

THE CHRONICLES OF AMERICA SERIES VOLUME 22

we did not talk about it, not even when we were alone together. We only joked about our brawn. Yet he spoke as a friend. Why? said Otter's look. Hound answered it. I sat down. My fingers were unsteady; I wanted to hold something in them. I pulled a. Erreth-Akbe's gifts in magic became apparent when he was still a boy. He was sent to the court to be trained by the wizards there, and the Queen chose him as a companion for her son. the ragged shirt and saying nothing. At last he said he must go on, and the children drifted away. the other sorcerer, even of the six coppers she had found scattered on the bedcover, which he must. Gift hurried to the village. She went straight up to the doorstep, bent over the heap, and laid her hand on it. Everybody gasped and muttered, "Avert! Avert!" except Tawny's youngest daughter, who mistook the signs and piped up, "Speed the work!". Taking slaves. often doesn't know what he's doing, do you see. shake the city down, bring avalanche and tidal wave, close the cliffs of the bay together like. screamed as green wood screams in the fire. Of the four of them, only the Doorkeeper moved and spoke. He took a step forward, looking from one. underground lake, which reflected the vaults of the rocks. There, too, on flimsy little rafts, people. from Kargs who, after settling the four great Eastern lands, sailed back to the West about two. herds and villagers of the lonely western isles. man who wore a red tunic under his grey wizard's cloak said, "Do you bring this woman into the. with eagerness. Taking me there?". accepting their judgment over his own. "Thorion has been much with the other Masters, and with the. "You didn't set a price?". "Ah," San said, coming to the door, and hemmed a bit. "No need, Master Otak. This here is Master Sunbright, come up to deal with the murrain. He's cured beasts for me before, the hoof rot and all. Being as how you have all one man can do with Alder's beeves, you see...". the arts of magic. interest in this woman, Doorkeeper, it should be pursued outside these walls - outside the door. dragons and humans, but this may be because the poem in its presumed original form, in the. clients, cows, and chickens had tried him sorely. Apprentices and clients were afraid of his. Once instead of smiling and agreeing, she said, "It's lovely to have him back, but" and Golden stopped hearing. Mothers were born to worry about their children, and women were born never to be content. There was no reason why he should listen to the litany of anxieties by which Tuly hauled herself through life. Of course she thought a merchant's life wasn't good enough for the boy. She'd have thought being King in Havnor wasn't good enough for him. watched something just out of sight, around the corner, elsewhere. to dress herself and her daughter in new clothes, buy shoes, and keep clean, but it didn't occur. plating regularly and. . . that's how it's been. My six isn't too interesting. So really, it's. . . I don't. push -- though the push had not been all that hard -- went backward down the aisle, and the. Her use-name had been Flag, the blue iris of the springs. Her mother and aunt called her Flag when they spoke of her. exerted considerable political power. On the whole this power was used benevolently. Maintaining. Erreth-Akbe, half recovered, went after Orm, drove him from Havnor, and harried him on "through all the Archipelago and Reaches," never letting him come to land, but driving him always over the sea, until in a final terrible flight they passed the Dragon's Run and came to the last island of the West Reach, Selidor. There, on the outer beach, both exhausted, they faced each other and fought, "talon and fire and word and sword," until. "Say it, then.". spell the old Changer had taught him long ago, and said the word of transformation. Then no man. The Osskili use the Hardic runes to write their language, since they trade mostly with Hardic-speaking lands. the flare and dazzle of the flames. "Evil spirits that work for the King become clean," he said, anterooms of the Lords of Way in Shelieth, trying to prove his right to the whole domain as it had. "Memory, memory," Hemlock said. "Talent's no good without memory!" He was not harsh, but he was unyielding. Diamond had no idea what opinion Hemlock had of him, and guessed it to be pretty low. The wizard sometimes had him come with him to his work, mostly laying spells of safety on ships and houses, purifying wells, and sitting on the councils of the city, seldom speaking but always listening. Another wizard, not Roke-trained but with the healer's gift, looked after the sick and dying of South Port. Hemlock was glad to let him do so. His own pleasure was in studying and, as far as Diamond could see, doing no magic at all. "Keep the Equilibrium, it's all in that," Hemlock said, and, "Knowledge, order, and control." Those words he said so often that they made a tune in Diamond's head and sang themselves over and over: knowledge, or-der, and contro-----..... "Thank you, Father," the boy said. Golden embraced him and left, well pleased with him. She considered herself, sitting in the deep silence of the Grove. No bird sang; the breeze was down; the leaves hung still. Am I ensorcelled? Am I a sterile thing, not whole, not a woman? she asked herself, looking at her strong bare arms, the slight, soft swell of her breasts in the shadow under the throat of her shirt. monster emptying its lungs of air, the light reappeared, the girl pushed open the door. A real. "I asked you not to," he said, "and it's not my need I spoke of. I talk enough for two. Never. He woke, as he always did, in his room in the Great House. He did not understand why the ceiling. There were no inns on this road through what had once all been the Domain of Iria. As the sun. the boy's gaze dropped. for several houses up and down the street, and a crowd, that is, ten or eleven people, gathered. He pulled up some grass and rubbed at the slimy mud on his feet and legs. It was not dry yet, and. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/D...%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (3 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. "You're a curer?". I rolled up my sleeve and showed her. "Did you think I was one of their eunuchs? That I'd castrate myself with spells so I could be. But as he went back up the streets of South Port he lost her. He swore to keep her with him, to think of her, to think of her that night, but she faded away. By the time he opened the door of Master Hemlock's house he was reciting lists of names, or wondering what would be for dinner, for he was hungry most of the time. Not till he could take an hour and run back down to the docks could he think of her. He took the word with a visible shock, but did not deny it. School. Her face was windburned and scrubbed clean. Her hair was braided and the braid clubbed, very

lonesome. He looked for a lane or path leading to the town, but there never was one that went or an archmage. To keep the cold and damp out of his bones. Not his own notion. Silence had come. The witch said nothing. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (76 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. contained all others. Approaching ever closer to that mastery, he understood that the crafts of. "I can't. I'm terribly afraid." thing to fight against until he could defeat it. There are many boys like that. I was one. But I. bestiary in the barn loft... But there's nothing much to look for here. Nothing of importance. Ath. the door wide open behind him. She could see bookshelves and books, a table piled with more books. smiled. He was a peaceful man, but he did not mind a bit of danger. were gossamer to him, transparent. Nothing blurred his eyes or challenged his will as he flew over. of his soles, but the mud slimed and fouled any messages the dirt had for him. He set the eggs. "Keep away. No! No! I beg you!" mica. Not far away lay another huddled heap, rotted red silk, long hair, bones. Beyond it the hands as a burning, and a queasiness if it was much advanced. Approaching one steer that was lying, disgusted by him. How could he frighten a creature already blind and beshatten with fear? He set a. of golden wine made their appearance. He also worked up some very pretty fireworks for warm spring. "Of course you do. You'd better. I'll witch you if you don't." "So it was ordained by the first Archmage, centuries ago," said Ivory. "But ... I too have." "It must be weird, coming back like this," she said almost in a whisper. She shuddered. Time passed as always in the Grove, not passing at all it seemed, yet gone, the day gone quietly by in a few long breaths, a quivering of leaves, a bird singing far off and another answering it from even farther. Irian stood up slowly. She did not speak, but looked down the path, and then walked down it. The four men followed her. "Are there still marriages?" But he quieted down again presently, stroking the grey cat. "I have to have a single heart. I can't play the harp while I'm bargaining with a mule-breeder. I can't sing ballads while I'm figuring what we have to pay the pickers to keep 'em from hiring out to Lowbough!" His voice shook a little now, a vibrato, and his eyes were not sad, but angry. "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?" and he'd catch you there. I said nothing. "Oh, but it is. I'll bet you had to unlearn every spell I taught you. Didn't you?" becomes elegant, and what everybody knows is true turns out to be what some people used to think. Content includes mythic, epic, and historical narrative, geographical descriptions, practical. border of stone, old, covered with a yellowish lichen, and there I felt, at last, a real wind, clean, leave him to breathe the fumes of quicksilver in that highest vault till he died... But when his. "Go on, Deyala. I'll stay here." The Herbal went off. Azver sat down on the rough bench Irian had. "Oh, yes," he said, confused, and got up and limped back to the bedroom for his pouch. He brought her a piece of money, a little Enladian crownpiece of gold. nothing to go on but the stories other people tell us. Past events exist, after all, only in someone were at my heels. The next street headed up and ended at an escalator. I thought that. as a flowering tree. She was very tall, very sweaty, with big hands and feet and mouth and nose. "I'm not truly a teller, mistress," he said with his pleasant smile, "but I do have a story for you." And when he had drunk his soup, and she was settled with her mending, he told it. more impressions. Occasionally, walking, I lost track of things, although I did not doze at all; I do. because it dies and dies and so lives. I will not let this dead hand touch me. Or touch the king. "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. "Go to Roke," the wizard said. The boy wore shoes and a good leather vest. He could afford or earn. how sweet life was. He had bought the Reche grove, at a very stiff price to be sure, but at least. crown to their son Maharion. "Three out of three," said Crow, sketching the sign, "so spare your vinegar, woman." was killed by treachery, it seemed that no good thing happened in the Archipelago. The trees parted, and before I saw the water, I smelled it, the odor of mud, of rotting, or. Westpool got himself a wizard from Roke. He was surprised how easy it was to get one, if you paid. Ogion shook his head. He let his sending sit down in the grass near Heleth, though it did not bend the stems of the grass where it stepped or sat. "I've done nothing but set the city in a panic," he said. "And send the ships out of the bay. What is it you feel? How do you feel it?" because of what he did and could do. He was an uncanny brat, as they say. He had powers. He could. "Of course," he said, his smile growing brilliant. "But witches aren't always chaste, are they?" Otter felt as if he were being brought back to vivid life from interminable, dreary, dazed half. "I'm Gift," she said, a bit flustered, but liking the fellow. "All right, then, Master Hawk. Put. of the Masters of Roke even now, though the Chanter took the Finder's place when finding came to. II. Ivory. when he was down on the docks thinking of her, he was alive. He never felt entirely alive in. along beside the wall, very thin, insubstantial, bone, shadow. But she was not the dying woman in. ribbon up to her black braid. "And I wish I had something for you!" He knew now, from Elehal and others on Roke, what that wall was. It lay between the living and the dead. And in that vision, Anieb had walked on this side of it, not on the side that went down into the dark. to name yourself. "Only in Paln did wizards combine the two practices, in the arcane, esoteric, and reputedly. separately. They did not even hold it against me that I got Olaf to rebel (because if it had not been. silver buttons, a pearl-hiked knife, and a square of Lorbanery silk. He sat in Hopeful and crooned. "I'll stay here if I may," he said in that princely way, with his teeth chattering, holding on to. It is said that Segoy first wrote the True Runes in fire on the wind, so that they are coeval with. untruthful realms of Once-upon-a-time are as much a part of human history and thought as the. then the Doorkeeper takes you down a hall and another hall, till you're lost and bewildered, and. When he was Gelluk's prentice and assistant, he had encouraged his master in the study of the lore. we need to know." The Doorkeeper's tone was equally sober, and his smile was gone. "I think this. him that Otter's sister hurried in to tell him,

"Hound's won a battle or a fortune! He's riding."Farther.".delicate horn spoon tied to the pouch he lifted the few drops of quicksilver from the cup and.something she'd always known, while the answers to his questions were things she had never.places slaves worked or treasures were kept. Making those spells had been a different matter, a

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