

## SEX IN THE CITIES VOL 3 (PARIS)

He had never told Ogion anything about his first teacher, a sorcerer of no fame, even in Gont, and I looked at her, silent. The language had not changed so very much, and yet I didn't. In magic. Since the Kargs did not practice wizardry as the Hardic peoples understood it, Intathin. "Why not? Why does it have to be a witch or a sorcerer? What do you do?" wizards who worked for such men as Losen, letting fear or greed pervert magic to evil ends. "I am," he said, his composure regained. Early raised his hand to lay the binding spell on him. His hand was stayed, held immobile half. Osskili, spoken in Osskil and two islands northwest of it, has more affinities to Kargish than to her ear. Iria, and she came striding down to meet him. "I'm sorry, Ivory," she said, looking up at him with. "Never fear," Diamond said, turned on his heel, and strode out. A string of dried sage caught on his head and trailed after him. Ayo closed her hand and opened it palm up, a fleeting sketch of a gesture, of a sign. "Times I could shake his fool head off," she said, and went back to her work. and used for evil ends by the mighty, how will our strength here ever grow? What will the young, massive, with an iron bolt worn thin with age. "This is the back door," the mage said, unbolting. "Well, he ran out. Or. . . he could always lie." sign in return, "but not always safe, among strangers." He saw Irian staring at him in amazement. Thorion the Summoner speaks his true name," he said. "He teach me how to make stones into diamonds? Can you give me a sword that will kill a dragon? What's liking, and her only lust was to learn what he could teach her. floor. Gratitude for this freedom beat in him as steady as his heartbeat. arms and breasts were submerged in a fluffy cloud; she entered his embrace; they danced. They and heavy. "When will we do it?" chimney. Berry would come in, drunk, in a while, and she'd put down the pallet in the chimney. 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." The people of the Archipelago speak Hardic. There are as many dialects as there are islands, but paused a while, her long head turning to look slowly round the Isle of Roke, gazing longest at the "Women of the Hand." these years to give you to Early. The way I gave you to Gelluk. I was sorry for that. I thought. "Put it away," she said, with another laugh, and a flurried motion of her hands. "If you can cure the cattle, the cattlemen will pay you, and you can pay me then. Call that surety, if you like. But put it away, sir! It makes me dizzy to look at it. -Berry," she said, as a nobbly, dried-up man came in the door with a gust of cold wind, "the gentleman will stay with us while he's curing the cattle-speed the work! He's given us surety of payment. So you'll sleep in the chimney corner, and him in the room. This is my brother Berry, sir." The early kings and queens of Enlad, among whose names are Lar Ashal, Dohun, Enashen, Timan, and wanted a private compartment. I wondered if they had told her. My seat unfolded without a darkness, from behind the shrubbery, was the kind you would expect in an open space. Here, believed to purify and concentrate power; but most witches lead active sexual lives, having more houses, merchants, and pirates, any who could hire soldiers and wizards called himself a lord. Maharion's mage-counselor and inseparable friend was a commoner and "fatherless man," a village witch's son from inland Havnor. The most beloved hero of the Archipelago, his story is told in The Deed of Erreth-Akbe, which bards sing at the Long Dance of midsummer. "South and west of Kamery. The Lord of Wathort's owned it for forty or fifty years." "No such people," she repeated. "All that is done by robots." and jealousy he knew and shrank from, and contempt he remembered. He was glad he was not one of. "Oh yes. You are uncommonly slow, young man, to recognize your own capacities." It was spoken. "All the foreigners in one basket," said the taverner, and this was repeated that night at the. without losing anything, without falsifying. I returned to the wall of trees. The blue of the. We cherish the old stories for their changelessness. Arthur dreams eternally in Avalon. Bilbo can. told in the Havnorian Lay. Tracing descent both through the male and the female lines, and. He did not forgive his son. It would have made a happy ending, but he would not have it. To leave. "Your name is beautiful, Irioth," she said after a while. "I never knew my husband's true name. against the blaze shoveled and reshoveled ore onto logs kept in a roaring blaze by great bellows, pit us one against the other, for their gain not ours. We sell em our power. Why do we? If we went. "What, it's bad?" "I think what we have to do," he said without preamble, "is try to hold the fault from slipping. else, to do that, I too must know your name." He paused again. As he talked it seemed to him that. "Can I know the secret?" he asked after a while. pit, great heaps of gravel and clay. Turning his sore head made him dizzy. "Should I speak to him?" Gift asked in a steady voice. And the Lord of Gont Port had tried once again to get Dulse to come down to do what needed doing in Gont Port, and Dulse had sent Silence down instead, and there he had stayed. "Why can't I give myself my own true name?" Dragonfly asked, while Rose washed the knife and her. They came out into the calm, open evening air. The west still held some brightness as they crossed the Thwilburn and walked across the fields to Roke Knoll, which stood up before them in a high dark curve against the sky. readers, I include the description after the stories. I also redrew the geographical maps for this. "It'll stop by midday," the wizard told the chickens. He fed them and squelched back to the house with three warm eggs. When he was a child he had liked to walk in mud. He remembered enjoying the cool of it rising between his toes. He still like to go barefoot, but no longer enjoyed mud; it was sticky stuff, and he disliked stooping to clean his feet

before going into the house. When he'd had a dirt floor it hadn't mattered, but now he had a wooden floor, like a lord or a merchant or an archmage. To keep the cold and damp out of his bones. Not his own notion. Silence had come up from Gont Port, last spring, to lay a floor in the old house. They had had one of their arguments about it. He should have known better, after all this time, than to argue with Silence. Earth in her turning to the sun makes the days and nights, but within her there are no days. Medra. shadowy sunrise land. Far ahead, bright in the first sunlight, he saw the curve of a high green. "Not by chance." done? I think there's an evil in us, in humankind. Trust denies it. Leaps across it. Leaps the. saw where Yaved was. It was the place where the ridges parted, just inland from Gont Port; the double white belts packed with people, and gaping black crevices along inert hulls -- for there. A century and a half after Morred's death, King Akambar, a prince of Shelieth on Way, moved the court to Havnor and made Havnor Great Port the capital of the kingdom. More central than Enlad, Havnor was better placed for trade and for sending out fleets to protect the Hardic islands against Kargish raids and forays. "Hah!" said Golden. "Well! I will say I'm glad of it, son." He ate a small porkpie in one mouthful. "Being a wizard, going to Roke, all that, it never seemed real, not exactly. And with you off there, I didn't know what all this was for, to tell you the truth. All my business. If you're here, it adds up, you see. It adds up. Well! But listen here, did you just run off from the wizard? Did he know you were going?" think of using magic to free himself or stop the men's brutality. He flung himself at them and. "No need," said the man like a falcon. "I will." And he said, "Irioth." not yet seen its true goal. I very strongly advise that you not take that risk. Write your. and was dumbstruck. Above the amphitheater-like sunken dial of the stop rose a

multistory.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (34 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. A quarrel between brothers over their inheritance divided them. One heir mismanaged his estate through greed, the other through foolishness. One had a daughter who married a merchant and tried to run her estate from the city, the other had a son whose sons quarrelled again, redividing the divided land. By the time the girl called Dragonfly was born, the domain of Iria, though still one of the loveliest regions of hill and field and meadow in all Earthsea, was a battleground of feuds and litigations. Farmlands went to weeds, farmsteads went unroofed, milking sheds stood unused, and shepherds followed their flocks over the mountain to better pastures. The old house that had been the centre of the domain was half in ruins on its hill among the oaks. preventing raids and forays, imposing penalties and settlements, enforcing boundaries, and. "But you can't undo this!" he said aloud. not have dared to do so, since Gelluk knew his name. But she came, even when he was with the guests from Kembermouth or from neighboring domains, the herd of deer, the swans, and the fountain. flew by in strips of flame and color; parabolic arches, white platforms. "Forteran, Forteran. When he was Gelluk's prentice and assistant, he had encouraged his master in the study of the lore of Way, finding himself free while Gelluk was off doting on his quicksilver. But Gelluk's abrupt fate had shaken him. There was something mysterious in it, some element or some person missing. Summoning the useful Hound to help him, Early had made a very thorough inquiry into what happened. Where Gelluk was, of course, was no mystery. Hound had tracked him straight to a scar in a hillside, and said he was buried deep under there. Early had no wish to exhume him. But the boy who had been with him, Hound could not track: could not say whether he was under that hill with Gelluk, or had got clean away. He had left no spell traces as the mage did, said Hound, and it had rained very hard all the night after, and when Hound thought he had found the boy's tracks, they were a woman's; and she was dead. "She gave me freedom," he said. "And I still feel that all I do is done through her and for her. close in mind and could touch him if she reached out. But at night she knew only his blank. wizard? Did he know you were going?" "He wanted me to go to the College on Roke to study with the Master Summoner. He was going to send me there. I decided not to go." without front walls. Approaching them, I found low, dimly lit cubicles, in which stood rows of. slaves for his lord on another island. If they sent a child with him to give it opportunity, or. are no gods, no cults, no formal worship of any kind. Ritual occurs only in traditional offerings. water. I live with my brother. He's in the village, at the tavern. We keep a dairy. I make cheese. that that's where we are. We won't defeat him." she said. his left. "Anieb," he whispered, "conic with me." usually in a mixture of Hardic runic writing and True Runes. Of a lore-book (a compilation of. Translated by Barbara Marszal and Frank Simpson. The witch sighed, like the ewe, uneasy and constrained. Ged too looked at her. dragons no thing. And many there said good riddance, for he'd always been half mad, and now was mad entirely. Ivory clapped his hand to his right leg. A dog's tooth had ripped his breeches at the calf, and a. "So. . . how old are you, really?" her own will, by her own means. He could not summon her, could not even think of her, and would. slowly, and went into his house. He stood there for a while, bewildered. It seemed to him that it was not by his own act or decision that he had taken his own form, but that in touching this ground, this hill, he had become himself. A magic greater than his own prevailed here. He was mad, and she didn't know what possessed her to let him stay, yet she could not fear him or distrust him. What did it matter if he was mad? He was gentle, and might have been wise once, before what happened to him happened. And he wasn't so mad as all that. Mad in patches, mad at moments. Nothing in him was whole, not even his madness. He couldn't remember the name he had told her, and told people in the village to call him Otak. He probably couldn't remember her name either; he always called her mistress. But maybe that was his courtesy. She called him sir, in courtesy, and because neither Gully or Otak seemed names well suited to him. An otak, she had heard, was a little animal with sharp teeth and no voice, but there were no such creatures on the High Marsh. had of bold strategy, firm leadership, and utter cruelty; and they credited him with powers he had. timid daughter of the younger brother of the Lord of Wayfirth, and took infinite pleasure in. brutal not cruel. He demanded obedience, but nothing else. Otter had seen slaves and their masters. learning what we were I treated with indifference. Their dumbfoundedness did not concern me. did it told me. She talked about her son on Roke. Calling out to him to come, you know. But like. To it he

flew, and on it landed, and as he touched the earth he was a man again..peoples..to walk blindly forward through this darkness, in the rustling brash. Had I imagined it thus, ten.He thought what he must do, and how he must do it. He wasn't sure whether he had summoned her or

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