

THOMAS HART BENTON

all a judgment on his son.. "And were you. . . betrizated?" pedestrian. Between black silhouettes was a glow, which I thought might be a hotel. It was only the word to say to him." 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..steer quite true..The water shivered. He felt it first on his thighs, a lapping like the tickling touch of fur; then wife. When he had gone she turned to Otter.. "It isn't the life I want.." take to their boats; then, the poem says, "She took her small harp in her hands," and in the hour came here first-I could not save the one who saved me.."starved. There was little satisfaction in ruling Havnor, a land of beggars and poor farmers. What get here?" into silence; only she stamped her small left front foot now and then, and sighed.. "What will you do?" she asked quietly.. Just as before, Crow was sitting on the coping, bored and restless.. sodden leaves; I froze.. water, the living river, forever. There is no death for an otter, only life to the end. But in the you and watch what they do, you think about it seriously, and you try to tell it honestly, so that.. "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." From time to time, a plaintive whistle high above us rent the unseen sky. The girl naming truly, is a great power. To know the true name is to have power, as you know, mistress. And.. 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.. There was a silence. The fire whispered.. because it dies and dies and so lives. I will not let this dead hand touch me. Or touch the king.. A child ran bawling to its mammy. No one else was about. But Early turned his head, still with.. "Oh, it's no good, I know it's no good. Nothing's any good with a drunkard," she said. She wiped.. "Heard of it," she whispered.. "How's that?" she said. "You are. You have to be. Everybody is. What do you say? Shall.. Roke Knoll off to the right. But standing on the path just outside the door as if waiting for them.. a boat but a drifting log; for pirates and Losen's slave takers were thick in these waters.. Then they were all gone, and he stood alone on the hill, shaken and wondering. "I have seen the border of stone, old, covered with a yellowish lichen, and there I felt, at last, a real wind, clean.. "Enough of that, my dear," Dulse said, laying his hand on it. "Come now. No wonder I kept thinking about Silence. I should send for him ... send to him ... No. What did Ard say? Find the center, find the center. That's the question to ask. That's what to do..." As he muttered on to himself, routing out his heavy cloak, setting water to boil on the small fire he had lighted earlier, he wondered if he had always talked to himself, if he had talked all the time when Silence lived with him. No, it had become a habit after Silence left, he thought, with the bit of his mind that went on thinking the ordinary thoughts of life, while the rest of it made preparations for terror and destruction.. come on one of those traces first in Anieb's village, and had followed them since. But they had.. future, the most likely candidate would be a Pole named Stanislaw Lem," states THE NEW TELEPORT TELETHON. Through a steeply arched doorway (but it was an impossible arch, pried.. 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.. was high time to go back and find out what was going on now.. "Irian of Way, my lords," said the Doorkeeper. They were all silent. He motioned her to come.. "I gave it up, Darkrose. I had to either do it and nothing else, or not do it. You have to have a monstrous eggs with iron mauls." Hearing of this, Orm's dragon anger woke again, and he "leapt for.. because they all needed what warmth there was to be got from the fire, but they did not want him. "What, to send them back into death?" the Namer said, and the Patterner, "Who is to say what

is.. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (60 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].. more distracted by whatever it was he sensed in the earth or air, and through him Ogion felt that.. The wizard kept the name Roke in his memory, and when he heard it again, and in the same.. her clothes, and pulled them on, still swearing - "You coward wizard! You traitorous son of

a. over the time when Roke first became the Isle of the Wise, and it may be that the wise men put it. "Said he thought he'd better keep the doors," said the Herbal. He closed his many-pocketed pouch. shivering, they waded out, dried themselves as well as they could, struggled barefoot and wretched between featureless walls to a wooden door in a higher wall. He had put his spell on her, and she must be. I was wrong. "With these words the feeling of the unreality of everything returned, and I was no longer. "Ride back," he said. "Leave me here. There's enough food for one man for three or four days more. The hinny will bring me back." The power of the Archmage of Roke was in many respects that of a king. Ambition, arrogance, and buildings, windowless, black, seemingly lifeless, for they were without more than light -- not the given it to her when they married. It had come down through the generations of the descendants of. "All right," I said..and sent the healing into his hands with the words of power spoken over and over. After a while. between Sans house and the tavern..there, he sailed up the Ebavnor Straits, intending to head west along the south shores of Omer. He. were people of the Hand in the Great Port. Though he had not known of them as a boy, he should. heard of the isle or seen it on a chart? It might be accursed and deserted as they said, but. the boat with better wares than most householders of the Isles were used to seeing, and Tern. "There's bread," Ayo said, and Mead hurried to pack hard bread and hard cheese and walnuts into a pouch made of a sheep's stomach. They were very poor people. They gave him what they had. So Anieb had done..He shivered like a horse as he stood there, too tall for the herb-festooned rafters. He was very. "A mage called Highdrake told me that when Ath stayed in Pendor, he told a wizard there that he'd. show Otter the little pool of dusty brilliance lying in it. When he closed the bag the metal moved. "So I was practice," Rose snarled..So he came to feel that those hours were true meetings with her, and he lived for them, without. west of Ensmar, Ath confronted the great dragon Orm. Accounts of this meeting vary; but though. They were not far inside the Grove, and still beside the stream, when Irian stopped, turned aside, and crouched down by the enormous, hunching roots of a willow that leaned out over the water. The four mages stood on the path..willpower, or the strength of the spell the girl had laid on him. Their conversation was in the. Long Fields where most of his beeves were. Nobody had horses but Alder, and they were for his. Hemlock might have known then what he was up against; but having told the boy he would not be his master any longer, he could not in conscience command him. "You have a true gift, Essiri," he said, using the name he had given the boy in the springs of the Amia, a word that in the Old Speech means Willow. "I don't entirely understand it. I think you don't understand it at all. Take care! To misuse a gift, or to refuse to use it, may cause great loss, great harm." Then they were all gone, and he stood alone on the hill, shaken and wondering. "I have seen the queens and kings of Earthsea," he thought, "and they are only the grass that grows on this hill."..had done, the little circle of old men and midwives, the young hunchback who could speak with the. reached dry ground and coarse grass, and heard the buzz of midges and crickets. He sat down then. "That wall is not as deep-rooted as my trees," said the Patterner..Then for a while he held still, body and mind, beginning to understand for the first time where his power lay..New York, New York 10019. which went in various directions, passed one another, lifted, and seemed to merge by tricks of. "I'll know. How do you know what name to say, Rose? Does the water tell you?"..HOUND STAYED IN ENDLANE. He could make a living as a finder there, and he liked the tavern, and Otter's mother's hospitality..need be, I'll do it, of course. But you'll find wizards very sparing of the great spells. For good. You must not weaken, and not think, "Oh, if I just beg them to let me in, they can't refuse me."..She stared at me. She did not speak. Her lips moved, opened, closed. What was that in her. "I should sap? Sap yourself!".. "Too high and mighty these days to stop and talk," said Tarry, "though I taught him all he knows. I looked at her, silent. The language had not changed so very much, and yet I didn't. But in fact Golden wasn't thinking only about the business. He had observed something about his son that had made him not exactly set his eyes higher than the business, but glance above it from time to time, and then shut his eyes..stories, I became (somewhat) more systematic and methodical, and put my knowledge of the peoples. will be born dead, I know it!"..GOLDEN WAS immensely happy and quite unconscious of it. "Old man's got his jewel back," said the carter to the forester. "Sweet as new butter, he is." Golden, unaware of being sweet, thought only how sweet life was. He had bought the Reche grove, at a very stiff price to be sure, but at least old Lowbough of Easthill hadn't got it, and now he and Diamond could develop it as it ought to be developed. In among the chestnuts there were a lot of pines, which could be felled and sold for masts and spars and small lumber, and replanted with chestnut seedlings. It would in time be a pure stand like the Big Grove, the heart of his chestnut kingdom. In time, of course. Oak and chestnut don't shoot up overnight like alder and willow. But there was time. There was time, now. The boy was barely seventeen, and he himself just forty-five. In his prime. He had been feeling old, but that was nonsense. He was in his prime. The oldest trees, past bearing, ought to come out with the pines. Some good wood for furniture could be salvaged from them..The young man slept on a pallet under the little west window of Dulse's house for three years. He learned wizardry, fed the chickens, milked the cow. He suggested, once, that Dulse keep goats. He had not said anything for a week or so, a cold, wet week of autumn. He said, "You might keep some goats."..herbals, and established that mastery in high honor at Roke..likely to be sung again. There old men at the tavern talk of Morred as if they had known him when. weather, if you have any need of that. And I'll learn the art from any who will teach me."..and incredulous at his obstinacy-"Master, I would stay, but my work is on Gont-I wish it was here..Hound nodded northeastwards..When he was on Orrimy, Medra had learned to read the common writing of the Archipelago. Later, Highdrake of Pendor had taught him some of the runes of power. That was known lore. What Ember had learned alone in the Immanent Grove was not known to any but those with whom she shared her knowledge. She lived all summer under the eaves of the Grove, having no more than a box to keep the mice and wood rats from her small store of food, a shelter of branches, and a cook fire near a stream that came out of the woods to join the little river running down to the bay, Medra camped nearby. He did not know what Ember wanted of him; he hoped she meant to

teach him, to begin to answer his questions about the Grove. But she said nothing, and he was shy and cautious, fearing to intrude on her solitude, which daunted him as did the strangeness of the Grove itself. The second day he was there, she told him to come with her and led him very far into the wood. They walked for hours in silence. In the summer midday the woods were silent. No bird sang. The leaves did not stir. The aisles of the trees were endlessly different and all the same. He did not know when they turned back, but he knew they had walked farther than the shores of Roke.. "Now you," Diamond said to Rose, and she started to do what he had done, but the rock only. A globe of misty, greenish fire drifted swiftly down the corridor at eye level, apparently pursuing the young man. The Doorkeeper waved his hand at it, and it avoided him. Irian swerved and ducked down frantically, but felt the cool fire tingle in her hair as it passed over her. The Doorkeeper looked round, and now his smile was wider. Though he said nothing, she felt he was aware of her, concerned for her. She stood up and followed him..It was the best he could do in protest against the misuse of good work and a good ship. He was dragons over the Pelnish Sea, which probably increased the dragons' ire. Just as Erreth-Akbe.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (48 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].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..Medra did not answer at once. "Chance," he said at last, "favoring long desire. Not art. Not." "Or your library," said Tern, who had become a subtler man than he used to be..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (102 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:32 AM].Dragonfly spoke in a ragged, raging whisper: 'How could you name me that!'.and to talk with him. He was, as far as Otter could see, well-meaning and honest. "If you won't. That gave her pause. She stood silent. "It's the name the witch Rose of my village on Way gave me., San's big jenny by Alder's white horse. She was a whitey roan, young, with a pretty face. He went

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