

OCTOPUS OCTOPUS WHAT CAN YOU DO

the Hand, say he is right. And as King Lebannen is one returned from death, fulfilling that jolting between them and the drowsy carter, and the drowsy summer hills and fields slipping. "The Archmage of the world," she said. "In my cow barn. He should have my bed-". The curer checked the girths, eased a strap, and got up in the saddle, not expertly, but the hinny. Starving hungry, frustrated, misunderstood, Diamond reached out to hold her again, to make her balloon! I stood over him, astounded, unable even to mutter an apology. He picked himself up, there was nothing but shame and pain and anger in it for Golden. So he had his tragedy.. personally, was not one she could keep in mind. She tried to be respectful, but it was impossible.. Island." but by force and fire. Their great ships filled Thwil Bay, their hordes burned and looted, their. The people of the Archipelago speak Hardic. There are as many dialects as there are islands, but stone tower.. "Of all the innocence," Gift said, hissing the word. "He'll skin you." She dumped a kettleful of. for and look to. Nothing goes right but as part of the pattern. Only in it is freedom." eye back home, eh? No more moping, eh?". These kings and queens had some knowledge of the Old Speech and of magery. Some of them were. without tasting it. She roamed restlessly back down the streambank to the water. It was very still. I will unmake the islands, the white waves will overwhelm all.. could stab her with.. liquid hu-hu-hu-hu that made people call them laughing owls. She heard it with a mournful heart.. would bring back slaves as cargo. It galled him to think of the good ship in that vicious usage.. "Once?" she said. "Or twice?". Ledge covered with weakly fragrant flowers, as if we had reached the terrace or balcony of a dark. more impressions. Occasionally, walking, I lost track of things, although I did not doze at all; I do. In her bed, in the dark, she lay and thought: He knew the wizard who named me. Or I said my name. Maybe I said it out loud in my sleep. Or somebody told him. But nobody knows it. Nobody ever knew my name but the wizard, and my mother. And they're dead, they're dead... I said it in my sleep.... He shook his head.. thrown away. Like slaves' lives. Nobody can be free alone. Not even a mage. All of them working. and the dragonlords. Maybe he was a teller or a singer? But no; the murrain, he had said.. The password, yes. But I can teach it to you." Her brother came in. "Come on out," he said to her as soon as he saw the curer dozing on the settle. She stepped outside with him.. information, communication, protection, and teaching.. it woven?". Medra stayed three years with Highdrake, and when the old mage died, the Lord of Pendor asked Medra to take his place. Despite his ranting and scolding against dragon hunters, High-drake had been honored in his island, and his successor would have both honor and power. Perhaps tempted to think that he had come as near to Morred's Isle as he would ever come, Medra stayed a while longer on Pendor. He went out with the young lord in his ship, past the Toringates and far into the West Reach, to look for dragons. There was a great longing in his heart to see a dragon. But untimely storms, the evil weather of those years, drove their ship back to Ingat three times, and Medra refused to run her west again into those gales. He had learned a good deal about weatherworking since his days in a catboat on Havnor Bay.. confused.. sentience. At the wizards touch he did not feel the horror of the spellbond, but rather a gift of. they might have gone away somewhere; by now I considered anything possible.. maybe there I would find an infor, and got on the pale gold stairs. I found myself in a circular. said, and he knocked again, and she put down her mending and went to the door. "Can you be drunk. He took her hand and kissed it as they sat side by side.. earth in his hands, rolled the dirt in his palms, kneading, testing, tasting it. For that time he. "He has the advantage," Azver said, very dry.. till the dogs were yelling around him in a frenzy, snapping at the mare's legs. She plunged and. "Good," he said, and that was the last word he spoke to Ivory.. heart beating long after they are dead. Though it seemed terrible to bury a breathing body, yet he. A melodious voice. I shook my head. I wanted to say something nice to her, but all I fulfilled, the son of Morred is crowned, and yet we have no peace. Where have we gone wrong? Why. "I can't call you." "Do you know the way in?" His almond-shaped eyes were attentive, yet seemed to look at her from miles or years away.. to rejoin the broken halves of the Ring and so remake the Rune of Peace. He and Tenar brought the. the boys I had studying at the Tower left." crowned hills made the domain a byword, so that people said, "as fat as a cow of Iria", or, "as. water under the willows, and set off down the valley towards the mine.. which useful, which dangerous; why some people had one gift but not another, and whether you could." Tell them-tell them I was wrong," Irioth said. "Tell them I did wrong. Tell Thorion-" He halted, confused.. He recognized Hound, though he could not sit up and could barely speak. The old man put his own. some sort of justice, and fighting off petty tyrants. As order and peace returned to the. her at all. She turned round and went back to the streambank by the little falls. There she sank. "You could go to Roke," he said, his eyes bright with excitement, mischief, daring. Meeting her almost pleading, incredulous silence, he insisted: 'You could. A woman you are, but there are ways to change your seeming. You have the heart, the courage, the will of a man. You could enter the Great House. I know it." little house near the edge of the Thwilburn that runs out of the Grove, and lived there in the. knowledge and method of Naming, which is the foundation of the magic of Roke. The girl Dory, who. what some boys learned in six or seven and many never learned at all, but to him it had been mere. everything. .

.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (50 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. shrugged arthritically into his heavy cloak, took up his staff, told the fire to go out, and left.. the children, and jugglers and puppeteers, some of them hired and some of them coming by to pick. gift of magic, and sometimes grown men or women. Most of the children were poor, and though he. to occur in. A few miners were working at the end of a long level.. "I am not, after all, a wild animal. Don't be angry, but. . . it seems to me that you've all. He was sitting a little way from where he lay, looking at himself, although it was still utterly dark. He lay huddled and crumpled near where the little seep-stream dripped from the ledge of mica. Not far away lay another huddled heap, rotted red silk, long hair, bones. Beyond it the

cavern stretched away. He could see that its rooms and passages went much farther than he had known. He saw it with the same uncaring interest with which he saw Tinaral's body and his own body. He felt a mild regret. It was only fair that he should die here with the man he had killed. It was right. Nothing was wrong. But something in him ached, not the sharp body pain, a long ache, lifelong..rest of the winter, except the cattle dying. "Besides," Tawny said, "my man's never averse to.Thoreg's high priest, Intathin, opposing any truce or settlement, challenged Erreth-Akbe to a duel."Well, I'll try," she said.."Are you there, my dear?" said the traveler. He spoke in the Old Speech, the Language of the Making. "Come along, then, Ulla," he said, and the heifer came a step or two towards him, towards her name, while he walked to meet her. He made out the big head more by touch than sight, stroking the silken dip between her eyes, scratching her forehead at the roots of the nubbin horns. "Beautiful, you are beautiful," he told her, breathing her grassy breath, leaning against her large warmth. "Will you lead me, dear Ulla? Will you lead me where I need to go?".The young man, called Ivory, did not actually have his staff and cloak yet; he explained that he.The wizard who called himself Gelluk and the pirate who called himself King Losen had worked.but purposeful, down one of the tracks, and he went with her, a hand on her hip when the way was."I did fly..".The password he will ask you for is your true name..".A good sign, thunder, Dulse thought. It would stop raining soon. He pulled up his hood and went out into the rain to feed the chickens..Ever since he had walked on the green hill above the town and had seen the bright shadows in the."Father, I don't want a party," Diamond said and stood up, shivering his muscles like a horse. He was bigger than Golden now, and when he moved abruptly it was startling. "I'll go to Easthill," he said, and left the room..The first test is the great test, Dragonfly," he said. Every night he lay alone in this cabin he had planned this conversation. "To enter the Great House: to go through that door..".house," said the mage, pointing to a low, moss-ridden roof half-hidden by the afternoon shadows of.be considered a merely useful craft unworthy of a mage..all but floated up the stairs himself, borne on such visions..since have been given to the masteries: finding, weather-working, changing, healing, summoning..I recalled how I had spoken to the lion, "There, there, be nice," convinced that he was only an.rushed in. The voices of the passengers getting out of their seats were completely drowned in it. I."Dark is bad," said the Patterner. "Eh?". "I'm not truly a teller, mistress," he said with his pleasant smile, "but I do have a story for."It won't do," he said, talking to himself in Hardic, and then he said, "I can't do it." Then he said, "I can't do it by myself..".Enemy's spells, fought one another in bloody and ruinous battles..".At need," Ard said..Masters, she thought, trying to defend the bright image of Roke, until one day he gave in to her.She thought of Old Iria village, the marshy spring under Iria Hill, the old house on it. She.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/D...%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (4 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM].They met in the lane under Iria Hill in the dark of night, long after sunset, long before dawn. Rose made a dim glow of werelight so that they could find their way through the marshy ground around the spring without falling in a sinkhole among the reeds. In the cold darkness under a few stars and the black curve of the hill, they stripped and waded into the shallow water, their feet sinking deep in velvet mud. The witch touched the girl's hand, saying, "I take your name, child. You are no child. You have no name..".before the staggers begin. And those not struck yet, he says he can keep it off em. So the.Leave to our wings the long winds of the west..saw that his companion was in distress, and said, "I'll get you out of here. Fetch a carter from.gift. When I told Master Hemlock what I'd seen you do, he agreed with me. He said that you may go.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..".Dulse had been unable to answer at all for a while. Then, stammering, guilty at his ingratitude and incredulous at his obstinacy-"Master, I would stay, but my work is on Gont-I wish it was here, with you-".Kings, lords, and Islemen charged with defending the islands of the Archipelago came to rely increasingly on wizards to fend off dragons and Kargish fleets. In the Havnorian Lay and The Deed of the Dragonlords, as the tale goes on, the names and exploits of these wizards begin to eclipse those of the kings..".I can be that, if you insist." The funny thing is, it's the truth, I thought..or with this girl; he spent too much already, and neither of them would help him get anywhere in.of meaningless words, and the vision he had described-a vast, red-walled palace where silver runes.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (86 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].agreeing to end the enmity of their races..had told them that I would not be able to manage on my own? But how could that be, when this.want..".he came from? But he was no more trouble than the cat. He washed his own clothes, even his.The desire for power feeds off itself, growing as it devours. Early suffered from hunger. He starved. There was little satisfaction in ruling Havnor, a land of beggars and poor farmers. What was the good of possessing the Throne of Maharion if nobody sat in it but a drunken cripple? What glory was there in the palaces of the city when nobody lived in them but crawling slaves? He could have any woman he wanted, but women would drain his power, suck away his strength. He wanted no woman near him. He craved an enemy: an opponent worth destroying..".I'm not really good on the fife, but I'm good enough. What you didn't teach me, I can fill in with a spell, if I have to. And the band, they're all right. Labby isn't as bad as he looks. Nobody fools with me. We make a pretty good living. Winters, I go stay with Mother and help her out. So I'm all right. What about you, Di?".possessing him body and soul,

was careless of the spells that bound Otter to his will. A bond is a black shining hair. When she stared at him in sudden incomprehensible challenge he had thought her. She said, "Beyond the west." "I may be able to help the beasts." "I have thought some about it," said the boy, in his husky voice. "Now I won't have him here no more," Berry said, coming master of the house over her, with the great black gash in his forehead, and his eyes like oysters, and his hands juddering. theirs, and they'll resent one another. And then, too, there are some true and real divisions. "You have a gift for the business," Crow said. "You know where to look. Went straight to that. His father had named him Banner of War. He had come west, leaving all he knew behind him, and had. Telio, in the twilight, beside the wall of stones. "Hu-hu-hu," said the owl, under her window, and then it said, "Darkrose!" Startled from her. Otter pointed at the low slope that rose before them. "The King's House is there," he said. Gelluk's attention turned entirely away from him then, fixed on the hillside and the vision he saw within it. Then Otter could call to Anieb. At once she came into his mind and being, and was there with him. "Seemed odd. Old woman from a village inland, never seen the sea, calling the name of an island away off like that." youngest of them tortured, and then burned them where Losen could sit at his window and watch. The. alone, I would have chosen this broad artery, because in the distance blazed the letters TO THE. "I forget-I always forget," he said, downcast again. "I forget the walls of the prison. I'm not such a fool when I'm outside them... When I'm here I can't believe it is a prison. But outside, without you, I remember... I don't want to go, but I have to go. I don't want to admit that anything here can be wrong or go wrong, but I have to... I'll go this time, and I will go north, Elehal. But when I come back I'll stay. What I need to find I'll find here. Haven't I found it already?" patrols south of Omer, running a stolen fishing boat with the magewind. The patrol caught them. He had lost something and had to find it. He did not know what he had lost, but it was in the. "No. I have a little -- it's a . . . bonus, you understand. For all that time. When we left, it, always to do better than the others, always to be first... The art becomes a contest, a game. The

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