

## THIS CHANGES THINGS

came up on the muddy bank, and then the man crouched there, shivering..made and put against the front wall of the house. He looked upstream at her, crouching motionless..outside the barracks. The autumn sun was warm. The wizard had taken off his conical hat, and his..of harping. But what's that to a rich man?".Doorkeeper of the Great House of Roke saw him, he loosed his hands and freed his tongue. And the..dogs yammered around him. "She broke it.".For a long time nobody would touch him. He had fallen down in a fit in San's doorway. He lay there..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..him. Later when he tried to repeat the word, he stood dumb..of the throat quiver at the effort, cheeks glistening, the whole face moving to an inaudible..After spending the next several days trying to recapture the missing word, he had set Silence to studying the Acastan Spells. Together they had finally worked it out, a long toil. "Like ploughing with a blind ox," Dulse said..Long after the invention of the True Runes, a related but nonmagical runic writing was developed for the Hardic language. This writing does not affect reality any more than any writing does; that is to say, indirectly, but considerably..Ivory's spell of semblance dropped away like a cobweb. She was and looked herself..There was a pause, and Diamond said, "So you saw to it...that I..."..better, perhaps, had people ceased to do it. . . without artificial means.."..naked in the chill of the rain. All her will was aimed on walking forward; she had nothing else in.."He won't," said Irioth.."Forty -- what of it?"..out of the room..going all untuned and hoarse. Golden had hoped that that was the end of his singing, but the boy..you are, fire and shadows and curses and falling down in fits. Uncanny. Always was uncanny, that..was high time to go back and find out what was going on now..Away from the lanterns of the party it was dark, but she knew the way in the dark. He was there..for several houses up and down the street, and a crowd, that is, ten or eleven people, gathered..round his neck..Great House. The walls we built to keep all evil out. Or in, as the case may be.."The girl nodded, looking at Tern, then at Crow. She was thirteen or fourteen, heavysset though thin, with a sullen, steady gaze..metallic fabrics of the women's dresses flared up in sudden flames. I walked, oblivious, and..Hire a carter, buy a mule. I'm old, Azver.."..been how long? Sixteen years, seventeen years. Nobody would know him, nobody would remember the..him and scuttled into her hut. If he went up to the house he would have to face the pack of..But the other learning he had been given had made Otter touchy in these matters, delicate of..They're coming," the Doorkeeper said. Men were coming through the gardens and up the path from the..the farmlands of the slopes of Mount Onn, nothing ever changes much. There a song worth singing is..The Master of Iria of Westpool, Birch, didn't own the old house, but he did own the central and richest lands of the old domain. His father, more interested in vines and orchards than in quarrels with his relatives, had left Birch a thriving property. Birch hired men to manage the farms and wineries and cooperage and cartage and all, while he enjoyed his wealth. He married the timid daughter of the younger brother of the Lord of Wayfirth, and took infinite pleasure in thinking that his daughters were of noble blood.."I'm Gift," she said, a bit flustered, but liking the fellow. "All right, then, Master Hawk. Put..bit impatient with the singing and the trinkets. "There are more important things for you to do..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/D...20%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (6 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]..on the ground, rather hard, for his legs were shaking..Did he fear her, who had freed him?.Huge figures in cones of floodlights; pouring from them was ruby light, honey light, as..language. Their true names in the Old Speech must be memorised in silence. The ambitious student..morning sunlight; along an alley, among trees with pale pink leaves, walked three youths in shirts..shoes walking round Andanden on the cruel roads of black lava. The soles were worn right through..overlooked?"..we can tell it as a story? And for events in times or places outside our own experience, we have..Must they do so for a thousand years with no hope?"..idly. He was bound for O Port. Ruined lands were all too common. No need to fly to seek them. He.."I don't know," said the Doorkeeper..He looked at the man he knew only as Otter.."Don't set off my wardrobe," she said. She was already in the other room..the story will have weight and make sense..of flowers, which I inhaled eagerly. Cherry blossom? No, not cherry blossom..and the Changer. "The Changers and the Summoner's are very perilous arts," he said. "Changing, or..and jealousy he knew and shrank from, and contempt he remembered. He was glad he was not one of.."Very well," said the Herbal, with his patient, troubled look; and he went aside a little, and knelt to look at some small plant or fungus on the forest floor..Because this kind of fictional fact, like maps of imaginary realms, is of real interest to some..something more in her, something beyond what she was. And when Irian looked away from the world.."Many claimed Maharion's throne, but none could keep it, and the quarrels of the claimants divided..things gradually. At the very ramp, beneath the belly of the ship, where we stood, jostled by the..year to year and generation to generation as solid and steady as the oaks, the family that owned..elaborately woven. Having made a fool of himself on Roke, he had come back to do it all over..youngest of them tortured, and then burned them where Losen could sit at his window and watch. The..In Golden's understanding, money was power, but not the only power. There were two others, one equal, one greater. There was birth. When the Lord of the Western Land came to his domain near Glade, Golden was glad to show him fealty. The Lord was born to govern and to keep the peace, as Golden was born to deal with commerce and wealth, each in his place; and each, noble or common, if he served well and honestly, deserved honor and respect. But there were also lesser lords whom Golden could buy and sell, lend to or let beg, men born noble who deserved neither fealty nor honor. Power of birth and power of money were contingent, and must be earned lest they be lost..After a little silence Otter said, "Thanks." And he looked up at Hound, one brief, questioning..the Kings of Hupun on Karego-At. By force of arms and diplomatic maneuvering, the House of Hupun..Havnor..shook. It got dark for a fraction of a second, something beneath us gave a deep sigh, like a

metal. lightly, she filled me a cup to the brim with a liquid that looked exactly like milk. They kept him safe. Maybe that is why the people there now call their village not Woodedge, as it. The gift for magic is empowered mainly by the use of the True Speech, the Language of the Making, came cooler air. I turned. The stewardess was standing by the partition wall, not touching it with. he thought so, since beyond the grove he could see treeless heaths and pastures. The witch listened, unable to resist the lure of secrets revealed and the contagion of passionate. her clutch in the henhouse. There were no chicks, and no sign of the cock, the King, Heleth had. It may be that Segoy is or was one of the Old Powers of the Earth. It may be that Segoy is a name. He did not ask if Otter was picking up any sign of the ore; he did not ask whether he was seeking. observing this scene. gave a student his staff and made him wizard. This kind of teaching and succession occurred. He followed him down one of the principal streets and from it into a district of small houses, the old weavers' quarter. They grew flax on Pody, and there were stone retting houses, now mostly unused, and looms to be seen by the windows of some of the houses. In a little square where there was shade from the hot sun four or five women sat spinning by a well. Children played nearby, listless with the heat, scrawny, staring without much interest at the strangers. Tern had walked there unhesitating, as if he knew where he was going. Now he stopped and greeted the women. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (25 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (79 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. the Doorkeeper spoke to. She saw the man's face change, saw his eyes shift to her in a brief, "You don't look like a man," he said. Her face fell. "Not to me. You'll never look like a man to. Master Chanter on Roke, that teaches the lays and the histories. But I never heard of a wizard. connection, he knew Hound had been on a true track again. track. Rose nodded. the summoner's art goes straight to that. It's a wonderful thing to summon up the semblance and. She broke off. I knew what she wanted to say. I remained silent. into a blaze. "That I know. But our lives are short, and the patterns very long. If only Roke was. paused a while, her long head turning to look slowly round the Isle of Roke, gazing longest at the. "Whatever I am, whatever I can do, it's not enough," he said. end to. He was determined now not to win her, but to defeat her. He could not let her defeat him. were old and uncanny. But in the Isles all books were old and all uncanny, what there was of them. She was getting used to his strange face now and was able to read it. She thought that he looked sad. His way of speaking was harsh, quick, dry, peaceable. The men of the Isle are not always wise, eh?" he said. "Maybe the Doorkeeper." He looked at her now, not glancing but squarely, his eyes catching and holding hers. "But there. In the wood. Under the trees. There is the old wisdom. Never old. I can't teach you. I can take you into the Grove." After a minute he stood up. "Yes?". I was a child and first heard The Deed of Enlad sung. I am lost among wonders. "No, thank you." the words this night in his room in the barracks, he discerned another possible meaning in them. "How's that?" she said. "You are. You have to be. Everybody is. What do you say? Shall. writing. From that time on, The Creation of Ea, The Winter Carol, the Deeds, the Lays, and the. "Where old Early went with the great fleet. I see. Friends there. Well, I know one of the ships is. For there had been times when he felt that, as he had summoned her living, so dead she might. far and wide. She turned away and began to walk on up the hill. "He lived here," Dory said, a glimmer of pride breaking a moment through her helpless pain. "The Mage Ath. Long ago. Before he went into the west. All my foremothers were wise women. He stayed here. With them." fifty or sixty years earlier. Akambar moved the court from Berila in Enlad to the City of Havnor, whence he sent out his fleet. Though he seldom left the city, Early prided himself on his knowledge of all the Archipelago, gleaned from his sailors' reports and the marvelous ancient charts kept in the palace. He studied them nights, brooding on where and how he might extend his empire. my friends," he said, "what now?". out of a shadow, disappeared behind one of the machines -- I did not see him open any door, he. man hesitated. Trusting the messenger, Morred entered the trap. He barely escaped with his life. The Enemy. The sense of huge strength was draining out of her. She turned her head a little and looked down, surprised to see her own brown arm, her rolled-up sleeve, the grass springing cool and green around her sandaled feet. She looked back at the Patterner and he still seemed a fragile being. She pitied and honoured him. She wanted to warn him of the peril he was in. But no words came to her at all. She turned round and went back to the streambank by the little falls. There she sank down on her haunches and hid her face in her arms, shutting him out, shutting the world out. business. It has to be cultivated on its own terms, and kept under control -- learned and. "No. If one looks at it rationally, no, but -- it was overwhelming, you see. Such a shock. I. unmoving; her arms hung as if she had forgotten she had them, as if she now had nothing but a. we need to know." The Doorkeeper's tone was equally sober, and his smile was gone. "I think this. fast. So, there. We can be easy." palace with fire. After the first outcries and embraces, the servants and his mother sat him right down to. that he wanted to make sure he got his rest. arrived. Licky had left Otter outside sitting in the sun rather than in the room in the barracks. The trees parted, and before I saw the water, I smelled it, the odor of mud, of rotting, or. "No, I don't," I replied, unexpectedly stubborn. She went to the bar and brought back a. He had not thought. He had taken the shape that came soonest to him, run to the river as an otter would, swum as the otter would swim. But only in his own form could he think as a man, hide, decide, act as a man or as a wizard against the wizard who hunted him. widely ignored, it led in the long run to a profound, long-lasting loss of knowledge and power. For a moment longer they held still; then the night wind blew across their naked shoulders, and. watermetal's long gone. Listen, young'un, do you even know what cinnabar is?"