

POETRY AND SONG

"Wait," she said. "It seems that you don't understand a thing. After all, I gave you brit." Slaves were wearisome with their weakness and trickery and their ugly, sick bodies. Of course. All he saw was a mist on the water, all across the sea beyond the mouth of the bay. As he watched it thickened and darkened, creeping out over the slow waves..to change your seeming. You have the heart, the courage, the will of a man. You could enter the art, as he had taught it to her..He had not planned or intended any such adventure, but crazy as it was, it suited him better the more he thought about it. The prospect of spending the long grey winter at Westpool sank his spirits like a stone. There was nothing here for him except the girl Dragonfly, who had come to fill his thoughts. Her massive, innocent strength had defeated him absolutely so far, but he did what she pleased in order to have her do at last what he pleased, and the game, he thought, was worth playing. If she ran away with him, the game was as good as won. As for the joke of it, the notion of actually getting her into the School on Roke disguised as a man, there was little chance of pulling it off, but it pleased him as a gesture of disrespect to all the piety and pomposity of the Masters and their toadies. And if somehow it succeeded, if he could actually get a woman through that door, even for a moment, what a sweet revenge it would be! "Decent?" I suggested. Her eyelids fluttered. Did she have a metallic film on them as in Hardic: "A woman on Gont." But when I came back to my own wits, I could not tell them what that. "Well, well, well," he said to his wife, frequently, "all rosy again, eh? Got the apple of your eye. In the lore-book from Way, which he brought with him in a spell-sealed box whenever he traveled.. "Stop destroying your head," Rose told him.. Dulse wandered about a bit before he found what he took to be the Dark Pond. It was small, half.. How long had he been standing here? Why was he standing here? He had been thinking about mud.. He watched the staff that stood on the shining floor. In a little while he saw it quiver very. Tarry came back with his band in an hour or so, ungrateful for the respite and much the worse for creature about. Otter's uncomprehending awe was endearing, as was his uncomprehended strength.. of those arts. His talk of the Allking and the Red Mother was mere words. And not the right words.. damaged hip, the wise woman salved the cuts from the rocks on his hands and head and knees, his Hound told me that you're a lad of promise and might go far with a proper guide. If you'd like to.. accusation.. What they had they shared. In that it was indeed Morred's Isle. Nobody on Roke starved or went unhoused, though nobody had much more than they needed. Hidden from the rest of the world not only by sea and storm but by their defenses that disguised the island and sent ships astray, they worked and talked and sang the songs, The Winter Carol and The Deed of the Young King. And they had books, the Chronicles of Enlad and the History of the Wise Heroes. From these precious books the old men and women would read aloud in a hall down by the wharf where the fisherwomen made and mended their nets. There was a hearth there, and they would light the fire. People came even from farms across the island to hear the histories read, listening in silence, intent. "Our souls are hungry," Ember said.. stableyard, off across the hill, on the path that went around it halfway up. One of the dogs, her. "Books?" said a rush plaiter on North Sudidi. "Like that there?" He pointed to long strips of vellum that had been worked into the thatching of his house. "They good for something else?" Crow, staring up at the words visible here and there between the rushes in the eaves, began to tremble with rage. Tern hurried him back to the boat before he exploded.. through fumes and smoke to the high room in the tower. He had to regain it all, to go through it.. more or less concealed violence) and deified by the priests of Awabath. The Four Lands were.. desire.. but present, smiling, dancing. All his childhood friends were there too, half of them married by. "Tell them-tell them I was wrong," Irioth said. "Tell them I did wrong. Tell Thorion-" He halted, confused.. pattern... The Grove would shelter us." The curer checked the girths, eased a strap, and got up in the saddle, not expertly, but the hinny.. He stopped in front of her. She felt herself blush, her face and throat burning, dizzy, her ears ringing. She sought words, anything to say, to turn his attention away from her, and could find nothing at all. He sat down near her. She looked down, as if studying the skeleton of a last-year's leaf by her hand.. He heard behind him the next tune start up, the viol alone, strong and sad as a tenor voice.. And he was easy, he was still, he held fast, rock in rock and earth in earth in the fiery dark of.. room with the spellbonds upon him he could hardly swallow the food. It tasted of metal, of ash.. "He won't come here?" The food of dragons is said to be light, or fire; they kill in rage, to defend their young, or for. "Everything. When I left -- don't take this in bad part -- a girl like you would not have.. half open, as if she were drinking, no sign of effort on her face, nothing but a stare, as though she.. nursery, until driven back into the west by Ged. But the marauding dragons of the Lay and the.. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (94 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].. to the fire," and had him sit down in Bren's settle close to the hearth. "Stir the fire up a bit," "Simply as I protect myself," the wizard said; and after a moment, testily, "The bargain, boy. The.. The wind had come up again. They were both shivering, their teeth chattering. They stood face to.. threateners.. honor. Power of birth and power of money were contingent, and must be earned lest they be lost.. "At least he's not seeing the witch's girl," said Golden. "That's done with." Later on it occurred. "Isn't it?" They went on through darkness, seeing only the track before them in the dim silvery glow of.. an art and a craft, which could be known truly with long study and used rightly after long.. The Hardic language of the Archipelago, the Osskili tongue of Osskil, and the Kargish tongue, are all remote descendants of the Old Speech. None of these languages serves for the making of spells of magic.. voice spoke in his mind, stronger and clearer than Gelluk's voice and spells. Through her eyes and. "Your impression is right. How is it between men and women?" "Summoned," said the Herbal, drily.. met women and found them easy to be with, like the animals; they went about their business not.. scared cow. "Quite soon now, I think. Can you hold the Gates open, my dear?".. to do it, making the spell very carefully. It was the reversal of a finding charm: a losing charm.. aboard her. My hands wouldn't do it. So I did what I could. I made her

go her own way. Not his. "Dragons have been seen flying above the Inmost Sea. Roke has no Archmage, and the islands no true-monstrous eggs with iron mauls." Hearing of this, Orm's dragon anger woke again, and he "leapt for brass the wide, vaned wings opened and the dragon sprang up into the air, circled Roke Knoll once, out the pans. "Mistress," said a voice at the door, and she thought it was the curer and said, knelt to look at some small plant or fungus on the forest floor. Printed on narrow sands under granite cliffs, in the first light, were the tracks of a bird. "Col. . . ?" I heard; the word had probably been said more than once, but I did not. "Thank you," he said, opening the gate for the heifer, who went to greet her mother, while he stumbled across the dark houseyard to the door. his feet, and the cliffs under that, and the roots of the island in the dark under that. In the. another shining objects, were inflating something -- but I did not even look in their direction. In. Hound had taken him, had stood and seen his people beaten senseless, had not stopped the beating. . welcome. "Tell us how you came here." . was half the cheese money, but they would have the luxury of a cabin, for Sea Otter was a decked. . decision that he had taken his own form, but that in touching this ground, this hill, he had. to the wonderful mysteries at the end of them. "Oh, are you a teller? Oh, why didn't you say so to begin with! Is that what you are then? I." "You never sent to me, you never let me send to you, all the time you were gone. I was just. his "oarless longship," he came to the island Solea and there saw Elfarran, the Islewoman or Lady. give up everything you love!". On the island of Ark, and in Orrimy on Hosk, and down among the Ninety Isles, there are tales about a man who came seeking for a land where people remembered the justice of the kings and the honor of wizards, and he called that land Morred's Isle. There's no knowing if these stories are about Medra, since he went under many names, seldom if ever calling himself Otter any more. Gelluk's fall had not brought Losen down. The pirate king had other wizards in his pay, among them a man called Early, who would have liked to find the young upstart who defeated his master Gelluk. And Early had a good chance of tracing him. Losen's power stretched all across Havnor and the north of the Inmost Sea, growing with the years; and the Hound's nose was as keen as ever. . was getting hot. . untaught knowledge of at least some words of the Language of the Making. The teaching of it is the. Staggering wildly the wizard tried to turn, lost his footing on the crumbling edge, and plunged. face gave way to something simpler, a look of complicity, very nearly a wink. "I see," he said. "I don't know," the Herbal said. "I can only tell you that when I'm with him, when I'm in the Great House, I feel that nothing can be done but what has been done. That nothing will change. Nothing will grow. That no matter what cures I use, the sickness will end in death." He looked around at them all like a hurt ox. "And I think it is true. There is no way to regain the Equilibrium but by holding still. We have gone too far. For the Archmage and Lebannen to go bodily into death, and return - it was not right. They broke a law that must not be broken. It was to restore the law that Thorion returned." . crafts and arts of a nonindustrial society. Their population is stable and has never overcrowded. At that the Changer looked at him, and after pondering said soberly, "Doorkeeper, what have you in mind?". sudden, taking Otter's hand in his and pulling him to his feet with startling strength. He was. On the High Marsh Dragonfly. He sought among memories, among shadows, groping over and over through images: the assault on his. someone were at my heels. The next street headed up and ended at an escalator. I thought that. he knew all too well how Roke was guarded. He knew neither he nor the weatherworker could do. face. She put her hand to the door and it opened, but not into an apartment; the floor moved softly. to the house with three eggs, they were still warm in his hand, silky brown lukewarm eggs, and the. After Morred, seven more kings and queens ruled from Enlad, and the realm increased steadily in size and prosperity. . It was utterly still. . "A fool could sit under the trees forever and grow no wiser." "Oh, it's no good, I know it's no good. Nothing's any good with a drunkard," she said. She wiped her eyes with her apron. "Was that what broke you," she said, "the drink?". separated into two kinds of being, incompatible in their habits and desires. Perhaps a long. "Your name is beautiful, Irioth," she said after a while. "I never knew my husband's true name. Nor he mine. I won't speak yours again. But I like to know it, since you know mine." He stopped in front of her. She felt herself blush, her face and throat burning, dizzy, her ears. "Indeed, for the sailors feared him too, and kept him bound that way all the voyage. When the Doorkeeper of the Great House of Roke saw him, he loosed his hands and freed his tongue. And the first thing the boy did in the Great House, they say, he turned the Long Table of the dining hall upside down, and soured the beer, and a student who tried to stop him got turned into a pig for a bit. . . But the boy had met his match in the Masters. . "Well. . . um. . . someone you could trust. . . that was a true joy, which may be enough to ask for, after all. . perspective. It was hard to rest the eye on anything that was not in motion, because the. indignant before, about my bringing home strangers?". what had become of their power. They didn't know. . but religious and secular power was henceforth in the hands of the Godking, chosen (often with. Gelluk watched him with his inquisitive, affectionate look, and when Otter stood up, wincing and gasping, the wizard asked gently, "Are you afraid of the King?". thick grey hair flowed loose about his face. "I know you found that little patch for them to dig. . door opening on the street, but it's shut. It looks like an ordinary door." . is it?". 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." I also wanted information on various things that had happened back then, before Ged and Tenar were. times better than he ever did. . thought), the man on the sheet would say that Olaf or I was similar to himself -- we were not so. power we give for our power. The lesser state of being we forego. Surely you know that every true. Yet he spoke as a friend. Why? said Otter's look. Hound answered it. . patrols south of Omer, running a stolen fishing boat with the magewind. The patrol caught them. black cars -- he yawned, one step away, in the dark cavern there was a flash of fangs, he shut his. The Doorkeeper caught up with her as she came to a cross-corridor and stood not knowing which way to take. "This way," he said, falling into step beside her, and after a while, "This way," and so they came quite soon to a door. It was not made of horn and ivory. It was uncarved oak, black and massive, with an iron bolt worn thin with

age. "This is the back door," the mage said, unbolting it. "Media's Gate, they used to call it. I keep both doors." He opened it. The brightness of the day dazzled Irian's eyes. When she could see clearly she saw a path leading from the door through the gardens and the fields beyond them; beyond the fields were the high trees, and the swell of Roke Knoll off to the right. But standing on the path just outside the door as if waiting for them was the pale-haired man with narrow eyes..one. Where'd he come from, anyhow? Answer me that.."Excuse me." I touched the arm of the man in fur. "Where are we?".Of them all it was the Herbal, the healer, who was the first to move. He went up the path and knelt down by Thorion. "My lord," he said, "my friend."."The watermetal," Otter said..followed the goat-tracks, growling when his foot slipped in the mud and he wrenched his ankle to.All this took only two days, and all the time Early was looking and probing toward Endlane.Dragonfly peered close at Rose's work. Rose brought out a maggot, dropped it, spat on it, and probed again. The girl leaned up against the ewe, and the ewe leaned against the girl, giving and receiving comfort. Rose extracted, dropped, and spat on the last maggot, and said, "Just hand me that bucket now." She bathed the sore with salt water. The ewe sighed deeply and suddenly walked out of the yard, heading for home. She had had enough of medicine. "Bucky!" Rose shouted. A grubby child appeared from under a bush where he had been asleep and trailed after the ewe, of whom he was nominally in charge although she was older, larger, better fed, and probably wiser than he was.. "Sans wife. All the women."."Go on," the witch murmured.

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