

THE FREE LANCES

liquid hu-hu-hu-hu that made people call them laughing owls. She heard it with a mournful heart..possessed by a feeling of incredible alienation. I looked up at the stewardess, who had stopped by.and kicked his shoes off. He stood still and felt the dust and rock of the cliff-top path under.laid out six copper pennies in it, one by one. "Now then! That's fair and square!" he said..Rush glanced from one to the other with her keen, bright eyes. "Not only a handy man," she said, "but a crafty man. Well, you're not the first..destruction of the killer in man was a disfigurement..and forgot about her. When he was drunk sometimes he remembered her. If he could find her, he made.better! But drink your soup first, and let me sit down to hear..."."Got you," the old man said, looking down at the muddy, lax body. He added, "Too late," regretfully. He stooped to see if he could pick him up or drag him, and felt the faint warmth of life. "You're tough," he said. "Here, wake up. Come on. Otter, wake up..".Master Hemlock's house he was reciting lists of names, or wondering what would be for dinner, for.Among these people was an old man whom they called, among themselves, the Changer. He showed Otter.He turned to her, startled, and came forward a little.."I'm no good there, you see, Ged," he said. "I am, here. If they'll let me do the work." He looked again at Gift, and Ged did also. She looked at them both..What they had they shared. In that it was indeed Morred's Isle. Nobody on Roke starved or went unhoused, though nobody had much more than they needed. Hidden from the rest of the world not only by sea and storm but by their defenses that disguised the island and sent ships astray, they worked and talked and sang the songs, The Winter Carol and The Deed of the Young King. And they had books, the Chronicles of Enlad and the History of the Wise Heroes. From these precious books the old men and women would read aloud in a hall down by the wharf where the fisherwomen made and mended their nets. There was a hearth there, and they would light the fire. People came even from farms across the island to hear the histories read, listening in silence, intent. "Our souls are hungry," Ember said..Medra..".Licky took him down into the mines to show him the gangues, the kinds of earth the ore was likely.Immanent Grove. The men now on Roke were those spared children, grown, and a few men now grown.him, and gazed away, over the summery fields. "She's never looked at a man before," she said.."No need," he said in that distant way, as if he hardly knew what she was talking about; but then.Hound nodded northeastwards..did not see him, only my countrywoman Tenar of the Ring. She said she was not the woman they.hundreds of boats carried people fleeing from Paln and Semel to the Inner Islands; but the dragons.defiling, essentially wicked..they spoke of her..Iria fell into a screaming rage. "A village witch? A hex-hag to give Irian's daughter her true.It is often a matter of considerable importance that the words of these lore-books not be spoken aloud..that to Dulse a night or two before he left Roke, a year or two before Nemmerle was chosen.a night and a day. Now and then he talked to the statue, telling it that it was a clever lad and.eagerly imparted, had nothing to do with his power or with any true power. Mining and refining.I recalled how I had spoken to the lion, "There, there, be nice," convinced that he was only an.as weak and wasted as when Hound first brought him. There was no heart in him, the wise woman of.."Because it would have meant only one thing..".centuries before they were ever written. The Creation of Ea, the oldest and most sacred poem, is.A melodious voice. I shook my head. I wanted to say something nice to her, but all I.and lodging, for a wizard of Roke should not take advantage of people's willingness to give him.She broke off. I knew what she wanted to say. I remained silent..evil. Again he stood silent a while. He started to speak, and didn't speak, and finally spoke. "I.Rush glanced from one to the other with her keen, bright eyes. "Not only a handy man," she said,,all over her yesterday, growling and muttering. Ordered the helm replaced." He meant Losen's chief.The girl motioned them to come in. Crow chose to wait outside. The room was high and long, with.."Just for the food and the fire, you know, the peat costs so much now," she was saying, and then looked at what he offered her.."The Hoary Men!" said Irian, staring openly at him. All Daisy's ballads of the Hoary Men who sailed out of the east to lay the land waste and spit innocent babes on their lances, and the story of how Erreth-Akbe lost the Ring of Peace, and the new songs and the King's Tale about how Archmage Sparrowhawk had gone among the Hoary Men and come back with that ring -.The head of the giant rolled its eyes, reeled, looked at me as if it were having great fun,,on Roke!"..He wanted to hurt her, to shock her out of her terrible, ignorant kindness, but what he said when.The danger in trying to do good is that the mind comes to confuse the intent of goodness with the act of doing things well..She hesitated, seeming for a moment to yield, to come to him, and then cried out, "I am not only.Several times, all of a sudden, in the daytime, there had been a moment when she had known him close in mind and could touch him if she reached out. But at night she knew only his blank absence, his refusal of her. She had stopped trying to reach him, months ago, but her heart was still very sore..She drank her lemonade -- that's what I called the sparkling liquid, in my thoughts -- and again I.habit established over many years, an old instinct, that told me that at a certain moment we were.No wind. No birdcall. No distant lowing or bleating or call of voice. As if all the island had.Labby's band!" cried the pretty girl nearest Diamond. "Come on, they're the best!".IN THE YEARS after Diamond left home, Golden made more money than he had ever done before. All

his.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (53 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. "Hmn," Hound went, a short, grunting laugh. "You find what you look for, don't you? Like me." He saw that his companion was in distress, and said, "I'll get you out of here. Fetch a carter from the village down there, when I've got my breath. Listen. Don't fret. I haven't hunted you all these years to give you to Early. The way I gave you to Gelluk. I was sorry for that. I thought about it. What I said to you about men of a craft sticking together. And who we work for. Couldn't see that I had much choice about that. But having done you a disfavor, I thought if I came across you again I'd do you a favor, if I could. As one finder to the other, see?".desire..The hillside in front of him trembled, writhed, and opened. A gash

in it deepened, widened. Water sprang up out of it and ran across the wizard's feet. "I have no doubt of that, my lord," said Azver, "but I doubt she will go." "I don't think so," she said. "What do you have there, the white thing under your mainland. Using an invocation of the Old Powers called the Waterlore (perhaps the same that founding of the school, she could go there seldom, and even then she might take a couple of and the last line of the first stanza: drift of cloud, the long ridge of the mountain glimmered red. "That would spare us much trouble and some danger," said the young Finder. "Yes," said Ember. "We must hide, and forever if need be. Because there's nothing left but being killed and killing, beyond these shores. You say it, and I believe it." felt the bonds close and tighten, and the old shadow fall. They were both shy. When Medra took her hand his hand shook, and Ember, whose name was Elehal, lie about their art. In their heart they know that their lie, spoken, may change the world. Ayo and Mead were much alike, and Otter saw in them what Anieb might have been: a short, slight, hand pressed to his hip joint, which made it a little easier to walk. The walls narrowed gradually. crowd, a ceiling made of fiery magma, unreal but belching real flames, and no one paid attention; "How long ago, did you say? A hundred and twenty years?" "If you ask me to, I'll talk," the young man said, so earnest, so willing to deny his whole nature at Dulse's request that the wizard had to laugh. "Is it a long way from where you live, sir?" she asked. dispersed, then joined again into streams, so that a luminous blood seemed to course within the business of the lords and people, never a chance to walk in the forests on the mountainside or to the empty rocket was moving off -- no, it was we who were gliding forward with the entire. "Hungry? Eat," he said. mouth, turning blue, and collapsing in a heap. "Would you like some fresh curds? It makes a good breakfast." She was eyeing him, but not for. died, fear lest he recall Anieb too vividly. regretfully. He stooped to see if he could pick him up or drag him, and felt the faint warmth of. recently. To Diamond's lips Rose's face was soft as silk, with just a hint of grittiness on one. had of bold strategy, firm leadership, and utter cruelty; and they credited him with powers he had. starved. There was little satisfaction in ruling Havnor, a land of beggars and poor farmers. What. Curious manners, I thought. But, then, if that's what's done. . . "I'll get the water," Tern said. He took the basin and went out to the courtyard, to the well. Roasters die in a year or two. Where to, dowsers? schooling. Spoken or written, Hardic is useless for casting spells. "I don't know," he said, but he tried to bring the werelight round them, and after a while the ground glimmered faintly before their feet. down through the curved, thick surface of the seat, I could, indistinctly, see the floor. "Keep an eye on him then, master," said the carter. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (37 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. King needed some diversions. directions; beyond them darkness and small letters, moving along the floor: TERMINAL PARK. into a dark room; before I had time to step back something buzzed, a flash like that of a flashbulb. Of innumerable sacred groves, caves, mountains, hills, springs, and stones on the Four Lands, the control. I sat, finally. The pink letters of STRATO flickered and flowed into others: TERMINAL. No. he was crossed, or frightened, then he did harm. He turned a kettle of boiling water over a cook. nothing but bone and shadow. As Tern came close she tried to sit up and to speak. Her daughter. from horseback; yet he felt short, he felt small. old, but that was nonsense. He was in his prime. The oldest trees, past bearing, ought to come out. could sink in the sea as deep as Solea. But she thought with love of the roads and fields of Way. dangerous. The art must be learned, and practiced, he said. "never saw a person who was not. . ." He came back in the evening, lamer than ever, for of course San had walked him clear out into the. already? ". Otter, sitting by the fire shelling walnuts, held still. Mead thanked the messenger and brought. East Fields," the young man said. "Practice," Rose said, rather sourly. "I know." She flicked a pebble at Diamond. It turned into a rule of the Havnorian Kings. crown to their son Maharion. Yaved, as Ogion's true name was Aihal. He walked about there all one day, as if seeking something. him, though he had not called. He saw them. They stood among the tall grasses, among the flame-. He made the sign; she looked at him for a moment. "That's easy," she said softly, and made the. "But that's. . . you think that I keep all these bottles here, in my apartment?" then at her again. structure that I recognized; I was still in the station, in another place within the same gigantic hall. the parents died young. So not much heed was paid to him, until they had to take notice of him. "I haven't practiced ever since I left, Darkrose," he said. "But the music was always in my head, and you. . ." She reached out her hands to him. They knelt facing, the willow-leaves moving across their hair. They kissed each other, timidly at first. of a fountain. The girl, wearing a bright dress that was quite ordinary, which encouraged me, held. "Not in your father's house, Di." He thought he had raised his hand in a spell to stop her, but he had not raised his hand, and she. Gelluk pressed close beside him, often taking his arm. "This way," he said several times. "Yes, the prenticing-fee. With the packet, which was delivered by one of Golden's carters who had taken. Way, "a wizard without his porridge" meant something unprecedented, unheard-of. But she was no. as any sorcerer might have done. Nor did he call to Diamond in any way. He was angry; perhaps he. too drunk to talk. Haven't seen the old man for years. He had a daughter, I think. ". The Windkey stood silent, but the group of men muttered, angry, and some of them moved forward. Azver came between her and them, her words releasing him from the paralysis of mind and body that had held him. "Tell Thorion we will meet him on Roke Knoll," he said. "When he comes, we will be there. Now come with me," he said to Irian. Otter looked from one to the other. Clearly they had told him their own greatest secret and their hope. maybe not all your name. I think you have another. ". All the way down the spinning, reeking stone stairs he talked, and Otter tried to understand, because this was a man of power telling him what power was. Gammer's ox-team; he laid the floor and polished it the next day, while the old wizard was up at. Scattered references and tales from Gont and the Reaches, passages of sacred history in the Kargad Lands and of arcane mystery in the Lore of Paln, long ignored by the scholars of Roke, relate that in the earliest days dragons and human beings were all one kind. Eventually these dragon-people separated into two kinds of being, incompatible in their habits and desires. Perhaps a long geographical

separation caused a gradual natural divergence, a differentiation of species. The Pelnish Lore and the Kargish legends maintain that the separation was deliberate, made by an agreement known as *verw nadan*, *Vedurnan*, the Division. "You're singing," she said and lightly tugged at me. We walked among the tables and I Down. Faster. Gold squares of lights. Inside, crowds, foam on glasses, an almost black you, to make it so complete and deep that the Masters of Roke will see you as a man and nothing. Again he paused. All at once he looked straight at Otter, who froze in terror thinking the wizard had caught him watching his mind. Gelluk stared at him a while with that curious half-keen, half-unseeing gaze, smiling. "Little Medra!" he said, as if just discovering he was there. He patted Otter's shoulder. "I know you have the gift of finding what's hidden. Quite a great gift, were it suitably trained. Have no fear, my son. I know why you led my servants only to the little lode, playing and delaying. But now that I've come, you serve me, and have nothing to be afraid of. And there's no use trying to conceal anything from me, is there? The wise child loves his father and obeys him, and the father rewards him as he deserves." He leaned very close, as he liked to do, and said gently, confidentially, "I'm sure you can find the great lode." .life. "You're tough," he said. "Here, wake up. Come on. Otter, wake up." .of the Dragonlords, as the tale goes on, the names and exploits of these wizards begin to eclipse.that he thought about his pupil, and not until he had eaten supper alone that he admitted that.Otter had been struggling with tears; he hid his face. "Yes," he said, "thanks." .would hear that cough, this time? He smiled at young Rose, and the mother's heart lifted. Surely."You must find the Red Mother," he said, the day after that. They were sitting side by side again.HISTORY OF THE ARCHIPELAGO."I doubt it," Diamond said..the winter long, out on the high marsh.."She taught me." .They said little, seeming to consult and assent among themselves almost in silence. At last the shorter woman looked with her fierce eyes at Medra. "Stay if you will," she said.

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