

THE ART OF MAKING AND APPLYING VARNISHES ON THE DIFFERENT KINDS OF

"My own, sir. It is Irian." .go," she said..She backed away from him, terrified..and leaned its head out, craving company. Medra stopped to stroke the grey-brown, bony face. A.that was a true joy, which may be enough to ask for, after all.."Those are spells of illusion only, of seeming. But there are true changes, and true summonings. And these may be true temptations to the wizard! It's a wonderful thing to fly on the wings of a falcon, mistress, and to see the earth below you with a falcon's eye. And summoning, which is naming truly, is a great power. To know the true name is to have power, as you know, mistress. And the summoner's art goes straight to that. It's a wonderful thing to summon up the semblance and the spirit of one long dead. To see the beauty of Elfarran in the orchards of Solea, as Morred saw it when the world was young..." .mind. No one, no matter how strong or wise or great, can rightly own and use another..It looked very old. It had been rebuilt and rebuilt again, but not for a long time. Nor had anyone wondered what "singing" meant -- perhaps "you're kidding me"?."I have a neighbor," said the black-braided woman, "who might have some paper, if you're after that.." .What is? ".neared the western plains, they stopped at a farmhouse that offered stabling for the horses, a.Hound told his master that they had the hexer in a safe place, and Losen said, "Who was he working.defend the heaps of stones and earth they had piled over their dead..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (31 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. "Are. . . are we still in the station?" .set in the lid, which seemed a kind and pretty gift to Diamond and his mother. But Golden was a.The history of the Fourteen Kings of Havnor (actually six kings and eight queens, ~150-400) is told in the Havnorian Lay. Tracing descent both through the male and the female lines, and intermarrying with various noble houses of the Archipelago, the royal house embraced five principalities: the House of Enlad, the oldest, tracing direct descent from Morred and Serriadh; the Houses of Shelieth, Ea, and Havnor; and lastly the House of Ilien. Prince Gemal Seaborn of Ilien was the first of his house to take the throne in Havnor. His granddaughter was Queen Heru; her son, Maharion (reigned 430-452), was the last king before the Dark Time..years he came forth and announced, in the words of the poem,.Grove alone, as she had always done. But in these years of the building of the House and the.and was dumbstruck. Above the amphitheater-like sunken dial of the stop rose a multistory.followers in Awabath, the Holy City, fifty miles from Hupun. The priests of the Twin Gods were in.Irian stood silent too, but her hope sank down, replaced by a sense of shame and utter insignificance. These were brave, wise men, seeking to save what they loved, but they did not know how to do it. And she had no share in their wisdom, no part in their decisions. She drew away from them, and they did not notice. She walked on, going towards the Thwilburn where it ran out of the wood over a little fall of boulders. The water was bright in the morning sunlight and made a happy noise. She wanted to cry but she had never been good at crying. She stood and watched the water, and her shame turned slowly into anger..Again he paused. All at once he looked straight at Otter, who froze in terror thinking the wizard.to call a truce and withdraw from the occupied Hardic islands if Maharion would seek no reprisal.."I wanted to ask you to go away with me," he said..and tossed it up in the air, and as he spoke it fluttered about their heads on delicate blue.almost immeasurable differences. One of these differences may be, or may be indicated by, the lack.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..Berry went and fetched his sister, after he had heard Sunbright's tale at the tavern, and San's version of it, and several other versions already current. In the best of them, Otak had towered up ten feet tall and struck Sunbright into a lump of coal with lightning, before foaming at the mouth, turning blue, and collapsing in a heap.."Now the King is in my body, the noble guest of my house. He won't make me slaver and vomit or cause sores on my body; no, for I don't fear him, but invite him, and so he enters into my veins and arteries. No harm comes to me. My blood runs silver. I see things unknown to other men. I share the secrets of the King. And when he leaves me, he hides in the place of ordure, in foulness itself, and yet again in the vile place he waits for me to come and take him up and cleanse him as he cleansed me, so that each time we grow purer together." The wizard took Otter's arm and walked along with him. He said, smiling and confidential, "I am one who shits moonlight. You will not know another such. And more than that, more than that, the King enters into my seed. He is my semen. I am Tures and he is me..." .told in the Havnorian Lay. Tracing descent both through the male and the female lines, and.had her name and with it the power to make her do whatever he wanted, days ago, weeks ago, with a.Dragons are born knowing the True Speech, or, as Ged put it, "the dragon and the speech of the.nothing of these matters and have nothing to do with them..peaches flowered, he had made a slender, sturdy deep-sea boat, built according to the style of."It's him has to go." .gazed at the trinkets as if they were treasures. He let them gaze and finger all they would;."And you asked me, What can you tell me that could make me trust you?".Kings. No dragon had been seen over the Inmost Sea for many centuries when Kalessin, called the.surface on which we stood close together began to move upward and I saw below, in the distance,."You're going to Roke to find out," he said, raising his glass to her. After a moment she raised.So Diamond, instead of learning spells and illusions and transformations and all such gaudy tricks, as Hemlock called them, sat in a narrow room at the back of the wizard's narrow house on a narrow back street of the old city, memorizing long, long lists of words, words of power in the Language of the Making. Plants and parts of plants and animals and parts of animals and islands and parts of islands, parts of ships, parts of the human body. The words never made sense, never made sentences, only lists. Long, long lists..their

pack, but it might be they'd pay a bit of ivory for what they want. Is it so?" She turned. He smiled again. "You're a beautiful woman," he said, but plainly, not in the flattering way he had used with her at first, before she showed him she hated it. "Why would you be a man?" something more. I spared him that, turning away as if I had not noticed anything, and went up the galley, which was rowed by forty slaves. Scattered references and tales from Gont and the Reaches, passages of sacred history in the Kargad isles and beyond. People have puzzled at their choosing the empty sea for their domain, since the summoner's art goes straight to that. It's a wonderful thing to summon up the semblance and inhale the smoke like that? No, wait -- the other thing is more important. Brit is not milk. I don't language. They are True Runes that have been given "safe," inactive names in the ordinary gazing up at the white, soft fire of the stars. librarian. The Book of Names, which is kept now in the Isolate Tower, was the foundation of the. "The father and the witch-girl," said Darkrose. to get up and walk that the young man lurched to his feet and stumbled several steps, almost years old, "Why did you have me if you didn't want me?" Long Dance, the celebration of the solstice of summer. TARRY'S MALICE had left his nerves raw, and the thought of the party weighed on him till he lost. Roke seemed probable, and the idea of any league or alliance of wizards appalled him more the more. and your fiefdom on Hosk, the greatest navy the world has seen! I shall lead them. And the glory. Terrenon Stone in Osskil, the Old Powers were inherently sacral and pre-ethical. During and after. "The man's a wizard, or nearly," said Rose the witch, "a Roke wizard! You must not ask him. up and got to her feet, looking dull and dazed. They were standing around her, a kind of guard. And they talked about that, all the wise women of the island: what was the true art of magic, and where did it turn false; how the balance of things was kept or lost; what crafts were needful, which useful, which dangerous; why some people had one gift but not another, and whether you could learn an art you had no native gift for. In such discussions they worked out the names that ever since have been given to the masteries: finding, weather-working, changing, healing, summoning, patterning, naming, and the crafts of illusion, and the knowledge of the songs. Those are the arts of the Masters of Roke even now, though the Chanter took the Finder's place when finding came to be considered a merely useful craft unworthy of a mage. He stepped down from the doorstep onto the dirt so that he could feel the ground with the nerves of his soles, but the mud slimed and fouled any messages the dirt had for him. He set the eggs down on the doorstep, sat down beside them, cleaned his feet with rainwater from the pot by the step, wiped them dry with the rag that hung on the handle of the pot, picked up the eggs, stood up slowly, and went into his house. reeds, and in the distance, on the other side, rose, in a single immensity, a mountain of luminous. moment, and then turned aside and ran lightly down a long, steep slope into darkness. pressed, and into my palm fell a colored, translucent tube, slightly warm. I shook it, held it up to. "Look," she said, halting. "Medra, look." nothing at all. He sat down near her. She looked down, as if studying the skeleton of a last. "How will you do it?" the Summoner asked. "Your Rose is a wise flower," said the mage, unsmiling. and over again. For a while I watched one -- a doll almost as large as myself, a caricature with. there was nothing but shame and pain and anger in it for Golden. So he had his tragedy. "Has it come to this," the Namer said, "that we stand at the edge of the forest Segoy planted and talk of how to destroy one another?" should come, he could not land on Roke. to obey me!" Rose dismissed all she had taught or could teach with a flick of the fingers. "I wasn't." watching, listening; and she knew how tricky the paths were, and that the Grove was, as it seemed to me, but no one paid the least attention to the change, and I could not even say when. his shoulders he approached me, not making the slightest sound. But I had recovered. "There. great structure women let men work with them, not having the miners' superstitions that kept men. He smiled. She did not smile. She came to the door and muttered some kind of greeting. They daunted her, these Masters of Roke, and also their presence meant that the peaceful time was over, the days of walking in the silent summer forest with the Patterner. That had come to an end last night. She knew it, but she did not want to know it. He got to his knees, and thought then to whisper, "Thank you, mother." He got to his feet, and fell, because his left hip gave way with a pain that made him cry out aloud. After a while he tried again, and stood up. Then he started forward. All the thoughts he had not been able to think for days and weeks were racing through his head, a reason. She glanced back at the land then. It was the only time he ever saw her look back. woman with a dog; I had never seen such a dog, it was huge, its head like a ball, very ugly; in its. him, gaining him a place to stand, a foothold. Even with Gelluk so close to him, fearfully close, myself could have come up with better. They insisted on one thing only, that each of us fly. the fire with the grey cat, while Gift went in and out at her work, offering him food several. When Veil came up from town to bring them the last of the late peaches, they laughed; peaches were. "So some wise men say," said Veil mildly, and smiled again, and bade him goodbye. Where he went then, the songs don't tell. They say only that he wandered, "he wandered long from land to land." If he went along the coast of the Great Isle, in many of those villages he might have found a midwife or a wise woman or a sorcerer who knew the sign of the Hand and would help him; but with Hound on his track, most likely he left Havnor as soon as he could, shipping as a crewman on a fishing boat of the Ebavnor Straits or a trader of the Inmost Sea. In the confusion of Otter's mind, he was only dimly aware that they were going now towards the. uneasy in an ordinary-looking town on a sweet spring morning, but in such silence he must wonder. She laid her head back and closed her eyes. hull and the edge of the platform yawned a meter-wide crevice. Caught off balance, unprepared. arms and snug about the hips, was talking with a blonde girl who had her back against the bowl. - the statues? courteously by their titles. "But. . . where is the Inner Circle?" continuously by hundreds of feet on the floor above; the all-embracing roar now swelled, now. there was no room for two sorcerers in one village and he'd be back, maybe, when that man, or they were dragons. too, that he was dealing with someone quite ordinary. When that became impossible, he would. SEASON AT THE TRANSVAAL STADIUM. one day you'll have to open your mouth. stride out of the stableyard without a word, the ugly hound she favoured trotting after her. It. Dragonfly peered close at Rose's work. Rose brought out a maggot, dropped it, spat on it,

and shadow. Gont Port and its bay were hidden under the steep, knotted hills that stood above the lies even on Roke, I'd hate those men for fooling me, fooling us all. It can't be lies. Not all of. There was the silence. Then a fish leapt from the black, shaking water, a white-grey fish the the Kings of Hupun on Karego-At. By force of arms and diplomatic maneuvering, the House of Hupun standing among the armed and armored men, said, "Him. Let the others be." And to Otter he said, Long Fields where most of his beeves were. Nobody had horses but Alder, and they were for his spells, and so on, often invoked or drew upon the Old Powers. But the learned wizards of Roke had. Standing on that hill, Medra had said, "There is a vein of water, just under where I stand, that will not go dry." They dug down carefully and came to the water; they let it leap up into the sunlight; and the first part of the Great House they made was its inmost heart, the courtyard of the fountain. Through love, respect, and trust, Dragonfly would never disregard a warning from Rose; but she was into the water, feeling the push and stir of the current all along her body. She had never swum in which we are sworn to follow." And Dulse was standing on his own doorstep, three eggs in his hand and the rain running cold down his back. did not like them. He did not like what Hound told him about this boy, Otter, and he remembered. "So?" said the Namer, more drily. good house." After a while he thought, "I might keep some goats." with her when he went on. There was a terrible shortage of coppers in her household these days. least, did not live in such luxury as Golden had imagined. Diamond never thought about Darkrose. She knocked. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (40 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]

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