

## SUTURES OF THE MIND

She never went into the Grove without him, and it was many days before he left her alone within it. But one hot afternoon when they came to a glade among a stand of oaks, he said, "I will come back here, eh?" and walked off with his quick, silent step, lost almost at once in the dappled, shifting depths of the forest. "Play the flute," Diamond said promptly, and took out of his pocket the little fife his mother had you vowed to keep. She has no place here nor ever will. She can bring only confusion, dissension. "He cannot harm me anywhere," she said, the fire running through her veins again. "If he tries to, No wind. No birdcall. No distant lowing or bleating or call of voice. As if all the island had gone still. Not a fly buzzed. but was defeated at last, at the cost of the forests and cities of Ilien, which he set afire as he. Next day he had Licky send him the boy. He looked forward to seeing him, to being kind to him, teaching him, petting him a bit as he had done yesterday. He sat down with him in the sun. Gelluk was fond of children and animals. He liked all beautiful things. It was pleasant to have a young creature about. Otter's uncomprehending awe was endearing, as was his uncomprehended strength. Slaves were wearisome with their weakness and trickery and their ugly, sick bodies. Of course Otter was his slave, but the boy need not know it. They could be teacher and prentice. But prentices were faithless, Gelluk thought, reminded of his prentice Early, too clever by half, whom he must remember to control more strictly. Father and son, that's what he and Otter could be. He would have the boy call him Father. He recalled that he had intended to find out his true name. There were various ways of doing it, but the simplest, since the boy was already under his control, was to ask him. "What is your name?" he said, watching Otter intently. "The carters go down to Endlane, summers." those with business ran from one booth to another; farther back, green letters jumped, columns of. say the king himself is the new Archmage. But he isn't a wizard, only a king. So others say the. Women who work magic may practice periods of celibacy as well as fasting and other disciplines believed to purify and concentrate power; but most witches lead active sexual lives, having more freedom than most village women and less need to fear abuse. Many pledge "witch-troth" with another witch or an ordinary woman. They do not often marry men, and if they do, they are likely to choose a sorcerer. Mead looked at her sister. "Then it's time we talked a bit to you," she said, sitting down across. had done. "I'll be in the Grove," she said. "And my heart with you, my dark otter, my white tern, my love, the high pasture, in the noon light, Heleth opened his arms wide in the gesture of invocation that. Earth in her turning to the sun makes the days and nights, but within her there are no days. Medra walked through the night. He was very lame, and could not always keep up the werelight. When it failed he had to stop and sit down and sleep. The sleep was never death, as he thought it was. He woke, always cold, always in pain, always thirsty, and when he could make a glimmer of the light he got to his feet and went on. He never saw Anieb but he knew she was there. He followed her. Sometimes there were great rooms. Sometimes there were pools of motionless water. It was hard to break the stillness of their surface, but he drank from them. He thought he had gone down deeper and deeper for a long time, till he reached the longest of those pools, and after that the way went up again. Sometimes now Anieb followed him. He could say her name, though she did not answer. He could not say the other name, but he could think of the trees; of the roots of the trees. This was the kingdom of the roots of the trees. How far does the forest go? As far as forests go. As long as the lives, as deep as the roots of the trees. As long as leaves cast shadows. There were no shadows here, only the dark, but he went forward, and went forward, until he saw Anieb before him. He saw the flash of her eyes, the cloud of her curling hair. She looked back at him for a moment, and then turned aside and ran lightly down a long, steep slope into darkness. He groaned and scoured his scalp with his knuckles. He was sitting on the dirt in their old play-place, a kind of bower deep in the willows, where they could hear the stream running over the stones nearby and the clang-clang of the smithy further off. The girl sat down facing him. he would spellbind Gelluk and hurl him into the refining fire, he would bind him and blind him and. "Di," she said, and he looked up. His face was still round and a bit peachy, though the bones were. "Like the Library of the Kings," said Crow, dreaming of lost glories. over me, laughing, chattering, babbling. . . I was delivered by a sleep like death; in it, even time. "But you do have a talent." from delicate veins, like the luminescence of a single giant trembling leaf. Doors opened in all. Morred's people against him. Crying out that their king had betrayed them, the villagers of Enlad. "War?" practice magic puts the Kargs at a disadvantage with the Archipelagans in almost every respect. Trusting the messenger, Morred entered the trap. He barely escaped with his life. The Enemy. "You can? Is it allowed?" growl, like a bear. A moment later a thunderclap rolled off the hidden upper slopes of Gont. The furniture -- armchairs, a low sofa, small rabies -- looked as though it had been cast in. She followed the Doorkeeper down a stone passageway. Only at the end of it did she think to turn back to see the light shine through the thousand leaves of the tree carved in the high door in its bone-white frame. the night, laying to in any bay or harbor; but there was no moorage on this crossing, and since. "I'm never cold," she said. "It was him." watermetal's long gone. Listen, young'un, do you even know what cinnabar is?" Down. Faster. Gold squares of lights. Inside, crowds, foam on glasses, an almost black animal himself, a silent, damaged creature that needed protection but couldn't ask for it. She turned away and began to walk on up the hill. "But the Summoner fought him both in body and spirit, and called to me, and I came. Together we. The weatherworker knew his trade, at least. Sea Otter sped south; they met summer squalls and choppy seas, but never a storm or a troublesome wind. They put off and took on cargo at ports on the north shore of O, at Ilien, Leng, Kamery, and O Port, and then headed west to carry the passengers to Roke. And facing the west Ivory felt a little hollow at the pit of his stomach, for he knew all too well how Roke was guarded. He knew neither he nor the weatherworker could do anything at all to turn the Roke-wind if it blew against them. And if it did. Dragonfly would ask why? Why did it blow against them?. wilderness of cats and hens. She liked cats, toads, and jewels. The amethyst

necklace had been man, near eighty now; and he was frightened. He smiled with joy to see Ogion, but he was young man whom he had taught to read had become his unfathomable guide..After the first outcries and embraces, the servants and his mother sat him right down to."Animals, too?".All this went rushing through his mind like a flood breaking through a dam, while he stood at the fingers on the metal surface of the table, and from the wall jumped a nickel claw, which tossed a all, shapes and influences all the institutions of the Hardic peoples, so that, much as ordinary.She went to the house, set out her supper of smoked meat and bread and summer lettuce, and ate it mere pretence at this crazy scheme - without giving up his salary and his precarious longer."."Oh, yes, since he's cured half the herds and got paid six coppers for it, time for him to go..All the way down the spinning, reeking stone stairs he talked, and Otter tried to understand,."I'm no good there, you see, Ged," he said. "I am, here. If they'll let me do the work." He looked again at Gift, and Ged did also. She looked at them both.. "I can protect you here, and have done so. On Roke, of course, you'll be perfectly safe. The very walls, there...But if you go home, you must be willing to protect yourself. It's a difficult thing for a young man, very difficult -- a test of a will that has not yet been steeled, a mind that has not yet seen its true goal. I very strongly advise that you not take that risk. Write your parents, and go to the Great Port, or to Roke. Half your year's fee, which I'll return to you, will see to your first expenses."..so much before. Could they be flying columns? People were hurrying toward it from all.At that Dulse looked him over again. No cloak, no staff..from an early age; and this was one of the reasons Diamond loved her. With her, he knew what.stylized conches were shooting forth, while above them raced the words INFOR INFOR INFOR.the trees. "Stay tonight. You will?".images in his mind: great fires blazing, burning sticks with hands and feet, burning lumps that.Otter could not speak; she had spoken through him, using his voice, which sounded thick and faint..far and wide..If Diamond had been born to that kind of power, if that was his gift, then all Golden's dreams and.gleamed below, on either side opened passageways in buildings; beneath a tree with blue leaves -.the grass..whole "independence" escapade involved flying from one terminal to another, where someone."He's the Master here."..Hound came in on her heels. "Well," he said, "in the first place, when I got to the city, I go up to the palace, just to hear the news, and what do I see? I see old King Pirate standing on his legs, shouting out orders like he used to do. Standing up! Hasn't stood for years. Shouting orders! And some of em did what he said, and some of em didn't. So I got on out of there, that kind of a situation being dangerous, in a palace. Then I went about to friends of mine and asked where was old Early and had the fleet been to Roke and come back and all. Early, they said, nobody knew about Early. Not a sign of him nor from him. Maybe I could find him, they said, joking me, hm. They know I love him. As for the ships, some had come back, with the men aboard saying they never came to Roke Island, never saw it, sailed right through where the sea charts said was an island, and there was no island. Then there were some men from one of the great galleys. They said when they got close to where the island should be, they came into a fog as thick as wet cloth, and the sea turned thick too, so that the oarsmen could barely push the oars through it, and they were caught in that for a day and a night. When they got out, there wasn't another ship of all the fleet on the sea, and the slaves were near rebelling, so the master brought her home as quick as he could. Another, the old Stormcloud, used to be Losen's own ship, came in while I was there. I talked to some men off her. They said there was nothing but fog and reefs all round where Roke was supposed to be, so they sailed on with seven other ships, south a ways, and met up with a fleet sailing up from Wathort. Maybe the lords there had heard there was a great fleet coming raiding, because they didn't stop to ask questions, but sent wizard's fire at our ships, and came alongside to board them if they could, and the men I talked to said it was a hard fight just to get away from them, and not all did. All this time they had no word from Early, and no weather was worked for them unless they had a bagman of their own aboard. So they came back up the length of the Inmost Sea, said the man from Stormcloud, one straggling after the other like the dogs that lost the dogfight. Now, do you like the news I bring you?".sort of holding off. I guess he had this in mind all along. But what if I go down there and I'm.lights. No infor. By now I was exhausted, not only physically -- I felt that I could not take in any.name. The knowledge can be evoked and the gift received only under certain conditions, at the.gleaned from his sailors' reports and the marvelous ancient charts kept in the palace. He studied.He walked down the straggling street of Purewells to Sans house, which was about midway, opposite the tavern. San, a hardbitten man in his thirties, was talking to a man on his doorstep, a stranger. When they saw Irioth they looked uneasy. San went into his house and the stranger followed..The leaves of the trees spoke, she said, and the shadows could be read. "I am learning to read them," she said..not so far as she, for he was lame..he was ten years old. He had been afraid of them, the women that shouted at him to get out of the.their chances, like everyone else. He opened their gate a little. Though the rain was no more than.A carter walking at his mule's head with a load of oakwood came upon them and took them both to Woodedge. He could not make the young man let go of the dead woman. Weak and shaky as he was, he would not set his burden down on the load, but clambered into the cart holding her, and held her all the miles to Woodedge. All he said was "She saved me," and the carter asked no questions.. "Didn't know you were after him. I've been after him a long time. He fooled me." Hound spoke."I guess we were children," he said. "Now....".After him Otter climbed the winding stairs, broad at first but growing tight and narrow, passing vapor chambers with red-hot ovens whose vents led up to refining rooms where the soot from the burnt ore was scraped down by naked slaves and shoveled into ovens to be burnt again. They came to the topmost room. Gelluk said to the single slave crouching at the rim of the shaft, "Show me the King!".Thirst: and with it pain. Thirst, and the sound of water running..Tinaral, Anieb's presence within him. It was only a few steps round it to the scar, the seam,.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/D...20%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (5 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM].ever seen anyone. He saw the thin arms, the swollen joints of elbow and wrist, the childish nape.a sign that read STRATO lit up, as though

written with the glowing end of a cigarette. I bent. PEOPLES AND LANGUAGES. "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. He said nothing. She squatted down to find out what was in the basket. "Peaches!" she said, and. Of them all it was the Herbal, the healer, who was the first to move. He went up the path and. "I don't know, my dear. I do want you to be safe. I do love to see your father happy and proud of you. But I can't bear to see you unhappy, without pride! I don't know. Maybe you're right. Maybe for a man it's only one thing ever. But I miss hearing you sing." mouth, and stood waiting to die. She had looked at him. numerals flowed down narrow screens; other booths had shutters instead of doors, which lifted. The hierarchic and centralising tendency of this religion lent support at first to the ambition of. and commoner, becoming a Mage in the Court of the Lords Regent in the Great Port of Havnor? Golden. mind? ". wondered what "singing" meant -- perhaps "you're kidding me"? . little, small spell, to send the rain on round the mountain. His bones ached. They ached for the. only because it had a weatherworker of its own aboard, who raised a wave to swamp the stolen boat. harshly, and Diamond stiffened up a bit. "Sparrowhawk loved him. So did we all." ". Irian of Way, my lords," said the Doorkeeper. They were all silent. He motioned her to come. after the men were gone did some neighbors creep out to comfort Otter's people as best they could. The Summoner, who had been standing with his back to them, facing the fireless hearth, turned. Tern left late that year on his journey. He had with him a boy of fifteen, Mote, a promising. 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," ". She looked at him. She could not speak. She stood up and after a moment walked out of the stableyard, off across the hill, on the path that went around it halfway up. One of the dogs, her favorite, a big, ugly, heavy-headed hound, followed her. She stopped on the slope above the marshy spring where Rose had named her ten years ago. She stood there; the dog sat down beside her and looked up at her face. No thought was clear in her mind, but words repeated themselves: I could go to Roke and find out who I am. "I dislike goat cheese," Dulse said. stable, where he left the hinny. Emer greeted him and scolded him and tried to make him eat, but. As the dim light that came into the room from chinks in the mortar of the bricked-up window died. Glosses of Danemer and the Arcana of the Enlades, and kept his mouth closed. He listened. He heard. "Diamond." He trilled and caroled about the house; he knew any tune as soon as he heard it, and. rose up from among the students of the school, women and men of power, knowledge, and pride, sworn. "He's not too well," she said, speaking low. "He was curing the cattle away out east over the." "You must find the Red Mother," he said, the day after that. They were sitting side by side again. "And what is a real? ". Their popularity ran ahead of them. It was known that they would trade for books, if the books. The Deed of Enlad, a good deal of which appears to be purely mythical, concerns the kings before Morred, and Morred's first year on the throne. The capital city of these rulers was Berila, on the island of Enlad. topaz or amber. They were strange eyes, right on a level with his own. honour her inheritance and be true to Iria. She drank the wine, but she hated the curses and. worse. You got it wrong. You're only a witch. You did it wrong. It's his name. He can have it. "And we're out of buttons," Tern said. He was cheerful; as soon as he had thought of Pody he knew he was going in the right direction. "Perhaps I can find some along the way," he said. "It's my gift, you know." . imagined and found startling, unwelcome, even painful, altering all her beliefs. before her massive, actual presence. up somewhere far away in the heart of the building, filtered its way through the glass of the. prentice him to Elassen, a respectable sorcerer in Valmouth. There the boy had picked up his true. She'd have thought being King in Havnor wasn't good enough for him. The nights were long and terrible, for the spells pressed on him, weighed on him, waked him over. groundwork. watched the shadows of the leaves play across the ground. The oakmast was deep; though she had. She did not wait for an answer. "I'll walk her up," she said, standing up, and put out her hand. Otter, sitting by the fire shelling walnuts, held still. Mead thanked the messenger and brought him in for a cup of water and a handful of shelled nuts. She and Ayo chatted with him about his wife. When he had gone she turned to Otter. should take. really did look like a sculpture in azure metal -- studied me carefully. She no longer appeared. He helped her stand. He made no spell to protect or hide them. His strength had been used up. And. tried to get to his feet he felt bonds of sorcery holding his body and mind, resilient, clinging. variations. The Raft People of the far South West Reach retain the great annual celebrations, but. "What's wrong?" she asked. The gentleness of her deep, husky voice unmanned him, and he hid his. After the death of Orm the dragons remained a threat in the West, especially when provoked by. "Anywhere. Run away." . respectability, without this sea voyage, without having to go all the way to Roke for it! For he. GOLDEN ordered the beer and food and fireworks, but Diamond saw to hiring the musicians. Her feet and legs and hands were bare and dirty, her skirt and jacket disreputable. Her dirty toes. A few times, sitting on the waterstairs, the dirty harbor water sloshing at the next step down, the yells of gulls and dockworkers wreathing the air with a thin, ungainly music, he shut his eyes and saw his love so clear, so close, that he reached out his hand to touch her. If he reached out his hand in his mind only, as when he played the mental harp, then indeed he touched her. He felt her

hand in his, and her cheek, warm-cool, silken-gritty, lay against his mouth. In his mind he spoke to her, and in his mind she answered, her voice, her husky voice saying his name, "Diamond ....". So these are reports of my explorations and discoveries: tales from Earthsea for those who have around the other one, Otak, like a wavering fire, and shadows jumping, and his voice not like any. enjoy battles of wits with wizards, "splitting arguments with a forked tongue." Like human beings, with brick walls and bricked-up windows. The door had no bars and no visible lock. But when he have to give up saying spells? I can bring a fever down now too. Why should you have to stop doing

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