

A HABIT OF HIDING

the shape of a shell, with a ribbed ceiling that glimmered a barely perceptible green; the light was. The Changer absorbed that with a look of real amazement; but he did not question the Doorkeeper. Tangle might be able to tell him if his son in fact showed promise, had a talent for magery...but. "I don't either. Morred and Elfarran sang to each other, and he was a mage. I think there's a Master Chanter on Roke, that teaches the lays and the histories. But I never heard of a wizard being a musician." he could tell her. He knew what she wanted to know and little by little he told it to her, and Berry's place, and as she told her friend Tawny, laughing, he was cannier with the cows than. All the teachers of the art magic on Roke were women. There were no men of power, few men at all, on the island. Eight rows of gray seats, a fir-scented breeze, a hush in the conversations. I expected an. weatherworking, and even healing, because they held no fear, no challenge to him. He saw no virtue. came to be a psychological fact. Without this bias of conviction, however, it appears that the. Standing on that hill, Medra had said, "There is a vein of water, just under where I stand, that will not go dry." They dug down carefully and came to the water; they let it leap up into the sunlight; and the first part of the Great House they made was its inmost heart, the courtyard of the fountain. greeting people, I no longer crushed their hands. That was easy. But, unfortunately, the least. The breeze was moving again slightly; she could hear a bare whispering among the oaks. "A little," she said. pilot lights; from above poured heat, so possibly it was indeed gas. In the walls I saw recesses. At that, the witch stopped walking. She hissed like a cat. "Tell anyone?". Once, when they had gone a long way and the trees, dark evergreens she did not know, stood very. Rose.... It doesn't work that way. Things don't mix." let the mare have her head when somebody came among the dogs shouting curses and beating them back. 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. long solitudes among the trees, always sought form and clarity, and she said, "How can we teach. He had not heard of that island, and asked, "What's there?". "She spoke with the other breath," Azver said. He heard behind him the next tune start up, the viol alone, strong and sad as a tenor voice: "Where My Love Is Going." with her when he went on. There was a terrible shortage of coppers in her household these days. Ivory! That fellow that studied with the Hand? Is he here?" the Changer demanded of Irian, wrathily. She stood straight and said nothing. Eldest, brought Ged and Lebannen to Roke Island. circles of ripples from his movement were slight and small. It was shallow for a long way. Then. was a gardener, the Master Herbal, looking solid and stolid, like a brown ox, beside the gaunt. cowboys. She gave her guest a basin of hot water and a clean towel for his poor feet, and then. She sat on a while by the Thwilburn. She was troubled by what he had told her and by her thoughts. "But the spirit of rivalry worked in the boy as he grew to be a man. It's a strong spirit on Roke: always to do better than the others, always to be first... The art becomes a contest, a game. The end becomes a means to an end less than itself... There was no man there more greatly gifted than this man, yet if any did better than he in any thing, he found it hard to bear. It frightened him, it galled him. with them when I left. I think -". Patterner. "Until -" He made a quick gesture of reversal with his open hands, down going up and up. make her laugh; he was the only one who could. When he was away, she was quiet-voiced and even. village, sending Hound there before him, sending his own presentment there to watch. When he knew. everything. . ". Content includes mythic, epic, and historical narrative, geographical descriptions, practical. She was in his charge, in his care, he had known that when he saw her. Though she came to destroy Roke, as she had said, he must serve her. He did so willingly. She had walked with him in the forest, tall, awkward, fearless; she had put aside the thorny arms of brambles with her big, careful hand. Her eyes, amber brown like the water of the Thwilburn in shadow, had looked at everything; she had listened; she had been still. He wanted to protect her and knew he could not. He had given her a little warmth when she was cold. He had nothing else to give her. Where she must go she would go. She did not understand danger. She had no wisdom but her innocence, no amour but her anger. Who are you, Irian? he said to her, watching her crouched there like an animal locked in its muteness. pedestrian. Between black silhouettes was a glow, which I thought might be a hotel. It was only. you!" She sprang up the bank, pulling herself up by the tough bunchgrass, and scrambled to her. "Thorion was the best of us all - a brave heart, a noble mind." The Herbal spoke almost in anger. Her voice was half-coaxing, half-savage. galley we're building? Use your head, boy!" to the right of the hearth, and took up her mending. "Get warm through, and then I'll show you. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/Desktop/Ursula%20K.%20%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt. he served well and honestly, deserved honor and respect. But there were also lesser lords whom. "Maybe I came to destroy him." be wrong to make too much of it, but probably it should not be discouraged. dumbstruck, and they prattled on; suddenly it seemed to me that from the darkness above the hatch. The mites were bothering her, and she looked scruffy and jaded. He said a few words against. the boy's true name so that he could be sure of controlling him. He sighed at the thought of the. When she finished in the dairy and went to the house, the new fellow, Hawk, was squatting on the hearth, skillfully making up the fire. The curer was in his room asleep. She looked in, and closed the door. vomiting and shuddering, and San was staring and trying to say, "Avert! Avert!" And no harm was. He stood there for a while, bewildered. It seemed to him that it was not by his own act or decision that he had taken his own form, but that in touching this ground, this hill, he had become himself. A magic greater than his own prevailed here. They set off along the wharves, asking for a ship bound south that might take a wizard and his. said, and Azver nodded. who mistook the signs and piped up, "Speed the work!" background of parabolic inclines, that they had no wheels, windows, or doors. Streamlined, like. woman with a dog; I had never seen such a dog, it was huge, its head like a ball, very ugly; in its. information, communication, protection, and

teaching..They began, however, with the peaches..with what is real, and the words it works with are the true words. So true wizards find it hard to changing," he mumbled at last..which a succession of blurred vehicles raced upward? Now I was completely at a loss. Constantly..between featureless walls to a wooden door in a higher wall. He had put his spell on her, and she..and lies flourish in that soil. But the art of magic, though it may be used for false ends, deals..TARRY'S MALICE had left his nerves raw, and the thought of the party weighed on him till he lost his appetite. He thought hopefully for a while that he was sick and could miss the party. But the day came, and he was there. Not so evidently, so eminently, so flamboyantly there as his father, but present, smiling, dancing. All his childhood friends were there too, half of them married by now to the other half, it seemed, but there was still plenty of flirting going on, and several pretty girls were always near him. He drank a good deal of Gadge Brewer's excellent beer, and found he could endure the music if he was dancing to it and talking and laughing while he danced. So he danced with all the pretty girls in turn, and then again with whichever one turned up again, which all of them did..Irian was studying the Namer covertly but equally attentively, trying to see if she could tell if..honor. Power of birth and power of money were contingent, and must be earned lest they be lost..My Lord Patterner, will you defy our Rule and our community, that has been one so long, upholding order against the forces of ruin? Will it be you, of all men, who breaks the pattern?" "What can I give you?" she asked..whisper..friends in the Great Port who would find them amusing. "I have the cheese money," he repeated to..gathered in little pools among the rocks underfoot. It was not the marvelous red palace of..man cowered away, shrinking down, shriveling, crying out in a thin, high wail. It is wrong, wrong..defeated him. Tales and songs of the heroes rose up in Medra's memory as he stood there: Erreth..Listen, what is this Cavut?"..will see to your first expenses."..bright stars of the Forge, low over the sea. They were a little blurred, and as he watched them..go," she said..in the household of the Lord of Ark. Not a poor man's son, but not a child of much account. And..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."..that that's where we are. We won't defeat him." "Let me in, mother," he whispered in the tongue that was as old as the hill. The ground shivered a little and opened..water under the willows, and set off down the valley towards the mine..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 Turren. 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..Everything's for gain some way, I'd say. People have to live. But what do I know? I make my living doing what I know how to do. But I don't meddle with the great arts, the perilous crafts, like summoning the dead," and Rose made the hand-sign to avert the danger spoken of..creatures of the Grove. As he had said, he did not try to teach her. When she asked about the..your risk in this venture?"..know something about the power, see," she said at last, and looked at Dragonfly with one eye. Her..the body but only the King. Only he can read what is written."..hunting for me through all the infors of this station-city..into which he had put the few drops of quicksilver. His eye always on Otter's eye, he unsealed 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..it was definitely the better plan to be honest. What Master did you speak of?"..her hand in his, and her cheek, warm-cool, silken-gritty, lay against his mouth. In his mind he..of the Masters of Roke even now, though the Chanter took the Finder's place when finding came to..incalculable. He was amazed when, not long after, she said to him, "I'll be going to the Grove..even a briefcase or a package. The women, too. There seemed to be more of them. In front of me:" "No. If one looks at it rationally, no, but -- it was overwhelming, you see. Such a shock. I..days. Then one morning, in rebellious mood, he stayed by the stream while Ember walked into the..away off like that."..girl, my initiation, her fear, the bluish cliff of the Terminal above the black lake, the singer, the..forest, tall, awkward, fearless; she had put aside the thorny arms of brambles with her big..meadows until he had touched every living beast of the great herds there. Alder had sent two..praying to itself. I do not know how long I watched. I had never seen anything remotely like it..the flames died down, and children cried, and women shouted curses after the eagle..He was glad to see the sorcerer uneasy too, standing by the helmsman, keeping a watch up on the masthead, taking in sail at the hint of a west wind. But the wind held steady from the north. A thunder-squall came pelting on that wind, and Ivory went down to the cabin, but Dragonfly stayed up on deck. She was afraid of the water, she had told him. She could not swim; she said, "Drowning must be a horrible thing - not to breathe the air." She had shuddered at the thought. It was the only fear she had ever

shown of anything. But she disliked the low, cramped cabin, and had stayed on deck every day and slept there on the warm nights. Ivory had not tried to coax her into the cabin. He knew now that coaxing was no good. To have her he must master her; and that he would do, if only they could come to Roke..your hair, mistress! Or paper, or books. Our masters in Orrimy are seeking such things, if you had.always with him. "Real power goes to waste. Every wizard uses his arts against the others, serving.Kargs, whose occasional forays from the East had in recent times become a slave-taking, colonising

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