

## SHAPES GONE WILD ADULT COLORING BOOK

went on wandering about with itinerant musicians, ballad-singers and such, learning all their. Erreth-Akbe's gifts in magic became apparent when he was still a boy. He was sent to the court to. He sailed up the broad straits till Mount Onn was hidden by the headlands at the mouth of the Bay of Havnor. He would not see it again unless he went through that narrow passage. Then he would see the mountain, all the sweep and cresting of it, over the calm waters where he used to try to raise up the magewind when he was twelve; and sailing on he would see the towers rise up from the water, dim at first, mere dots and lines, then lifting up their bright banners, the white city at the center of the world.. woman's gaze returned to his face.. The Creation of Ea is the foundation of education in the Archipelago, By the age of six or seven, all children have heard the poem and most have begun to memorise it. An adult who doesn't know it by heart, so as to be able to speak or sing it with others and teach it to children, is considered grossly ignorant. It is taught in winter and spring, and spoken and sung entire every year at the Long Dance, the celebration of the solstice of summer.. after it the dragons ceased their hostilities for a while, it is certain that Orm survived it, and. Enemy's spells, fought one another in bloody and ruinous battles.. and walls and every window spouting fire. Women ran out of it screaming. They had been hiding no.. all loyalties. No commonwealth was left and no justice, only the will of the wealthy. Men of noble. "I don't know," Dragonfly said. "To hear about the Great House is wonderful, but I thought the people there would be - I don't know. Of course they're mostly just boys when they go there. But I thought they'd be..." She gazed off at the sheep on the hill, her face troubled. "Some of them are really bad and stupid," she said in a low voice. "They get into the School because they're rich. And they study there just to get richer. Or to get power.." could not do so now.. bully and humiliate them, spite and thwart them, hating the death they saw in them. He had seen. Grove and understood the patterns of the shadows!.. "So it was ordained by the first Archmage, centuries ago," said Ivory. "But ... I too have wondered.." voice, but not a beggar's accent.. came together, so that the stars were visible only through their branches. I recalled that to reach. again at Gift, and Ged did also. She looked at them both.. number in their psycho-technical tables. They permitted me to fly -- why? Because experience. potions used in aid of lust, jealousy, and malice. And a child's gift for magic became a thing to. did not see him, only my countrywoman Tenar of the Ring. She said she was not the woman they. 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.. He told Birch that he had received a sending from his teacher on Roke, the Master Hand, and must go at once, on what business he could not say, of course, but it should not take long once he was there; a half-month to go, another to return; he would be back well before the Fallows at the latest. He must ask Master Birch to provide him an advance on his salary to pay for ship-passage and lodging, for a wizard of Roke should not take advantage of people's willingness to give him whatever he needed, but pay his way like an ordinary man. As Birch agreed with this, he had to give Ivory a purse for his journey. It was the first real money he had had in his pocket for years: ten ivory counters carved with the Otter of Shelieth on one side and the Rune of Peace on the other in honour of King Lebannen. "Hello, little namesakes," he told them when he was alone with them. "You and the cheese money will get along nicely.." After a long time, late in the afternoon, old Hound came trudging up the valley. He stopped now and then and sniffed. He sat down on the hillside beside the scar in the ground, resting his tired legs. He studied the ground where some crumbs of fresh dirt lay and the grass was bent. He stroked the bent grass to straighten it. He got to his feet at last, went for a drink of the clear brown water under the willows, and set off down the valley towards the mine.. had books, the Chronicles of Enlad and the History of the Wise Heroes. From these precious books. mere toy, such as music or tale-telling, but a practical business, which his business could never. "Seemed odd. Old woman from a village inland, never seen the sea, calling the name of an island away off like that.." All day he stayed near the Otter's House, keeping watch on Irian, making her eat a little with him. She came to the house, but when they had eaten she went back to her place on the streambank and sat there motionless. And he too felt a lethargy in his own body and mind, a stupidity, which he fought against but could not shake off. He thought of the Summoner's eyes, and then it was that he felt cold, cold through, though he was sitting in the full heat of the summer's day. We are ruled by the dead, he thought. The thought would not leave him.. at Dulse's request that the wizard had to laugh.. there was enough, was all.. there were few guards, and they were not on the alert, since the wizard's spells had kept the. king. The brave and the wise, they came before him as if summoned, as if he had called them to. timid daughter of the younger brother of the Lord of Wayfirth, and took infinite pleasure in. 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.. In the confusion of Otter's mind, he was only dimly aware that they were going now towards the entrance of the mine. They went underground. The passages of the mine were a dark maze like the wizard's words. Otter stumbled on, trying to understand. He saw the slave in the tower, the woman who had looked at him. He saw her eyes.. The Creation of Ea is the foundation of education in the Archipelago, By the age of six or seven, .. pushed and shoved in the swarming crowds, I attempted to work my way to some clear space, but. dozen paces from her when she began to sing. Among the unseen trees her voice was weak.. dragon scream- and flew on faster, leaving them to follow him to the conquest.. "I don't see why," she said. "My mother can cure a fever and ease a childbirth and find a lost. a wrong turning somewhere. Tall reeds rose up close beside the paths, so that if a light shone. She looked at him and at the Doorkeeper and said nothing.. "What does that mean, 'really'? Biologically I'm forty, but by Earth clocks, one hundred. A woman of power, she knew what he was. Had she called him there?.. and I found myself suddenly high up; this aerial ride lasted maybe half a minute and ended at

a. "But -" Irian said, and stopped. "A nose, now, is a useful thing, a salable thing," Hound went on. "Not that I'm looking for, but sometimes one can get into the reals. . .". Chanter urged them on. They'll be along soon..shaped flowers nodding in the wind of morning..Small islands and villages are generally governed by a more or less democratic council or Parley, headed, or represented in dealings with other groups, by an elected Isleman or Islewoman, In the Reaches there is often no government other than the Isle Parley and the Town Parleys. In the Inner Lands, a governing caste was established early, and most of the great islands and cities are ruled at least nominally by hereditary lords and ladies, while the Archipelago entire was governed for centuries by kings. Towns and cities are, however, frequently almost entirely self-governed by their Parley and merchant and trade guilds.. "Maybe our hope is there," said the Namer..but all that would do was hide the ache for a while. There was no cure for what ailed him. Old..from women, and they want men to make the decisions for all. Now what compromise can we make with..and face twitched, her teeth chattered. He held her close against him, trying to warm her..He strode from the house, turned, and set a fire spell on it so that it burst into flames, thatch and walls and every window spouting fire. Women ran out of it screaming. They had been hiding no doubt in the back room; he paid them no attention. "Hound," he thought. He spoke the summoning, using Hound's true name, and the old man came to him as he was bound to do. He was sullen, though, and said, "I was in the tavern, down the way there, you could have said my use-name and I'd have come." Oh, it's time, and past time. We must deliver the King. We must find the great lode. It is here; "Nonsense! Not history!" said the old Namer. "The first Archmage came centuries after the last..betrayed me."..After a long pause he went on. "You know that a dragon brought back our Lord Sparrowhawk, with the young king, from the shores of death. Then the dragon carried Sparrowhawk away to his home, for his power was gone, he was not a mage. So presently the Masters of Roke met to choose a new Archmage, here, in the Grove, as always. But not as always..She looked westward over the reed beds and willows and the farther hills. The whole western sky was empty, clear. She stood still and her soul seemed to go into that sky and be gone, gone out of her..She got him onto his bed, pulled the shoes off his feet, and left him sleeping. Berry came in late..managed to bring a bit of magewind into the sail of a boat, though he had no idea how to combat or..end to. He was determined now not to win her, but to defeat her. He could not let her defeat him..somewhere, col?"..rule of the Havnorian Kings..The Doorkeeper looked at her for what seemed a long time. Then it is your name," he said. "But..sometimes weakened and faded. Otter dared not try to summon her..the Old Speech, Ember said, each of those trees had its own name. You walked on, and after a time..as it was under the Kings..hers and smiled at him, a smile so tender and radiant that he said spontaneously, "And may what..him with her snout..She lay awake in the little house, feeling the air stifling and the ceiling pressing down on her, then slept suddenly and deeply. She woke as suddenly when the east was just getting light. She went to the door to see what she loved best to see, the sky before sunrise. Looking down from it she saw Azver the Patterner rolled up in his grey cloak, sound asleep on the ground before her doorstep. She withdrew noiselessly into the house. In a little while she saw him going back to his woods, walking a bit stiffly and scratching his head as he went, as people do when half awake..the sorcerers and witches. There's no one to turn to."..guests from Kembermouth or from neighboring domains, the herd of deer, the swans, and the fountain."More a mater of getting in with it, I think." The old man was burying the core of his apple and."Will you trust me entirely, wholly - knowing that the risk I take for you is greater even than your risk in this venture?"..After a while, searching for words, he went on: "Dirt. Rocks. It's a dirty magic. Old. Very old. As old as Gont Island."..Irioth came up onto the doorstep. He did not go in, but spoke in the open door. "Master San, it's about the cattle you have there between the rivers. I can go to them today." He did not know why he said this. It was not what he had meant to say..The dark-eyed mage bowed his head at that, and said, "Very well," evidently with relief at accepting their judgment over his own. "Thorion has been much with the other Masters, and with the young men. Secret meetings, inner circles. Rumors, whispers. The younger students are frightened, and several have asked me or the Doorkeeper if they may go. And we'd let them go. But there's no ship in port, and none has come into Thwil Bay since the one that brought you, lady, and sailed again next day for Wathort. The Windkey keeps the Roke-wind against all. If the king himself should come, he could not land on Roke,"..And the Old Powers of the Earth, which are manifest at Roke Knoll, the Immanent Grove, the Tombs of Atuan, the Terrenon, the Lips of Paor, and many other places, may be coeval with the world itself..He had turned up on Dulse's doorstep a few years ago. Well, no, twenty years ago it must be, or twenty-five. A while ago now. He had been truly a boy then, long-legged, rough-haired, soft-faced, with a set mouth and clear eyes. "What do you want?" the wizard had asked, knowing what he wanted, what they all wanted, and keeping his eyes from those clear eyes. He was a good teacher, the best on Gont, he knew that. But he was tired of teaching, and didn't want another prentice underfoot, and sensed danger..soul! But they put men where we put the world. And so they hold that a true wizard must be a man..When he added that little questioning "eh?" or "neh?" to the end of what had seemed a statement it always took her by surprise. She said nothing..the children, and jugglers and puppeteers, some of them hired and some of them coming by to pick..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 met his match, and in their final confrontation, somewhere in the Sea of Ea, both perished..of a lighted ship far out at sea, in darkness, in the rain..parking lot. For the "rasts"? I decided that it would be better for me to wait for someone to come..nonexistent

room behind glass, an enormous male head sang without sound; I saw the dark read.cheek in a butterfly kiss, dark lashes. He looked up startled and did not know what had touched.No. There had been a thunderclap, a while ago. This was not thunder. He had had this queer feeling and had not recognized it, back then, before the earthquake that had sunk a half mile of the coast at Essary and swamped the wharfs at Gont Port..trembling, like a hound that wants to chase but cannot find the scent. He was at a loss. There was.Otter stated it as an unfortunate fact, not as a moral assertion. Hound looked at him with.protected Roke so long and protected it far more closely now..This conversation was idiotic and I felt terrible, but I had to find out..not natural. With short, unsteady steps she ran to the water; when her body was reflected in it, she.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/D...20%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (2 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. "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 cowboys were discussing whether or not it was safe to eat the meat of a steer dead of the murrain. The supply of food they had brought, meager to start with, was about to run out. Instead of riding twenty or thirty miles to restock, they wanted to cut the tongue out of a steer that had died nearby that morning..Ember was on the dock to meet him. Lamé and very thin, he came to her and took her hands, but he.She was silent. I forced myself to look away from her. Inside that other room, the.out, past the Armed Cliffs! Good luck to you." And he turned and ran back up the street, a tall,.All this took only two days, and all the time Early was looking and probing toward Endlane.Rose was muttering a rote spell, but it was her hands and her little short sharp knife that did.The Osskili use the Hardic runes to write their language, since they trade mostly with Hardic-speaking lands..Otter crouched as always in the uneasy oppression of the spellbond. He drank thirstily. The sharp earthy taste of the onion was good, and he ate it all.. "I'd like to walk under your trees a bit, Azver," the Herbal said, with a long sigh..He stopped in front of her. She felt herself blush, her face and throat burning, dizzy, her ears.She slid out of her clothes, the man's breeches and shirt that were all she had, and slipped naked. "On the polyduct," said the man. "Which is your switch?". "What's more wrong than to summon oneself back from death?" said the Namer..about him. She hadn't seen a king when she first saw him, as with the other one..little house near the edge of the Thwilburn that runs out of the Grove, and lived there in the. "Why? Everyone, I tell you!". There were no wizards serving Losen now except Early and a couple of humble sorcerers. Early had driven off or killed, one after another, his rivals for Losen's favor, and had enjoyed sole rule over all Havnor now for years..They were not far inside the Grove, and still beside the stream, when Irian stopped, turned aside, and crouched down by the enormous, hunching roots of a willow that leaned out over the water. The four mages stood on the path.. "But you do have a talent.". "In my judgment, you do," he said..and crouched down by the enormous, hunching roots of a willow that leaned out over the water. The. "No such people," she repeated. "All that is done by robots.".Doorkeeper..only because it had a weatherworker of its own aboard, who raised a wave to swamp the stolen boat..them nights, brooding on where and how he might extend his empire..and reverence. On all the islands, the arts mostly practiced by witches, such as midwifery.. "Come" she said, "before you fall asleep there," and he followed her obediently to Berry's room..of Old Iria, asking her to come in by the back door and maybe make a poultice or sing a chant to.reflections. "Come on, where are you?" I heard her whisper. I saw only the pale smudge of her. "I don't know. They gave me all kinds of shots. Is it so important?". "We're coming into Thwil Bay now. Where there's no wind but the wind they want.".would not allow a thing he never changed his mind, priding himself on his intransigence, since. "Wherever you like.".return, I felt that I no longer desired, was looking for, was in need of a single thing; it was enough.The tall man in his tall hat suddenly sat down on the dirt beside Otter, quite close to him. His breath smelled earthy. His light eyes gazed directly into Otter's eyes. "Would you like to know? You can know anything you like. I need have no secrets from you. Nor you from me," and he laughed, not threateningly, but with pleasure. He gazed at Otter again, his large, white face smooth and thoughtful. "Powers you have, yes, all kinds of little traits and tricks. A clever lad. But not too clever; that's good. Not too clever to learn, like some... I'll teach you, if you like. Do you like learning? Do you like knowledge? Would you like to know the name we call the King when he's all alone in his brightness in his courts of stone? His name is Turren. Do you know that name? It's a word in the language of the Allking. His own name in his own language. In our base tongue we would say Semen." He smiled again and patted Otter's hand. "For he is the seed and fructifier. The seed and source of might and right. You'll see. You'll see. Come along! Come along! Let's go see the King flying among his subjects, gathering himself from them!" And he stood up, supple and sudden, taking Otter's hand in his and pulling him to his feet with startling strength. He was laughing with excitement..saw a burly, dark-skinned man and two boys come out and weed one of the vegetable plots. It eased.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/D...20%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (7 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM].sun to come out and shine through his flesh and dry them out. Of course he could say a pain spell,I entered a mall. It was filled with displays. Tourist offices, sports shops, mannequins in.found he could endure the music if he was dancing to it and talking and laughing while he danced..smiled at Otter. "Don't you?". "I'll stay here if I may," he said in that princely way, with his teeth chattering, holding on to the doorjamb to keep on his feet..done. But the fire burned in Irioth's hands, burned his eyes when he tried to hide his eyes in his.narrow back street of the old city, memorizing long, long lists of words, words of power in the. "Who doesn't? I like the cheese making. There's an interest to it. And I'm strong. All I fear is getting old, when I can't lift the buckets and the molds." She showed him her round, muscular arm, making a fist and smiling. "Pretty good

for fifty years old!" she said. It was silly to boast, but she was proud of her strong arms, her energy and skill.. "He tricked and killed a great mage, my master. He's dangerous. I want vengeance. Who did he talk to here? I want them. Then I'll see to him." of her neck. It was as if she was with him in the room. It was as if she was in him, as if she was

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