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smaller and smaller and wail like a stick in the fire, and then all in a moment he was back in. Where the two paths met and joined to wind up to the heights of the Knoll, Thorion stopped and stood waiting for them. Irian strode forward to face him. "Stand!" he said to it in its language, and let go of it. It stood as if he had driven it into a saw a slope running down from where he lay towards a wall of stones, across which was darkness. result had not been the melting eagerness it had produced in girls he had used it on in Havnor and. One day in autumn he came back to the school. He went in by the garden door, which gives on the. What they had they shared. In that it was indeed Morred's Isle. Nobody on Roke starved or went unhoused, though nobody had much more than they needed. Hidden from the rest of the world not only by sea and storm but by their defenses that disguised the island and sent ships astray, they worked and talked and sang the songs, The Winter Carol and The Deed of the Young King. And they had books, the Chronicles of Enlad and the History of the Wise Heroes. From these precious books the old men and women would read aloud in a hall down by the wharf where the fisherwomen made and mended their nets. There was a hearth there, and they would light the fire. People came even from farms across the island to hear the histories read, listening in silence, intent. "Our souls are hungry," Ember said. HISTORY OF THE ARCHIPELAGO. This harmony generally prevailed through the reign of Maharion. In the Dark Time, with no control over wizardly powers and widespread misuse of them, magic came into general disrepute. Havnor, gathering its tributaries on the way. Eighty ships sailed past Ark and Ilien on a true and against Kargish raids and forays. man, near eighty now; and he was frightened. He smiled with joy to see Ogion, but he was. THE KINGS OF ENLAD. wondered, it being winter and all, and you being on the roads. But with that horse, I thought you. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/D...%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (5 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. It was Golden's grandest party yet, with a dancing floor built on the town green down the way from. Where his boat is rowing. Hound nodded, as if its location was all that had interested him in Roke. He recognized Hound, though he could not sit up and could barely speak. The old man put his own jacket around his shoulders and gave him water from his flask. Then he squatted beside him, his back against the immense trunk of the oak, and stared into the forest for a while. It was late morning, hot, the summer sunlight filtering through the leaves in a thousand shades of green. A squirrel scolded, far up in the oak, and a jay replied. Hound scratched his neck and sighed. "afoot, then?" "So far as we can see, they are. And no new sickenings." "He's a true sorcerer, change in position, but I kept forgetting. It was not pleasant -- as if someone were following my. He got up in the icy morning while they still slept rolled in their blankets. He knew where the High Marsh. to say to those who come. Being a finder, I'll find out if they belong here." He told Birch that he had received a sending from his teacher on Roke, the Master Hand, and must. "My father," he began, and stopped, and gave a kind of laugh. "They don't go together," he said. "The money and the music." completely forgot! I couldn't find him, you understand. So I'll look for a hotel. There are hotels?" He could eat only in the cell, where they took his gag off. Bread and onions were what they gave. "He can keep me poor and stupid and worthless, but he can't keep me nameless!" disgusted, avoiding a pile of human excrement. "These creatures don't have books, Tern!" It was no use trying to impress her; all she said was, "Ships don't trade much to Roke, do they? enjoy battles of wits with wizards, "splitting arguments with a forked tongue." Like human beings, seeing him, for a soft, bluish, sourceless light filled the room. Her sore, raw lips quivered but. was years ago, years ago, in the sunlight. It was raining. He had fed the chickens, and come back. In the young dowser he recognized a power, untaught and inept, which he could use. He needed much. breath smelled earthy. His light eyes gazed directly into Otter's eyes. "Would you like to know?" "What does that mean?" at least nominally by hereditary lords and ladies, while the Archipelago entire was governed for. healing, animal husbandry, dousing, mining and metallurgy, planting and growing spells, love. Deeds, lays, songs, and popular ballads are still composed as oral performances, mostly by professional singers. New works of any general interest are soon written down as broadsheets or put in compilations. arguments about it. He should have known better, after all this time, than to argue with Silence. "I am not, after all, a wild animal. Don't be angry, but. . . it seems to me that you've all. Azver went quickly to where Irian lay beside the stream, and the others followed him. She roused up and got to her feet, looking dull and dazed. They were standing around her, a kind of guard, when the group of thirty or more men came past the little house and approached them. They were mostly older students; there were five or six wizard's staffs among the crowd, and the Master Windkey led them. His thin, keen old face looked strained and weary, but he greeted the four mages courteously by their titles. "Double-hearted? You? You gave up wizardry because you knew that if you didn't, you'd betray it." the doorjamb to keep on his feet. "He drinks because he drinks," she said. "With some, that's all it is. I'll be in the dairy, now. I'll lock the house door. There's... there's been strangers about. You rest yourself. It's bitter out." She wanted to be sure that he stayed indoors out of harm's way, and that nobody came harassing him. Later on she would go into the village, have a word with some of the sensible people, and put a stop to this rubbishy talk, if she could. He was gone several days. When he returned, riding in a horse-drawn cart, he had such a look about. felt nothing, the fountain was without water. After a moment it seemed to me that I smelled. ate it. inside. . . always took her by surprise. She said nothing. Tagtar, gradually increased their sway till they proclaimed themselves rulers of Earthsea. Their. The old Namer came forward and said to the woman on the hill, "Who are you?" In her bed, in the dark, she lay and thought: He knew the wizard who named me. Or I said my name. TARRY'S MALICE had left his nerves raw, and the thought of the party weighed on him till he lost. Only a few steps ahead of them now was the place where underfoot, underground, two or three feet down, dark water crept and seeped through soft earth over the ledge of mica. Under that opened the hollow cavern and the lode of cinnabar. "Well, he can't lift

the murrain all at once. But seems like he can cure a beast if he gets to it. Hemlock dismissed that with a flick of his hand. "I am talking of the True Art," he said. "Now I will be frank with you. I advise you to write your parents -- I shall write them too -- informing them of your decision to go to the School on Roke, if that is what you decide; or to the Great Port, if the Mage Restive will take you on, as I think he will, with my recommendation. But I advise against visiting home. The entanglement of family, friends, and so on is precisely what you need to be free of. Now, and henceforth." them and rearranged them. "Now I must speak of harm," he said..had known her name as soon as he saw her. But he must use some other name. He must not call her by. humorless, scholarly wizard with little interest in feelings or ideas. His gift was for names..meant. And so we parted with no Archmage chosen..But Hopeful, sailed and steered by two young sorcerers from the Hand of Havnor, brought Medra safe down the Inmost Sea to Roke..realm-for meeting and breeding, and had seldom even been seen by most of the islanders. Naturally..nothing at all. He sat down near her. She looked down, as if studying the skeleton of a last..suddenly the lion tore his rough shag from my hands, turned his enormous head toward her, and..give it to that child, the breath, the name. You can't think of it. You let it come to you. It..the hillside with its grass and bushes in the last of the sunlight, but there was no entrance.. "Here. I was born here." "Would you like some fresh curds? It makes a good breakfast." She was eyeing him, but not for..so. Now that's the bargain, right? And if you play fair I will." "Very well," said the Herbal, with his patient, troubled look; and he went aside a little, and knelt to look at some small plant or fungus on the forest floor..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (108 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:32 AM]. Hemlock was 10th to practice any of the lesser arts of magic. He did not put out a finding spell, as any sorcerer might have done. Nor did he call to Diamond in any way. He was angry; perhaps he was hurt. He had thought well of the boy, and offered to write the Summoner about him, and then at the first test of character Diamond had broken. "Glass," the wizard muttered. At least this weakness proved he was not dangerous. Some talents were best not left to run wild, but there was no harm in this fellow, no malice. No ambition. "No spine," said Hemlock to the silence of the house. "Let him crawl home to his mother."..remained motionless for a few seconds, then slowly went along the shore, following its uneven..thread it is." Crow watched his companion with amusement and some disdain; he himself could..the yells of gulls and dockworkers wreathing the air with a thin, ungainly music, he shut his eyes..continuously by hundreds of feet on the floor above; the all-embracing roar now swelled, now..with a blind ox," Dulse said..And these may be true temptations to the wizard! It's a wonderful thing to fly on the wings of a.."So I was practice," Rose snarled..Gammer's ox-team; he laid the floor and polished it the next day, while the old wizard was up at.."Go on, Deyala. I'll stay here." The Herbal went off. Azver sat down on the rough bench Irian had made and put against the front wall of the house. He looked upstream at her, crouching motionless on the bank. Sheep in the field between them and the Great House blatted softly. The morning sun was getting hot.."Tell them-tell them I was wrong," Irioth said. "Tell them I did wrong. Tell Thorion-" He halted,..- I felt a number of amused stares, or so it seemed to me. I quickly turned away and walked..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (67 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. The witch listened, unable to resist the lure of secrets revealed and the contagion of passionate.."Every spell depends on every other spell," said Highdrake. "Every motion of a single leaf moves every leaf of every tree on every isle of Earthsea! There is a pattern. That's what you must look for and look to. Nothing goes right but as part of the pattern. Only in it is freedom.".."Now the King is in my body, the noble guest of my house. He won't make me slaver and vomit or.."But power - like you told me about - that ..isn't the same as making people do what you want, or..teach children to do so. This ancient spiritual practice has continued, unofficially and sometimes.."Tinaral," said Tern. "I knew him."..even then, if a wizard met up with one whose powers were greater than his own, he might be..you know my name."..there. Now come with me," he said to Irian..rooted to the spot, but the other person, a stout individual in orange, fell down, and something..answers, and said nothing..spell the old Changer had taught him long ago, and said the word of transformation. Then no man..animal himself, a silent, damaged creature that needed protection but couldn't ask for it..thought), the man on the sheet would say that Olaf or I was similar to himself -- we were not so..starlight. The only use a dragon has for the ground is some kind of rocky place where it can lay.."Where?" he whispered, and then said the word aloud in the language all things understand that..woods, walking a bit stiffly and scratching his head as he went, as people do when half awake..time, Medra was given a vision of magic not as a set of strange gifts and reasonless acts, but as..sea, A seabird flying in the grave..They cursed and sneered, but believed him. He had no idea if what he said was true. It had seemed..her over, the deck vertical to the sea, till a huge storm wave struck and swamped her and she.."The money and the music."..but fair's fair, right? You wouldn't ask me to pay you what I have in mind to pay you, would you..little mare. The curer followed. The hinny had a smooth, long-legged walk, and her whiteness shone.."I made the wrong choice."..He looked at her and said nothing..Irian was studying the Namer covertly but equally attentively, trying to see if she could tell if he was what he had called a sending or was there in flesh and blood. Nothing about him appeared insubstantial, but she thought he was not there, and when he stepped into the slanting sunlight and cast no shadow, she knew it.."A cigarette. What -- you don't smoke?".."I do want you to stay. But don't stay! You're a finder, you have to go find. It's only that.."Where will you go?" he said..959 Eighth Avenue.."She asked to," said the Doorkeeper..something more. I spared him that, turning away as if I had not noticed anything, and went up the..not led him here. Since the raid, Roke Island had isolated itself wholly, sealed itself inside..and his feet ached with the icy damp of the marsh paths..changes, turning one thing into another thing for a little while, or taking on a semblance not his.."Get the sail down," Medra said, peremptory. The master yawned and cursed and began to shout commands. The crewmen got up slowly and slowly began to rake the awkward sail in, and the oarman, after asking several questions of the master and Medra, began to roar at

the slaves and stride among them rousing them right and left with his knotted rope. The sail was half down, the sweeps half manned, Medra's staying spell half spoken, when the witchwind struck..man hesitated..She thought of Old Iria village, the marshy spring under Iria Hill, the old house on it. She.Copyright (c) 2001 by Ursula K. Le Guin All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be."But you can't force him to drink," I continued patiently.."Who doesn't? I like the cheese making. There's an interest to it. And I'm strong. All I fear is getting old, when I can't lift the buckets and the molds." She showed him her round, muscular arm, making a fist and smiling. "Pretty good for fifty years old!" she said. It was silly to boast, but she was proud of her strong arms, her energy and skill..mouth, and stood waiting to die. She had looked at him.."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..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.."I'm sorry too," he said, trying to speak carelessly, lightly..bewilder and entangle a slave trying to escape. Now he felt those spells like strands of cobweb..awkward, ignorant, innocent, angry woman, yes. But ever since she was a child Rose had seen.man. But wizards carried no staff in those years, and Erreth-Akbe certainly was an unbroken man.As she blew out the lamp and got into bed, the witch's daughter heard an owl calling, the little..staff in the other, snarling when he missed his footing on the rocks. He sat down on the near bank.Of innumerable sacred groves, caves, mountains, hills, springs, and stones on the Four Lands, the.Ivory's spell of semblance dropped away like a cobweb. She was and looked herself..better. He knew that magic itself resists untruth. Conjuring, sleight of hand, and false commerce.came by and said to his parents, "Let Otter come to me in the evenings after work. He should learn."Oh, are you a teller? Oh, why didn't you say so to begin with! Is that what you are then? I wondered, it being winter and all, and you being on the roads. But with that horse, I thought you must be a merchant. Can you tell me a story? It would be the joy of my life, and the longer the better! But drink your soup first, and let me sit down to hear..."The girl motioned them to come in. Crow chose to wait outside. The room was high and long, with.about Roke Knoll. Once in years, perhaps, some great lady is allowed to come briefly into the

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