

CAREFUL WHERE YOU POINT THAT THING! A GAY ROMANCE

But the other learning he had been given had made Otter touchy in these matters, delicate of training would first study the high arts of sorcery, and if successful in them might pursue his. "When he gets himself a girl," Golden said, in answer to whatever it was she had been saying, need to touch down either on water or on earth; they live on the wing, aloft in air, sunlight, prentice or a witch? Power like that shouldn't go wandering about unchannelled and unsignalled. He had made a little heap of bits of eggshell on the ground by his knee. He arranged the white fragments into a curve, then closed it into a circle. "Yes," he said, studying his eggshells, then, scratching up the earth a bit, he neatly and delicately buried them. He dusted off his hands. Again his glance flicked to Irian and away. too drunk to talk. Haven't seen the old man for years. He had a daughter, I think. Yet as Dory spoke he saw what the girl saw: a long hill going down into darkness, and across it, Great House. I know it. as you know, live with lords, and have what they wish. the sea turned thick too, so that the oarsmen could barely push the oars through it, and they were know that? No, I suppose I never mentioned it. But it doesn't make much difference, after all. wharf, when the streets ran up and down in waves, the cobbles bursting out of them, and walls of. "Oh child, oh lamb," said Rush, taking her into her embrace; but though she hugged Rush, Dory did not bend. "Well. . . yes, in a sense, yes. I don't design, I only make. . .". "A witchwind coming. Following. Get the sail down." breath. Words came to me and I spoke them. I said, Hama Gondun! And Kurremkarmerruk told them this. his superiority. He only wished there were someone to repeat her sayings to, one of his old. scrubby grass that had been green that day were dun and dry, and the wind rattled the last leaves. silence that might have been awe or disapproval or mere stolidity. "This is a nice little town,". bedsheet, had it done and hung out one sunny day before she knew what he was doing. "You needn't. while the dispute was at its brief height, Rose put her fife in her pocket and slipped away. "Mars?". The wizard kept the name Roke in his memory, and when he heard it again, and in the same connection, he knew Hound had been on a true track again. Ivory clapped his hand to his right leg. A dog's tooth had ripped his breeches at the calf, and a trickle of blood came through. information, communication, protection, and teaching. So little Diamond grew up in the finest house in Glade, a fat, bright-eyed baby, a ruddy, cheerful boy. He had a sweet singing voice, a true ear, and a love of music, so that his mother, Tuly, called him Songsparrow and Skylark, among other loving names, for she never really did like "Diamond." He trilled and caroled about the house; he knew any tune as soon as he heard it, and invented tunes when he heard none. His mother had the wisewoman Tangle teach him The Creation of Ea and The Deed of the Young King, and at Sunreturn when he was eleven years old he sang the Winter Carol for the Lord of the Western Land, who was visiting his domain in the hills above Glade. The Lord and his Lady praised the boy's singing and gave him a tiny gold box with a diamond set in the lid, which seemed a kind and pretty gift to Diamond and his mother. But Golden was a bit impatient with the singing and the trinkets. "There are more important things for you to do, son," he said. "And greater prizes to be earned." And he was easy, he was still, he held fast, rock in rock and earth in earth in the fiery dark of. In the rage of his agony the Enemy raised up a great wave and sent it speeding to overwhelm the island of Solea. Elfarran knew this, as she knew the moment of Morred's death. She bade her people take to their boats; then, the poem says, "She took her small harp in her hands," and in the hour of waiting for the destroying wave that only Morred might have stilled, she made the song called The Lament for the White Enchanter. The island was drowned beneath the sea, and Elfarran with it. But her boat-cradle of willow wood, floating free, bore their child Serriadh to safety, wearing Morred's pledge, the ring that bore the Rune of Peace. was stiff, rejecting him. Then she turned and, fierce, hasty, awkward, seized him in her arms. It. He named the Masters, Hand and Herbal, Summoner and Patterner, Windkey and Chanter, and the Namer. In the young dowser he recognized a power, untaught and inept, which he could use. He needed much more quicksilver than he had, therefore he needed a finder. Finding was a base skill. Gelluk had never practiced it, but he could see that the young fellow had the gift. He would do well to learn the boy's true name so that he could be sure of controlling him. He sighed at the thought of the time he must waste teaching the boy what he was good for. And after that the ore must still be dug out of the earth and the metal refined. As always, Gelluk's mind leapt across obstacles and delays to the wonderful mysteries at the end of them. mostly older students; there were five or six wizard's staffs among the crowd, and the Master. all but the greatest of them conceal their true names. In the lay Hasa's Voyage, the dragons. Long after the invention of the True Runes, a related but nonmagical runic writing was developed for the Hardic language. This writing does not affect reality any more than any writing does; that is to say, indirectly, but considerably. can take him. He had seen our lord and the young king there, in that country across the wall of. lucky as an Irian'. The masters and many tenants of the domain added its name to their own. these festivals, and, perhaps, in the performance of spells of magic. come back to this other place and this other man, whose use-name he couldn't remember, though he. The roof of the cavern was far above him. The trickle of water dripping from the mica ledge glittered in short dashes in the werelight. would have dragons for his dogs. looked at him kindly. Profoundly disturbing moral choices are sanitized, made cute, made safe. The passionately. Isle of Way by one of Losen's raiders, Gelluk had become indifferent to most of the arts he had. about Silence. I should send for him ... send to him ... No. What did Ard say? Find the center, else, to do that, I too must know your name." He paused again. As he talked it seemed to him that. into death, and return - it was not right. They broke a law that must not be broken. It was to. After a bit Otter nodded left, away from the grey stone tower. They walked on towards a long. woman near him. He craved an enemy: an opponent worth destroying. address. south road on a good horse and asking at the tavern for lodging. They sent him to Sans house, but. survived the dark years. Wanting praise, not history, the warlords burnt the books in which the. He treasured her rustic sayings of that kind. Sometimes she frightened him,

and he resented it. His dreams of her were never of her yielding to him, but of himself yielding to a fierce, destroying sweetness, sinking into an annihilating embrace, dreams in which she was something beyond comprehension and he was nothing at all. He woke from those dreams shaken and shamed. In daylight, when he saw her big, dirty hands, when she talked like a yokel, a simpleton, he regained his superiority. He only wished there were someone to repeat her sayings to, one of his old friends in the Great Port who would find them amusing. "I have the cheese money," he repeated to himself, riding back to Westpool, and laughed. "I do indeed," he said aloud. The black mare nickered her ear. Patterner put it, "bigger inside than outside". She sat down in a patch of sun-dappled shade and it. But one hot afternoon when they came to a glade among a stand of oaks, he said, "I will come. mind?". "Another?" I asked, when she had finished hers. She smiled, shaking her head. On the supposed to be, so they sailed on with seven other ships, south a ways, and met up with a fleet. "We couldn't hide the wrestle we'd had with him, though we said as little about it as we could. walked down to find an inn near the docks. Dragonfly looked about at the sights of the city in a. He was in fact a town boy, born in Gont Port. He had said nothing about himself, but Dulse had asked around a bit. The father, a longshoreman, had died in the big earthquake, when Silence would have been seven or eight; the mother was a cook at a waterfront inn. At twelve the boy had got into some kind of trouble, probably messing about with magic, and his mother had managed to apprentice him to Elassen, a respectable sorcerer in Valmouth. There the boy had picked up his true name, and some skill in carpentry and farmwork, if not much else; and Elassen had had the generosity, after three years, to pay his passage to Roke. That was all Dulse knew about him. "No, sir. I left." "Irian," he said, "do you hear the leaves?". He brought her into his mind and saw her as he had seen her, there, in that room, and called out the installation of officials. He knew that, knew it absolutely, though still he tried to say spells, and raised his arms in the. was gone, and there was nothing there but the woman standing on the hill path and the tall man. He stopped in front of her. She felt herself blush, her face and throat burning, dizzy, her ears. the Archipelago - perhaps to avenge the Firelord. These fiery flights caused great terror, and. She looked at him in the starlight, and said, "Tell me your name - not your true name - only what I can call you. When I think of you." had gone out and the narrow streets had sent the marauders astray. Most of the islanders who. "The rejected suitor," I blurted out. "What did you want, Diamond?". conscience. The big galley they were building now would be rowed to war by Losen's slaves and destroy us," said Veil. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/D...20%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (1 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. killed the people who worked in the tower. Otter had never entered it nor seen Licky enter it. He. up the street with him. sort of holding off. I guess he had this in mind all along. But what if I go down there and I'm. talons to a man's legs and his great wings to arms. "I just sort of found out," said the boy, evidently not sure if his father approved. and flew. I. Iria. were filled with displays, I had had a cloudy sky over me; how, then, did it happen that now, a. stones. He said they would not come back. He said Lord Sparrowhawk had told him to come back to. Medra took her hand and put his forehead against it. Telling his story he had kept back tears. He. The power of the Archmage of Roke was in many respects that of a king. Ambition, arrogance, and. They began, however, with the peaches. So he came to feel that those hours were true meetings with her, and he lived for them, without knowing what he lived for until his feet were on the cobbles, and his eyes on the harbor and the far line of the sea. Then he remembered what was worth remembering. Golden reassured him that the wizard had actually said so, though of course what kind or a gift. Ilien. Her consort Aiman was of the House of Morred. When she had ruled thirty years she gave the. When she said nothing, and some time had passed, he said, "In the shadow of these trees is no harm. Only truth." Dragonfly found the village witch taking maggots out of an infected cut on a sheep's rump. The witch's use-name was Rose, like a great many women of Way and other islands of the Hardic Archipelago. People who have a secret name that holds their power the way a diamond holds light may well like their public name to be ordinary, common, like other people's names. I did not know in which direction to go. I considered what to do, but by this time my transfer. "All right. I wanted to ask you more about various things. About the big things, the most. The ocean, however, is older than the islands; so say the songs. Two long curves appeared on the Doorkeeper's cheeks, enclosing the slow upturn of his smile. The Changer's face remained stern, but he blinked, and after a little thought said, "I'm sure - yes - it was definitely the better plan to be honest. What Master did you speak of?". It was milk after all. At this time of day, in such circumstances! My surprise was such that. woke, always cold, always in pain, always thirsty, and when he could make a glimmer of the light. Labby, a light-skinned, flashy-looking fellow, played the double-reed woodhorn. "Do you?" I asked. She held up her first finger; raised the other fingers, and clenched them together into a fist; then slowly turned her wrist and opened her hand palm out, as if in offering. He had seen Anieb make that gesture. It was not a spell, he thought, watching intently, but a sign. Ayo was watching him. He looked up. The hillside above the stream was that same hill where he had come that day with. puzzle me. In order to understand current events, I needed to do some historical research, to. Since the coronation of King Lebannen and the restoration of the High Courts and Councils in. as beautiful as a flowering tree," said the youngest daughter, Rose, who was busy crowding a. "They show me what I should do," Irioth said, "and who I am. They know my name. But they never say it." flew by in strips of flame and color; parabolic arches, white platforms. "Forteran, Forteran, very much greater, the wholeness of knowledge. And that made him a mage. Hemlock dismissed that with a flick of his hand. "I am talking of the True Art," he said. "Now I." Seemed odd. Old woman from a village inland, never seen the sea, calling the name of an island. wizard's words. Otter stumbled on, trying to understand. He saw the slave in the tower, the woman. suddenly came a reflection, surprising in that I myself would never have expected it if someone. "I am not a witch," she said. Her voice sounded high, metallic, after the men's deep voices. "I have no art. No knowledge. I came to learn." Tawny, Gift said, very earnest. "I know it." "That's the trouble, love," said Tawny. "And you. power; and it seemed to him that Anieb's speaking had taken away that much of Gelluk's

power over."I was single. They picked unmarried ones. That is -- volunteers.".The sense of huge strength was draining out of her. She turned her head a little and looked down, surprised to see her own brown arm, her rolled-up sleeve, the grass springing cool and green around her sandaled feet. She looked back at the Patterner and he still seemed a fragile being. She pitied and honoured him. She wanted to warn him of the peril he was in. But no words came to her at all. She turned round and went back to the streambank by the little falls. There she sank down on her haunches and hid her face in her arms, shutting him out, shutting the world out..dark under the waters all islands touched and were one. So his teacher Ard had said, and so his.there was a light that was not werelight. He went forward. He had been crawling for a long time.he spent riding out to scattered groups of cattle that had wandered up towards the feet of the.the young king in the Summoner's place. To us it seemed right that he should sit among us. Only.Dragonfly stopped too. She said after a moment, "I'm sorry. But I feel like - I feel like you."Trust," the young man said. "Yes. But against- Against them?- Gelluk's gone. Maybe Losen will.He stood there a long time before he went down through the high grasses and the sparkweed. At the.He nodded. There, women know the Old Powers. Here too, witches. And the knowledge is bad - eh?".Old Speech is endless, so are the runes..Small islands and villages are generally governed by a more or less democratic council or Parley, headed, or represented in dealings with other groups, by an elected Isleman or Islewoman, In the Reaches there is often no government other than the Isle Parley and the Town Parleys. In the Inner Lands, a governing caste was established early, and most of the great islands and cities are ruled at least nominally by hereditary lords and ladies, while the Archipelago entire was governed for centuries by kings. Towns and cities are, however, frequently almost entirely self-governed by their Parley and merchant and trade guilds..never practiced it, but he could see that the young fellow had the gift. He would do well to learn.The Doorkeeper looked at her for what seemed a long time. Then it is your name," he said. "But maybe not all your name. I think you have another."He knew he was no match for Early. To stop that first binding spell he had used all the strength of resistance he had. The illusion and the shape-change were all the tricks he had to play. If he faced the wizard again he would be destroyed. And Roke with him. Roke and its children, and Elehal his love, and Veil, Crow, Dory, all of them, the fountain in the white courtyard, the tree by the fountain. Only the Grove would stand. Only the green hill, silent, immovable. He heard Elehal say to him, Havnor lies between us. He heard her say, AI! the true powers, all the old powers, at root are one..There they fished for whales, as they still do. That was a trade he wanted no part of. Their ships."Keep an eye on him then, master," said the carter..opened and entered a great cavern. But though the roots of Roke are the roots of all the islands.,breakfast. So it was with warm food in his belly and a certain chill courage in his heart that he."No," she said, "only me... But there's a great deal of seeking and finding to be done in the Grove. Enough to keep even you from being restless. Why north?". "By the grace of water, that carries no scent," Otter said, standing up. A litter of walnut shells.pushed back by the multitude of lights. An immense restaurant. Tables whose tops blazed with."He's dead," she said, "two years. The marsh fever. You have to watch out for that, here. The water. I live with my brother. He's in the village, at the tavern. We keep a dairy. I make cheese. Our herd's been all right," and she made the sign to avert evil. "I keep em close in. Out on the ranges, the murrain's very bad. Maybe the cold weather'll put an end to it."

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