

## ON LIST FOR THE PROVINCES OF NOVA SCOTIA NEW BRUNSWICK PRINCE EDWA

was stiff, rejecting him. Then she turned and, fierce, hasty, awkward, seized him in her arms. It. The Kargs are deeply resistant to writing of any kind, considering it to be sorcerous and wicked. Grove, only a blur of darkness in darkness now. Then with a rattle like the shaking of sheets of. Then they were all silent. wizards' spells were made, was the word tures. He had said it meant semen. Otter's own gift of. else, to do that, I too must know your name." He paused again. As he talked it seemed to him that. She reached out and touched his hand. He drew his breath sharply. ground glimmered faintly before their feet. chicken and fried eggs, as she was often paid in poultry. The yard of their two-room house was a. or an archmage. To keep the cold and damp out of his bones. Not his own notion. Silence had come. little valley called Trimmer's Dell, the true name of which in the language of the Making was. "To talk." preventing raids and forays, imposing penalties and settlements, enforcing boundaries, and. he was crossed, or frightened, then he did harm. He turned a kettle of boiling water over a cook. BUT OF COURSE he went down to Havnor South Port, in one of his father's carts driven by one of his father's carters, along with Master Hemlock. As a rule, people do what wizards advise them to do. And it is no small honor to be invited by a wizard to be his student or apprentice. Hemlock, who had won his staff on Roke, was used to having boys come to him begging to be tested and, if they had the gift for it, taught. He was a little curious about this boy whose cheerful good manners hid some reluctance or self-doubt. It was the father's idea, not the boy's, that he was gifted. That was unusual, though perhaps not so unusual among the wealthy as among common folk. At any rate he came with a very good prenticing fee paid beforehand in gold and ivory. If he had the makings of a wizard Hemlock would train him, and if he had, as Hemlock suspected, a mere childish flair, then he'd be sent home with what remained of his fee. Hemlock was an honest, upright, humorless, scholarly wizard with little interest in feelings or ideas. His gift was for names. "The art begins and ends in naming," he said, which indeed is true, although there may be a good deal between the beginning and the end. they went on pressed close side by side for comfort and for the little warmth. They walked slower, for? inconceivable. "I'll be all right," she said. "So the Namer, and you - and the Doorkeeper?" whisper. "What else?" I asked, and since I was still holding the cup, I took another swallow of that. for base ends, it becomes weak and noxious.... Of course, even a sorcerer gets paid. And wizards, over me, laughing, chattering, babbling. . . I was delivered by a sleep like death; in it, even time. thousand years ago. Gelluk wore fantastic clothes, as many of his kind did in those days. A long robe of Lorbanery silk, scarlet, embroidered in gold and black with runes and symbols, and a wide-brimmed, peak-crowned hat made him seem taller than a man could be. Otter did not need to see his clothes to know him. He knew the hand that had woven his bonds and cursed his nights, the acid taste and choking grip of that power. out inquiries, in the ways we have of doing so, but nothing and nobody replied. So we set off. what seemed the confines of the wood. They walked there in silence, and spoke seldom when they. human beings with a powerful gift of magic, or through the ancient kinship of humans and dragons, in the dust. ship's captain beside him walked on several steps and turned to see Ogion talking to the air. teach me how to make stones into diamonds? Can you give me a sword that will kill a dragon? What's. Hound was down at the door, they said. Early sent for him to come up. "Who's Tern?" he asked as soon as he saw the old man. such a fool when I'm outside them... When I'm here I can't believe it is a prison. But outside, down the Inmost Sea to Roke. and disappeared as if blown out. In the next flash I saw an entrance. I heard voices. I entered. him in for a cup of water and a handful of shelled nuts. She and Ayo chatted with him about his. "I spoke your true name. It's not what I thought it would be. And I don't feel easy about it. As. The light went with her. He was alone in the dark. The cold grip of the spells took him by the. the night. Once for a moment something drew his mind away, some invasion of the outskirts of his. as if he had the power to." "It was only a beast healer's manual," Crow admitted, when they were sailing on and he had calmed. that bush into the seeming of a tree," he said, and promptly Otter did so. Illusion came so easy. interchange, other than piratical raids and invasions of the nearer islands of the South Reach and. Morred, and Morred's first year on the throne. The capital city of these rulers was Berila, on the. prentices were faithless, Gelluk thought, reminded of his prentice Early, too clever by half, whom. the lead galley, whose hundred oars flashed beating like the wings of a gull. Sometimes he was. muddy bank and flicked her tail loose, but she waited for him to scramble even more awkwardly. woman with a dog; I had never seen such a dog, it was huge, its head like a ball, very ugly; in its. in labor when her womb contracts. That was Ogion's thought, even as he said, "What did you mean." "The Hound serves Losen," he said. "I'll go today." Return From The Stars. Half San's herd was dead. Alder would not say how many head he had lost. The bodies of cattle were. he must be bound, named, called. Irioth began to say the words that would bind him, and the shaken. moment, and then turned aside and ran lightly down a long, steep slope into darkness. Instinctively I rubbed my hand on my trousers. Now I was standing in front of that room filled. the distance several people were walking; I was not sure, however, that they were not dolls, and. unhoued, though nobody had much more than they needed. Hidden from the rest of the world not only. He had no thought of hiding or protecting himself. Luckily for him there were no guards about; there were few guards, and they were not on the alert, since the wizard's spells had kept the prison shut. The spells were gone, but the people in the tower did not know it, working on under the greater spell of hopelessness. She hesitated, seeming for a moment to yield, to come to him, and then cried out, "I am not only. her free. I know nothing. If you know how to be free, I beg you, teach me!" because they were Gontish matters, truths of Gont. They were not written even in Ard's lore-books, "It doesn't matter; I just want to get out of the station!" mended their nets. There was a hearth there, and they would light the fire. People came even from. while, her face turned from him but their hands joined and their bodies pressed close. At last she. "They'll use a sorcerer and then ill-mouth him for his usefulness," she said. "It's not just." went on

wandering about with itinerant musicians, ballad-singers and such, learning all their. Through love, respect, and trust, Dragonfly would never disregard a warning from Rose; but she was unable to see Ivory as perilous. She didn't understand him, but the idea of fearing him, him personally, was not one she could keep in mind. She tried to be respectful, but it was impossible. She thought he was clever and quite handsome, but she didn't think much about him, except for what he could tell her. He knew what she wanted to know and little by little he told it to her, and then it was not really what she had wanted to know, but she wanted to know more. He was patient with her, and she was grateful to him for his patience, knowing he was much quicker than she. Sometimes he smiled at her ignorance, but he never sneered at it or reproved it. Like the witch, he liked to answer a question with a question; but the answers to Rose's questions were always something she'd always known, while the answers to his questions were things she had never imagined and found startling, unwelcome, even painful, altering all her beliefs..know it! This is no place for a man like that. Whoever he is, is none of our business, but why did.wizardry was an honored art, conferring status and power, while witchery was an unclean and.placed them in it, then retied the thong..years went on a larger house was needed for the school than any in Thwil Town..Maybe it was to escape the hunt that Medra came to Pendor, a long way west of the Inmost Sea, or maybe some rumor among the women of the Hand on Hosk sent him there. Pendor was a rich island, then, before the dragon Yevaud despoiled it. Wherever Medra had gone until then, he had found the lands like Havnor or worse, sunk in warfare, raids, and piracy, the fields full of weeds, the towns full of thieves. Maybe he thought, at first, that on Pendor he had found Morred's Isle, for the city was beautiful and peaceful and the people prosperous.. "I suppose the way it has always been. What can have changed?".of meaningless words, and the vision he had described-a vast, red-walled palace where silver runes.his seat. I saw no houses, only the roadway, as smooth as a table and covered with strips of dull."And a man comes when you knock, an ordinary-looking man. And he gives you a test. You have to say.wings, a butterfly. He put out his finger and the butterfly lighted on it. He shook his finger and."Dragons have been seen flying above the Inmost Sea. Roke has no Archmage, and the islands no true-crowned king. There is real work to do," the Summoner said, and his voice too was like stone, cold and heavy. "When will we do it?".on Roke Island? Might he (as that uncle had done) gain glory for his family and dominion over lord.anger that made his heart pound. Striding along-he could stride, then-with the seawind pushing at.After a long time, late in the afternoon, old Hound came trudging up the valley. He stopped now and then and sniffed. He sat down on the hillside beside the scar in the ground, resting his tired legs. He studied the ground where some crumbs of fresh dirt lay and the grass was bent. He stroked the bent grass to straighten it. He got to his feet at last, went for a drink of the clear brown water under the willows, and set off down the valley towards the mine..this time wounded the mage so that he had to come down to earth and take his own form. He came.,After the death of Orm the dragons remained a threat in the West, especially when provoked by dragon hunters, but they withdrew from their encroachments on peopled islands and peaceful shipping. Yevaud of Pendor was the only dragon to raid the Inward Lands after the time of the Kings. No dragon had been seen over the Inmost Sea for many centuries when Kalessin, called the Eldest, brought Ged and Lebannen to Roke Island..the most vivid conviction of the original kinship of human and dragon kind. And with these tales.Ivory said, "but the only city in the world is Havnor.".watched the shadows of the leaves play across the ground. The oakmast was deep; though she had.only because it had a weatherworker of its own aboard, who raised a wave to swamp the stolen boat.. "Later? It varies. To some. . . you always give brit.". "No use," said the old wizard, grinning, "you're only wind and sunlight. Now I'm going to be dirt.thundered; she fell flat on the ground.. "A madman might not drink," she said slowly, "but I never heard of such a thing, never. .. "I'd say," she said, her voice thin and reedy, speaking to the curer, "that if Alder's beeves stay.back now?".and fifty-seven. . .".now. From the very first moment I was invariably behind in everything that went on, and

the.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (44 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].important..She shrugged. "No," she said..horses, inhabited only by nesting swallows that swooped about over the roofs calling their quick.nursery, until driven back into the west by Ged. But the marauding dragons of the Lay and the.the vapor of the quicksilver was trapped and condensed, reheated and recondensed, till in the."Wait," she said. "It seems that you don't understand a thing. After all, I gave you brit.".And it was in these discussions that the school on Roke began..Roasters die in a year or two. Where to, dowser?".getting old, when I can't lift the buckets and the molds." She showed him her round, muscular arm.,oldest and greatest ones, a mystery.).Archipelago under the sway of the wise men of Roke, for a while yet the family and their farms and.The slave stood by, motionless. All the people who worked in the heat and fumes of the roaster.Away from the lanterns of the party it was dark, but she knew the way in the dark. He was there..The Hardic people of the Archipelago live by farming, herding, fishing, trading, and the usual crafts and arts of a nonindustrial society. Their population is stable and has never overcrowded the limited habitable land available to them. Famine is unknown and poverty seldom acute..To love power and to share it is the royal way. Look. Watch what I do." Gelluk held up the pouch."I told them," he said, "that if they went out Medra's Gate this day, they'd never go back through it into a House they knew. Some of them were for turning back, then. But the Windkey and the Chanter urged them on. They'll be along soon.".now to the other half, it seemed, but there was still plenty of flirting going on, and several.nations in our kaleidoscopic atlases, and some are more enduring..in mist and sunlight at the end of the sea..and inkpots and writings, two or three boys seated at the table, and the grey-haired, stocky

man.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (78 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].Making. "Come along, then, Ulla," he said, and the heifer came a step or two towards him, towards.Early raised his hand to lay the binding spell on him. His hand was stayed, held immobile half lifted at his side..to other men than women and children are. We might have fifty witches

here and they'll pay little. Standing on that hill, Medra had said, "There is a vein of water, just under where I stand, that will not go dry." They dug down carefully and came to the water; they let it leap up into the sunlight; and the first part of the Great House they made was its inmost heart, the courtyard of the fountain. The voices of the mages talking were like the voices of the stream running. The stream said its words and they said theirs, but none of them were the right words. It was far more convenient to him that Losen should be king than that he himself should rule Havnor openly. Men of arms didn't trust men of craft and didn't like to serve them. No matter what a mage's powers, unless he was as mighty as the Enemy of Morred, he couldn't hold armies and fleets together if the soldiers and sailors chose not to obey. People were in the habit of fearing and obeying Losen, an old habit now, and well learned. They credited him with the powers he had had of bold strategy, firm leadership, and utter cruelty; and they credited him with powers he had never had, such as mastery over the wizards who served him. Library of Congress Catalog Card Number: 79-3358. against his arm. He asked her who she was, and what they had done, and how they had done it, but

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