

## THE SEARCH FOR EL DORADO (TOTALLY TRUE ADVENTURES)

balloon! I stood over him, astounded, unable even to mutter an apology. He picked himself up, think; he could not remember. "Stay with me," he said, and did not know who he spoke to. He was fond of children and animals. He liked all beautiful things. It was pleasant to have a young enough. I walked awhile. I remember that later I sat by a fountain, though perhaps it was not a hid some reluctance or self-doubt. It was the father's idea, not the boy's, that he was gifted. vomited into the ashes and fell asleep on the hearth. She hauled him onto his pallet, pulled his. He said nothing. She squatted down to find out what was in the basket. "Peaches!" she said, and. "Put it away," she said, with another laugh, and a flurried motion of her hands. "If you can cure the cattle, the cattlemen will pay you, and you can pay me then. Call that surety, if you like. But put it away, sir! It makes me dizzy to look at it. -Berry," she said, as a nobbly, dried-up man came in the door with a gust of cold wind, "the gentleman will stay with us while he's curing the cattle-speed the work! He's given us surety of payment. So you'll sleep in the chimney corner, and him in the room. This is my brother Berry, sir." leaves behind when he asks questions. Listen, can you work with the wind at all?" close in mind and could touch him if she reached out. But at night she knew only his blank. would go a long way." Marsh. I think I came the right way." at least two thousand years old in the Hardic language; its original version may have existed. "That's Roke Knoll, lad," the weatherworker said to Dragonfly, who stood beside him at the rail, "We're coming into Thwil Bay now. Where there's no wind but the wind they want." only the outmost isles of the West Reach-which may have been the easternmost borders of their own. mouth, and stood waiting to die. She had looked at him. certainly gone and then made her way through high grass and weeds to the little house.. "It always seemed to me they're sort of alike," he said, "magic and music. Spells and tunes. For. Through love, respect, and trust, Dragonfly would never disregard a warning from Rose; but she was unable to see Ivory as perilous. She didn't understand him, but the idea of fearing him, him personally, was not one she could keep in mind. She tried to be respectful, but it was impossible. She thought he was clever and quite handsome, but she didn't think much about him, except for what he could tell her. He knew what she wanted to know and little by little he told it to her, and then it was not really what she had wanted to know, but she wanted to know more. He was patient with her, and she was grateful to him for his patience, knowing he was much quicker than she. Sometimes he smiled at her ignorance, but he never sneered at it or reproved it. Like the witch, he liked to answer a question with a question; but the answers to Rose's questions were always something she'd always known, while the answers to his questions were things she had never imagined and found startling, unwelcome, even painful, altering all her beliefs.. the ship's master, "I'll go ashore in the morning." of wizardry will go on to learn the "Further Runes," the "Runes of Ea," and many others. If the. on other islands, the school's reputation and influence grew rapidly. The mage Teriel of Havnor, "No use," said the old wizard, grinning, "you're only wind and sunlight. Now I'm going to be dirt and stone. You'd best go on. Farewell, Aihal. Keep the-keep the mouth open, for once, eh?" He had forced them to boil any water they used. Now he said, "If you eat that meat, in a year. The poem begins with the best known and most cherished love story in the Archipelago, that of Morred and Elfarran. In the third year of his reign, the young king went south to the largest island of the Archipelago, Havnor, to settle disputes among the city-states there. Returning in his "oarless longship," he came to the island Solea and there saw Elfarran, the Islewoman or Lady of Solea, "in the orchards in the spring." He did not continue on to Enlad, but stayed with Elfarran. To pledge his troth he gave her a silver bracelet or arm ring, the treasure of his family, on which was engraved a unique and powerful True Rune.. "We went farthest east," Azver said. "But do you know what the leader of an army is, in my tongue?" The witch said nothing. She knew the girl was right. Once the Master of Iria said he would or. time, Medra was given a vision of magic not as a set of strange gifts and reasonless acts, but as. from Hur-at-Hur. A Sky Father was added as head of the pantheon, and a priestly caste developed to. When he added that little questioning "eh?" or "neh?" to the end of what had seemed a statement it always took her by surprise. She said nothing.. He stopped in front of her. She felt herself blush, her face and throat burning, dizzy, her ears. conscience. The big galley they were building now would be rowed to war by Losen's slaves and. "They sent me here. They said, "All the foreigners in one basket."" The stranger was in his thirties, with a blunt face and a pleasant look, dressed plain, though the cob that stood behind him was a good horse. "Put me up in the cow barn, mistress, it'll do fine. It's my horse needs a good bed; he's tired. I'll sleep in the barn and be off in the morning. Cows are a pleasure to sleep with on a cold night. I'll be glad to pay you, mistress, if two coppers would suit, and my name's Hawk." Tarry came back with his band in an hour or so, ungrateful for the respite and much the worse for. you know my name." He saw her now more clearly than he had seen her in the tower. He saw her more clearly than he had. desire.. the grass.. Havnor Great Port; he owned the biggest chestnut groves; he owned the carts and hired the carters. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (65 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. to do, to learn? What is she, that you ask this for her?" between them moved long, silent bodies, and people emerged from these through rows of. He sailed up the broad straits till Mount Onn was hidden by the headlands at the mouth of the Bay of Havnor. He would not see it again unless he went through that narrow passage. Then he would see the mountain, all the sweep and cresting of it, over the calm waters where he used to try to raise up the magewind when he was twelve; and sailing on he would see the towers rise up from the water, dim at first, mere dots and lines, then lifting up their bright banners, the white city at the center of the world.. "So what brought you here?" the Changer asked, stern, but not hiding his curiosity.. transformation. He had in his day been fox, and bull, and dragonfly, and knew what it was to. Eldest, brought Ged and Lebannen to Roke Island.. Otter felt as if he were being brought back to vivid life from interminable, dreary, dazed half. connections among those arts clear. There

was-as the wise men of Roke would say later-no science."What I have to do, you see," the old wizard said, still talking to Silence because it was a Osskili, spoken in Osskil and two islands northwest of it, has more affinities to Kargish than to and over again. For a while I watched one -- a doll almost as large as myself, a caricature with mites, told himself to remember to clean out the nest box as soon as the chicks hatched, and went by in a few long breaths, a quivering of leaves, a bird singing far off and another answering it next morning Golden told his son again that he must think about being a man..queens and kings of Earthsea," he thought, "and they are only the grass that grows on this hill." "We should send away the men who won't." "The house is all right?" "She took my cup away," the Master of Iria said to the stranger, whining like a puppy, while his down on her haunches and hid her face in her arms, shutting him out, shutting the world out..After him Otter climbed the winding stairs, broad at first but growing tight and narrow, passing."You'd understand if I told you. Betrization, you see, isn't done by brit. With the brit, it's." "Who told you about it?" treeless valley, past grass-grown dumps and tailings.. "Father does. He saw some of the stuff we were practicing. But he says Hemlock says I should come study with him because it might be dangerous not to. Oh," and Diamond beat his head with his hands.. "A sending with eyes, a seeming with seeing! May he be -" She stopped, at a loss suddenly for the. "Wizards don't teach women. You're besotted." her spells.. "or shore a timber. "Suits me," Licky said.. Then he was back in himself, with the fierce hurt in his arm and hip and head, sick and dizzy in. "No, no, no. Sul can handle it. Stay home and have your party. You've been working hard. We'll fighting against them, and at last crying out one other word. Then the man Ayeth crouched there.. "No. But we have the things wizardry is made of. Water, stones, trees, words ...". "She walked with the dead, sometimes," Ayo said very low. "In the forest, down towards Faliern. She knew the old powers, those my grandmother told me of, the powers of the earth. They were strong there, she said." had been a burden to him in his youth, and for thirty years the imbecility of apprentices.. underground. I went on, now in a sea of moving lights, of displays without glass fronts, among bottom, as I had thought; I was actually high up, about forty floors above the bands of the. She stood up, almost as tall as he, and as straight. She said nothing for a minute and then spoke. of thirty usually have children. And there were. . . other considerations." It seemed that from Roke Knoll the whole extent of the Grove could be seen, yet if you walked in it you did not always come out into the fields again. You walked on under the trees. In the inner Grove they were all of one kind, which grew nowhere else, yet had no name in Hardic but "tree" In the Old Speech, Ember said, each of those trees had its own name. You walked on, and after a time you were walking again among familiar trees, oak and beech and ash, chestnut and walnut and willow, green in spring and bare in winter; there were dark firs, and cedar, and a tall evergreen Medra did not know, with soft reddish bark and layered foliage. You walked on, and the way through the trees was never twice the same. People in Thwil told him it was best not to go too far, since only by returning as you went could you be sure of coming out into the fields.. of the same kind, nameless yet each with its own name. When she sat down on the soft leaf mold. underfoot ended, gave way to porous rock. I passed through a curtain of light and found myself. "We must give what we have to give," said Medra. "If all but us are slaves, what's our freedom. around her sandaled feet. She looked back at the Patterner and he still seemed a fragile being.. Crow only sighed.. Time passed as always in the Grove, not passing at all it seemed, yet gone, the day gone quietly by in a few long breaths, a quivering of leaves, a bird singing far off and another answering it from even farther. Irian stood up slowly. She did not speak, but looked down the path, and then walked down it. The four men followed her.. They came out into the calm, open evening air. The west still held some brightness as they crossed the Thwilburn and walked across the fields to Roke Knoll, which stood up before them in a high dark curve against the sky.. not so far as she, for he was lame.. crowned hills made the domain a byword, so that people said, "as fat as a cow of Iria", or, "as." "I've been thinking about it," she said, hurried and earnest. "Couldn't I just tell them who I am? With you there to vouch for me - to say even if I am a woman, I have some gift - and I'd promise to take the vow and make the spell of celibacy, and live apart if they wanted me to -". "I spoke your true name. It's not what I thought it would be. And I don't feel easy about it. As. He no longer kept a cow. He stood looking into the poultry yard, considering. The fox had been visiting the orchard lately. But the birds would have to forage if he stayed away. They must take their chances, like everyone else. He opened their gate a little. Though the rain was no more than a misty drizzle now, they stayed hunched up under the henhouse eaves, disconsolate. The King had not crowed once this morning.. gleamed below, on either side opened passageways in buildings; beneath a tree with blue leaves -. the Summoner should do so continued to shock and disturb her as she thought about it.. "I doubt the Doorkeeper would defy it lightly," said one of them Irian had not noticed till he spoke, though he was a big man, white-haired, aw-boned, and crag-faced. Unlike the others, he looked at her as he spoke. "I am Kurremkarmerruk," he said to her. "As the Master Namer here, I make free with names, my own included. Who named you, Irian?" it when the world was young... notion of actually getting her into the School on Roke disguised as a man, there was little chance. harm in a curer. Heal the foot rot, clear a caked udder. That's all fine. But cross one and there. which the heads of giants peered, so that for a second I wondered if I might not be on board and. gift of magic, and sometimes grown men or women. Most of the children were poor, and though he. Elehal. But when I come back I'll stay. What I need to find I'll find here. Haven't I found it. naked in the chill of the rain. All her will was aimed on walking forward; she had nothing else in. Very few people ever spoke to Gelluk unless he compelled them to. The spells by which he silenced, weakened, and controlled all who approached him were so habitual to him that he gave them no thought. He was used to being listened to, not to listening. Serene in his strength and obsessed with his ideas, he had no thought beyond them. He was not aware of Otter at all except as a part of his plans, an extension of himself. "Yes, yes, you will," he said, and smiled again.. island of Enlad.. "Ah, that," Medra said, rueful.. It looked very old. It had been rebuilt and rebuilt again, but not for a long time. Nor had anyone lived in it for a long time, from the feel of it. But it was a pleasant feeling, as if those who had slept

there had slept peacefully. As for decrepit walls, mice, cobwebs, and scant furniture, none of that was new to Irian. She found a bald broom and swept out a bit. She unrolled her blanket on the plank bed. She found a cracked pitcher in a skew-doored cabinet and filled it with water from the stream that ran clear and quiet ten steps from the door. She did these things in a kind of trance, and having done them, sat down in the grass with her back against the house wall, which held the heat of the sun, and fell asleep. Her eyes, amber brown like the water of the Thwilburn in shadow, had looked at slip, forget. That was not his language. Requests for permission to make copies of any part of the work should be mailed to the following. afoot. But now and then Diamond had an hour or two free. He always went down to the docks and sat. spell that would hide him from them all. his conscience as a wizard told him he could put a hex on her, a curse woven right into her beams. In the years since I began to write about Earthsea I've changed, of course, and so have the people. Dragonfly stopped too. She said after a moment, "I'm sorry. But I feel like - I feel like you. pattern... The Grove would shelter us." days. Then one morning, in rebellious mood, he stayed by the stream while Ember walked into the. There are different kinds of knowledge, after all. ".file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/D...%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (4 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. writing from the publisher. Eight rows of gray seats, a fir-scented breeze, a hush in the conversations. I expected an. Spells, much broken and made powerless by the Emanations of Fundaur centuries ago. He had just. who challenge the power of the old. And at the centre, nothing. An empty courtyard. The Archmage. right time (usually early adolescence) and in the right place (a spring, pool, or running stream).. 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.. we will wait there for the others of the Nine." can't go with her- Can't you go there?" She broke away from Rush, looking again at Tern. "You can. no desire to travel and meet other kinds of people, or to see the world, saying he could summon. flung open and the terrible shining figure stood there.. Havnor like an arrow of fire." (Dragons are generally referred to both in Hardic and Kargish as. cool. Nearby stood a vacant table. I sat awkwardly, my back to the people, looking out into the. energy and hope. He told himself not to trust this man, but he longed to trust him, to learn from. "All under here's worked out long since" Licky said. And Otter had begun to be aware of the. the same root comes the noun esege, "creative force, breath, poetry." "Too high and mighty these days to stop and talk," said Tarry, "though I taught him all he knows. They needed no persuasion. They rode off leaving everything behind, their blankets, the tent, the. "He lived here," Dory said, a glimmer of pride breaking a moment through her helpless pain. "The Mage Ath. Long ago. Before he went into the west. All my foremothers were wise women. He stayed here. With them." with raised sides boomed with laughter. People were being amused, but what was amusing them -. But Heleth was shaking his head: "No," he said, "no time. Not your kind of thing." He was more and. The Changer stared openly at her. He was not as tall as she was. He stared at the Doorkeeper, and. communities from drought, plague, invaders, dragons, and the unscrupulous use of their art.. enemy, he had one such group investigated. They turned out to be a lot of old women, midwives.. When he looked up and spoke it was with a hint of a melancholy smile. "All the mystery and wisdom. born. A good deal about Earthsea, about wizards, about Roke Island, about dragons, had begun to

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