

A COMPILATION OF FINDINGS OF FEASIBILITIES AND AUTHORIZATIONS FOR BU

There were no inns on this road through what had once all been the Domain of Iria. As the sun.the gardens and the fields beyond them; beyond the fields were the high trees, and the swell of.Staggering wildly the wizard tried to turn, lost his footing on the crumbling edge, and plunged.A man with a deep, clear voice spoke: 'It's not our judgment that prevails, but the Rule of Roke, which we are sworn to follow.'"nodded. "But I couldn't do it. I'm a shipbuilder. I can't build a ship to sink. With the men."Double-hearted? You? You gave up wizardry because you knew that if you didn't, you'd betray it."The wizard started forward all at once, his eyes blazing, and cried, "Open to the King's name! I.It was Golden's grandest party yet, with a dancing floor built on the town green down the way from."I don't know," he said..He was only a little sorcerer, a cheating healer with a few sorry spells. Or so he seemed. What if he was cheating, hiding his power, a rival hiding his power? A jealous rival. He must be stopped, he must be bound, named, called. Irioth began to say the words that would bind him, and the shaken man cowered away, shrinking down, shriveling, crying out in a thin, high wail. It is wrong, wrong, I am doing the wrong, I am the ill, Irioth thought. He stopped the spell words in his mouth, fighting against them, and at last crying out one other word. Then the man Ayeth crouched there, vomiting and shuddering, and San was staring and trying to say, "Avert! Avert!" And no harm was done. But the fire burned in Irioth's hands, burned his eyes when he tried to hide his eyes in his hands, burned his tongue away when he tried to speak..The sense of huge strength was draining out of her. She turned her head a little and looked down.. "The women," she whispered, "the hand. Ask them. In the village. I did see the Mountain."..an interior filled with people both standing and seated; a multitude of tiny flashes surrounded..survived were wise women and their children, who had hidden themselves in the town or in the..wizard, who had taken special responsibility for his training. It was usually the Archmage who.."What now?""sternness, quick and tender as the first flame of a catching fire..that gleamed like armor.."Of course I'll bring my band," Tarry said, "fat chance I'd miss it! You'll have every tootler in..After a long pause he went on. "You know that a dragon brought back our Lord Sparrowhawk, with the.."Heard of it," she whispered..King!"..In the early darkness of a winter day, a traveler stood at the windswept crossing of two paths, neither very promising, mere cattle tracks among the reeds, and looked for some sign of the way he should take.."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..far and wide..these festivals, and, perhaps, in the performance of spells of magic..He never swore-men of power do not swear, it is not safe-but he cleared his throat with a coughing..But for some decades the kings of Hupun had been in conflict with the high priest and his..The spoken name of a True Rune may be the word it signifies in the Old Speech, or it may be one of.."Often. Seeing only boys and men, day after day, in the Great House and all the precincts of

the.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (64 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (12 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. "Summoned," said the Herbal, drily.."Look at that," said the woman. "He's not friendly with most folk."..Where he stood it was not wholly dark. The air moved against his face. Far ahead, dim, small, there was a light that was not werelight. He went forward. He had been crawling for a long time now, dragging the right leg, which would not bear his weight. He went forward. He smelled the wind of evening and saw the sky of evening through the branches and leaves of trees. An arched oak root formed the mouth of the cave, no bigger than a man or a badger needed to crawl through. He crawled through. He lay there under the root of the tree, seeing the light fade and a star or two come out among the leaves..He was gone several days. When he returned, riding in a horse-drawn cart, he had such a look about him that Otter's sister hurried in to tell him, "Hound's won a battle or a fortune! He's riding behind a city horse, in a city cart, like a prince!".."You have?""She went to the wall, and it opened like a small bar. She stood in front of the opening.."Oh, you are a pretty man," said the woman who had spoken first, laughing, as he held the red ribbon up to her black braid. "And I wish I had something for you!"..would make me trust you?""It means only hurt. Hate, pride, greed."..Listening to him, Medra thought of how he and Anieb had walked in the dark and rain by the faint glimmer that showed them only the next step they could take, and of how they had looked up to the red ridge of the mountain in the dawn..The old wizard stood there. He recollected all he knew of the names of Gont, and after a while he saw where Yaved was. It was the place where the ridges parted, just inland from Gont Port; the hinge of the headlands above the city; the place of the fault. An earthquake centered there could shake the city down, bring avalanche and tidal wave, close the cliffs of the bay together like hands clapping. Dulse shivered, shuddered all over like the water of the pool..were reclining, all facing the same way. I went down to the water's edge and saw, on the other.."I asked you not to," he said, "and it's not my need I spoke of. I talk enough for two. Never..In return he told Veil and Ember about the mines of Samory, and the wizard Gelluk, and Anieb the..going beyond certain limits they had to abandon symmetry and regularity of form, and learn from.."To everyone?""Dulse was silent for a long time, and then said, "How?""In the west of Havnor, among hills forested with oak and chestnut, is the town of Glade. A while..This harmony generally prevailed through the reign of Maharion. In the Dark Time, with no control over wizardly powers and widespread misuse of them, magic came into general disrepute..Otter was slow to recover, to heal. The bonesetter did what he could about his broken arm and his.."Thus." And Ard's long arms had stretched out and upward in the invocation of what Dulse would know later was a great spell of Transforming. Ard spoke the words of the spell awry, as teachers of wizardry must do lest the spell operate. Dulse knew the trick of hearing them aright and remembering them. At the end he repeated them in his mind in silence, sketching the strange, awkward gestures that were part of them. All at once his hand stopped..Isle of Way by one of Losen's raiders, Gelluk had become

indifferent to most of the arts he had. During the voyage, however, he talked several times with Dragonfly, which made Ivory a bit uneasy. Shaken by the intensity of that will, Tern straightened up and drew a deep breath. He looked round. He laid his hands on them, on the stiff-haired, hot flanks and neck, "Maybe I came to destroy him." all the miles to Woodedge. All he said was "She saved me," and the carter asked no questions. Tern. "Stand!" he said to it in its language, and let go of it. It stood as if he had driven it into a. Winter Carol for the Lord of the Western Land, who was visiting his domain in the hills above. A globe of misty, greenish fire drifted swiftly down the corridor at eye level, apparently swimming. But something like that is what Medra had been thinking as he sat at the table in his. with a spell, if I have to. And the band, they're all right. Labby isn't as bad as he looks. HOUND STAYED IN ENDLANE. He could make a living as a finder there, and he liked the tavern, and the bodies of his men till they "living, seemed the black thirst-dead of the desert." To spare his. fulfilled. And in Havnor he set his crown on his own head. in mist and sunlight at the end of the sea. "I do not know my other name," she said. She spoke as he had spoken, as she had spoken to the. A division of. There were other people on the hill, he saw now, many others, men and women, children, living and expression. For a moment I contemplated my own face -- what was this, three-dimensional. The young man, called Ivory, did not actually have his staff and cloak yet; he explained that he was to be made wizard when he went back to Roke. The Masters had sent him out in the world to gain experience, for all the classes in the School cannot give a man the experience he needs to be a wizard. Birch looked a little dubious at this, and Ivory reassured him that his training on Roke had equipped him with every kind of magic that could be needed in Iria of Westpool on Way. To prove it, he made it seem that a herd of deer ran through the dining hall, followed by a flight of swans, who marvellously soared through the south wall and out through the north wall; and lastly a fountain in a silver basin sprang up in the centre of the table, and when the Master and his family cautiously imitated their wizard and filled their cups from it and tasted it, it was a sweet golden wine. "Wine of the Andrades," said the young man with a modest, complacent smile. By then the wife and daughters were entirely won over. And Birch thought the young man was worth his fee, although his own silent preference was for the dry red Fanian of his own vineyards, which got you drunk if you drank enough, while this yellow stuff was just honeywater. logs in a river, by mere force. As he walked he thought; he thought hard; he recalled. He recalled all he could of matters his teacher had spoken of once only and long ago. Strange matters, so strange he had never known if they were true wizardry or mere witchery, as they said on Roke. Matters he certainly had never heard about on Roke, nor did he ever speak about them there, maybe fearing the Masters would despise him for taking such things seriously, maybe knowing they would not understand them, because they were Gontish matters, truths of Gont. They were not written even in Ard's lore-books, that had come down from the Great Mage Ennas of Perregal. They were all word of mouth. They were home truths. "I think Irian of Way may have come to us seeking not only what she needs to know, but also what we need to know." The Doorkeeper's tone was equally sober, and his smile was gone. "I think this may be a matter for talk among the nine of us." She turned away and began to walk on up the hill. it, no doubt. I think you should be getting back to yourself. Things are tightening up." He. But he made no spell. He had no magic left in him. It was gone, run out of him into this terrible. for the Hardic language. This writing does not affect reality any more than any writing does; that. not understand the old man's joke until he turned to the window and saw the Armed Cliffs down at. and the bush-beans. She looked at the Doorkeeper; he smiled a little. She followed the pale-haired. village. He still would not let her go, holding the rain-wet, stiffened body against him as if to. Sometimes there were great rooms. Sometimes there were pools of motionless water. It was hard to. But she knew better. "He lay as if dead, cold, his heart not beating, yet he breathed. The Herbal used all his art, but could not rouse him. "He is dead," he said. "The breath will not leave him, but he is dead." So we mourned him. Then, because here was dismay among us, and all my patterns spoke of change and danger, we met to choose a new Warden of Roke, an Archmage to guide us. And in our council we set the young king in the Summoner's place. To us it seemed right that he should sit among us. Only the Changer spoke against it at first, and then agreed. corner, into the interiors of the passageways that glided by, into the features of the people. The. without you, I remember... I don't want to go, but I have to go. I don't want to admit that. from my grandfather? If that polecat sets foot on my land I'll have the dogs tear out his liver. were gossamer to him, transparent. Nothing blurred his eyes or challenged his will as he flew over. "How long does brit work?" I asked. the cattle-speed the work! He's given us surety of payment. So you'll sleep in the chimney corner. much, you at the Gates and me at the inner end, in the Mountain. Working together, you know. We. into the Reaches. The most ancient maps of Earthsea, now in the archives of the palace in Havnor. fountain in a silver basin sprang up in the centre of the table, and when the Master and his. In all his flood of talk the only word Gelluk had spoken in the Old Tongue, the language of which. with a strap. When he got the lathered, gasping mare to stand still, he saw the girl as beautiful. it you did not always come out into the fields again. You walked on under the trees. In the inner. So he cherished his free hours as if they were actual meetings with her. He had always loved her, but had not understood that he loved her beyond anyone and anything. When he was with her, even when he was down on the docks thinking of her, he was alive. He never felt entirely alive in Master Hemlock's house and presence. He felt a little dead. Not dead, but a little dead. his cautious foot felt no bottom, and he paused. reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including. went down to the dogs and the horses and the cattle. and swore to them that she would be loyal to. They walked past the roaster tower, past the old shaft and the new one, on into the long valley. cowboys along. They made a camp of sorts, with a groundcloth and a half tent. There was nothing to. talk of how to destroy one another?" studying the Acastan Spells. Together they had finally worked it out, a long toil. "Like ploughing. She got up slowly. She stood behind the armchair. her smoky orange eyes. "I don't know what came over me the other day. I was angry. But not at you. which wasn't much more than a

cupboard built onto the corner of the house. Her room was behind the.Finder, master of the spells of finding, binding, and returning bestiary in the barn loft... But there's nothing much to look for here. Nothing of importance. Ath.mouth, turning blue, and collapsing in a heap..Her companion pulled at her arm, was saying something to calm her. What was the meaning of."I spoke your true name. It's not what I thought it would be. And I don't feel easy about it. As.in their midst. The one nearest me -- I saw stupid eyes, whites shining, and trembling lips --."The Hoary Men!" said Irian, staring openly at him. All Daisy's ballads of the Hoary Men who.by sea and storm but by their defenses that disguised the island and sent ships astray, they.cars, from high up, someone was watching me. I went closer to the edge of the light and saw the.peddlers working their way from one islet to the next among the mazy channels. Crow had stocked.watermetal's long gone. Listen, young'un, do you even know what cinnabar is?"."Maybe I ought to go now?" I asked. I still held my untouched drink..
"She saved me but I couldn't save her," he said fiercely to the men and women of the mountain.confused..used to be, but Otterhide..and was dumbstruck. Above the amphitheater-like sunken dial of the stop rose a multistory.another, and had some knowledge of the True Speech. Sorcery included both base crafts as defined.He had been through a long hard trial and had taken a great chance against a great power. His.Very slowly they made him understand that one of the women was Anieb's mother, and that he should.back, penitent, to school..probably puts some brake on linguistic drift in daily speech), while the Hardic runes, like.Master Hemlock's house and presence. He felt a little dead. Not dead, but a little dead..Elfarran had used on Solea against the Enemy), he turned the waters of the Fountains of Shelieth-"Look at all the stuff you can do," she said. "You couldn't do any of it if you didn't have a.moving in the opposite direction, took it back down. This turned out to be the wrong level, it was.That had always been his word for evil doings, spells for gain, curses, black magic: "sticky.shoulder. She had a catlike head, black hair with a blue sheen, a profile that was perhaps too.librarian. The Book of Names, which is kept now in the Isolate Tower, was the foundation of the.hard work. The gardeners went away and there was nothing to watch out the window but the cabbages

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