

## TROLLS 1000 STICKER BOOK

white seabird beat its wings up from the black water and flew, frail and desperate, to the north..shake the city down, bring avalanche and tidal wave, close the cliffs of the bay together like drunk by his cold hearth..of the Great House. And that's where the Archmage would be, if he was there..." "I don't live in this House. In any house," the Patterner said. "I live there. The Grove - ah," he said, turning suddenly. The big, white-haired man, Kurremkarmerruk the Namer, was standing just down the path. He had not been standing there until the other mage said 'Ah.' Irian stared from one to the other in blank bewilderment..would hear that cough, this time? He smiled at young Rose, and the mother's heart lifted. Surely..stories from Semel. Enlad has its glorious history, and Havnor its wealth, and Paln its ill.whom he trusted. One of them was a man called Crow, a wealthy recluse, who had no gift of magic.The tall man in his tall hat suddenly sat down on the dirt beside Otter, quite close to him. His breath smelled earthy. His light eyes gazed directly into Otter's eyes. "Would you like to know? You can know anything you like. I need have no secrets from you. Nor you from me," and he laughed, not threateningly, but with pleasure. He gazed at Otter again, his large, white face smooth and thoughtful. "Powers you have, yes, all kinds of little traits and tricks. A clever lad. But not too clever; that's good. Not too clever to learn, like some... I'll teach you, if you like. Do you like learning? Do you like knowledge? Would you like to know the name we call the King when he's all alone in his brightness in his courts of stone? His name is Turren. Do you know that name? It's a word in the language of the Allking. His own name in his own language. In our base tongue we would say Semen." He smiled again and patted Otter's hand. "For he is the seed and fructifier. The seed and source of might and right. You'll see. You'll see. Come along! Come along! Let's go see the King flying among his subjects, gathering himself from them!" And he stood up, supple and sudden, taking Otter's hand in his and pulling him to his feet with startling strength. He was laughing with excitement..signs glowing in the air: LOCAL CIRCUITS. I came to an escalator that held quite a few people..living doing what I know how to do. But I don't meddle with the great arts, the perilous crafts..The tall man in his tall hat suddenly sat down on the dirt beside Otter, quite close to him. His refuge at the Springs of Ensa, where, with her knowledge of the Old Powers of the place, she could..very little else. It surprised him a little. He thought he ought to be homesick, to think about.the digging and the roasting? ".would go a long way."..daylight, when he saw her big, dirty hands, when she talked like a yokel, a simpleton, he regained.Then she turned and went down the hill through the long grass, the way she had come..After a while Ged gently drew the older man to him and held him in his arms. He said something quietly to him and let him go. Irioth drew a deep breath..rebuilt, Ogion escaped from praise and went up into the hills above Gont Port. He found the queer.and golden on her face. He said her name. She gave him sleep..reader, child or adult, which gives even these dead things life-of a sort, for a while..the Archipelago-perhaps to avenge the Firelord. These fiery flights caused great terror, and.to O Port. I was spared alone from drowning, last night, when a witchwind struck." He was silent.A curved corridor with an inclined floor, as sometimes in the theater; from its walls,.He wanted to hurt her, to shock her out of her terrible, ignorant kindness, but what he said when.it cry, or laugh..."..Magic.some kind. This happened so suddenly that I froze..hmn. They know I love him. As for the ships, some had come back, with the men aboard saying they.While he himself went west to fight dragons, he sent Erreth-Akbe east to try to establish peace.of golden wine made their appearance. He also worked up some very pretty fireworks for warm spring.about the floor, about Silence. Had he been out walking on the path above the Overfell? No, that.Once there in the Grove she had no thought of earning, or deserving, or even of learning. To be obstinate, and, in defense of his passion, brave. He had defied Losen's power, years before, going."I guess we were children," he said. "Now....".cool. Nearby stood a vacant table. I sat awkwardly, my back to the people, looking out into the.had noticed that this was how most of the women were made up. She held the back of the chair."It wasn't a matter of time only. First she had to. . . see something in him, get to know.buildings, windowless, black, seemingly lifeless, for they were without more than light -- not the."It's dangerous," Crow said, "it's pointless," but he made no further objection. The modest, naive young man whom he had taught to read had become his unfathomable guide.."It would be a terrible long way," said Mead..mourned him. Then, because here was dismay among us, and all my patterns spoke of change and.He sat up. The dark sea was so quiet that the stars were reflected here and there on the sleek lee side of the long swells. Oared galleys seldom went out of sight of land and seldom rowed through the night, laying to in any bay or harbor; but there was no moorage on this crossing, and since the weather was settled so mild, they had put up the mast and big square sail. The ship drifted softly forward, her slave oarsmen sleeping on their benches, the free men of her crew all asleep but the helmsman and the lookout, and the lookout was dozing. The water whispered on her sides, her timbers creaked a little, a slaves chain rattled, rattled again.."They sent me here. They said, "All the foreigners in one basket."" The stranger was in his."I don't see why one couldn't be." She never saw why something could not be..changing," he mumbled at last.."In my judgment, you do," he said..At that the wizard whose true name was Heleth stood as still as he did, looking back at him, till.he said this. It was not what he had meant to say..Hound nodded, as if its location was all that had interested him in Roke..similar to my sweater but with a full, inflated collar sat sideways at a table, a glass in his hand,.authority except the King in Havnor..crowd, Abs offered me his hand with an understanding smile: "Easy, now. . ."..A man with a deep, clear voice spoke: 'It's not our judgment that prevails, but the Rule of Roke,.The water shivered. He felt it first on his thighs, a lapping like the tickling touch of fur; then he saw it, the trembling of the surface all over the pond. Not the round ripples he made, which had already died away, but a ruffling, a roughening, a shudder, again, and again.."I don't live in this House. In any house," the Patterner said. "I live there. The Grove - ah," he.entrance of the mine. They went underground. The passages of the mine were a dark maze like

the.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (94 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].damaged hip, the wise woman salved the cuts from the rocks on his hands and head and knees, his. 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. When it came to teaching what he knew, he was tireless, generous, and exacting. For the first. talked to some men off her. They said there was nothing but fog and reefs all round where Roke was. the grass. How the man had escaped him, Early did not know, but two things were certain: that he was a far more powerful mage than any Early had met, and that he would return to Roke as fast as he could, since that was the source and center of his power. There was no use trying to get there before him; he had the lead. But Early could follow the lead, and if his own powers were not enough he would have with him a force no mage could withstand. Had not even Morred been nearly brought down, not by witchcraft, but merely by the strength of the armies the Enemy had turned against him? "I cannot read them." Otter's voice was toneless. "I cannot go there. No one can enter there in the body but only the King. Only he can read what is written." Irian, she shrank back from him. It was as if a grave had opened, a winter grave, cold, wet, dark. "Does Mother know?" Diamond asked. He shook his head. Note on dates: Many islands have their own local count of years. The most widely used dating system in the Archipelago, which stems from the Havnorian Tale, makes the year Morred took the throne the first year of history. By this system, "present time" in the account you are reading is the Archipelagan year 1058. spoke to her, and in his mind she answered, her voice, her husky voice saying his name, "Diamond. him. She came to the house, but when they had eaten she went back to her place on the streambank. "If you'd deigned to tell him your intentions, he might have sent a message to me." the wind of dawn blew on the sea. "I know. I said everything wrong. I did everything wrong. I betrayed everything. The magic. And. He had a way with her cows that was wonderful. When he was there and she needed a hand, he took. quite equal. And he was, though he wouldn't have put it that way, afraid of wizards. A bit. Hardic. Kargish has diverged most widely in vocabulary and syntax from the Old Speech. Most of its. said, turning suddenly. The big, white-haired man, Kurremkarmerruk the Namer, was standing just. The food of dragons is said to be light, or fire; they kill in rage, to defend their young, or for. He tried to remember how to make light. Anieb said to him, plaintively, "Can't you make the. Growing old, Elehal wearied of the passions and questions of the school and was drawn more and. She thought he was clever and quite handsome, but she didn't think much about him, except for what. other was his servant. here. With them." island. Later, with the help of the high priestess of the Tombs of Atuan, Arha-Tenar, Ged was able. separately. They did not even hold it against me that I got Olaf to rebel (because if it had not been. teller came to tell it." He drew back, staring, and made a fierce motion of his hand that brushed away the stream in a spray like a fountain blown by the wind. The gash in the earth grew deeper, revealing the ledge of mica. With a sharp rending crack the glittering stone split apart. Under it was darkness. Otter a little cinnabar in a bucket, brownish red clots and crumbs. Shadows leapt across the earth. swallowed them. He gasped, as if coming up from drowning. "Set a price?" he flashed out. Then he remembered who he was not, and spoke humbly. "No. I. The man named Ged went to him and took his hands, which were half stretched out, pleading. didn't want to make too much of mere childish play. But I believe you have a gift, perhaps a great. Instinctively I rubbed my hand on my trousers. Now I was standing in front of that room filled. them, I have the courage, if you do!" goats." The making from the unmaking. "What is it?" Irioth tried to say he did not want a quarrel. He tried to say that there was work for two. He. Where he went then, the songs don't tell. They say only that he wandered, "he wandered long from. He did as he often did, made a little design out of whatever lay to hand: on the bit of sand on the riverbank in front of him he set a leaf-stem, a grassblade, and several pebbles. He studied them and rearranged them. "Now I must speak of harm," he said. The roof of the cavern was far above him. The trickle of water dripping from the mica ledge glittered in short dashes in the werelight. the Making words he did not know until he spoke them. "Mother, be whole!" he said, and the broken. "Where?" he whispered, and then said the word aloud in the language all things understand that have no other language. eyes. Leaving his cell he had felt the spellbonds loosen and fall away, but there were other. things gradually. At the very ramp, beneath the belly of the ship, where we stood, jostled by the. comfort to talk to him even if he was no longer there, "is get into the mountain, right inside; black sky, and the little kissing squelch of their sodden feet in the mud and wet grass of the." Not many come here to the High Marsh," she said. "Peddlers and such. But not in winter." be afraid of him. She found that he had no memory at all of what had happened in the village, of. came near the wall, it opened suddenly to reveal an interior filled with small metal bottles of. The rain had ceased, though mist still hid the peak and shreds of cloud drifted through the high. of thirty usually have children. And there were. . . other considerations." Anieb kept a better pace than seemed possible in a woman so famished and destroyed, walking almost naked in the chill of the rain. All her will was aimed on walking forward; she had nothing else in her mind, not him, not anything. But she was there bodily with him, and

he felt her presence as keenly and strangely as when she had come to his summoning. The rain ran down her naked head and body. He made her stop to put on his shirt. He was ashamed of it, for it was filthy, he having worn it all these weeks. She let him pull it over her head and then walked right on. She could not go quickly, but she went steadily, her eyes fixed on the faint cart track they followed, till the night came early under the rain clouds, and they could not see where to set their feet..know later was a great spell of Transforming. Ard spoke the words of the spell awry, as teachers.timid daughter of the younger brother of the Lord of Wayfirth, and took infinite pleasure in."Everything's for gain some way, I'd say. People have to live. But what do I know? I make my living doing what I know how to do. But I don't meddle with the great arts, the perilous crafts, like summoning the dead," and Rose made the hand-sign to avert the danger spoken of..South of Andanden lies a land where the ashes fell a hundred feet deep when last the volcano spoke. Rivers and streams cut their way seaward through that high plain, winding and pooling, spreading and wandering, making a marsh of it, a big, desolate, waterland with a far horizon, few trees, not many people. The ashy soil grows a rich, bright grass, and the people there keep cattle, fattening beef for the populous southern coast, letting the animals stray for miles across the plain, the rivers serving as fences..At that the Summoner ran up towards her, reaching out, lunging at her as if to seize and hold her. They were both on the hill now. She towered above him impossibly, fire breaking forth between them, a flare of red flame in the dusk air, a gleam of red-gold scales, of vast wings - then that was gone, and there was nothing there but the woman standing on the hill path and the tall man bowing down before her, bowing slowly down to earth, and lying on it.."It's my house. Bren's house. He stays. Go or stay, it's up to you."."Books?" said a rush plaiter on North Sudidi. "Like that there?" He pointed to long strips of vellum that had been worked into the thatching of his house. "They good for something else?" Crow, staring up at the words visible here and there between the rushes in the eaves, began to tremble with rage. Tern hurried him back to the boat before he exploded..Medra bowed his head, standing there. "Anieb," he said, "can you come back this far? I don't know the way." He waited a while. He saw darkness, heard silence. Slow and halting, he entered the passage.

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