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Growing old, Elehal wearied of the passions and questions of the school and was drawn more and more. Summoning the useful Hound to help him, Early had made a very thorough inquiry into what happened. the women of the Hand, though we're not women only. But it serves to call ourselves women, for the. "It wasn't a matter of time only. First she had to. . . see something in him, get to know." "No," Azver said, but could say nothing else. He held his staff of willow, but it was only wood in. Word of Unbinding, which is spoken only once. U. S. Copyright Law. For information address Harcourt Brace. wet, cold time, and firewood was one thing they had plenty of, here on the mountain. coming home. Hm, hm," he went, pleased with his joke. "Late coming home," he repeated, and got. the limited habitable land available to them. Famine is unknown and poverty seldom acute. 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 Tures. 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. Nothing happened as he said the words Ard had taught him, his old witch-teacher with her bitter mouth and her long, lean arms, the words spoken awry then, spoken truly now. "Otter," he said. "Him that killed old Whiteface." or island, twice without years between, letting his trail grow cold. Even so he began to be spoken. He looked up suddenly. The sheep, who had been grouped near the stile, were scurrying off, and someone was coming along the path from the Great House. to her to do so. Nor was housekeeping one of her interests. She and Rose lived mostly on boiled. The spoken name of a True Rune may be the word it signifies in the Old Speech, or it may be one of. marshlands, a village not far away. He had thought he was on the way to the village, but had taken. you drunken, crawling traitor! You foul, shameless lecher! of the Great House. And that's where the Archmage would be, if he was there. . . shift, and he saw the infinitely delicate, tender rise of her breasts. He drew her to him again. "Does Labby want a harper?" professional singers. New works of any general interest are soon written down as broadsheets or. Roke, unsealed and entered the cave, defeated the Dark Woman, and took her place. "Then he drinks it at his place." on other islands, the school's reputation and influence grew rapidly. The mage Teriel of Havnor. could see the silver drops pooling on his tongue before he swallowed. silver buttons, a pearl-hiked knife, and a square of Lorbanery silk. He sat in Hopeful and crooned. Re Albi, and they both knew it. none of that was new to Irian. She found a bald broom and swept out a bit. She unrolled her. a story we want it to tell, to mean what we want it to mean, it loses its reality, becomes a fake. But a year or so later he saw Diamond out in the back garden with his playmate Rose. The children were squatting on their haunches, heads close together, laughing. Something intense or uncanny about them made him pause at the window on the stairs landing and watch them. A thing between them was leaping up and down, a frog? a toad? a big cricket? He went out into the garden and came up near them, moving so quietly, though he was a big man, that they in their absorption did not hear him. The thing that was hopping up and down on the grass between their bare toes was a rock. When Diamond raised his hand the rock jumped up in the air, and when he shook his hand a little the rock hovered in the air, and when he flipped his fingers downward it fell to earth. Otter was slow to recover, to heal. The bonesetter did what he could about his broken arm and his damaged hip, the wise woman salved the cuts from the rocks on his hands and head and knees, his mother brought him all the delicacies she could find in the gardens and berry thickets; but he lay as weak and wasted as when Hound first brought him. There was no heart in him, the wise woman of Endlane said. It was somewhere else, being eaten up with worry or fear or shame. It was Havnor, his land, where his people were, whether alive or dead he did not know; where Anieb. they blinked out, one by one. next morning Golden told his son again that he must think about being a man. what is most base comes what is most noble? That is a great principle of the art! From the vile. north. The old man waded through the stream barefoot, holding his shoes in one hand and his tall. He looked at her and said nothing. "Yes," Irioth said. "I understand. You are a kind woman." She was talking about him, about his not knowing what he was doing. She was forgiving him. "A kind sister," he said. The words were so new to him, words he had never said or thought before, that he thought he had spoken them in the True Speech, which he must not speak. But she only shrugged, with a frowning smile. His voice was the voice of the slave in the stone tower. It was she who knew the true name of. In a day or two some of Licky's men came asking if anyone had seen or heard tell of the great wizard Gelluk and a young finder-both disappeared without a trace, they said, as if the earth had swallowed them. Nobody in Woodedge said a word about the stranger hidden in Mead's apple loft. They kept him safe. Maybe that is why the people there now call their village not Woodedge, as it used to be, but Otterhide. "But you're right, Herbal, we're out of balance," said Kurremkarmerruk, his voice hard and harsh. They would ask all the other Masters to meet with them in the Grove. "But he won't come," Deyala. loose, she looked up and saw on the bank above her the black figure of a man. flames flickered between their knees, and at the bottom lay the unbroken black surface of an. A quarrel between brothers over their inheritance divided them. One heir mismanaged his estate through greed,

the other through foolishness. One had a daughter who married a merchant and tried to run her estate from the city, the other had a son whose sons quarrelled again, redividing the divided land. By the time the girl called Dragonfly was born, the domain of Iria, though still one of the loveliest regions of hill and field and meadow in all Earthsea, was a battleground of feuds and litigations. Farmlands went to weeds, farmsteads went unroofed, milking sheds stood unused, and shepherds followed their flocks over the mountain to better pastures. The old house that had been the centre of the domain was half in ruins on its hill among the oaks..The original loose, roughly descriptive use of the words witch, sorcerer, wizard, was codified into a strict hierarchy by Halkel. Under his rules:..their listening silence, and rested there for days, and came back to him changed..Gelluk caught his breath. Presently he said, very softly, "Can you read the runes?" "What did you want, Diamond?"..art, as he had taught it to her..came to be a psychological fact. Without this bias of conviction, however, it appears that the..must be a merchant. Can you tell me a story? It would be the joy of my life, and the longer the..He had never told Ogion anything about his first teacher, a sorcerer of no fame, even in Gont, and..city man and a saltwater man, he knew little of farms and their animals, but he thought the donkey..Irioth did not say yes, or no, or thanks, but went off unspeaking. The cattleman looked after him..another world..as one could imagine. I stood in the heavy fetor of their bodies. The lioness kept snorting:."It was a hundred and twenty-seven years ago. I was thirty then. The expedition. . . I was..beat his aunt and mother senseless to teach them not to bring up crafty men. Then they carried..caught in that for a day and a night. When they got out, there wasn't another ship of all the..of any kind of institutionalised religion. Superstition is as common as it is anywhere, but there..with a row of high pointed windows. A group of men stood there, and every one of them turned to..From time to time in the years since then, Dulse remembered how he hadn't lost his temper when..We were in something like a huge entrance hall or corridor, wide, almost unlit -- only the..Banners still flew from the towers of the City of Havnor, and a king still ruled there; the banners were those of captured towns and isles, and the king was the warlord Losen. Losen never left the marble palace where he sat all day, served by slaves, seeing the shadow of the sword of Erreth-Akbe slip like the shadow of a great sundial across the roofs below. He gave orders, and the slaves said, "It is done, your majesty." He held audiences, and old men came and said, "We obey, your majesty." He summoned his wizards, and the mage Early came, bowing low. "Make me walk!" Losen shouted, beating his paralyzed legs with his weak hands..Otter stood motionless, effaced, as Anieb had stood in the room in the tower..The wizard kept the name Roke in his memory, and when he heard it again, and in the same connection, he knew Hound had been on a true track again..showed 'em again, I'd have taught them their lesson!" "So?" said the Namer, more drily.."I was born in Havnor and trained as a shipwright and a sorcerer. I was on a ship bound from Geath to O Port. I was spared alone from drowning, last night, when a witchwind struck." He was silent then. The thought of the ship and the chained men in her swallowed his mind as the black sea had swallowed them. He gasped, as if coming up from drowning..bower upstream, he went there, carrying Veil's basket as an excuse. "May I talk to you?" he said..sending he smiled a wide, sweet smile. But he looked old. He had never looked so old. Ogion had..Veil, with her gentle voice and smile, was implacable. She told Medra that though she had..and bellies touched, though their hands stayed down by their sides. They went on kissing..She began to gasp for breath. In the red light that shone now from the crest of the mountain and..Men and women of the Hand had joined together on Roke a hundred or more years ago, forming a league of mages. Proud and secure in their powers, they had sought to teach others to band together in secret against the war makers and slave takers until they could rise openly against them. Women had always been leaders in the league, said Ember, and women, in the guise of salve sellers and net makers and such, had gone from Roke to other lands around the Inmost Sea, weaving a wide, fine net of resistance. Even now there were strands and knots of that net left. Medra had come on one of those traces first in Anieb's village, and had followed them since. But they had not led him here. Since the raid, Roke Island had isolated itself wholly, sealed itself inside powerful spells of protection woven and re woven by the wise women of the island, and had no commerce with any other people. "We can't save them," Ember said. "We couldn't save ourselves." "He's not too well," she said, speaking low. "He was curing the cattle away out east over the..So they talked, that long winter, and others talked with them. Slowly their talk turned from vision to intention, from longing to planning. Veil was always cautious, warning of dangers. White-haired Dune was so eager that Ember said he wanted to start teaching sorcery to every child in Thwil. Once Ember had come to believe that Roke's freedom lay in offering others freedom, she set her whole mind on how the women of the Hand might grow strong again. But her mind, formed by her long solitudes among the trees, always sought form and clarity, and she said, "How can we teach our art when we don't know what it is?"..friends in the Great Port who would find them amusing. ""I have the cheese money,"" he repeated to..Where he stood it was not wholly dark. The air moved against his face. Far ahead, dim, small, there was a light that was not werelight. He went forward. He had been crawling for a long time now, dragging the right leg, which would not bear his weight. He went forward. He smelled the wind of evening and saw the sky of evening through the branches and leaves of trees. An arched oak root formed the mouth of the cave, no bigger than a man or a badger needed to crawl through. He crawled through. He lay there under the root of the tree, seeing the light fade and a star or two come out among the leaves..All this took only two days, and all the time Early was looking and probing toward Endlane village, sending Hound there before him, sending his own presentment there to watch. When he knew where the man was he betook himself there very quickly, on eagle's wings; for Early was a great shape-changer, so fearless that he would take even dragon form.."My father," he began, and stopped, and gave a kind of laugh. "They don't go together," he said..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (70 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]..and cast no shadow, she knew it..She turned away and began to walk on up the hill..starved. There was little satisfaction in ruling Havnor, a

land of beggars and poor farmers. What Priest fought with him, defeated or deceived him, and for a time imprisoned him. The Ring that was stopped. It was a lion. He lifted himself up heavily, the front first. I saw all of him now, five. I took nothing with me, not even a coat. Unnecessary, they said. They let me keep my. ONE WINTER AFTERNOON on the shore of the Onneva River where it fingers out into the north bight. we will wait there for the others of the Nine. "his true name, by which he is remembered in islands far from Havnor..believed to purify and concentrate power; but most witches lead active sexual lives, having
more.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (106 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:32 AM]. Trusting the messenger, Morred entered the trap. He barely escaped with his life. The Enemy pursued him from the east to the west of Enlad in a trail of ruin. On the Plains of Enlad, meeting the companions who had stayed loyal to him, most of them sailors who had brought their ships to Enlad to aid him, Morred turned and gave battle. The Enemy would not confront him directly, but sent Morred's own spell-bound warriors to fight him, and worse, sent sorceries that shriveled up the bodies of his men till they "living, seemed the black thirst-dead of the desert." To spare his people, Morred withdrew..So they sailed south in Hopeful, landing first at malodorous Geath, and then in the guise of peddlers working their way from one islet to the next among the mazy channels. Crow had stocked the boat with better wares than most householders of the Isles were used to seeing, and Tern offered them at fair prices, mostly in barter, since there was little money among the islanders. Their popularity ran ahead of them. It was known that they would trade for books, if the books were old and uncanny. But in the Isles all books were old and all uncanny, what there was of them..In the rage of his agony the Enemy raised up a great wave and sent it speeding to overwhelm the island of Solea. Elfarran knew this, as she knew the moment of Morred's death. She bade her people take to their boats; then, the poem says, "She took her small harp in her hands," and in the hour of waiting for the destroying wave that only Morred might have stilled, she made the song called The Lament for the White Enchanter. The island was drowned beneath the sea, and Elfarran with it. But her boat-cradle of willow wood, floating free, bore their child Serriadh to safety, wearing Morred's pledge, the ring that bore the Rune of Peace..hundreds of boats carried people fleeing from Paln and Semel to the Inner Islands; but the dragons forbade the teaching of any word of the True Speech to women, and though this proscription was. Sunbright told them all to get rid of the fellow, but didn't stay around to see them do it. He went back down the south road as soon as he'd gulped a pint of beer at the tavern, telling them there was no room for two sorcerers in one village and he'd be back, maybe, when that man, or whatever he was, had gone.

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