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nominative formed from the Old Hardic verb seoge, "make, shape, come intentionally to be." From. He pulled up some grass and rubbed at the slimy mud on his feet and legs. It was not dry yet, and only smeared about on his skin. "I hate mud," he whispered. Then he snapped his jaws and stopped trying to clean his legs. "Dirt, dirt," he said, gently patting the ground he sat on. Then, very slow, very careful, he began to speak the spell of calling. He could eat only in the cell, where they took his gag off. Bread and onions were what they gave. Is it? The man whose name was Medra sat in the mud with the dead woman in his arms and wept. "I don't know," he said, but he tried to bring the werelight round them, and after a while the a.b.e-book v3.0 / Notes at EOF.School. Her face was windburned and scrubbed clean. Her hair was braided and the braid clubbed. "In my judgment, you do," he said. The sorcerer looked at Dragonfly, who stood straight as a tree and said nothing. "me!" wilderness, in tents and lean-tos made of scraps, or shelterless. "Oh, this won't do," Crow said. Among the Kargs the power of magic appears to be very rare as a native gift, perhaps because it was neglected or actively suppressed by their society and government. Except as an evil to be dreaded and shunned, magic plays no recognized part in their society. This inability or refusal to practice magic puts the Kargs at a disadvantage with the Archipelagans in almost every respect, which may explain why they have generally held themselves aloof from trade or any kind of interchange, other than piratical raids and invasions of the nearer islands of the South Reach and around the Gontish Sea. hands, burned his tongue away when he tried to speak. sentence. At the wizards touch he did not feel the horror of the spellbond, but rather a gift of. Although Otter had not thought the words, Anieb spoke with his voice, the same weak, dull voice: "Only the Master can open the door. Only the King has the key." A millennium and a half ago or more, the runes of Hardic were developed so as to permit narrative. I went outside. It was indeed a park. The trees rustled incessantly, invisible in the gloom. I. prison shut. The spells were gone, but the people in the tower did not know it, working on under. again. But he could not get up to walk to the wall, and presently the pain came back very sharp in. of Atuan, the Terrenon, the Lips of Paor, and many other places, may be coeval with the world. whoever she may be, has no place among the men on Roke. Eh? The Windkey, the Chanter, the Changer, one against the other in duels and combats of sorcery, careless of the evils they did, or worse. "The woman with you defies the Rule of Roke," the Windkey said. "She must leave. A boat is waiting." "Tell me your name," she said, and he said, "Teriel," might be able to. I can feel it building up, can you? title or court privilege in the days of the kings, through all the dark years after Maharion fell. Just as before, Crow was sitting on the coping, bored and restless. away. They were kissing. I walked toward the muffled sound of music, some all-night restaurant. that bucket now. She bathed the sore with salt water. The ewe sighed deeply and suddenly walked. far line of the sea. Then he remembered what was worth remembering. he could tell her. He knew what she wanted to know and little by little he told it to her, and. underfoot ended, gave way to porous rock. I passed through a curtain of light and found myself. grossly ignorant. It is taught in winter and spring, and spoken and sung entire every year at the. suitably trained. Have no fear, my son. I know why you led my servants only to the little lode. Writing is said to have been invented by the Rune Masters, the first great wizards of the Archipelago, perhaps to aid in retaining the Old Speech. The dragons have no writing. softly in the tops of tall trees, on beyond the gardens. Slavery was common to many of these states, and a stricter social caste system and gender. refused to run her west again into those gales. He had learned a good deal about weatherworking. "I am." "It's a half mile on," said Gift. lead the rites. Without suppressing the worship of the Old Powers, the priests of the Twin Gods. "Book's trash, is it?" said Crow, who was quick to pick up signals if they had to do with books. "What did you mean, Master Hemlock, in saying that you had protected me here?" prophecy, they say so will the Archmage be one returned from death. her ear. brutal not cruel. He demanded obedience, but nothing else. Otter had seen slaves and their masters. not recall how or when I entered a wide avenue; at an intersection I slackened my pace, lifted my. as a flowering tree. She was very tall, very sweaty, with big hands and feet and mouth and nose. along beside the wall, very thin, insubstantial, bone, shadow. But she was not the dying woman in. "Probably not," the wizard said, and then, appearing to notice Diamond, put down his pen and said, "Young man, I must ask you if you wish to continue studying with me." He did not act like the curers who came by with remedies and spells and salves for the animals. "Thought you might. As for King Losen," Hound said, "who knows." He sniffed and sighed. "If I was. Her mother Ayo and her mother's sister Mead were wise women. They healed Otter as best they could. "Failed? Sent away? Ran away?" A child ran bawling to its mammy. No one else was about. But Early turned his head, still with something of the eagles quick, stiff turn, staring. Wizard knows wizard, and he knew which house his prey was in. He walked to it and flung the door open. AVON BOOKS. rate he came with a very good prenticing fee paid beforehand in gold and ivory. If he had the. must be a horrible thing - not to breathe the air." She had shuddered at the thought. It was the. came up on the muddy bank, and then the man crouched there, shivering. questions!" She was more than scandalized, she was frightened. Medra bowed his head, standing there. "Anieb," he said, "can you come back this far? I don't know. him away. I thought him insignificant, and so harmless. But he lied to you and beguiled you. You." "Perhaps I am wrong," said Hemlock in his dry, flat voice. "Your gift may be for Pattern. Or." "Tonight," Dragonfly said. "At our spring, under Iria Hill. What he doesn't know won't hurt him." For Golden looked on the Art Magic with genuine humility as something quite beyond him -- not a mere toy, such as music or tale-telling, but a practical business, which his business could never quite equal. And he was, though he wouldn't have put it that way, afraid of wizards. A bit contemptuous of sorcerers, with their sleights and illusions and gibble-gabble, but afraid of wizards. "She will when the time comes. But she has no part to play in your decision, Diamond. Women know. that cavern was not on Roke. But how did Otter know that? But

beyond the rich and the lordly were those called the Men of Power: the wizards. Their power, though little exercised, was absolute. In their hands lay the fate of the long-kingless kingdom of the Archipelago. Two days later, when they had reopened the old shaft and begun digging towards the ore, the wizard. "You're in such a hurry. You still know nothing." Sunbright had not been gone three days when a new stranger appeared in town: a man riding up the. "And cast wide!" He looked from one to the other again. "I wasn't well taught, in the City of the wizard, driven by his visions, forgot to guard himself-and if Otter could learn his name.. "I don't know. They gave me all kinds of shots. Is it so important?" He said nothing. In fact he was at a loss. If he had known it would be this easy, he could have. Quite early on, impatient with wooing her massive physical indifference, he had worked up a charm, a sorcerer's seduction-spell of which he was contemptuous even as he made it, though he knew it was effective. He cast it on her while she was, characteristically, mending a cow's halter. The result had not been the melting eagerness it had produced in girls he had used it on in Havnor and Thwil. Dragonfly had gradually become silent and sullen. She ceased asking her endless questions about Roke and did not answer when he spoke. When he very tentatively approached her, taking her hand, she struck him away with a blow to the head that left him dizzy. He saw her stand up and stride out of the stableyard without a word, the ugly hound she favoured trotting after her. It looked back at him with a grin. He had not heard of that island, and asked, "What's there?". welcome. "Tell us how you came here.". too clever; that's good. Not too clever to learn, like some... I'll teach you, if you like. Do you. ruinous house, where all the dogs, who had let her go without much fuss, received her back with a. house," said the mage, pointing to a low, moss-ridden roof half-hidden by the afternoon shadows of. hands clapping. Dulse shivered, shuddered all over like the water of the pool.. seemed a bit crude. Heavy-handed ... She didn't say where she'd learned it. Here, of course around one another, in groups of six, eight, blocking the way across the entire thoroughfare, came. The people of the Archipelago speak Hardic. There are as many dialects as there are islands, but none so extreme as to be wholly unintelligible to the others.. "Straining," Heleth said, his hand still absently, gently patting the dirt as one might pat a. During the voyage, however, he talked several times with Dragonfly, which made Ivory a bit uneasy.. and finally to promise him, swearing on his own true and secret name, that if he learned the. clothes were soaked. He hunched his shoulders, turned about, and set off towards a wisp of chimney. Slavery was common to many of these states, and a stricter social caste system and gender differentiation ("division of labor") than in the Archipelago.. "It's my house. Bren's house. He stays. Go or stay, it's up to you.". stylized conches were shooting forth, while above them raced the words INFOR INFOR INFOR. kill you for it. Keep it hid. And keep away from great people and their crafty men!". bring the girl back to health.. No wind. No birdcall. No distant lowing or bleating or call of voice. As if all the island had gone still. Not a fly buzzed.. Away from the lanterns of the party it was dark, but she knew the way in the dark. He was there.. kept the illusion spell about his boat. In the brilliant clarity of midsummer, with a north wind. But if he lets you in, then from inside you see that the door is entirely different - it's made. "No," Azver said, but could say nothing else. He held his staff of willow, but it was only wood in his hand.. perspective. It was hard to rest the eye on anything that was not in motion, because

the.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (78 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. often doesn't know what he's doing, do you see.". "I was told there's a murrain among the cattle here." Now that he wasn't all locked up with cold his voice was beautiful. He talked like the tale-tellers when they spoke the parts of the heroes and the dragonlords. Maybe he was a teller or a singer? But no; the murrain, he had said.. He reached out towards Yaved, towards the ache, the suffering. As he came closer to it he felt a great strength flow into him from the west, as if Silence had taken him by the hand after all. Through that link he could send his own strength, the Mountain's strength, to help. I didn't tell him I wasn't coming back, he thought, his last words in Hardic, his last grief, for he was in the bones of the mountain now. He knew the arteries of fire, and the beat of the great heart. He knew what to do. It was in no tongue of man that he said, "Be quiet, be easy. There now, there. Hold fast. So, there. We can be easy.". possibility. . . the fact that there is one who. . .". "But, he said, it must be learned and practiced for its own sake.". The wizard started forward all at once, his eyes blazing, and cried, "Open to the King's name! I am Tinaral!" And his hands moved in a quick, powerful gesture, as if parting heavy curtains.. "There was no place for him among the Masters, since a new Master Summoner had been chosen, a strong man in his prime, not likely to retire or die. Among the scholars and other teachers he had a place of honor, but he wasn't one of the Nine. He'd been passed over. Maybe it wasn't a good thing for him to stay there, always among wizards and mages, among boys learning wizardry, all of them craving power and more power, striving to be strongest. At any rate, as the years went on he became more and more aloof, pursuing his studies in his tower cell apart from others, teaching few students, speaking little. The Summoner would send gifted students to him, but many of the boys there scarcely knew of him. In this isolation he began to practice certain arts that are not well to practice and lead to no good thing.. wife. When he had gone she turned to Otter.. jolting between them and the drowsy carter, and the drowsy summer hills and fields slipping. though it is made of horn and framed in dragons tooth and carved with the Thousand-Leaved Tree, the men of greed. What good can any art be used that way? It's wasted. It goes wrong, or it's. She stared at him with those strange eyes, as unreadable as a sheep's, he thought. Then she burst out: 'You lived there? You studied there? Do you know the Archmage?'. "I saw it.". She put her hand on his knee. It was the first time she had ever touched him. He endured it, the. "Bringing them a student - yes. A student of great gifts!". "Bregg. Hal Bregg. And yours?". "He was here!" she cried. "That foul heart, that Thorion!" She strode to meet the Patterner as he. defiling, essentially wicked.

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