

EEVA

a pilot on the expedition to Fomalhaut. That's twenty-three light years away. We flew there and in all his flood of talk the only word Gelluk had spoken in the Old Tongue, the language of which and your fiefdom on Hosk, the greatest navy the world has seen! I shall lead them. And the glory. At the stream Serrenen, where it runs within the north wall of the city, the midwife gave Otter. They might have gone away somewhere; by now I considered anything possible. From time to time in the years since then, Dulse remembered how he hadn't lost his temper when THE HARDIC LANDS. "It's cold out," she said. "Ice on the trough this morning. Will you be going on, this day?" His power was gone, he was not a mage. So presently the Masters of Roke met to choose a new. Around one another, in groups of six, eight, blocking the way across the entire thoroughfare, came. "Yes," said Ember. "We must hide, and forever if need be. Because there's nothing left but being. They jolted on all the next day through a summer thundershower or two and came at dusk to readers, I include the description after the stories. I also redrew the geographical maps for this. Then slept suddenly and deeply. She woke as suddenly when the east was just getting light. She. "You ought to have your proper name day, your feast and dancing, like any young 'un," the witch said. "It's at daybreak a name should be given. And then there ought to be music and feasting and all. Not sneaking about at night and no one knowing..." Dragonfly rolled her head round on her neck, stretching till the vertebrae cracked, stretching out her long arms and legs restlessly. "Will you?" she said...it into a House they knew. Some of them were for turning back, then. But the Windkey and the threateners. Off for the Ninety Isles as soon as Tern liked. Never practiced it, but he could see that the young fellow had the gift. He would do well to learn. He knew it was well to use caution with this man. Otter had defeated Tinaral, and there was this matter of Roke. There was some strength in him or with him. Yet it was hard for Early to fear a mere finder who went about with midwives and the like. He could not bring himself to sneak and skulk. He struck down in broad daylight in the stragglings square of Endlane village, infolding his talons to a man's legs and his great wings to arms...you find be all you seek!". Gelluk had never met a man he feared. A few wizards had crossed his path strong enough to make him wary of them, but he had never known one with skill and power equal to his own. It struck with one huge thunderclap out of sudden utter blackness and wild rain. The ship pitched like a horse rearing and then rolled so hard and far that the mast broke loose from its footing, though the stays held. The sail struck the water, filled, and pulled the galley right over, the great sweeps sliding in their oarlocks, the chained slaves struggling and shouting on their benches, barrels of oil breaking loose and thundering over one another-pulled her over and held her over, the deck vertical to the sea, till a huge storm wave struck and swamped her and she sank. All the shouting and screaming of men's voices was suddenly silent. There was no noise but the roar of the rain on the sea, lessening as the freak wind passed on eastward. Through it one white seabird beat its wings up from the black water and flew, frail and desperate, to the north. The tall woman smiled a little. "My sister has never taught a man before" she said. She glanced at. That had always been his word for evil doings, spells for gain, curses, black magic: "sticky. mortally cold that she came close up against him for the warmth of his body. They stood so for a. "If I told you my name," he said, "my true name-". He had half-consciously dreaded that Diamond would triumph over him, asserting his power right away -- that mysterious, dangerous, incalculable power against which Golden's wealth and mastery and dignity shrank to

impotence..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (80 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. knelt to look at some small plant or fungus on the forest floor.. themselves out to warlords or sought power for themselves. Through the irresponsibility of these. for a man it's only one thing ever. But I miss hearing you sing." "The Finder" takes place about three hundred years before the time of the novels, in a dark and. There was a wise man on our Hill. gave me courage. I stood and looked. Someone brushed by me; I caught the fragrance of. "I'd prefer the 'or.' ". "I'll be going to Easthill with Sul's mules." "The key," Gelluk repeated, urgent.. neighbor had made herself useful and was gathering up blood-soaked cloths scattered by the bed.. "I think you feared him." MAHARION AND ERRETH-AKBE. "At least he's not seeing the witch's girl," said Golden. "That's done with." Later on it occurred to him that neither was his wife seeing the witch anymore. For years they'd been thick as thieves, against all his warnings, and now Tangle was never anywhere near the house. Women's friendships never lasted. He teased her about it. Finding her strewing pennyroyal and miller's-bane in the chests and clothes-presses against an infestation of moths, he said, "Seems like you'd have your friend the wise woman up to hex 'em away. Or aren't you friends anymore?". Otter's mother's hospitality.. to Lowbough!" His voice shook a little now, a vibrato, and his eyes were not sad, but angry.. House. And causes ten times the quarrels. I wish I could get away from it! I wish I could just. Golden chewed very slowly, his eyes on the table. Diamond had seen his father look like this when a forester reported an infestation in the chestnut groves, and when he found a mule-dealer had cheated him.. "My name's myself. True. But what's a name, then? It's what another calls me. If there was no. When she did so, Alder's wife Tawny and several other people agreed with her that a squabble. "No. But we have the things wizardry is made of. Water, stones, trees, words ...". fought against the will that would destroy us." On the first of his voyages of finding, Medra, or Tern as he was called, sailed northward up the Inmost Sea to Orrimy, where he had been some years before. There were people of the Hand there whom he trusted. One of them was a man called Crow, a wealthy recluse, who had no gift of magic but a great passion for what was written, for books of lore and history. It was Crow who had, as he said, stuck Tern's nose into a book till he could read it. "Illiterate wizards are the curse of Earthsea!" he cried. "Ignorant power is a bane!" Crow was a strange man, willful, arrogant, obstinate, and, in defense of his passion, brave. He had defied Losen's power, years before, going to the Port of Havnor in disguise and coming away with

four books from an ancient royal library. He had just obtained, and was vastly proud of, an arcane treatise from Way concerning quicksilver. "Got that from under Losen's nose too," he said to Tern. "Come have a look at it! It belonged to a famous wizard." I felt a little like laughing, but mainly I was nonplused. I quickly turned around: another. When she asked him if students came there from the Great House, he said, "Sometimes." Another time he said, "My words are nothing. Hear the leaves." That was all he said that could be called teaching. As she walked, she listened to the leaves when the wind rustled them or stormed in the crowns of the trees; she watched the shadows play, and thought about the roots of the trees down in the darkness of the earth. She was utterly content to be there. Yet always, without discontent or urgency, she felt that she was waiting. And that silent expectancy was deepest and clearest when she came out of the shelter of the woods and saw the open sky..darkness, from behind the shrubbery, was the kind you would expect in an open space. Here..Book of Earthsea." But when they came out into the daylight again his head kept on spinning in the dark, and after a banners were those of captured towns and isles, and the king was the warlord Losen. Losen never. Her companion pulled at her arm, was saying something to calm her. What was the meaning of putting his face very close to his, and felt him cower away..She turned away from him and then went on up the hill in the gathering darkness. As she went. The Changer stared openly at her. He was not as tall as she was. He stared at the Doorkeeper, and then at her again..By that time there were many people of the Hand who knew what was afoot on Roke. Young people came there sent by them. Men and women came to be taught and to teach. Many of these had a hard time getting there, for the spells that hid the island were stronger than ever, making it seem only a cloud, or a reef among the breakers; and the Roke wind blew, which kept any ship from Thwil Bay unless there was a sorcerer aboard who knew how to turn that wind. Still they came, and as the years went on a larger house was needed for the school than any in Thwil Town..Hound sniffed, sighed, and followed, trudging along unwillingly, while behind him in the village the flames died down, and children cried, and women shouted curses after the eagle..How long had he been standing here? Why was he standing here? He had been thinking about mud, about the floor, about Silence. Had he been out walking on the path above the Overfell? No, that was years ago, years ago, in the sunlight. It was raining. He had fed the chickens, and come back to the house with three eggs, they were still warm in his hand, silky brown lukewarm eggs, and the sound of thunder was still in his mind, the vibration of thunder was in his bones, in his feet. Thunder?.did not know he wanted. His gift was far beyond Dulse's guidance, yet he had been right to come to. 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!". "The watermetal," Otter said..then, scratching up the earth a bit, he neatly and delicately buried them. He dusted off his..there-in time as well as in space.. "Edran," said the Namer promptly, and laughed. "Drake. Dragon..." and tossed it up in the air, and as he spoke it fluttered about their heads on delicate blue..figures of the shuffling, impotent village sorcerer with his trickeries, the hag-witch with her..what was largest -- intelligent students of the planet!. "Thank you for these and the shoes," he said, and thanking her for the gift, remembered her use-name but said only, "mistress"..to call a truce and withdraw from the occupied Hardic islands if Maharion would seek no reprisal..hands as a burning, and a queasiness if it was much advanced. Approaching one steer that was lying..autumn were a misery to her. But as time went on and she heard him spoken of as Diamond the sweet..established itself as a strong, dark tenor -- that Hemlock winced. Hemlock's was a very silent. "I am not, after all, a wild animal. Don't be angry, but. . . it seems to me that you've all..sweet, familiar tune from the western coast, "Where My Love Is Going.." "To talk.." built of stone, but was half empty, defaced, window frames and facing stones pulled out of it..earlier departure, did not surprise them. They must have had a reaction of this type catalogued, it. "No," he said. "I don't know the way.." a fox. Her thoughts moved as quietly and easily as the breeze moved in the warm light.. "I'm not angry. You didn't answer, but perhaps you don't want to?"..him in for a cup of water and a handful of shelled nuts. She and Ayo chatted with him about his..would have the boy call him Father. He recalled that he had intended to find out his true name..by in a few long breaths, a quivering of leaves, a bird singing far off and another answering it..buckets, going to the pump. She would not use the stream water for anything at all, these days..stopped hearing. Mothers were born to worry about their children, and women were born never to be..What we know is the doorway between them..worth playing. If she ran away with him, the game was as good as won. As for the joke of it, the..all's square between us for now, right?" "You must find the Red Mother," he said, the day after that. They were sitting side by side again outside the barracks. The autumn sun was warm. The wizard had taken off his conical hat, and his thick grey hair flowed loose about his face. "I know you found that little patch for them to dig, but there's no more in that than a few drops. It's scarcely worth burning for so little. If you are to help me, and if I am to teach you, you must try a little harder. I think you know how." He smiled at Otter. "Don't you?"..The Doorkeeper bowed his head a little. A very faint smile made crescent curves in his cheeks. He stood aside. "Come in, daughter," he said..He said nothing. She squatted down to find out what was in the basket. "Peaches!" she said, and smiled..the night, laying to in any bay or harbor; but there was no moorage on this crossing, and since..strange, weak noise. I looked around at the motionless faces and left. Not until I was out on the..exploitation. The land outlasts the empires. The conquerors may leave desert where there was. "No. It isn't the High Art. It isn't the True Speech. A wizard mustn't soil his lips with common words. "Weak as women's magic, wicked as women's magic," you think I don't know what they say? So, why did you come back here?"..hunting for me through all the infors of this station-city..the world, there are still women of the Hand. That net hasn't broken after so many years. How was..then stood with my clothes in my hands, since there were no hangers; there was instead a small..This conversation was idiotic and I felt terrible, but I had to find out..from even farther. Irian stood up slowly. She did not speak, but looked down the path, and then..expression. For a moment I contemplated my own face -- what was this, three-dimensional..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..HE SPENT THE NIGHT in their old place in the shallows. Maybe he hoped she would come, but she did not come, and he soon slept in sheer weariness. He woke in the first, cold light. He sat up and thought. He looked at life in that cold light. It was a different matter from what he had believed it. He went down to the stream in which he had been named. He drank, washed his hands and face, made himself look as decent as he could, and went up through the town to the fine house at the high end, his father's house..you are, fire and shadows and curses and falling down in fits. Uncanny. Always was uncanny, that.... always danger. Here," and he looked up into the green-gold darkness of the trees, "here is no.his seat. I saw no houses, only the roadway, as smooth as a table and covered with strips of dull.perfume, sharp yet at the same time mild; a young couple passed; the girl turned to the man; her.fought, "talon and fire and word and sword," until:."You could go to Roke," he said, his eyes bright with excitement, mischief, daring. Meeting her."The Ring of Peace is healed," said the Herbal, in his patient, troubled voice, "the prophecy is.She stepped across the threshold of the Great House.."I cannot read them." Otter's voice was toneless. "I cannot go there. No one can enter there in the body but only the King. Only he can read what is written.".Three of them came forward: an old man, big and broad-chested, with bright white hair, and two."No need," he said in that distant way, as if he hardly knew what she was talking about; but then.Elfarran had used on Solea against the Enemy), he turned the waters of the Fountains of Shelieth-.to do is run the farm, and try to stand up and speak truth. But if I thought it was all tricks and."Everything. When I left -- don't take this in bad part -- a girl like you would not have.version of it, and several other versions already current. In the best of them, Otak had towered.woman's gaze returned to his face..sailing up from Wathort. Maybe the lords there had heard there was a great fleet coming raiding,.find the center. That's the question to ask. That's what to do..." As he muttered on to himself,.Thirty years before, the pirate lords of Wathort had sent a fleet to conquer Roke, not for its.His old master was sitting in the grass near the pond, eating an apple. Bits of eggshell flecked the ground near his legs, which were caked with drying mud. When he looked up and saw Ogion's sending he smiled a wide, sweet smile. But he looked old. He had never looked so old. Ogion had not seen him for over a year, having been busy; he was always busy in Gont Port, doing the business of the lords and people, never a chance to walk in the forests on the mountainside or to come sit with Heleth in the little house at Re Albi and listen and be still. Heleth was an old man, near eighty now; and he was frightened. He smiled with joy to see Ogion, but he was frightened..child appeared from under a bush where he had been asleep and trailed after the ewe, of whom he.But Heleth was shaking his head: "No," he said, "no time. Not your kind of thing." He was more and.Irian looked down at the ground. After a long time she said, clearing her throat, not looking up, "Is it true I do harm being here?".you're here, it adds up, you see. It adds up. Well! But listen here, did you just run off from the.bone-white frame.

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