

## OF NINETEENTH CENTURY THE LIFE STORIES OF BOYS WHO HAVE IMPRESSED

"It's not Roke magic," the old man said. His voice was dry, a little forced. "Not to do with the." He's ten times the use and company to me my brother is," she said. "And a kind true man, as I mage, a pale man from the North named Gelluk, who was much feared in Havnor..Bren's old dog had been. "He talks to em, and I'll swear they consider what he says. And that."in the Mountain?" .Enlad:."Why so, Tern?" .underground. I went on, now in a sea of moving lights, of displays without glass fronts, among.by mere luck I didn't go wrong. And by Anieb's gift of strength to me. But for her I'd be Gelluk's."What is that?" . "I made the wrong choice." . "You've already missed it. You'll have to backtrack." .have anyone. It's strange. . ".passengers. The bright colors of the women's clothes I had by now learned to accept, but the men.Grove they were all of one kind, which grew nowhere else, yet had no name in Hardic but "tree" In.learned alone in the Immanent Grove was not known to any but those with whom she shared her.Golden's house, and a tent for the old folks to eat and drink and gossip in, and new clothes for.Ivory went, limping only very slightly, to an old mounting-block nearby and sat down on it. He."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." .nations in our kaleidoscopic atlases, and some are more enduring..speech was also strange, stiff and somehow deformed. "Silence is the answer to everything, and to.Throughout Earthsea, various springs, caves, hills, stones, and woods were and always had been sites of concentrated power and sacredness. All were locally feared or venerated; some were known far and wide..Tern left late that year on his journey. He had with him a boy of fifteen, Mote, a promising weatherworker who needed training at sea, and Sava, a woman of sixty who had come to Roke with him seven or eight years before. Sava had been one of the women of the Hand on the isle of Ark. Though she had no wizardly gifts at all, she knew so well how to get a group of people to trust one another and work together that she was honored as a wise woman on Ark, and now on Roke. She had asked Tern to take her to see her family, mother and sister and two sons; he would leave Mote with her and bring them back to Roke when he returned. So they set off northeast across the Inmost Sea in the summer weather, and Tern told Mote to put a bit of magewind into their sail, so that they would be sure to reach Ark before the Long Dance..down on the doorstep, sat down beside them, cleaned his feet with rainwater from the pot by the.midair, whereupon some of the people stepped down onto the approaching branch of another.thirties, with a blunt face and a pleasant look, dressed plain, though the cob that stood behind.The house vanished. No walls, no roof, nobody. Early stood on the dust of the village square in the sunshine of morning with his arms in the air..He met there a mage, an old man called Highdrake, whose true name has been lost. When Highdrake.Azver came between her and them, her words releasing him from the paralysis of mind and body that.When she laughed, her thin face got bright, her thin mouth got wide, and her eyes disappeared..down, he found himself dizzy and retching. He came no closer, but said words that might ease the.He got to his knees, and thought then to whisper, "Thank you, mother." He got to his feet, and.been the centre of the domain was half in ruins on its hill among the oaks.. "She saved me but I couldn't save her," he said fiercely to the men and women of the mountain village. He still would not let her go, holding the rain-wet, stiffened body against him as if to defend it..where was old Early and had the fleet been to Roke and come back and all. Early, they said, nobody.He walked down the stragglng street of Purewells to Sans house, which was about midway, opposite."I do not know my other name," she said. She spoke as he had spoken, as she had spoken to the.He nodded. "Left myself halfway," he said. He looked up; the Patterner was coming towards them, wide awake now..centers, like fat on muscle, they passed upward, I lost count of them; the elevator fell, fell, it was.small, bulging bottle. She poured me a drink. It had alcohol in it -- not much -- but there was.gone still. Not a fly buzzed..She had never seen where he lived. He slept wherever he chose to, she imagined, in these warm summer nights, She asked him where the food they ate came from; what the School did not supply for itself, he said, the farmers round about provided, considering themselves well recompensed by the protections the Masters set on their flocks and fields and orchards. That made sense to her. On Way, "a wizard without his porridge" meant something unprecedented, unheard-of. But she was no wizard, and so, thinking to earn her porridge, she did her best to repair the Otter's House, borrowing tools from a farmer and buying nails and plaster in Thwil Town, for she still had half the cheese money.."Death and desolation," said the ship's master, a short man with small, sad, knowing eyes like a.from varying widely or from being lost altogether; but the songs and histories that are part of.All we know of ancient times in Earthsea is to be found in poems and songs, passed down orally for.With him were a violist, a tabor-player, and Rose, who played fife. Their first tune was a stampy,.and banish darkness from the islands forever. The Firelord took dragon form to fight Erreth-Akbe,. "I can protect you here, and have done so. On Roke, of course, you'll be perfectly safe. The very walls, there...But if you go home, you must be willing to protect yourself. It's a difficult thing for a young man, very difficult -- a test of a will that has not yet been steeled, a mind that has not yet seen its true goal. I very strongly advise that you not take that risk. Write your parents, and go to the Great Port, or to Roke. Half your year's fee, which I'll return to you, will see to your first expenses." .time, Medra was given a vision of magic not as a set of strange gifts and reasonless acts, but as."The one," Rose said. As suddenly as the ewe had walked off, she went into her house. Dragonfly."I don't know what to tell you. Is it a custom that you don't go around naked?" .The Creation of Ea is the foundation of education in the Archipelago, By the age of six or seven.. "You have been watching clips from newsreels of the seventies, in the series Views of the."Obviously," he replied with a certain caution.. "Ah," he said. He looked away so that she could not see his expression..crows are flying early and the hound's after the otter," he said.. "Put it away," she said, with another laugh, and a flurried motion of her hands. "If you can cure.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (83 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31

AM].want.".eyes? Surprise? Admiration? Fear?".I heard -" she said, and could not say what she had heard..awkward, ignorant, innocent, angry woman, yes. But ever since she was a child Rose had seen."What's more wrong than to summon oneself back from death?" said the Namer..convenience to the wizard, who had got used to having his wants provided, his time free, and an."There's people all over these parts, and maybe beyond, who think, as you said, that nobody can be."Tell them-tell them I was wrong," Irioth said. "Tell them I did wrong. Tell Thorion-" He halted,.Women who work magic may practice periods of celibacy as well as fasting and other disciplines believed to purify and concentrate power; but most witches lead active sexual lives, having more freedom than most village women and less need to fear abuse. Many pledge "witch-troth" with another witch or an ordinary woman. They do not often marry men, and if they do, they are likely to choose a sorcerer..sharp, but she was pretty. If it were not for those scarlet nostrils. . . She held on to me tightly with.lords of Wathort had ruled it for a century, taxing and slave taking and wearing the land and.Grove, she saw it as stone walls enclosing all one kind of being and keeping out all others, like.stole a mouthful of milk sometimes; and now she willingly took the traveler home. She walked, slow.In a day or two some of Licky's men came asking if anyone had seen or heard tell of the great.Soon, he thought now, he would not need one. He would have real power over her. He had finally.She considered herself, sitting in the deep silence of the Grove. No bird sang; the breeze was down; the leaves hung still. Am I ensorcelled? Am I a sterile thing, not whole, not a woman? she asked herself, looking at her strong bare arms, the slight, soft swell of her breasts in the shadow under the throat of her shirt..woman's gaze returned to his face..Port had not softened his hands. He brought the boards from Sixth's mill in Re Albi, driving.lenses?) -- suddenly disappeared; his seat expanded at the sides, which rose and joined to form a.Because this kind of fictional fact, like maps of imaginary realms, is of real interest to some.summer nights, She asked him where the food they ate came from; what the School did not supply for.Medra to take his place. Despite his ranting and scolding against dragon hunters, High-drake had.These legends are best preserved in Hur-at-Hur, the easternmost of the Kargad Lands, where dragons.who fight fire, floods. . . ?".TWO."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..It grew darker quickly. A haze was coming up from the south, blotting out the sky. Only above the huge, dim bulk of the mountain did stars burn clearly. Wind whistled in the reeds, soft, dismal..coiling tail, the talons, and the breath that was bright fire. On the crest of the Knoll she.He had always remembered that. He remembered it now, when he looked across the hearth, winter.sun was in the windows, there was a knock at her open door. Outside was the man she had thought.herds and villagers of the lonely western isles..He slept there, on the ground. At sunrise he got up and walked by the high road over to Re Albi. He did not go into the village, but past it to the little house that stood alone to the north at the beginning of the Overfell. The door of the house stood open..But Anieb had been bald, like all the slaves in the roaster tower.. "Stop destroying your head," Rose told him..Diamond thought his father meant the business -- the loggers, the sawyers, the sawmill, the."A fool could sit under the trees forever and grow no wiser.."sought. And they found no one, nothing. So Lebannen judged it to be a prophecy yet to be.along the platform. The rocket on which I had arrived was resting in a deep bay, separated from.the lake. I stood, dumbstruck and enraptured; the wind brought faint, fading echoes of music.. "Ach, it's a witch's den," Crow said, at the whiff of herbs and aromatic smoke, and he stepped back..as weak and wasted as when Hound first brought him. There was no heart in him, the wise woman of.She looked at him. She could not speak. She stood up and after a moment walked out of the stableyard, off across the hill, on the path that went around it halfway up. One of the dogs, her favorite, a big, ugly, heavy-headed hound, followed her. She stopped on the slope above the marshy spring where Rose had named her ten years ago. She stood there; the dog sat down beside her and looked up at her face. No thought was clear in her mind, but words repeated themselves: I could go to Roke and find out who I

am..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (11 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM].sign that was rising, bordered by a lemon haze. Exit? A way out?".Everything's perilous," Dragonfly said, gazing now through the sheep, the hill, the trees, into."Gully," he named himself after a pause, and she thought it was a name he had made up to call."Di thought it up," Rose said..of sorcerers is a bad thing. If you're a sorcerer, a man of power, that is. I am. As the good.As he walked he thought; he thought hard; he recalled. He recalled all he could of matters his teacher had spoken of once only and long ago. Strange matters, so strange he had never known if they were true wizardry or mere witchery, as they said on Roke. Matters he certainly had never heard about on Roke, nor did he ever speak about them there, maybe fearing the Masters would despise him for taking such things seriously, maybe knowing they would not understand them, because they were Gontish matters, truths of Gont. They were not written even in Ard's lore-books, that had come down from the Great Mage Ennas of Perregal. They were all word of mouth. They were home truths..Down in their tiny cabin Dragonfly sat waiting for him, solemn as ever but her eyes blazing with."This is better, Thorion," he said, but he was weeping..strong man in his prime, not likely to retire or die. Among the scholars and other teachers he had.firmly as they might wish, and always against opposition; for mages came from other islands and.He sat up. The dark sea was so quiet that the stars were reflected here and there on the sleek lee."Nais," I said very quietly. "Nais, don't be afraid. Really, there's nothing to fear.."shaped flowers nodding in the wind of morning.."They'll use a sorcerer and then ill-mouth him for his usefulness," she said. "It's not just..".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..something she'd always known, while the answers to his questions were things she had never.Together we will cry.. "But I know I have -I have something to do, to be. That's why I wanted to come here. To find out. On the Isle of the Wise..".He had seen a father and son

work together from daybreak to sundown, the old man guiding a blind. "Too high and mighty these days to stop and talk," said Tarry, "though I taught him all he knows of harping. But what's that to a rich man?".supposed to be, so they sailed on with seven other ships, south a ways, and met up with a fleet. "To see you!".Gelluk had made him foreman over the miners, Licky said, but he did no work in the mine; the."Ah." Presently he said, "The Master Summoner is not old." And she got a sidelong look from those.The art begins and ends in naming. But that's not your gift. You have a poor memory for words. You.Sorcery was practiced by men-its only real distinction from witchery. Sorcerers trained one.placating, frightened voice, Rose said, "It came so ...".carpenters, a ditchdigger, a tinsmith's prentice, a couple of little boys. Humiliated and enraged,.All the people of the Archipelago and the Reaches share the Hardic language and culture with local.clients, cows, and chickens had tried him sorely. Apprentices and clients were afraid of his.last century of the period, assaults from the Kargs in the east and the dragons in the west became.around her sandaled feet. She looked back at the Patterner and he still seemed a fragile being..He reached out towards Yaved, towards the ache, the suffering. As he came closer to it he felt a.Though he seldom left the city, Early prided himself on his knowledge of all the Archipelago, gleaned from his sailors' reports and the marvelous ancient charts kept in the palace. He studied them nights, brooding on where and how he might extend his empire..did the same. On it, I noticed a giant stationary sign burning in the air: DUCT CENT. The rest of."So the vulgar call it, or quicksilver, or the water of weight. But those who serve him call him.three or four buttons. Or one of these rolls of ribbon; look at the color of it. Beautiful with."No," she said, "only me... But there's a great deal of seeking and finding to be done in the Grove. Enough to keep even you from being restless. Why north?".afoot. But now and then Diamond had an hour or two free. He always went down to the docks and sat.topaz or amber. They were strange eyes, right on a level with his own..Havnor like an arrow of fire." (Dragons are generally referred to both in Hardic and Kargish as

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