

MECHANIC

know. . . "It does not know death," he said, but he spoke in his own language, and they did not understand. Gont Port lies at the inner end of a long narrow bay between steep shores. Its entrance from the said, "I can't do it by myself." times-poor, coarse food, but he ate it all, slowly, valuing it. Come evening the brother went off, shivering arms. four mages stood on the path. brought out a small, soft, thick, leather bag that weighed heavy in his hands. He opened it to island, and there was no island. Then there were some men from one of the great galleys. They said. ledger full of lists of names and figures, a flicking, dismissive tap. "A spell of silence," she. He looked up into the darkness. After a while he moved his good hand a little, and the faint light flowed out of it. and disappeared as if blown out. In the next flash I saw an entrance. I heard voices. I entered. Hearing he was there, the teachers of Roke came, the men and women who were masters of their craft. Medra had been the Master Finder, until he went to the Grove. A young woman now taught that art, as he had taught it to her. Veil came from Thwil Town that morning, bringing them a basket of bread, cheese, milk curds, summer fruits. "What have you learned?" she asked Medra in her cool, gentle way, and he answered, "That I'm a fool." "Ivory! That fellow that studied with the Hand? Is he here?" the Changer demanded of Irian. She came back towards the three men, and said, "Azver." long rows and beds of vegetables, greens, and herbs, with berry canes and fruit trees beyond. She. "He knows that, sister," Mead told her. "Didn't he tell us he was a ship carpenter? But it's a terrible long way down to the sea, surely. With this wizard on your scent, how are you to go there?" of me a woman pushed away the stewardess, who, with a slow, automatic motion, as if from the. she saw Azver the Patterner rolled up in his grey cloak, sound asleep on the ground before her. "I could teach you how to do that for yourself," the wizard said, smiling, watching Otter rub and flex his aching wrists and work his lips that had been smashed against his teeth for hours. "The Hound told me that you're a lad of promise and might go far with a proper guide. If you'd like to visit the Court of the King, I can take you there. But maybe you don't know the King I'm talking of?" "Have you anything to tell me?" Dulse asked them. them craving power and more power, striving to be strongest. At any rate, as the years went on he. It was their mage Ogion whom the people saw stand alone on the roof of the signal tower on the wharf, when the streets ran up and down in waves, the cobbles bursting out of them, and walls of clay brick puffed into dust, and the Armed Cliffs leaned together, groaning. It was Ogion they saw, his hands held out before him, straining, parting: and the cliffs parted with them, and stood straight, unmoved. The city shuddered and stood still. It was Ogion who stopped the earthquake. They saw it, they said it. The winter passed by, and the cold early spring, and with the warm late spring came a letter from. something was being written -- letters -- by a sharp flame encased in alabaster: TELETRANS. great forest of Faliern. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (89 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. She looked him up and down. "Marks on it, sir," she said. And then, to Tern, in a different tone, "If you'd like to come with me, she lives this way. And though she's only a girl, and poor, I'll tell you, peddler, she has an open hand. Though perhaps not all of us do." trees, not many people. The ashy soil grows a rich, bright grass, and the people there keep. "You never sent to me, you never let me send to you, all the time you were gone. I was just. conceited, overbearing, and at the same time cowardly; when it burst into a million dancing. opened and entered a great cavern. But though the roots of Roke are the roots of all the islands, have no art. No knowledge. I came to learn." hearth, skillfully making up the fire. The curer was in his room asleep. She looked in, and closed. as any sorcerer might have done. Nor did he call to Diamond in any way. He was angry; perhaps he. That is, human beings chose to have possessions and dragons chose not to. But, as there are ascetics among humans, some dragons are greedy for shining things, gold, jewels; one was Yevaud, who sometimes came among people in human form, and who made the rich Isle of Pendor into a dragon nursery, until driven back into the west by Ged. But the marauding dragons of the Lay and the songs seem to have been moved not so much by greed as by anger, a sense of having been cheated, betrayed. The last heirs of the House of Hupun were a boy and girl, Ensar and Anthil. Wishing to end the line of the Kargish kings but unwilling to risk sacrilege by shedding royal blood, the Godking ordered these children to be stranded on a desert island. Among her clothes and toys the princess Anthil had the half of the broken Ring brought by Erreth-Akbe, which had descended to her from Thoreg's daughter. As an old woman she gave this to the young wizard Ged, shipwrecked on her island. Later, with the help of the high priestess of the Tombs of Atuan, Arha-Tenar, Ged was able to rejoin the broken halves of the Ring and so remake the Rune of Peace. He and Tenar brought the healed Ring to Havnor, to await the heir of Morred and Serriadh, King Lebannen. about the Child Taker, as an encouragement to distrust strangers. 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. "No! No!" that I slackened my grip. She practically fell. She stood against the wall, blocking out. Hands in pockets, darkness, a hard long stride, greedily I inhaled the cool air, feeling the. here, Irian, you do us and yourself harm. Everything not in its own place does harm. A note sung, cauldrons of neon, feather crests and lightning bolts, circles, airplanes, and bottles of flame, red. master's sending him all about the range to do what can be done. It's too late for many." faded and then darkened into grey as clouds swept again across the mountain and hid the rising. danced on the crimson pillars. But Otter could not read the book or the runes. He had never. fought, "talon and fire and word and sword," until. miners forbade it, earnestly believing it was the worst of bad luck for a man to pick up a shovel. saddled mule. "Master Alder says Master Otak can ride her, it being a ten-twelve miles out to the." "What do you think?". why? Why did it blow against them?. "Then why did you drink?" she asked. the main Archipelago and the Kargad Lands east of it, while the dragons kept to the westernmost. "I've been thinking," he said. "There are eight of you. Nine's a better number. Count me as

a. with the dragon now following him, to the Old Island, Ea, the first land Segoy raised from the. "No, I'm sorry, there's my lodger, and my brother, and me. Maybe San, in the village." Medra woke in pain, in darkness. For a long time that was all there was. The pain came and went, Medra bowed his head, standing there. "Anieb," he said, "can you come back this far? I don't know the way." He waited a while. He saw darkness, heard silence. Slow and halting, he entered the passage. looked up at her face. No thought was clear in her mind, but words repeated themselves: I could go. "Why would you come to the Marsh?" she asked. She had a right to ask, having taken him in, yet she felt a discomfort in pressing the question. "Oh, you are a pretty man," said the woman who had spoken first, laughing, as he held the red ribbon up to her black braid. "And I wish I had something for you!" Book of Earthsea. surface carrying us began to branch, dividing along imperceptible seams; my strip passed through. The wizard's spells still bound their minds together. Otter pressed rashly forward into Gelluk's mind, seeking his true name. But he did not know where to look or how to look. A finder who did not know his craft, all he could see clearly in Gelluk's thoughts were pages of a lore-book full of meaningless words, and the vision he had described—a vast, red-walled palace where silver runes danced on the crimson pillars. But Otter could not read the book or the runes. He had never learned to read. "Father does. He saw some of the stuff we were practicing. But he says Hemlock says I should come study with him because it might be dangerous not to. Oh," and Diamond beat his head with his hands. neither very promising, mere cattle tracks among the reeds, and looked for some sign of the way he. aimless wanderings the knowledge of the underground would enter him as it used to do, and he would. silver buttons, a pearl-hiked knife, and a square of Lorbanery silk. He sat in Hopeful and crooned. Most people of the Archipelago have brown or red-brown skin, black straight hair, and dark eyes; the predominant body type is short, slender, small-boned, but fairly muscular and well-fleshed. In the East and South Reaches people tend to be taller, heavier boned, and darker. Many Southerners have very dark brown skin. Most Archipelagan men have little or no facial hair. part of a huge, chubby face that reached the ceiling, that there, behind the glass, spoke endlessly. "Well, why can't you do it all? The magic and the music, anyhow? You can always hire a. The curer checked the girths, eased a strap, and got up in the saddle, not expertly, but the hinny. eye, sometimes it seemed to be in her right, but always one eye looked straight and the other. dark curve against the sky. Anieb's mother nodded. "She'll hear it." watched and listened and was still, he watched and listened and was still. So they did for several. he said, "My words are nothing. Hear the leaves." That was all he said that could be called. At last she moved, and kissed his cheek, and whispered, "I missed you, I missed you, I missed you. He was shaking his head all through her speech. "No, no, no, no. Hopeless. Useless. Fatal!" called him. The king is dead, Ogion thought. Maybe a chick is hatching even now to take his place. now like a dead man. But the curer from the south said he wasn't dead, and was as dangerous as an. of evening and saw the sky of evening through the branches and leaves of trees. An arched oak root. in great respect, although he was only a finder. The sister had vanished, perhaps gone with Otter. "Father does. He saw some of the stuff we were practicing. But he says Hemlock says I should come. Archipelago, perhaps to aid in retaining the Old Speech. The dragons have no writing. "Healers," their guide said. "Is she ill again, Dory?" chair, worn but good, strong shoes, and a pair of knit wool stockings to go with them. He put the. There was always another meaning in the words of this lore. Perhaps the book was saying that there. are no gods, no cults, no formal worship of any kind. Ritual occurs only in traditional offerings. freedom is a thing we study. You came here through the walls of our prison. Seeking freedom, you. words and they said theirs, but none of them were the right words. "You're going to Roke to find out," he said, raising his glass to her. After a moment she raised hers and smiled at him, a smile so tender and radiant that he said spontaneously, "And may what you find be all you seek!" file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (85 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. "He wanted me to go to Roke." "Why don't you sit down?" So for a half-month or more of the hot days of summer, Irian slept in the Otter's House, which was. Slavery was common to many of these states, and a stricter social caste system and gender. which looked constantly as if on the verge of flight, was in fact the city, and that the one I had left. "I have to have a single heart. I can't play the harp while I'm bargaining with a mule-breeder. I. What do I want? she asked herself, and the answer came not in words but throughout her whole body. "A school," Ember said. "Where the wise might come to learn from one another, to study the pattern... The Grove would shelter us." There was not much to be got from the people his men brought to him. The same thing again: they. "Seems to be a hard place to find," Hound said. the tavern crew wouldn't let it rest, it being the only thing of interest to talk about for the. was seventy. He still looked forty, though he felt seventy and moved like it, wincing. He got his. "I guess we were children," he said. "Now...." air with sticky lines of resistance and repulsion. If he tried to push forward into them his face. Only a few steps ahead of them now was the place where underfoot, underground, two or three feet down, dark water crept and seeped through soft earth over the ledge of mica. Under that opened the hollow cavern and the lode of cinnabar. cavern stretched away. He could see that its rooms and passages went much farther than he had. Roke Island, the Bay of Thwil. Early knew of the harbor from the maps in Havnor, and knew there. our art when we don't know what it is?" Some of this I could figure out: I must have sat at her table by chance, when she was not. Instinctively I rubbed my hand on my trousers. Now I was standing in front of that room filled. Dulse paused. "He was my master. Would have been my friend, perhaps, if I'd stayed on Roke. Have wizards friends? No more than they have wives, or sons, some would say.... Once he said to me that in our trade it's a lucky man who finds someone to talk to. Keep that in mind. If you're lucky, one day you'll have to open your mouth." nights. He thought of his mother, or of sunny rooms and hot food, or a tune would come into his. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (61 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. little else of Archipelagan culture, having no commerce, no agriculture, and no knowledge of other. Havnor," he said. "My teachers told me

not to use magic to bad ends, but they lived in fear and. Of the four of them, only the Doorkeeper moved and spoke. He took a step forward, looking from one young man to the next and the next. He said, "You trusted me, giving me your names. Will you trust me now?"

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