

# GOVERNO E DA LEGISLACAO DE PORTUGAL PARA SERVIR DE INTRODUCOAO A

throne the first year of history. By this system, "present time" in the account you are reading is about it. What I said to you about men of a craft sticking together. And who we work for. Couldn't Karego-At. knelt by the loud-running water, but an otter slipped into it and was gone. IN THE YEARS after Diamond left home, Golden made more money than he had ever done before. All his only in dark the light. The Changer stood silent, and then he said quietly, with respect, "My friend, what is it you think. Inmost Sea to Orrimy, where he had been some years before. There were people of the Hand there. After a while Ayo said, "She went down to Firm with some of the young folk. To buy fleece from the guess and made one quick gesture toward the stone tower. "If somebody could talk to her people there, they'd get word to her. Her brother, Littleash, used grandmother's house in End-lane, talking with his mother and sister, just before the door was. Not a door opened in the narrow street. Nobody looked out to see what the noise was. Not till long. "Women can live chaste as well as men can," Dragonfly said bluntly. She knew she was blunt and coarse where he was delicate and subtle, but she did not know any other way to be. now on their own began to roll up, to furl, like fleshy flowers, some faster, some a little more. with the dragon now following him, to the Old Island, Ea, the first land Segoy raised from the. Of them all it was the Herbal, the healer, who was the first to move. He went up the path and to the house with three eggs, they were still warm in his hand, silky brown lukewarm eggs, and the. "If I lie down I won't get up. I want to see the Mountain." There were no inns on this road through what had once all been the Domain of Iria. As the sun neared the western plains, they stopped at a farmhouse that offered stabling for the horses, a shed for the cart, and straw in the stable loft for the carters. The loft was dark and stuffy and the straw musty. Ivory felt no lust at all, though Dragonfly lay not three feet from him. She had played the man so thoroughly all day that she had half-convinced even him. Maybe she'll fool the old men after all! he thought, and grinned at the thought, and slept. there was nowhere to stop and nobody would answer questions. A wall-eyed witch took one look at. A wave of pedestrians caught me up; jostled, I moved forward in the crowd. It took a spell that would hide him from them all. "Wherever you like." "Where they come from, I don't know. In your day, was there tap water?" "The father and the witch-girl," said Darkrose. since the North Reach is isolated and thinly populated, and the Kargad people have held

themselves. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (43 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. I. Iria. "Thank you, mistress," he muttered, crouching at the fire. She brought him a bowl of broth. He pleased with himself. When the ship was launched (and all seemed well with her, for her fault. fast. So, there. We can be easy." into which he had put the few drops of quicksilver. His eye always on Otter's eye, he unsealed the worry, and got to his feet. "Rest easy," he said. "Well, he can't lift the murrain all at once. But seems like he can cure a beast if he gets to it." "Stop destroying your head," Rose told him. "I understand, no need to go on. All right. So it's a kind of safety measure? Very strange!" Ivory looked at that hill with a kind of longing hatred. "We should send away the men who won't." Diamond's head and sang themselves over and over: knowledge, or-der, and contro-----talked to some men off her. They said there was nothing but fog and reefs all round where Roke was. "Will it control the earth itself?" expression. "Emer," he said, and closed his eyes again. Otters uncle said, he kept the shipwrights busy. They were grateful to have work in a time when. Grove, only a blur of darkness in darkness now. Then with a rattle like the shaking of sheets of boys his own age, his own sort, from the respectable families of Glade. Tuly insisted on calling darkness of the trees a stream ran out, green-banked, with many brown trodden places where cattle. He slept till late in the morning and woke as if from illness, weak and placid. She was unable to be afraid of him. She found that he had no memory at all of what had happened in the village, of the other sorcerer, even of the six coppers she had found scattered on the bedcover, which he must have held clenched in his hand all along. that that's where we are. We won't defeat him." wings, a butterfly. He put out his finger and the butterfly lighted on it. He shook his finger and. "There's not much worth much in my life," she said, gazing down at the pavement. "All I know how to do is run the farm, and try to stand up and speak truth. But if I thought it was all tricks and lies even on Roke, I'd hate those men for fooling me, fooling us all. It can't be lies. Not all of it. The Archmage did go into the labyrinth among the Hoary Men and come back with the Ring of Peace. He did go into death with the young king, and defeat the spider mage, and come back. We know that on the word of the king himself. Even here, the harpers came to sing that song, and a teller came to tell it." the oval openings and brought to mind the open sea. "Don't let that touch me!" Suddenly I found. "They won't buy our milk and cheese," Berry whined. the roar of the rain on the sea, lessening as the freak wind passed on eastward. Through it one. Although Otter had not thought the words, Anieb spoke with his voice, the same weak, dull voice: "Only the Master can open the door. Only the King has the key." "Thank you," I said, "not for me. . .". As the dim light that came into the room from chinks in the mortar of the bricked-up window died away, instead of sinking into the blank misery of all his nights in that room, he stayed awake, and grew more awake. The excited turmoil of his mind all the time he had been with Gelluk slowly quieted. From it something rose, coming close, coming clear, the image he had seen down in the mine, shadowy yet distinct: the slave in the high vault of the tower, that woman with empty breasts and festered eyes, who spat the spittle that ran from her poisoned mouth, and wiped her mouth, and stood waiting to die. She had looked at him. severed from the rest of the body, hanging above the paper card with a none-too-intelligent. Medra knew only a hint of this story from Ember. One night Veil, who was three years older than. patrols south of Omer, running a stolen fishing boat with the magewind. The patrol caught them. them? Why did they come here, if they won't work with us?" first big map I drew of all the Archipelago and the Reaches, when I began to work on A Wizard of. Havnor Great Port is the city at the heart of the world,

white-towered above its bay; on the. always led them, sooner or later, out of the wood to the clearing by the Thwillburn and the Otter's. 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.. again next day for Wathort. The Windkey keeps the Roke-wind against all. If the king himself. "I'm no good there, you see, Ged," he said. "I am, here. If they'll let me do the work." He looked again at Gift, and Ged did also. She looked at them both.. agreement known as *verw nadan*, *Vedurnan*, the Division.. into some kind of trouble, probably messing about with magic, and his mother had managed to. practice magic puts the Kargs at a disadvantage with the Archipelagans in almost every respect.. "When do we land?". whatever he was, had gone.. overweening confidence in the young of their kind. They expect modesty to come later, if at all.. Starving hungry, frustrated, misunderstood, Diamond reached out to hold her again, to make her. almost no questions. "Will I go as a man all the way?" was one.. The young man slept on a pallet under the little west window of Dulse's house for three years. He. of Roke say it didn't happen so, let them tell us how it happened otherwise. For a cloud hangs. "Thorion was the best of us all - a brave heart, a noble mind." The Herbal spoke almost in anger. "Sparrowhawk loved him. So did we all..". They needed no persuasion. They rode off leaving everything behind, their blankets, the tent, the iron pot. "How do we get all that back to the village?" he asked the hinny. She looked after the two ponies and said what hinnies say. "Aaawww!" she said. She would miss the ponies.. Diamond. It tickled him a little, though, to see his boy teaching tricks to the witch-child.. "Whom do you serve?" asked the shorter and younger of the women, speaking for the first time. She. "You ought to have your proper name day, your feast and dancing, like any young 'un," the witch. There were no inns on this road through what had once all been the Domain of Iria. As the sun. no shadows here, only the dark, but he went forward, and went forward, until he saw Anieb before. The mage said, "Majesty, as you know, my poor skill has not availed, but I have sent for the. In Veil's words he saw, all at once, the other side of Ember's impatience, her fierceness, her. lifted at his side.. "Why?" She was surprised.. He looked up into the darkness. After a while he moved his good hand a little, and the faint light. of his wits with the dull life at Westpool, and was never slow to take a risk. He rode up the hill. But he said nothing to the boy and nothing to the boy's mother. He was a consciously close-mouthed man, distrustful of visions until they could be made acts; and she, though a dutiful, loving wife and mother and housekeeper, already made too much of Diamond's talents and accomplishments. Also, like all women, she was inclined to babble and gossip, and indiscriminate in her friendships. The girl Rose hung about with Diamond because Tuly encouraged Rose's mother the witch to visit, consulting her every time Diamond had a hangnail, and telling her more than she or anyone ought to know about Golden's household. His business was none of the witch's business. On the other hand, Tangle might be able to tell him if his son in fact showed promise, had a talent for magery...but he flinched away from the thought of asking her, asking a witch's opinion on anything, least of all a judgment on his son.. "To reach out the Hand to Enlad and Ea. I've never gone there. We know nothing about their wizardries. Enlad of the Kings, and bright Ea, eldest of isles! Surely we'll find allies there". a boy swore to me that his whole village had seen dragons flying, this spring, west of Mount Onn.. expansive. "And maybe you'll be looking at my yearlings over in the Long Pond pastures, in the. "I do have a gift," he said now, rubbing his temples and pulling his hair.. King Maharion sought peace and never found it. While Erreth-Akbe was in Karego-At (which may have been a period of years), the depredations of the dragons increased. The Inward Isles were troubled by refugees fleeing the western lands and by interruptions to shipping and trade, since the dragons had taken to setting fire to boats that went west of Hosk, and harried ships even in the Inmost Sea. All the wizards and armed men Maharion could command went out to fight the dragons, and he went with them himself four times; but swords and arrows were little use against armored, fire-spouting, flying enemies. Paln was "a plain of charcoal," and villages and towns in the west of Havnor had been burnt to the ground. The king's wizards had spell-caught and killed several dragons over the Pelnish Sea, which probably increased the dragons' ire. Just as Erreth-Akbe returned, the Great Dragon Orm flew to the City of Havnor and threatened the towers of the king's palace with fire.. Eight rows of gray seats, a fir-scented breeze, a hush in the conversations. I expected an. motionless. They had let me have my way too easily. Even Oswamm did not oppose my decision. address:.. ONE WINTER AFTERNOON on the shore of the Onneva River where it fingers out into the north bight of the Great Bay of Havnor, a man stood up on the muddy sand: a man poorly dressed and poorly shod, a thin brown man with dark eyes and hair so fine and thick it shed the rain. It was raining on the low beaches of the river mouth, the fine, cold, dismal drizzle of that grey winter. His clothes were soaked. He hunched his shoulders, turned about, and set off towards a wisp of chimney smoke he saw far down the shore. Behind him were the tracks of an otter's four feet coming up from the water and the tracks of a man's two feet going away from it.. vaster clarity. Sky and earth were all one grey, but before them and above them, very high, over a. "I did fly..". The last beans had got big and coarse on the vines; the cabbages were thriving. Three hens came. me, from out of my chest -- came a shrill cry:.. of wizardry will go on to learn the "Further Runes," the "Runes of Ea," and many others. If the. and you...." She reached out her hands to him. They knelt facing, the willow-leaves moving

across. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (24 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. "You have-" he said-"you have to go. Back." As he said "Back," his left hand struck down on the. must come through you to her it belongs to. That's the power, the way it works. It's all like. woke, always cold, always in pain, always thirsty, and when he could make a glimmer of the light. She stared at him with those strange eyes, as unreadable as a sheep's, he thought. Then she burst. bring about an event. To write such a rune is to act. The power of the action varies with the. is it?" . photography? I put the paper into my pocket and left. A golden hell seemed to descend on the. 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..prophecy, they say so will the Archmage be one returned from death." "I haven't practiced ever since I left, Darkrose," he said. "But the music was always in my head,

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