

29405 16 SOLDERING AND BRAZING TRAINEE GUIDE

"I know. No, that's something else. I thought that you all. . . understand that?" "No," Diamond said. "Go on, Deyala. I'll stay here." The Herbal went off. Azver sat down on the rough bench Irian had made and put against the front wall of the house. He looked upstream at her, crouching motionless on the bank. Sheep in the field between them and the Great House blatted softly. The morning sun was getting hot. "They say," said Ayo from the shadows, "that there's an island where the rule of justice is kept." "Where am I, donkey?" he said to it. "How do I get to the town I saw?" .SOURCES OF HISTORY. "What's up?" said Kurremkarmerruk. "I've been reading about dragons. Not paying attention. But all part of a huge, chubby face that reached the ceiling, that there, behind the glass, spoke endlessly. "It's not just beneath them --". Osskili, spoken in Osskil and two islands northwest of it, has more affinities to Kargish than to Hardic. Kargish has diverged most widely in vocabulary and syntax from the Old Speech. Most of its speakers (like most Hardic speakers) do not realise that their languages have a common ancestry. Archipelagan scholars are aware of it, but most Kargs would deny it, since they have confused Hardic with the Old Speech, in which spells are cast, and thus fear and despise all Archipelagan speech as malevolent sorcery. "Oh Di," she said, "it will be awful when you go." in it, bulging, pressing, like an animal trying to get free. The one with a voice like a deep-toned bell looked at her too, and spoke to her with a plain, kind severity. "As I see it, the man who brought you here meant to do harm, but you do not. Yet being here, Irian, you do us and yourself harm. Everything not in its own place does harm. A note sung, however well sung, wrecks the tune it isn't part of. Women teach women. Witches learn their craft from other witches and from sorcerers, not from wizards. What we teach here is in a language not for women's tongues. The young heart rebels against such laws, calling them unjust, arbitrary. But they are true laws, founded not on what we want, but on what is. The just and the unjust, the foolish and the wise, all must obey them, or waste life and come to grief." there unhesitating, as if he knew where he was going. Now he stopped and greeted the women. smile to cover an upsetting incident. She was not pretending to be calm, she truly was calm. 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 Turres. 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. "So some wise men say," said Veil mildly, and smiled again, and bade him goodbye. As he walked he thought; he thought hard; he recalled. He recalled all he could of matters his. suddenly the lion tore his rough shag from my hands, turned his enormous head toward her, and. "You can? Is it allowed?" Outside the gleam of werelight it was dark. "She took bird form. Osprey, they said. Didn't expect that from a girl so young. Gone before they. They came to the house in Boatwright Street after dark. They kicked the door in, and Hound. "Pure?". could be anything. Horses! Bears!" seeping over a wide ledge of rock layered with sheets of mica, and under that ledge was a cavern. She stepped across the threshold of the Great House. old Lowbough of Easthill hadn't got it, and now he and Diamond could develop it as it ought to be. Anieb kept a better pace than seemed possible in a woman so famished and destroyed, walking almost naked in the chill of the rain. All her will was aimed on walking forward; she had nothing else in her mind, not him, not anything. But she was there bodily with him, and he felt her presence as keenly and strangely as when she had come to his summoning. The rain ran down her naked head and body. He made her stop to put on his shirt. He was ashamed of it, for it was filthy, he having worn it all these weeks. She let him pull it over her head and then walked right on. She could not go quickly, but she went steadily, her eyes fixed on the faint cart track they followed, till the night came early under the rain clouds, and they could not see where to set their feet. back to his vines, and thirteen-year-old Dragonfly ran out of the house and down the hill to the. The wind rattled the dry leaves on the scrub-oak bushes. The sun was behind the hill, and clouds. "Only in some very, very old tales. Before the gods were. Before men were. Before men were men." "I understand, no need to go on. All right. So it's a kind of safety measure? Very strange!" myself could have come up with better. They insisted on one thing only, that each of us fly. amount to much that I can see. He did no good to my cow with the caked bag, two years ago. And his. The last beans had got big and coarse on the vines; the cabbages were thriving. Three hens came clucking and pecking around the dusty dooryard, a red, a brown, a white; a grey hen was setting her clutch in the henhouse. There were no chicks, and no sign of the cock, the King, Heleth had called him. The king is dead, Ogion thought. Maybe a chick is hatching even now to take his place. He thought he caught a whiff of fox from the little orchard behind the house. When the city was in order again, and the ships had all come back, and the walls were being rebuilt, Ogion escaped from praise and went up into the hills above Gont Port. He found the queer little valley called Trimmer's Dell, the true name of which in the language of the Making was Yaved, as Ogion's true name was Aihal. He walked about there all one day, as if seeking something. In the evening he lay down on the ground and talked to it. "You should have told me, I could have said goodbye," he said. He wept once, and his tears fell on the dry dirt among the grass-stems and made little spots of mud, little sticky spots. who mistook the signs and piped up,

"Speed the work!". "Gentlemen, I'm looking for a hotel. Where is there. . .?" living doing what I know how to do. But I don't meddle with the great arts, the perilous crafts..She was standing far back. An armchair unfolded itself to receive me. I hated that. The windows, no wheels, not even lights, and careered as though blindly, at tremendous speed. The mechanical and violent. I stood and watched, hearing, behind me, the steady sough of hundreds. They set off along the wharves, asking for a ship bound south that might take a wizard and his. "I'll be going to Easthill with Sul's mules." "You have-" he said-"you have to go. Back." As he said "Back," his left hand struck down on the. Elfarran had used on Solea against the Enemy), he turned the waters of the Fountains of Shelieth-. What do I want? she asked herself, and the answer came not in words but throughout her whole body. The mage said, "Majesty, as you know, my poor skill has not availed, but I have sent for the greatest healer of all Earthsea, who lives in far Narveduen, and when he comes, your highness will surely walk again, yes, and dance the Long Dance." After another long time she said, "Maybe I can learn it here, sir." the message that Elfarran had escaped with the baby to an islet in the Jaws of Enlad.. San's big jenny by Alder's white horse. She was a whitey roan, young, with a pretty face. He went. said, "I can't do it by myself." "War?". "She's very sick, Rush," the girl said. She looked again at Tern. "You're not a healer?" It was an accusation.. old, but that was nonsense. He was in his prime. The oldest trees, past bearing, ought to come out. aren't who-or what-I thought they were, and I lose my way on islands I thought I knew by heart.. Rose nodded.. center of pilgrimage from the earliest recorded times, and the kings of Atuan and later of Hupun. when she came out of the shelter of the woods and saw the open sky.. 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." So these are reports of my explorations and discoveries: tales from Earthsea for those who have. "I don't know what to tell you. Is it a custom that you don't go around naked?". word, the men told them they would be tortured and burned, at which the boy cried that if they. midair, whereupon some of the people stepped down onto the approaching branch of another. and lead the wizard to defeat himself.. Tell him what he sees, Anieb whispered in Otter's mind, and he spoke: "A stream runs through. She looked round, and he looked up. Both knew that Gelluk had sensed something, had wakened. Otter. should come, he could not land on Roke,". "But we met, we sat, and we could not choose. We said this and said that, but no name was spoken.. the oval openings and brought to mind the open sea. "Don't let that touch me!" Suddenly I found. Then that was gone and he stood facing the witch-girl. Her look of accusation slowly changed. She. He reached out towards Yaved, towards the ache, the suffering. As he came closer to it he felt a. teaching him, petting him a bit as he had done yesterday. He sat down with him in the sun. Gelluk. The first Archmage, Halkel, abolished the title of Finder, replacing it with Chanter. The Chanter's task is the preservation and teaching of all the oral deeds, lays, songs, etc., and the sung spells.. to him that neither was his wife seeing the witch anymore. For years they'd been thick as thieves.. She said nothing. Labby, glancing at her, set his woodhorn to his lips. The drummer struck a. his back.. "What do you mean, what of it? Was there. . . no brit?". much, although I realized immediately that there was not an iota of admiration in it. What did. It took him a long time to cross the cavern. He put his bad arm inside his shirt and kept his good. blowing, he saw, high and far above the blue strait and the vaguer blue-brown of the land, the. because they didn't stop to ask questions, but sent wizard's fire at our ships, and came alongside. under the Kings, became common. Magic was the primary weapon in forays and battles. Wizards hired. Karego-At.. in the spring under Iria Hill," she said at last, standing up and speaking truth.. THE HARDIC LANDS. "No, seriously," she said. "You thought I was sending in the dark, eh? Since when! That. after it the dragons ceased their hostilities for a while, it is certain that Orm survived it, and. The young man slept on a pallet under the little west window of Dulse's house for three years. He learned wizardry, fed the chickens, milked the cow. He suggested, once, that Dulse keep goats. He had not said anything for a week or so, a cold, wet week of autumn. He said, "You might keep some goats.".. this little scene? The other passengers paid no attention to her. For the hundredth time I was. "Why? Everyone, I tell you!".. and her shame turned slowly into anger. I also wanted information on various things that had happened back then, before Ged and Tenar were. he was crossed, or frightened, then he did harm. He turned a kettle of boiling water over a cook. Masters, she thought, trying to defend the bright image of Roke, until one day he gave in to her. She twisted and untwisted her fingers, not taking her eyes off me, as if with these words. they got to Roke and what happened there. What I can tell you is that it seems old Early is late. Mage.. Summoner, in the Language of the Making, the tongue the dragons speak.. away, instead of sinking into the blank misery of all his nights in that room, he stayed awake.. friend the wise woman up to hex 'em away. Or aren't you friends anymore?". Just as if he were talking to me.. In the confusion of Otter's mind, he was only dimly aware that they were going now towards the. After him Otter climbed the winding stairs, broad at first but growing tight and narrow, passing. on the edge of twilight, a low wall of stones. And as he looked he thought he saw a woman walking. "A witchwind coming. Following. Get the sail down.".. over the time when Roke first became the Isle of the Wise, and it may be that the wise men put it. and flew.. accepted the lesson. No magic. Never again. He had never given his heart to it. It had been a game. Was this still architecture, or mountain-building? They must have understood that in. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (79 of 111)

[2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].Irian was studying the Namer covertly but equally attentively, trying to see if she could tell if he was what he had called a sending or was there in flesh and blood. Nothing about him appeared insubstantial, but she thought he was not there, and when he stepped into the slanting sunlight and cast no shadow, she knew it..words of apology, of thanks, so as not to leave this way -- but I couldn't. Had she been afraid only.the flare and dazzle of the flames. "Evil spirits that work for the King become clean," he said,.fellow that's been here before, from the south coast, and so San hired him. You work for me and."I'm going back to where I am," Kurremkarmerruk said abruptly. "I don't like leaving myself about.The rain had ceased, though mist still hid the peak and shreds of cloud drifted through the high forests. Dulse was not a tireless walker like Silence, who would have spent his life wandering in the forests of Gont Mountain if he could; but he had been born in Re Albi and knew the roads and ways around it as part of himself. He took the shortcut at Rissi's well and came out before midday on Semere's high pasture, a level step on the mountainside. A mile below it, all sunlit now, the farm buildings stood in the lee of a hill, across which a flock of sheep moved like a cloud-shadow. Gont Port and its bay were hidden under the steep, knotted hills that stood above the city..see it, if you don't mind, sir. He won't come looking for it. But if he saw it, he'd take it. He.Taking me there?". "Ran away! Why?".What they had they shared. In that it was indeed Morred's Isle. Nobody on Roke starved or went.sparkle. His family had praised him for the trick and made him show it off to visitors; and then.went down to the dogs and the horses and the cattle, and swore to them that she would be loyal to.could come up with was the stereotyped question:.expression. For a moment I contemplated my own face -- what was this, three-dimensional.guess Otak did. But he did no harm to the man at all, but fell down in a swoon himself. And now he.chasm. But it's there. And everything we do finally serves evil, because that's what we are. Greed.early summer afternoons..In silence Dulse sought his name, and saw two things: a fir-cone, and the rune of the Closed.into some kind of trouble, probably messing about with magic, and his mother had managed to."I can find it," said Otter..them the School sprawled grey and many-roofed on its lower hill. The grove of trees towered before.Ivory smiled. He said nothing, but she knew how petty the doings of a village witch appeared to him, who had seen great deeds and powers. She sighed and spoke from her heart - "Oh, if only I wasn't a woman!".he said. "And send the ships out of the bay. What is it you feel? How do you feel it?".his seat. I saw no houses, only the roadway, as smooth as a table and covered with strips of dull.Early raised his hand to lay the binding spell on him. His hand was stayed, held immobile half.By the time they were well into the bay and had let down the anchor it was dark, and Ivory said to the ship's master, "I'll go ashore in the morning."

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