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Medra knew only a hint of this story from Ember. One night Veil, who was three years older than Ember and to whom the memory was much clearer, told it to him fully. Ember sat with them, listening in silence. "I think what we have to do," he said without preamble, "is try to hold the fault from slipping. 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 was a child and first heard The Deed of Enlad sung. I am lost among wonders." at him. Over and over he walked through the little valley, through the dry grass, through the worse. You got it wrong. You're only a witch. You did it wrong. It's his name. He can have it. the companions who had stayed loyal to him, most of them sailors who had brought their ships to old weavers' quarter. They grew flax on Pody, and there were stone retting houses, now mostly betrayed me. mine, shadowy yet distinct: the slave in the high vault of the tower, that woman with empty thinking by his height he was a child, and then saw the small breasts. It was a woman. She was. "To talk." Writing is said to have been invented by the Rune Masters, the first great wizards of the. "No!" long, and on his breast lay the rune-ring broken. throne the first year of history. By this system, "present time" in the account you are reading is. "He does that," the cowboy said to Gift. "Talks at em." He was amused, disdainful. He was one of. sign in return, "but not always safe, among strangers." he said, "You work very hard." "Never fear," Diamond said, turned on his heel, and strode out. A string of dried sage caught on. So well in hand did Early have Losen's men that within two days the great fleet set forth from Havnor, gathering its tributaries on the way. Eighty ships sailed past Ark and Ilien on a true and steady magewind that bore them straight for Roke. Sometimes Early in his white silk robe, holding a tall white staff, the horn of a sea beast from the farthest North, stood in the decked prow of the lead galley, whose hundred oars flashed beating like the wings of a gull. Sometimes he was himself the gull, or an eagle, or a dragon, who flew above and before the fleet, and when the men saw him flying thus they shouted, "The dragonlord! the dragonlord!" walked down to find an inn near the docks. Dragonfly looked about at the sights of the city in a morning, hot, the summer sunlight filtering through the leaves in a thousand shades of green. A. "Tern," he said; and so he was called. founded a school on Roke as a center where they might gather and share knowledge, clarify the reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including. "But I will come, master!" he said. And then after a pause, "How soon?" And after a longer pause, her timbers creaked a little, a slaves chain rattled, rattled again. "Completely?" she asked with sudden interest. this, because I did not know how to get out of the park. It was now completely empty. I passed people, and by us, if we were to change certain ways of seeing and understanding." "Things don't mix," he said. "They ought to, but they don't. I found that out. When I left the. because it dies and dies and so lives. I will not let this dead hand touch me. Or touch the king. solitude, but still she missed Rose and Daisy and Coney, and the chickens and the cows and ewes. Roke lives on its great past, defended by a thousand spells against the present day. And inside. Their breath ceased. Their bodies by the loud sea. Silence apparently did not notice the pause or the extreme softness of Dulse's voice. "Milk, the tavern. San, a hardbitten man in his thirties, was talking to a man on his doorstep, a. only to make love you brought me here, Ivory," she said, "we can do that. If you still want to." things went wrong at the birth, or in the field, that would be the witches' fault. And things went. Marsh. I think I came the right way." as though mercury had flowed over him and solidified, puffed-out (or perhaps foamy) on the. For a while I let myself be carried along by the white walkway, until it occurred to me. that he could come among them in a herd, instead of going to them one by one as they scattered out. to name yourself." "I can be that, if you insist." The funny thing is, it's the truth, I thought. It was not the face she had thought it. It was worn, and hard, and scarred all down one side. The. of Atuan, the Terrenon, the Lips of Paor, and many other places, may be coeval with the world. practices of wizards and witches, and all too often rightly so. shake the city down, bring avalanche and tidal wave, close the cliffs of the bay together like. was stiff, rejecting him. Then she turned and, fierce, hasty, awkward, seized him in her arms. It. "Nothing to do with us, that lot at the old place," Birch said, displeased. The tactful Ivory asked no more. But he wanted to see the girl as beautiful as a flowering tree. He rode past Old Iria regularly. He tried stopping in the village at the foot of the hill to ask questions, but there was nowhere to stop and nobody would answer questions. A wall-eyed witch took one look at him and scuttled into her hut. If he went up to the house he would have to face the pack of hellhounds and probably a drunk old man. But it was worth the chance, he thought; he was bored out of his wits with the dull life at Westpool, and was never slow to take a risk. He rode up the hill till the dogs were yelling around him in a frenzy, snapping at the mare's legs. She plunged and lashed out her hooves at them, and he kept her from bolting only by a staying-spell and all the strength in his arms. The dogs were leaping and snapping at his own legs now, and he was about to let the mare have her head when somebody came among the dogs shouting curses and beating them back with a strap. When he got the lathered, gasping mare to stand still, he saw the girl as beautiful as a flowering tree. She was very tall, very sweaty, with big hands and feet and mouth and nose and eyes, and a head of wild dusty hair. She was yelling, "Down! Back to the house, you carrion, you vile sons of bitches!" to the whining, cowering dogs. "What's up?" said Kurremkarmerruk. "I've been reading about dragons. Not paying attention. But all. then the wife and daughters were entirely won over. And Birch thought the young man was worth his. That was unusual, though perhaps not so unusual among the wealthy as among common folk. At any. track. My teacher had no

staff, Dulse thought, and at the same moment thought, He wants his staff from me. Gontish oak, from the hands of a Gontish wizard. Well, if he earns it I'll make him one. If he can keep his mouth closed. And I'll leave him my lore-books. If he can clean out a henhouse, and understand the Glosses of Danemer, and keep his mouth closed..He snorted. I felt drops of his saliva, and before I had time to be terrified he butted me in."And a good thing too!" Golden said roundly. "What's become of that daughter of hers, then? Went."All wrong.". "No," his wife said in her soft, level voice, "we aren't.".cousins while they rebuilt their burned house as best they could. They welcomed him

with.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (36 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].If the young sorcerer was seeking experience, he did not get much at Westpool. Whenever Birch had.The wizard kept the name Roke in his memory, and when he heard it again, and in the same.The dark-eyed mage bowed his head at that, and said, "Very well," evidently with relief at.the Making words he did not know until he spoke them. "Mother, be whole!" he said, and the broken.His head hurt again, and he whimpered and shivered, trying to draw himself together for warmth. There was no warmth and no light..craft. Medra had been the Master Finder, until he went to the Grove. A young woman now taught that.girl, my initiation, her fear, the bluish cliff of the Terminal above the black lake, the singer, the.that bush into the seeming of a tree," he said, and promptly Otter did so. Illusion came so easy.occasionally the blur of a face shone, once I even brushed by someone. The crowns of the trees.After a long time, she came back to the sunlight and the stableyard and her thoughts and puzzles..north of the Inmost Sea, growing with the years; and the Hound's nose was as keen as ever..First Bard Printing, May, 1982.He sat down on his narrow bunk and looked at her sitting on her narrow bunk; they could not face each other directly, as there was no room for their knees. At O Port she had bought herself a decent shirt and breeches, at his suggestion, so as to look a more probable candidate for the School. Her face was windburned and scrubbed clean. Her hair was braided and the braid clubbed, like Ivory's. She had got her hands clean, too, and they lay flat on her thighs, long strong hands, like a man's..The Creation of Ea is the foundation of education in the Archipelago, By the age of six or seven,.ordered these children to be stranded on a desert island. Among her clothes and toys the princess.Now Medra felt that he had been asked the question on which the rest of his life hung, for good or.direction south. Central level -- gleeders, red local, white express, A, B, and V. Ulder level,.wide enough. When she waded a knee-deep stream, he held on to her tail. She scrambled up the low,.the riverbank in front of him he set a leaf-stem, a grassblade, and several pebbles. He studied."Does Labby want a harper?".came here first-I could not save the one who saved me.".hands as a burning, and a queasiness if it was much advanced. Approaching one steer that was lying.He came up on deck again. It was clearing, and as the sun set the clouds broke all across the.She slid out of her clothes, the man's breeches and shirt that were all she had, and slipped naked."Then. When we quarreled. I said it all wrong. I thought...." A long pause. "I thought I could go on running away. With you. And play music. Make a living. Together. I meant to say that.".We have inhabited both the actual and the imaginary realms for a long time. But we don't live in."Not this. The Lords of Pendor are good men. They remember the kings. They don't seek war or.The water shivered. He felt it first on his thighs, a lapping like the tickling touch of fur; then he saw it, the trembling of the surface all over the pond. Not the round ripples he made, which had already died away, but a ruffling, a roughening, a shudder, again, and again..on thinking the ordinary thoughts of life, while the rest of it made preparations for terror and."None of your business if there is! You go off, you turn your back on me. Wizards can't have anything to do with what I do, what my mother does. Well, I don't want anything to do with what you do, either, ever. So go!".indignant, speaking more bluntly even than usual.."You could have taught me! You never would!".They call this the Otter's House," he said. "Very old. As old as the Great House. Everything is old, here. We are old - the Masters.".legs. He studied the ground where some crumbs of fresh dirt lay and the grass was bent. He stroked.It is often a matter of considerable importance that the words of these lore-books not be spoken aloud.."My own, sir. It is Irian.".a bouquet of pale pink flowers; nestling her face in them, she smiled at the boy with her eyes. At.thought to ask him if he might want a bath, which he did. They heated the water and filled the old.the winter long, out on the high marsh..They listened to him, not agreeing, not denying, but accepting his despair. His words went into.The care of pregnant beasts and women, birthing, teaching the songs and rites, the fertility and.at last. He dreamed of long mountainsides veiled by rain, and the light shining through the rain..whom he trusted. One of them was a man called Crow, a wealthy recluse, who had no gift of magic."Thought you might. As for King Losen," Hound said, "who knows." He sniffed and sighed. "If I was.out of the mines, or the shipwrights' that forbade women to watch a keel laid. So both men and.isles-and beyond. People have puzzled at their choosing the empty sea for their domain, since.Staggering wildly the wizard tried to turn, lost his footing on the crumbling edge, and plunged.Starving hungry, frustrated, misunderstood, Diamond reached out to hold her again, to make her.hide his gift..whatever he was, had gone..didn't.".why did you come back here?".and cruelty. I look at the world, at the forests and the mountain here, the sky, and it's all.made himself comfortable in his coil of cable and watched the stars. Looking west, he saw the four.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..The idea of a school for wizards made him laugh. A school for wild boars, he thought, a college for dragons! But that there was some kind of scheming and gathering together of men of power on Roke seemed probable, and the idea of any league or alliance of wizards appalled him more the more he thought of it. It was unnatural, and could exist only under great force, the pressure of a dominant will-the will of a mage strong enough to hold even strong wizards in his service. There was the enemy he wanted!.Changer's face remained stern, but he blinked, and after a little thought said, "I'm sure - yes -."I am Anieb," she whispered..It may be that the Firelord was, in fact, a dragon in human form; for very soon after his fall, Orm, the Great Dragon, who had defeated Ath, led hosts of his kind to harry the western islands of the

Archipelago-perhaps to avenge the Firelord. These fiery flights caused great terror, and hundreds of boats carried people fleeing from Paln and Semel to the Inner Islands; but the dragons were not doing as much damage as the Kargs, and Maharion judged the urgent danger lay in the east. While he himself went west to fight dragons, he sent Erreth-Akbe east to try to establish peace with the King of the Kargad Lands..Morred, and Morred's first year on the throne. The capital city of these rulers was Berila, on the."No use," said the old wizard, grinning, "you're only wind and sunlight. Now I'm going to be dirt and stone. You'd best go on. Farewell, Aihal. Keep the-keep the mouth open, for once, eh?".white high-held explosion of unbelievable wings; between them, columns, made not of any.hand, she struck him away with a blow to the head that left him dizzy. He saw her stand up and.faintest idea what that damned rast looked like -- and after about ten steps I saw a silvery funnel."What will you do, Master Tern?" asked the Summoner, a grey-haired mage from Ilien.."He was here!" she cried. "That foul heart, that Thorion!" She strode to meet the Patterner as he came into the starlight by the house. "I was bathing in the stream, and he stood there watching me!".he could tell her. He knew what she wanted to know and little by little he told it to her, and.aware of her, concerned for her. She stood up and followed him..the cattle, the cattlemen will pay you, and you can pay me then. Call that surety, if you like..door opening on the street, but it's shut. It looks like an ordinary door.".But in fact Golden wasn't thinking only about the business. He had observed something about his.to her; and she came.."Breathe, breathe, breathe," Gelluk said, laughing, and Otter tried not to hold his breath as they entered the tower.."She bled again just now, and I couldn't stop it," Dory said. Tears ran out of her eyes and down.Anthil had the half of the broken Ring brought by Erreth-Akbe, which had descended to her from."I know Tarry thinks I do.".The existence of magic as a recognized, effective power wielded by certain individuals, but not by all, shapes and influences all the institutions of the Hardic peoples, so that, much as ordinary life in the Archipelago seems to resemble that of nonindustrial peoples elsewhere, there are almost immeasurable differences. One of these differences may be, or may be indicated by, the lack of any kind of institutionalised religion. Superstition is as common as it is anywhere, but there are no gods, no cults, no formal worship of any kind. Ritual occurs only in traditional offerings at the sites of the Old Powers, in the great, universally celebrated annual festivals such as Sunreturn and the Long Dance, in the speaking and singing of the traditional songs and epics at these festivals, and, perhaps, in the performance of spells of magic..In the years since I began to write about Earthsea I've changed, of course, and so have the people.wet, cold time, and firewood was one thing they had plenty of, here on the mountain..As the dim light that came into the room from chinks in the mortar of the bricked-up window died

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