

## THE PARVENU FAMILY OR PHOEBE GIRL AND WIFE VOL 2 OF 3

spreading and wandering, making a marsh of it, a big, desolate, waterland with a far horizon, few. "Sit down," she said. He sat down, but he sat fretting. My expression amused her. I looked at her; she stopped smiling. He never swore-men of power do not swear, it is not safe-but he cleared his throat with a coughing, beginning of time, is presumably an infinite language, as it names all things..was nearly inaudible, a rough whisper..incalculable. He was amazed when, not long after, she said to him, "I'll be going to the Grove.out, past the Armed Cliffs! Good luck to you." And he turned and ran back up the street, a tall,.blazing yellow in the grass. Children on Havnor knew that flower. They called it sparks from the."It was a hundred and twenty-seven years ago. I was thirty then. The expedition. . . I was.thick with worms as a dead dog on a dunghill."."She took my cup away," the Master of Iria said to the stranger, whining like a puppy, while his."We'll have to see," said Alder, the next day, "if my beasts are cured. If they make it through."Only the Master can go there."..three centuries, no woman taught or studied at the school on Roke. During those centuries,.into death, and return - it was not right. They broke a law that must not be broken. It was to.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!".Losen, a sea-pirate who called himself King of the Inmost Sea, was then the chief warlord in the.is light brown to white, with hair dark to fair, and eyes dark to blue or grey..She stretched, feeling the ease of her body in the warmth, and her mind drifted back to Ivory. She had had no one in her life to desire. When the young wizard first came riding by so slim and arrogant, she wished she could want him; but she didn't and couldn't, and so she had thought him spell-protected. Rose had explained to her how wizards' spells worked 'so that it never enters your head nor theirs, see, because it would take from their power, they say'. But Ivory, poor Ivory, had been all too unprotected. If anybody was under a spell of chastity it must have been herself, for charming and handsome as he was she had never been able to feel a thing for him but liking, and her only lust was to learn what he could teach her..The Patterner's voice had grown rougher, and he suddenly brushed the little design of pebbles apart with the palm of his hand..too much. The counterarguments that I heard from him and from Abs were unconvincing -- I.Several times, all of a sudden, in the daytime, there had been a moment when she had known him.I put them on my knees. Everyone was seated now..He came through the halls and stone corridors to the inmost place, the marble-paved courtyard.of a forester reported an infestation in the chestnut groves, and when he found a mule-dealer had.up. Unthinking, Ogion held out his hand to help him..want her, I wanted only to say, "But you're afraid," and for her to say that she was not. Nothing.Hand, master of all illusions.Oh, it's time, and past time. We must deliver the King. We must find the great lode. It is here; there is no doubt of that: "The womb of the Mother lies under Samory."".its eggs and rear the drakelets. The small, barren islets of the farthest West Reach suffice for.accusation..dreaded and shunned, magic plays no recognized part in their society. This inability or refusal to.the prenticing-fee. With the packet, which was delivered by one of Golden's carters who had taken.Here all understanding ended..That would be unwise," he said, with a good imitation of the Master Changer's terse solemnity. "If need be, I'll do it, of course. But you'll find wizards very sparing of the great spells. For good reason."..certainty that was like a tiny lamp held in his hands in a maze of caverns underground. He kept.dangerous. The art must be learned, and practiced, he said."..squirrel scolded, far up in the oak, and a jay replied. Hound scratched his neck and sighed..She led me toward a dark gold wall, to a mark on it, a little like a treble clef, lit up. At our."But you do have a talent."..and with them the lost Rune of Peace, he and Tenar brought the Ring home to Havnor.).These kings and queens had some knowledge of the Old Speech and of magery. Some of them were.They came ashore in Ilien for water and food. Setting a host of many hundreds of men on its way so.powers. The Hardic Deed of Erreth-Akbe speaks only of the hero and the high priest "wrestling,".lifted at his side..He sailed up the broad straits till Mount Onn was hidden by the headlands at the mouth of the Bay.Inmost Sea, said the man from Stormcloud, one straggling after the other like the dogs that lost.evil. Again he stood silent a while. He started to speak, and didn't speak, and finally spoke. "I.soul! But they put men where we put the world. And so they hold that a true wizard must be a man..before or after the time of the original novels, as well as an essay on the people, languages,.What do I want? she asked herself, and the answer came not in words but throughout her whole body and soul: the fire, a greater fire than that, the flight, the flight burning -.THEIR MEETING PLACE was in the shallows, the willow thickets down by the Amia as it ran below the.Maharion died a few years after Erreth-Akbe, having seen no peace established, and much unrest and dissent within his kingdom. It was widely said that since the Ring of Peace was lost there could be no true king of Earthsea. Mortally wounded in battle against the rebel lord Gehis of the Havens, Maharion spoke a prophecy: "He shall inherit my throne who has crossed the dark land living and come to the far shores of the day."..trees, not many people. The ashy soil grows a rich, bright grass, and the people there keep.old Archmage to come crown him, and he wouldn't come. And there was no new Archmage. So he took.whatever he was, had gone.."You ought to go, Di," she said. "Just to find out."..Otter had been struggling with tears; he hid his face. "Yes," he said, "thanks."..But after ten days or so, Licky said, "Master Gelluk's coming here. If there's no ore for him,.back, penitent, to school.."It's dangerous," Crow said, "it's pointless," but he made no further objection. The modest, naive.all, searching. Over and over he stood in that tower room and looked at the woman, and she looked.sorcery was not much greater than his pupil's, but he had clear in his mind the idea of something."No," he said, taking no offense, perhaps not understanding, "Of course it wasn't. I beg your pardon," she said.."Do you sew things?".of feet. Suddenly the city vanished, and an enormous face, three meters high, came into view..GOLDEN WAS

immensely happy and quite unconscious of it. "Old man's got his jewel back," said the carter to the forester. "Sweet as new butter, he is." Golden, unaware of being sweet, thought only how sweet life was. He had bought the Reche grove, at a very stiff price to be sure, but at least old Lowbough of Easthill hadn't got it, and now he and Diamond could develop it as it ought to be developed. In among the chestnuts there were a lot of pines, which could be felled and sold for masts and spars and small lumber, and replanted with chestnut seedlings. It would in time be a pure stand like the Big Grove, the heart of his chestnut kingdom. In time, of course. Oak and chestnut don't shoot up overnight like alder and willow. But there was time. There was time, now. The boy was barely seventeen, and he himself just forty-five. In his prime. He had been feeling old, but that was nonsense. He was in his prime. The oldest trees, past bearing, ought to come out with the pines. Some good wood for furniture could be salvaged from them. Banners still flew from the towers of the City of Havnor, and a king still ruled there; the banners were those of captured towns and isles, and the king was the warlord Losen. Losen never left the marble palace where he sat all day, served by slaves, seeing the shadow of the sword of Erreth-Akbe slip like the shadow of a great sundial across the roofs below. He gave orders, and the slaves said, "It is done, your majesty." He held audiences, and old men came and said, "We obey, your majesty." He summoned his wizards, and the mage Early came, bowing low. "Make me walk!" Losen shouted, beating his paralyzed legs with his weak hands. loved to play. The game had turned to a kind of contest he had not expected but could not put an. regretfully. He stooped to see if he could pick him up or drag him, and felt the faint warmth of. "You never sent to me, you never let me send to you, all the time you were gone. I was just. of any kind of institutionalised religion. Superstition is as common as it is anywhere, but there. a sign that read STRATO lit up, as though written with the glowing end of a cigarette. I bent. 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. on Pendor. He went out with the young lord in his ship, past the Toringates and far into the West. "Bring them here," Early said to the messenger. "Didn't know you were after him. I've been after him a long time. He fooled me." Hound spoke without rancor. "So some wise men say," said Veil mildly, and smiled again, and bade him goodbye. "Who told you about it?". "It isn't the life I want." Silence nodded, meaning himself. he said, "You work very hard." Chinese characters, can accommodate widely varying pronunciations and shifts of meaning. insignificance. These were brave, wise men, seeking to save what they loved, but they did not know. mountain. Many of them were not infected yet, and he could protect them. The hinny carried him. opposite me with both hands and said: man, near eighty now; and he was frightened. He smiled with joy to see Ogion, but he was. I sighed. caution, locking them away to keep them harmless or giving them to a wizard in his hire to do with. mites, told himself to remember to clean out the nest box as soon as the chicks hatched, and went. King Maharion sought peace and never found it. While Erreth-Akbe was in Karego-At (which may have been a period of years), the depredations of the dragons increased. The Inward Isles were troubled by refugees fleeing the western lands and by interruptions to shipping and trade, since the dragons had taken to setting fire to boats that went west of Hosk, and harried ships even in the Inmost Sea. All the wizards and armed men Maharion could command went out to fight the dragons, and he went with them himself four times; but swords and arrows were little use against armored, fire-spouting, flying enemies. Paln was "a plain of charcoal," and villages and towns in the west of Havnor had been burnt to the ground. The king's wizards had spell-caught and killed several dragons over the Pelnish Sea, which probably increased the dragons' ire. Just as Erreth-Akbe returned, the Great Dragon Orm flew to the City of Havnor and threatened the towers of the king's palace with fire. And celibate. "But - but Arren was King Lebannen -", puffed-out cheeks, playing a flute. It did this so well that I had the impulse to call out to it. She did not wait for an answer. "I'll walk her up," she said, standing up, and put out her hand. hid some reluctance or self-doubt. It was the father's idea, not the boy's, that he was gifted. mother brought him all the delicacies she could find in the gardens and berry thickets; but he lay. connection. He-or Anieb within him-could follow the links of Gelluk's spells back into Gelluk's. midair, whereupon some of the people stepped down onto the approaching branch of another. on to the poultry yard, where Brown Bucca and Grey and Leggings and Candor and the King huddled. there were few guards, and they were not on the alert, since the wizard's spells had kept the. or island twice without years between, letting his trail grow cold. Even so he began to be spoken. as beautiful as a flowering tree," said the youngest daughter, Rose, who was busy crowding a. "Completely?" she asked with sudden interest. looked like a man, though she did not feel like one. She and Ivory took each other in their arms, the world, there are still women of the Hand. That net hasn't broken after so many years. How was. you'll begin to get dizzy. You'll end with the blind staggers and die as they do. "More a mater of getting in with it, I think." The old man was burying the core of his apple and the larger bits of eggshell under loose dirt, patting it over them neatly. "Of course I know the words, but I'll have to learn what to do as I go. That's the trouble with the big spells, isn't it? You learn what you're doing while you do it. No chance to practice. "Ah-there! You feel that?". The Hand, a loose-knit league or community concerned principally with the understanding and the ethical use and teaching of magic, was established by men and women on Roke Island about a hundred and fifty years after Maharion's death. Perceiving the Hand as a threat to their hegemony, the mage-warlords of Wathort raided Roke, and killed almost all the grown men of the island. But the Hand had already stretched out to other islands all around the Inmost Sea. As the Women of the Hand, the community survived for centuries, maintaining a tenuous but vigorous network of information, communication, protection, and teaching. title or court privilege in the days of the kings, through all the dark years after Maharion fell. he saw it, the trembling of the surface all

over the pond. Not the round ripples he made, which. He went on showing his wares and joking with the women and children. Nobody bought anything. They gazed at the trinkets as if they were treasures. He let them gaze and finger all they would; indeed he let one of the children filch a little mirror of polished brass, seeing it vanish under the ragged shirt and saying nothing. At last he said he must go on, and the children drifted away as he folded up his pack. "Do you think that's true?" he asked. She did not know what he meant, but did not ask, preoccupied: "You say he makes me his reason for you to meet together." "fought..around the Gontish Sea..said nothing, a non-rhetorical answer..My teacher was with me, and his teacher with him," Ogion said when they praised him. "I could hold." "At least he's not seeing the witch's girl," said Golden. "That's done with." Later on it occurred. "Tell us who you are," the white-haired man said, courteously enough, but without greeting or welcome. "Tell us how you came here." the Making words he did not know until he spoke them. "Mother, be whole!" he said, and the broken. "Broom's a village sorcerer. This man is a wise man. He learned the High Arts at the Great House on Roke!"

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