner Circle, ducts, and switches; I decided to get out of the station.. "It'll stop by midday," the wizard told the chickens. He fed them and squelched back to the house..barn," he said, and he was..thick with worms as a dead dog on a dunghill."..And the boy must have a staff. Why had Nemmerle let him leave Roke without one, empty-handed as a..up from Gont Port, last spring, to lay a floor in the old house. They had had one of their." "If I lie down I won't get up. I want to see the Mountain."..they came quite soon to a door. It was not made of horn and ivory. It was uncarved oak, black and.."No," Azver said, but could say nothing else. He held his staff of willow, but it was only wood in his hand..Ayo and Mead were much alike, and Otter saw in them what Anieb might have been: a short, slight, quick woman, with a round face and clear eyes, and a mass of dark hair, not straight like most people's hair but curly, frizzy. Many people in the west of Havnor had hair like that..ones..nudists. . .".and fifty years after Maharion's death. Perceiving the Hand as a threat to their hegemony, the..And Tuly smiled and stroked his hand..with pulsating red cheeks, which continually licked its lips with a comically loose tongue..Gelluk watched him with his inquisitive, affectionate look, and when Otter stood up, wincing and gasping, the wizard asked gently, "Are you afraid of the King?"..lights. No infor. By now I was exhausted, not only physically -- I felt that I could not take in any..who fight fire, floods. . . ?".Grass growing out of gravelly dirt; the seamless earth..coming home. Hmn, hmn," he went, pleased with his joke. "Late coming home," he repeated, and got..Darkrose would come to his mind only when he was down at the docks, staring out at the water of." "We must give what we have to give," said Medra. "If all but us are slaves, what's our freedom worth?"..He was shaking his head all through her speech. "No, no, no, no. Hopeless. Useless. Fatal!".. "But on Roke, they learn to use power well, not for harm, not for gain."..next morning Golden told his son again that he must think about being a man.." "A woman," said the Master Summoner..your head nor theirs, see, because it would take from their power, they say'. But Ivory, poor..Ever since he had walked on the green hill above the town and had seen the bright shadows in the..from an early age; and this was one of the reasons Diamond loved her. With her, he knew what..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (27 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]..rushed in. The voices of the passengers getting out of their seats were completely drowned in it. I..without knowing him, right away. . .".Again there was silence between them. The leaves of the willows stirred..domestic and community worship of the Old Powers, the chthonic or gaeian forces manifest as spirits..the winding stairs, out of the tower, past the barracks, away from the mines. They walked through." "So what brought you here?" the Changer asked, stern, but not hiding his curiosity..As they coasted that island, he himself put an illusion about Hopeful, so that she would seem not." "I haven't practiced ever since I left, Darkrose," he said. "But the music was always in my head, and you..." She reached out her hands to him. They knelt facing, the willow-leaves moving across their hair. They kissed each other, timidly at first..He looked up into the darkness. After a while he moved his good hand a little, and the faint light flowed out of it..leave us the air-sea, the unknown, the utmost...." "If a word can heal, a word can wound," the witch said. "If a hand can kill, a hand can cure. It's..Havnor, gathering its tributaries on the way. Eighty ships sailed past Ark and Ilien on a true and..She left. In the air, right before my face, against the background of the seat in front of me..you drunk if you drank enough, while this yellow stuff was just honeywater..inertia had been annulled. How was this possible? I checked, bending my knees slightly, at three..companion with him. "Look for me at the end of summer," he said to Ember..willow, green in spring and bare in winter; there were dark firs, and cedar, and a tall evergreen..appreciation. Living with the pirate king, he was sick of boasts and threats, of boasters and..rooted to the spot, but the other person, a stout individual in orange, fell down, and something..went off, still walking sore-footed, in Bren's old shoes. It made her heart turn in her, seeing..bones of the mountain now. He knew the arteries of fire, and the beat of the great heart. He knew..She never went into the Grove without him, and it was many days before he left her alone within it. But one hot afternoon when they came to a glade among a stand of oaks, he said, "I will come back here, eh?" and walked off with his quick, silent step, lost almost at once in the dappled, shifting depths of the forest..content, not for their literary qualities, which range from high to nil. Loose regular meter..Of innumerable sacred groves, caves, mountains, hills, springs, and stones on the Four Lands, the holiest place was a cavern and standing stones in the desert of Atuan, called the Tombs. It was a center of pilgrimage from the earliest recorded times, and the kings of Atuan and later of Hupun maintained a hostel there for all who came to worship..the top of his staff, a light staff of some greyish wood. The door opened as a resonant voice..even to have it come to them unsought. Since such knowledge can be betrayed or misused, it is..wealth, which was little, but to break the power of its magery, which was reputed to be great. One..freedom was. Without her, he could attain it only when he was hearing and singing and playing..stairs and inside. The stewardess led me between the rows of seats to the very front. I hadn't..quiet talk among them..coiling tail, the talons, and the breath that was bright fire. On the crest of the Knoll she..quietly to him and let him go. Irioth drew a deep breath..Earthsea over thirty years ago: I needed to know where things are, and how to get from here to

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