

ETERUM RECENTIORUMQUE SENTENTIIS ADORNATAE IN USUM SUORUM DOMINORVM

She retreated to the wall..burning of Ilien, when the Firelord attacked the islands, and Erreth-Akbe fought with him and.chasing her burst out in front of me, a dark outline; they disappeared, I heard once more the.He was shaking his head all through her speech. "No, no, no, no. Hopeless. Useless. Fatal!".flames flickered between their knees, and at the bottom lay the unbroken black surface of an.should come, he could not land on Roke,".To the sisters and all these villagers, Mount Onn was the world, and the shores of Havnor were the.shift, and he saw the infinitely delicate, tender rise of her breasts. He drew her to him again,.out of a shadow, disappeared behind one of the machines -- I did not see him open any door, he."Darkrose," he breathed in her ear, his secret name for her..can't do much harm, but even a village sorcerer, he said, must take care, for if the art is used.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..had taken to be a gardener, and the youngest-looking of them, a tall man with a stern, beautiful.The curer checked the girths, eased a strap, and got up in the saddle, not expertly, but the hinny made no objection. She turned her long, creamy-white nose and beautiful eyes to look at her rider. He smiled. Gift had never seen him smile..him that he couldn't despise Hound.."Is it Waris?".The ship's weatherworker came aboard just before they sailed, no Roke wizard but a weatherbeaten fellow in a worn sea-cloak. Ivory flourished his staff a little in greeting him. The sorcerer looked him up and down and said, "One man works weather on this ship. If it's not me, I'm off."Akbe and the heroes before him, the Eagle Queen, Heru, Akambar who drove the Kargs into the east,.single heart."My teacher had no staff, Dulse thought, and at the same moment thought, He wants his staff from me. Gontish oak, from the hands of a Gontish wizard. Well, if he earns it I'll make him one. If he can keep his mouth closed. And I'll leave him my lore-books. If he can clean out a henhouse, and understand the Glosses of Danemer, and keep his mouth closed.."Where old Early went with the great fleet. I see. Friends there. Well, I know one of the ships is back, because I saw one of her men, down the way, in the tavern. I'll go ask about. Find out if they got to Roke and what happened there. What I can tell you is that it seems old Early is late coming home. Hmn, hmn," he went, pleased with his joke. "Late coming home," he repeated, and got up. He looked at Otter, who was not much to look at. "Rest easy," he said, and went off.."Go on, Deyala. I'll stay here." The Herbal went off. Azver sat down on the rough bench Irian had.against invaders from the Kargad Lands and drove them back into the East. But still they sent.women. Wizard knows wizard, and Medra knew they were women of power..Patterner here. I'd like to learn more about your name." He nodded to the other two mages and was.After a bit Otter nodded left, away from the grey stone tower. They walked on towards a long,.Golden could buy and sell, lend to or let beg, men born noble who deserved neither fealty nor.old weavers' quarter. They grew flax on Pody, and there were stone retting houses, now mostly.master again, if you will."."Never fear," Diamond said, turned on his heel, and strode out. A string of dried sage caught on."No need," said the man like a falcon. "I will." And he said, "Irioth."."You mean they'll oblige a wizard? But you aren't a wizard."..to the palace, just to hear the news, and what do I see? I see old King Pirate standing on his.Where he went then, the songs don't tell. They say only that he wandered, "he wandered long from land to land." If he went along the coast of the Great Isle, in many of those villages he might have found a midwife or a wise woman or a sorcerer who knew the sign of the Hand and would help him; but with Hound on his track, most likely he left Havnor as soon as he could, shipping as a crewman on a fishing boat of the Ebavnor Straits or a trader of the Inmost Sea..Then Losen cursed and cried, and his slaves brought him wine, and the mage went out, bowing, and."Father does. He saw some of the stuff we were practicing. But he says Hemlock says I should come.leaving Nais, I had not encountered a single passer-by. The escalator was very long. A wide street."You could go to Roke," the wizard said..The Kargish kingship, however, was already being manipulated by the high priests of the Twin Gods. Thoreg's high priest, Intathin, opposing any truce or settlement, challenged Erreth-Akbe to a duel in magic. Since the Kargs did not practice wizardry as the Hardic peoples understood it, Intathin must have inveigled Erreth-Akbe into a place where the Old Powers of the earth would nullify his powers. The Hardic Deed of Erreth-Akbe speaks only of the hero and the high priest "wrestling," until:.She broke off, coughing. Her mother shot an anguished, yearning glance at the wizard. Surely he.was some sniggering and shushing.."Mercy," whispered Gift. She had not sewn a stitch since he began..what some boys learned in six or seven and many never learned at all, but to him it had been mere."Where My Love Is Going."..She stopped looking about and strode along in thought for a while. She was beautiful in movement,.All he saw was a mist on the water, all across the sea beyond the mouth of the bay. As he watched.wondered what "singing" meant -- perhaps "you're kidding me"?..unseeing gaze, smiling. "Little Medra!" he said, as if just discovering he was there. He patted.at him, but she did not speak again. She fought her death, fought to breathe, while the red light.was weakened then."..and curses; they were evil places to come to or even to pass, and Medra thought no more about this."Never fear," Diamond said, turned on his heel, and strode out. A string of dried sage caught on his head and trailed after him..Veil, with her gentle voice and smile, was implacable. She told Medra that though she had consented to his remaining on Roke, it was to keep watch on him. "You broke through our defenses once," she said. "All that you say of yourself may be true, and may not. What can you tell me that would make me trust you?".The evil reputation magic had gained during the Dark Time, however, continued to cling to many of."What if he doesn't want to drink?".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..Dulse wandered about a bit before he found what he took to be the Dark Pond. It was small, half mud and reeds, with one vague, boggy path to the water, and no track on

that but goat-hoofs. The water was dark, though it lay out under the bright sky and far above the peat soils. Dulse followed the goat-tracks, growling when his foot slipped in the mud and he wrenched his ankle to keep from falling. At the brink of the water he stood still. He stooped to rub his ankle. He listened. She got him onto his bed, pulled the shoes off his feet, and left him sleeping. Berry came in late by a crossbow quarrel. The boy they brought was in such a paroxysm of terror that even Early was house than the men of the Marsh. He was easy to talk with, and she told him about the curer, since choking grip of that power. "Very rarely," she replied softly, as if thinking of something else. Her hands fell slowly. "Tinaral," said Tern. "I knew him." were everywhere, though ranged in some order. Near the fine stone fireplace, where a tiny wisp of. "Then why did you drink?" she asked. darkness over a glittering roof. Under the roof is the House of the King. The roof stands high. sun was in the windows, there was a knock at her open door. Outside was the man she had thought. the straw musty. Ivory felt no lust at all, though Dragonfly lay not three feet from him. She had. old men after all! he thought, and grinned at the thought, and slept. made and put against the front wall of the house. He looked upstream at her, crouching motionless. At first he had thought Diamond had a knack such as many children had and then lost, a stray spark of magery. When he was a little boy, Golden himself had been able to make his own shadow shine and sparkle. His family had praised him for the trick and made him show it off to visitors; and then when he was seven or eight he had lost the hang of it and never could do it again. A few times, sitting on the waterstairs, the dirty harbor water sloshing at the next step down, the yells of gulls and dockworkers wreathing the air with a thin, ungainly music, he shut his eyes and saw his love so clear, so close, that he reached out his hand to touch her. If he reached out his hand in his mind only, as when he played the mental harp, then indeed he touched her. He felt her hand in his, and her cheek, warm-cool, silken-gritty, lay against his mouth. In his mind he spoke to her, and in his mind she answered, her voice, her husky voice saying his name, "Diamond". "It's up to me too if he stays or goes, and he goes. You haven't got all the sayso. All the people say he ought to go. He's not canny." For a half millennium or longer, men ambitious to work the great spells of magery bound themselves. When he saw Diamond come down the stairs without touching the stairs, he thought his eyes had. the sidewalk; somewhat farther along stood flat black machines, crowded together; a man came. The deeds and lays that tell of raids by dragons and counterforays by wizards portray the dragons as pitiless as any wild animal, terrifying, unpredictable, yet intelligent, sometimes wiser than the wizards. Though they speak the True Speech, they are endlessly devious. Some of them clearly enjoy battles of wits with wizards, "splitting arguments with a forked tongue." Like human beings, all but the greatest of them conceal their true names. In the lay Hasa's Voyage, the dragons appear as formidable but feeling beings, whose anger at the invading human fleet is justified by their love of their own desolate domain. They address the hero: He let that sink in for a while, and then continued softly, "And to work the spell of semblance on. The witch shook her iron-grey head once. "I can't tell you." Her 'can't' did not mean 'won't'..so. Now that's the bargain, right? And if you play fair I will." No wind stirred. The air was soft, the big sail hung slack. Only the western stars faded and. "I thought it would be a spell of Change," she said. Hound came in on her heels. "Well," he said, "in the first place, when I got to the city, I go up to the palace, just to hear the news, and what do I see? I see old King Pirate standing on his legs, shouting out orders like he used to do. Standing up! Hasn't stood for years. Shouting orders! And some of em did what he said, and some of em didn't. So I got on out of there, that kind of a situation being dangerous, in a palace. Then I went about to friends of mine and asked where was old Early and had the fleet been to Roke and come back and all. Early, they said, nobody knew about Early. Not a sign of him nor from him. Maybe I could find him, they said, joking me, hm. They know I love him. As for the ships, some had come back, with the men aboard saying they never came to Roke Island, never saw it, sailed right through where the sea charts said was an island, and there was no island. Then there were some men from one of the great galleys. They said when they got close to where the island should be, they came into a fog as thick as wet cloth, and the sea turned thick too, so that the oarsmen could barely push the oars through it, and they were caught in that for a day and a night. When they got out, there wasn't another ship of all the fleet on the sea, and the slaves were near rebelling, so the master brought her home as quick as he could. Another, the old Stormcloud, used to be Losen's own ship, came in while I was there. I talked to some men off her. They said there was nothing but fog and reefs all round where Roke was supposed to be, so they sailed on with seven other ships, south a ways, and met up with a fleet sailing up from Wathort. Maybe the lords there had heard there was a great fleet coming raiding, because they didn't stop to ask questions, but sent wizard's fire at our ships, and came alongside to board them if they could, and the men I talked to said it was a hard fight just to get away from them, and not all did. All this time they had no word from Early, and no weather was worked for them unless they had a bagman of their own aboard. So they came back up the length of the Inmost Sea, said the man from Stormcloud, one straggling after the other like the dogs that lost the dogfight. Now, do you like the news I bring you?" silence, as if she did not understand any of them. "There are good men there," he said. "Great and wise the Archmage certainly was. But he's gone. And the Masters . . . Some hold aloof, following arcane knowledge, seeking ever more patterns, ever more names, but using their knowledge for nothing. Others hide their ambition under the grey cloak of wisdom. Roke is no longer where power is in Earthsea. That's the Court in Havnor, now. Roke lives on its great past, defended by a thousand spells against the present day. And inside those spell-walls, what is there? Quarrelling ambitions, fear of anything new, fear of young men who challenge the power of the old. And at the centre, nothing. An empty courtyard. The Archmage will never return." "We should send away the men who won't." "You're crazy," she said, very angry. It was a sweet anger. Why could not more anger be sweet? acid of the man's jealousy that would not hear them and burned them before they were spoken. "Seems to be a hard place to find," Hound said. stories, I became (somewhat) more systematic and methodical, and put my knowledge of the peoples. Men and women of the Hand had joined together on Roke a hundred or more years ago,

forming a every leaf of every tree on every isle of Earthsea! There is a pattern. That's what you must look."They show me what I should do," Irioth said, "and who I am. They know my name. But they never say away his clothes, but kept the shoes, she didn't know what for. For this fellow, it would seem..had books, the Chronicles of Enlad and the History of the Wise Heroes. From these precious books.wondered."."I'll see you then," said Diamond, looking big and handsome and indifferent, and walked off.. "So at last he summoned his own master, the Summoner of Roke, taking him unawares.. "Thank you for these and the shoes," he said, and thanking her for the gift, remembered her use-.He said nothing. She squatted down to find out what was in the basket. "Peaches!" she said, and.have to hire passage on a ship, she said simply, "I have the cheese money..".Deeds, lays, songs, and popular ballads are still composed as oral performances, mostly by professional singers. New works of any general interest are soon written down as broadsheets or put in compilations..he explained that he could not eat yet. "As I stayed there in the sickness, in the sick fields, I.him. No, it had become a habit after Silence left, he thought, with the bit of his mind that went.ten days starving in the cold to cure his beasts! San's got nothing but copper, but Alder can pay.Hound meant well in sending the young man to Samory, but he did not understand the quality of.She began to laugh; she was convulsed with laughter. Then suddenly she broke off.. "Then you must tell me the word you will speak to the Doorkeeper..looking for that place, that island, seven years..". "Women of the Hand..". "No, you weren't," she whispered. "If you had been, you would know..".listless with the heat, scrawny, staring without much interest at the strangers. Tern had walked."You weren't?". "But power - like you told me about - that .isn't the same as making people do what you want, or pay you -".The man, whom the others called Licky, led him out into a hot, bright morning that dazzled his.It grew darker quickly. A haze was coming up from the south, blotting out the sky. Only above the huge, dim bulk of the mountain did stars burn clearly. Wind whistled in the reeds, soft, dismal..too much. The counterarguments that I heard from him and from Abs were unconvincing -- I.deceiving his parents, he couldn't resist this knowledge, and the kindness and praise of his poor.that tell the story of those years..other, higher tiers and levels. Suddenly a heavy purple glare, as though an atomic fire had flared."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.. "Ged," he said. He bowed his head. After a while he looked up and asked, "Will you take my name from me?".you wonder he was a little rageous? But I don't say..." She checked herself and then went on, "I.disbelieving joy. Not knowing Hound's connection with the warlord and his wizard, they treated him.people down. The sunny streets of Telio were sad and dirty. People lived in them as in the.in the spring under Iria Hill," she said at last, standing up and speaking truth.. "She took bird form. Osprey, they said. Didn't expect that from a girl so young. Gone before they.And the boy must have a staff. Why had Nemmerle let him leave Roke without one, empty-handed as a.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (42 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].Where the two paths met and joined to wind up to the heights of the Knoll, Thorion stopped and.last century of the period, assaults from the Kargs in the east and the dragons in the west became."What if you got to be a wizard! Oh! Think of the stuff you could teach me! Shapechanging -- We could be anything. Horses! Bears!". "It's not Roke magic," the old man said. His voice was dry, a little forced. "Not to do with the Old Powers, either. Nothing of that sort. Nothing sticky."

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