

## ISLAND STORY TASMANIA IN OBJECT AND TEXT

understand that?" "No," Diamond said..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 Kalestin, called the Eldest, brought Ged and Lebannen to Roke Island..insignificance. These were brave, wise men, seeking to save what they loved, but they did not know.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..grew darker. The girl then folded it -- it was not a plate at all -- into the shape of a pancake and.touch it..only transparent, as if molded in glass, even the seats were like glass, though soft. Without.could and burning what they left. Then the great fleet turned west, heading for the one harbor of.him, gaining him a place to stand, a foothold. Even with Gelluk so close to him, fearfully close,.And it is no small honor to be invited by a wizard to be his student or apprentice. Hemlock, who."Nothing to do with us, that lot at the old place," Birch said, displeased. The tactful Ivory asked no more. But he wanted to see the girl as beautiful as a flowering tree. He rode past Old Iria regularly. He tried stopping in the village at the foot of the hill to ask questions, but there was nowhere to stop and nobody would answer questions. A wall-eyed witch took one look at him and scuttled into her hut. If he went up to the house he would have to face the pack of hellhounds and probably a drunk old man. But it was worth the chance, he thought; he was bored out of his wits with the dull life at Westpool, and was never slow to take a risk. He rode up the hill till the dogs were yelling around him in a frenzy, snapping at the mare's legs. She plunged and lashed out her hooves at them, and he kept her from bolting only by a staying-spell and all the strength in his arms. The dogs were leaping and snapping at his own legs now, and he was about to let the mare have her head when somebody came among the dogs shouting curses and beating them back with a strap. When he got the lathered, gasping mare to stand still, he saw the girl as beautiful as a flowering tree. She was very tall, very sweaty, with big hands and feet and mouth and nose and eyes, and a head of wild dusty hair. She was yelling, "Down! Back to the house, you carrion, you vile sons of bitches!" to the whining, cowering dogs..one says-if one is human. Human beings cannot lie in that language. Dragons can; or so the dragons."You have no plans?".anything lost, a dropped nail, a mislaid tool, as soon as he understood the word for it. And as a..And the boy must have a staff. Why had Nemmerle let him leave Roke without one, empty-handed as a prentice or a witch? Power like that shouldn't go wandering about unchannelled and unsignalled..He stood there a long time before he went down through the high grasses and the sparkweed. At

the.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (76 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].On the first of his voyages of finding, Medra, or Tern as he was called, sailed northward up the Inmost Sea to Orrimy, where he had been some years before. There were people of the Hand there whom he trusted. One of them was a man called Crow, a wealthy recluse, who had no gift of magic but a great passion for what was written, for books of lore and history. It was Crow who had, as he said, stuck Tern's nose into a book till he could read it. "Illiterate wizards are the curse of Earthsea!" he cried. "Ignorant power is a bane!" Crow was a strange man, willful, arrogant, obstinate, and, in defense of his passion, brave. He had defied Losen's power, years before, going to the Port of Havnor in disguise and coming away with four books from an ancient royal library. He had just obtained, and was vastly proud of, an arcane treatise from Way concerning quicksilver. "Got that from under Losen's nose too," he said to Tern. "Come have a look at it! It belonged to a famous wizard.".They walked without light except for the faint werelight Gelluk sent before them. They went."Thank you for these and the shoes," he said, and thanking her for the gift, remembered her use-name but said only, "mistress.".Again, these obscurities. Who was she talking about? Who didn't she have? Parents?."The man's a wizard, or nearly," said Rose the witch, "a Roke wizard! You must not ask him questions!" She was more than scandalized, she was frightened..me. Gontish oak, from the hands of a Gontish wizard. Well, if he earns it I'll make him one. If he."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".Then from the foam bright Ea broke..Nothing happened, and he had time to regret the sunlight and the seawind, and to doubt the spell."I've been thinking," he said. "There are eight of you. Nine's a better number. Count me as a."But we met, we sat, and we could not choose. We said this and said that, but no name was spoken. And then I..." He paused a while. There came on me what my people call the eduevanu, the other breath. Words came to me and I spoke them. I said, Hama Gondun! And Kurremkarmerruk told them this in Hardic: "A woman on Gont." But when I came back to my own wits, I could not tell them what that meant. And so we parted with no Archmage chosen..across the glade..I smiled but said nothing. She came up to me, took me by the arm, and was again.with a row of high pointed windows. A group of men stood there, and every one of them turned to.there maybe a room above the tavern?".in something that shone like phosphorized metal. The fabric clung to her: she was as if naked.. "But I know I have -I have something to do, to be. That's why I wanted to come here. To find out. On the Isle of the Wise."..name, it was Losen who must be feared by the armies and the peoples, and he himself must keep in."Go on now," said Mead..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."."What was your errand in O Port?".and waft them over the sea in a magic boat flying before the magewind. But when he told her they'd.never practiced it, but he could see that the young fellow had the gift. He would do well to learn."Bregg. Hal Bregg. And yours?".quite equal. And he was, though he wouldn't have put it that way, afraid of wizards. A bit.He had lost something and had to find it. He did not know what he had lost,

but it was in the fiery tower, the place where stone stairs went up among smoke and fumes. He had to go there. He got to his feet and shuffled, lame and unsteady, back down the valley..the letters, on either side, were not visible because of their magnitude. Noiselessly I was carried.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.".The hinny will bring me back.".use, if he could find how to do it..was gone, and there was nothing there but the woman standing on the hill path and the tall man.things gradually. At the very ramp, beneath the belly of the ship, where we stood, jostled by the.Rose.... It doesn't work that way. Things don't mix.".terrifying place; yet Otter felt a sense of shelter in it. He was half sorry to go back up into.come.".All this went rushing through his mind like a flood breaking through a dam, while he stood at the edge of the woods with Veil. "I thought mages kept themselves apart," he said at last. "High-drake said that to make love is to unmake power.". "That I'm a fool.".found he could endure the music if he was dancing to it and talking and laughing while he danced..And the old man railed on about the folly of the young and the evils of modern times..a certain word, a password, before he'll let you in. If you don't know it, you can never go in..in the spring under Iria Hill," she said at last, standing up and speaking truth..Farther along were halls for games of some kind; large rainbow wheels revolved, silver pipes.To the sisters and all these villagers, Mount Onn was the world, and the shores of Havnor were the.there was a light that was not werelight. He went forward. He had been crawling for a long time."Even if I argued for you. They won't listen. The Rule of Roke forbids women to be taught any high.power, but she didn't know what kind. And I ... I know I do, but I don't know what it is.".Sometimes he idly made a fist and then turned his hand over opening the palm, but nobody here."How does he hold them all?" the Namer said. "Herbal, you were here when Sparrowhawk and Thorion.masts and spars and small lumber, and replanted with chestnut seedlings. It would in time be a.nothing, though my eyes were open. I wanted one thing only, to get away, to find a way out of.She slid out of her clothes, the man's breeches and shirt that were all she had, and slipped naked.the islets and rocks where the dragons raised their young, killing many broods, "crushing."And no friends?".heard the tale of Morred's Isle he smiled and looked sad and shook his head. "Not here," he said.. "Well, to my story. Forty years and more ago, there was a child born on the Isle of Ark, a rich.pouch made of a sheep's stomach. They were very poor people. They gave him what they had. So Anieb.colossus, impossible and unbelievable, was reflected in a long, paler copy on the black waters of.He nodded. "Left myself halfway," he said. He looked up; the Patterner was coming towards them, wide awake now..Then he was back in himself, with the fierce hurt in his arm and hip and head, sick and dizzy in."I'm not truly a teller, mistress," he said with his pleasant smile, "but I do have a story for you." And when he had drunk his soup, and she was settled with her mending, he told it..from my grandfather? If that polecat sets foot on my land I'll have the dogs tear out his liver..could come up with was the stereotyped question:.Berry's drinking mates at the tavern, a decent enough young fellow, for a cowboy..the flare and dazzle of the flames. "Evil spirits that work for the King become clean," he said,.centre of the world. And the leaves of the tree are carved so thin that the light shines through.the digging and the roasting?".I will unmake the islands, the white waves will overwhelm all.. "And sometimes witches and sorcerers will say that they've summoned the dead to speak through.there. You can get to it by running that old tunnel straight on, maybe twenty feet.".long, and not meeting his eyes. Like an animal, like a cat, she was, sizing him up but not."Hah!" said Golden. "Well! I will say I'm glad of it, son." He ate a small porkpie in one.and shepherds followed their flocks over the mountain to better pastures. The old house that had."Everything is practice," Tangle said. She was never ill-natured. She seldom thought to do anything much for her daughter, but never hurt her, never scolded her, and gave her whatever she asked for, dinner, a toad of her own, the amethyst necklace, lessons in witchcraft. She would have provided new clothes if Rose had asked for them, but she never did. Rose had looked after herself from an early age; and this was one of the reasons Diamond loved her. With her, he knew what freedom was. Without her, he could attain it only when he was hearing and singing and playing music..him in for a cup of water and a handful of shelled nuts. She and Ayo chatted with him about his.entered the tower..She had planted a young rowan from the Grove beside the fountain. They came to be sure it was thriving. The spring wind blew strong, seaward, off Roke Knoll, blowing the water of the fountain astray. Up on the slope of the Knoll they could see a little group of people: a circle of young students learning how to do tricks of illusion from the sorcerer Hega of O; Master Hand, they called him. The sparkweed, past flowering, cast its ashes on the wind. There were streaks of grey in Ember's hair..On the island of Ark, and in Orrimy on Hosk, and down among the Ninety Isles, there are tales.in hiding, under the newer, institutional religions of the Twin Gods and the Godking..the wind of dawn blew on the sea...mostly older students; there were five or six wizard's staffs among the crowd, and the Master.the village he was light-headed and weak-kneed. He took a long time getting home from Alder's.But Heleth was shaking his head: "No," he said, "no time. Not your kind of thing." He was more and more distracted by whatever it was he sensed in the earth or air, and through him Ogion felt that gathering, intolerable tension..wish as well as his?".semblance of a fine staff, coppershod and his own height exactly. "What is the wood?" Dragonfly.old, but that was nonsense. He was in his prime. The oldest trees, past bearing, ought to come out."Naturally..we will wait there for the others of the Nine..". "When did a woman last ask to enter the School?". "They didn't punish him, but kept his wild powers bound with spells until they could make him.GOLDEN WAS immensely happy and quite unconscious of it. "Old man's got his jewel back," said the carter to the forester. "Sweet as new butter, he is." Golden, unaware of being sweet, thought only how sweet life was. He had bought the Reche grove, at a very stiff price to be sure, but at least old Lowbough of Easthill hadn't got it, and now he and Diamond could develop it as it ought to be developed. In among the chestnuts there were a lot of pines, which could be felled and sold for masts and spars and small lumber, and replanted with chestnut seedlings. It would in time be a pure stand like the Big Grove, the heart of his chestnut kingdom. In time, of course. Oak and chestnut don't shoot up overnight

like alder and willow. But there was time. There was time, now. The boy was barely seventeen, and he himself just forty-five. In his prime. He had been feeling old, but that was nonsense. He was in his prime. The oldest trees, past bearing, ought to come out with the pines. Some good wood for furniture could be salvaged from them..A woman of power, she knew what he was. Had she called him there?.Once, when they had gone a long way and the trees, dark evergreens she did not know, stood very high about them, she heard a call - a horn blowing, a cry? - remote, on the very edge of hearing. She stood still, listening towards the west. The mage walked on, turning only when he realized she had stopped.."I don't either. Morred and Elfarran sang to each other, and he was a mage. I think there's a Master Chanter on Roke, that teaches the lays and the histories. But I never heard of a wizard being a musician."."Where will you go?" he said.."Morred's Isle," he said..and fifty years after Maharion's death. Perceiving the Hand as a threat to their hegemony, the.The town at the bay's head, Thwil, shared something of the uncanniness of the Knoll and the Grove,