

## FLORIST VOL 4 A SEMI MONTHLY JOURNAL FOR THE TRADE AUGUST 15 1888 TO

quite equal. And he was, though he wouldn't have put it that way, afraid of wizards. A bit gleamed below, on either side opened passageways in buildings; beneath a tree with blue leaves -.She interrupted. "I thought you were from Roke." The Namer nodded..about the Child Taker, as an encouragement to distrust strangers..She blushed a little.."No. I don't. Rose wouldn't teach me. She said she didn't dare. Because I had power but she didn't.That had always been his word for evil doings, spells for gain, curses, black magic: "sticky.transformation and so escape. Surely his life was in danger, and it would be all right to use the.The trouble rose up in Irioth's mind as it had not done since he came to the High Marsh. He struggled against it. A man of power had come to heal the cattle, another man of power. But a sorcerer, Alder had said. Not a wizard, not a mage. Only a curer, a cattle healer. I do not need to fear him. I do not need to fear his power. I do not need his power. I must see him, to be sure, to be certain. If he does what I do here there is no harm. We can work together. If I do what he does here. If he uses only sorcery and means no harm. As I do..which wasn't much more than a cupboard built onto the corner of the house. Her room was behind the."The true art prevails over the false. The pattern will hold," Ember said, frowning. She reached out the poker to gather together her namesakes in the hearth, and with a whack knocked the heap into a blaze. "That I know. But our lives are short, and the patterns very long. If only Roke was now what it once was- if we had more people of the true art gathered here, teaching and learning as well as preserving-".took a donkey cart and drove over to Easthill, where they heard Diamond sing the Lay of the Lost.next morning Golden told his son again that he must think about being a man.In a day or two some of Licky's men came asking if anyone had seen or heard tell of the great."Yes," said the Patterner. "What goes too long unchanged destroys itself. The forest is for ever.these festivals, and, perhaps, in the performance of spells of magic..Though like any power they could be perverted to evil use in the service of ambition (as was the Terrenon Stone in Osskil), the Old Powers were inherently sacral and pre-ethical. During and after the Dark Time, however, they were feminised and demonised in the Hardic lands by wizards, as they were in the Kargad Lands by the cults of the Priestkings and the Godkings. So by the eighth century, in the Inner Lands of the Archipelago, only village women kept up rituals and offerings at the old sites. They were despised or abused for doing so. Wizards kept clear of such places. On Roke, itself the center of the Old Powers in all Earthsea, the profoundest manifestations of those powers-Roke Knoll and the Immanent Grove-were never spoken of as such. Only the Patterners, who lived all their lives in the Grove, served to link human arts and acts to the older sacredness of the earth, reminding the wizards and mages that their power was not theirs, but lent to them..Next we came to a moving walkway; we stood on it, a strange pair; lights swam by; now.calling themselves Irian. But though the farmers and shepherds went on from season to season and.sudden, taking Otter's hand in his and pulling him to his feet with startling strength. He was.got to his feet and shuffled, lame and unsteady, back down the valley..bedizened baby's face and whisper, adoring, "My immortality!" He had seen men beat their sons,.And beyond that, nothing. There had been illusions, little spells, pebbles that turned to butterflies, wooden birds that flew on living wings for a minute or two. There had never been a choice, really. There was only one way for him to go..would make me trust you?".cup by the rim of the condensing shaft. Gelluk peered in, eager as a child. "So tiny," he.. So he calls it the King. If you find him his King, he'll treat you well. He's often here. Come."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..dragon form, beings who are in fact both human and dragon..lay entangled. They entered death's land together..of the wizards of Roke had betrayed the island to the crafty men of Wathort, lowering its spells.in their midst. The one nearest me -- I saw stupid eyes, whites shining, and trembling lips --.Maharion and Erreth-Akbe became "hearts brothers." They spent ten years together fighting the.or hints of a greater mastery. As one true element controlled all substances, one true knowledge."You have been watching clips from newsreels of the seventies, in the series Views of the.that she might see me, I walked more and more slowly. I was already in the ring of brightness.Veil came from Thwil Town that morning, bringing them a basket of bread, cheese, milk curds,.Otter felt as if he were being brought back to vivid life from interminable, dreary, dazed half.leaving Nais, I had not encountered a single passer-by. The escalator was very long. A wide street.register but dark-toned, and held to an even quietness, contained, restrained. She perched on a.opposite me with both hands and said:.shouted over the sound of a loudspeaker that repeated, "Meridional level, Meridional, change for.wizard Gelluk and a young finder-both disappeared without a trace, they said, as if the earth had.shoulders and clung to them elastically. I knew already that furniture accommodated every.fought against the will that would destroy us.".The air was darkening around them. The west was only a dull red line, the eastern sky was shadowy above the sea..escaped him..the Making words he did not know until he spoke them. "Mother, be whole!" he said, and the broken.sun. "She'll be all right," she said. "There's a gash, but if you'll wash it with warm salt water.up the street with him..teaching. As she walked, she listened to the leaves when the wind rustled them or stormed in the.the children, and jugglers and puppeteers, some of them hired and some of them coming by to pick... always danger. Here," and he looked up into the green-gold darkness of the trees, "here is no.he looked at his son. Slowly the mixture of anger, disappointment, confusion, and respect on his.inside a rocky grotto. It was like ten, fifty Gothic naves formed out of stalactites; veined deposits."If a word can heal, a word can wound," the witch said. "If a hand can kill, a hand can cure. It's a poor cart that goes only in one direction,".of Way, finding himself free while Gelluk was off doting on his quicksilver. But Gelluk's abrupt.Early laughed. "I'll be waiting for him," he said; his man's legs turned to yellow talons, his arms to wide feathered wings, and the eagle flew up and off across the wind..Kargs, whose occasional forays from the East had in recent times become a slave-taking, colonising."More a mater of getting in with it, I think." The old man was burying the core of his

apple and the larger bits of eggshell under loose dirt, patting it over them neatly. "Of course I know the words, but I'll have to learn what to do as I go. That's the trouble with the big spells, isn't it? You learn what you're doing while you do it. No chance to practice. "Ah-there! You feel that?" "But power - like you told me about - that isn't the same as making people do what you want, or. It was Golden's grandest party yet, with a dancing floor built on the town green down the way from. "Thorion was the best of us all - a brave heart, a noble mind." The Herbal spoke almost in anger. "She's very sick, Rush," the girl said. She looked again at Tern. "You're not a healer?" It was an accusation. . . into the water, feeling the push and stir of the current all along her body. She had never swum in. and jealousy he knew and shrank from, and contempt he remembered. He was glad he was not one of. They came out into the calm, open evening air. The west still held some brightness as they crossed the Thwilburn and walked across the fields to Roke Knoll, which stood up before them in a high dark curve against the sky. . . HISTORY OF THE KARGAD LANDS. led him deeper into the marshes. His Ulla was given to jumping fences, but after she had wandered. "There's people all over these parts, and maybe beyond, who think, as you said, that nobody can be. years. . .". The boy's drop-jawed stare irritated Hemlock, though he knew it shouldn't. Wizards are used to. the farmlands of the slopes of Mount Onn, nothing ever changes much. There a song worth singing is. offered them at fair prices, mostly in barter, since there was little money among the islanders. . . not there. A bumblebee buzzed heavily through the air where he had been. . . the old men and women would read aloud in a hall down by the wharf where the fisherwomen made and. teasing laugh of the girl and stood like a block of wood, rooted in the sand, not knowing whether. evenings. But if the managers of the orchards and vineyards came to the Master to ask if his. There was no warmth and no light. "Bringing them a student - yes. A student of great gifts!". through a curtain of warm, moving air. . . the impression you wanted to ask about something else. . . ?". now to the other half, it seemed, but there was still plenty of flirting going on, and several. He stopped before an oak door. Instead of knocking he sketched a little sign or rune on it with the top of his staff, a light staff of some greyish wood. The door opened as a resonant voice behind it said, "Come in!". he served well and honestly, deserved honor and respect. But there were also lesser lords whom. dissent within his kingdom. It was widely said that since the Ring of Peace was lost there could. The great scholar-mage Ath compiled a lore-book that brought together much scattered knowledge, particularly of the words of the Language of the Making. His Book of Names became the foundation of naming as a systematic part of the art magic. Ath left his book with a fellow mage on Pody when he went into the west, sent by the king to defeat or drive back a brood of dragons who had been stampeding cattle, setting fires, and destroying farms all through the western isles. Somewhere west of Ensmer, Ath confronted the great dragon Orm. Accounts of this meeting vary; but though after it the dragons ceased their hostilities for a while, it is certain that Orm survived it, and Ath did not. His book, lost for centuries, is now in the Isolate Tower on Roke. . . In the young dowsler he recognized a power, untaught and inept, which he could use. He needed much. that cavern was not on Roke. . . then, scratching up the earth a bit, he neatly and delicately buried them. He dusted off his. Dulse knew no transformation that was irrevocable, no spell that could not be unsaid, except the. never see the place where he was. He did not know what was coming next, and did not understand. flashing beat of the galley oars, for the sails of his ships coming to punish these people and. sung spells. . . effectively as the central government of the Archipelago. . . of the crafty men. Women sat together by the fire in the lonely farmhouses; people gathered round. The curer said nothing to the cowboy but went straight to the mule, or hinny, rather, being out of San's big jenny by Alder's white horse. She was a whitey roan, young, with a pretty face. He went and talked to her for a minute, saying something in her big, delicate ear and rubbing her topknot. "So the vulgar call it, or quicksilver, or the water of weight. But those who serve him call him. 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. . . Veil came from Thwil Town that morning, bringing them a basket of bread, cheese, milk curds, summer fruits. "What have you learned?" she asked Medra in her cool, gentle way, and he answered, "That I'm a fool." But after ten days or so, Licky said, "Master Gelluk's coming here. If there's no ore for him, he'll likely find another dowsler." Mostly the pupil was supposed to be with the Master, or studying the lists of names in the room where the lorebooks and wordbooks were, or asleep. Hemlock was a stickler for early abed and early afoot. But now and then Diamond had an hour or two free. He always went down to the docks and sat on a pierside or a waterstair and thought about Darkrose. As soon as he was out of the house and away from Master Hemlock, he began to think about Darkrose, and went on thinking about her and very little else. It surprised him a little. He thought he ought to be homesick, to think about his mother. He did think about his mother quite often, and often was homesick, lying on his cot in his bare and narrow little room after a scanty supper of cold pea-porridge -- for this wizard, at least, did not live in such luxury as Golden had imagined. Diamond never thought about Darkrose, nights. He thought of his mother, or of sunny rooms and hot food, or a tune would come into his head and he would practice it mentally on the harp in his mind, and so drift off to sleep. Darkrose would come to his mind only when he was down at the docks, staring out at the water of the harbor, the piers, the fishing boats, only when he was outdoors and away from Hemlock and his house. . . creatures of the Grove. As he had said, he did not try to teach her. When she asked about the. and yet slower, but they walked on. There was no sound but the sound of the rain falling from the. writing from the publisher. . . research is of a somewhat different order, but the basic impulse and techniques are much the same. . . squeeze their way. In places the ceilings had collapsed. Ladders were shaky. The mine was a. "I could fly there as a tern and be back on the ship before daylight," he said to himself, but. They greeted him, and Azver took the word - "Come into the Grove, Master Windkey," he said, "and. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (51 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. "That's a formality. We senior sorcerers may carry a staff when we're on Roke's business. Which I am." . . died, eh?". the beast would give a

shake, or toss its head a bit, or step on. And he would drop his hands and sinking deep in velvet mud. The witch touched the girl's hand, saying, "I take your name, child.

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