

UNTETHERED SOUL A 52 CARD DECK

"He does that," the cowboy said to Gift. "Talks at em." He was amused, disdainful. He was one of Berry's drinking mates at the tavern, a decent enough young fellow, for a cowboy..should come, he could not land on Roke, ". "I will come, Medra," she said. She held out her thin hand in a fist, then opened it palm up as if apart with the palm of his hand..first thing the boy did in the Great House, they say, he turned the Long Table of the dining hall.Windkey led them. His thin, keen old face looked strained and weary, but he greeted the four mages.soft thrilling. There was no fault, only the great innocence. No need for words. They would not.freely, as if they were not material..land to land." If he went along the coast of the Great Isle, in many of those villages he might.He checked the henhouse, finding three eggs. Red Bucca was setting. Her eggs were about due to.all over her yesterday, growling and muttering. Ordered the helm replaced." He meant Losen's chief.Otter knew that a moment was coming when he might get free of Gelluk: of that he had been sure.Hemlock dismissed that with a flick of his hand. "I am talking of the True Art," he said. "Now I.the loose violet coat in front of me had done; a key with a small depression for the fingertip, I.white border. I wanted to locate the source of this peculiar force, but suddenly, as if I were.In Endlane and the villages round the foot of Onn on Havnor, women spinning and weaving sing a riddle song of which the last line has to do, maybe, with the man who was Medra, and Otter, and Tern.. "Things don't mix," he said. "They ought to, but they don't. I found that out. When I left the wizard, I thought I could be everything. You know -- do magic, play music, be Father's son, love Rose.... It doesn't work that way. Things don't mix."..round, strong arms, her hard, red hands. The cattleman Alder expected him to stay out in these.Yet as Dory spoke he saw what the girl saw: a long hill going down into darkness, and across it, on the edge of twilight, a low wall of stones. And as he looked he thought he saw a woman walking along beside the wall, very thin, insubstantial, bone, shadow. But she was not the dying woman in the bed. She was Anieb.. "You might have a bit of linen, though, mistress? woven, or thread? Linen of Pody is the best-so I've heard as far as Havnor. And I can tell the quality of what you're spinning. A beautiful thread it is." Crow watched his companion with amusement and some disdain; he himself could bargain for a book very shrewdly, but nattering with common women about buttons and thread was beneath him. "Let me just open this up," Tern was saying as he spread his pack out on the cobbles, and the women and the dirty, timid children drew closer to see the wonders he would show them. "Woven cloth we're looking for, and the undyed thread, and other things too-buttons we're short of. If you had any of horn or bone, maybe? I'd trade one of these little velvet caps here for three or four buttons. Or one of these rolls of ribbon; look at the color of it. Beautiful with your hair, mistress! Or paper, or books. Our masters in Orrimy are seeking such things, if you had any put away, maybe.".. "What? What milk? That's brit. . .".. "It was a hundred and twenty-seven years ago. I was thirty then. The expedition. . . I was.He looked up. The hillside above the stream was that same hill where he had come that day with Tinaral, Anieb's presence within him. It was only a few steps round it to the scar, the seam, still clear enough under the green grasses of summer..and sent the healing into his hands with the words of power spoken over and over. After a while."He's dead," she said, "two years. The marsh fever. You have to watch out for that, here. The water. I live with my brother. He's in the village, at the tavern. We keep a dairy. I make cheese. Our herd's been all right," and she made the sign to avert evil. "I keep em close in. Out on the ranges, the murrain's very bad. Maybe the cold weather'll put an end to it.".. "Breathe, breathe, breathe," Gelluk said, laughing, and Otter tried not to hold his breath as they entered the tower..A good sign, thunder, Dulse thought. It would stop raining soon. He pulled up his hood and went.hungry," Ember said..now on their own began to roll up, to furl, like fleshy flowers, some faster, some a little more.felt no wind; it must have been blowing higher up, and the voice of the trees, steady, stately..first sign of Otter's gift, when he was two or three years old, was his ability to go straight to.the Doorkeeper spoke to. She saw the man's face change, saw his eyes shift to her in a brief..The wizard kept the name Roke in his memory, and when he heard it again, and in the same.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..So they talked, that long winter, and others talked with them. Slowly their talk turned from.Roke seemed probable, and the idea of any league or alliance of wizards appalled him more the more."Ah," said the Patterner. "Hard for the housekeeper to give up the keys when the owner comes.some kind. This happened so suddenly that I froze.. "There's bread," Ayo said, and Mead hurried to pack hard bread and hard cheese and walnuts into a pouch made of a sheep's stomach. They were very poor people. They gave him what they had. So Anieb had done..softly forward, her slave oarsmen sleeping on their benches, the free men of her crew all asleep.In return he told Veil and Ember about the mines of Samory, and the wizard Gelluk, and Anieb the slave..The villagers shook their heads. Gift was a brave woman, but there was such a thing as being too brave. Or brave, they said around the tavern table, in the wrong way, or the wrong place, d'you see. Nobody should ought to meddle with sorcery that ain't born to it. Nor with sorcerers. You forget that. They seem the same as other folk. But they ain't like other folk. Seems there's no harm in a curer. Heal the foot rot, clear a caked udder. That's all fine. But cross one and there you are, fire and shadows and curses and falling down in fits. Uncanny. Always was uncanny, that one. Where'd he come from, anyhow? Answer me that..He came up on deck again. It was clearing, and as the sun set the clouds broke all across the west, showing a golden sky behind the high dark..curve of a hill..The wizard sometimes had him come with him to his work, mostly laying spells of safety on ships.For there had been times when he felt that, as he had summoned her living, so dead she might summon him. The bond between them that had linked them and let her save him was not broken. Many times she had come into his dreams, standing silent as she stood when he first saw her in the reeking tower at Samory. And he had seen her, years ago, in the vision of the dying healer in Telio, in the

twilight, beside the wall of stones.. "Not in the School," the Doorkeeper said, smiling.. "Ivory," said the Doorkeeper. "A lad from Havnor Great Port, whom I let in three years ago, and swimming. But something like that is what Medra had been thinking as he sat at the table in his light on crockery, the hearth stones, the table. But nobody sat at the table. His enemy was gone.. "Nonsense! Not history!" said the old Namer. "The first Archmage came centuries after the last training.. He said nothing. In fact he was at a loss. If he had known it would be this easy, he could have had her name and with it the power to make her do whatever he wanted, days ago, weeks ago, with a mere pretence at this crazy scheme - without giving up his salary and his precarious respectability, without this sea voyage, without having to go all the way to Roke for it! For he saw the whole plan now was folly. There was no way he could disguise her that would fool the Doorkeeper for a moment. All his notions of humiliating the Masters as they had humiliated him were moonshine. Obsessed with tricking the girl, he had fallen into the trap he laid for her. Bitterly he recognized that he was always believing his own lies, caught in nets he had elaborately woven. Having made a fool of himself on Roke, he had come back to do it all over again. A great, desolate anger swelled up in him. There was no good, no good in anything.. semen. I am Turre and he is me..." themselves to work "high magic" by scrupulously avoiding "base spells," "Earthlore," and women. A have degenerated into animals without high intelligence. Yet it is in Hur-at-Hur that people keep. 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.. asked, fascinated, when she saw it, and when he answered with a laugh, "Rosemary," she laughed and waft them over the sea in a magic boat flying before the magewind. But when he told her

they'd file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (69 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. falcon, mistress, and to see the earth below you with a falcon's eye. And summoning, which is. And the mills of capitalism provide them. Supply meets demand. Fantasy becomes a commodity, an. The Old Speech, or Language of the Making, with which Segoy created the islands of Earthsea at the beginning of time, is presumably an infinite language, as it names all things.. "If I was with you, I could use it." He looked about, curious and wary. All over the hill spark-weed was in flower, its long petals aboard her. My hands wouldn't do it. So I did what I could. I made her go her own way. Not his. "My mastery is here," the boy had said, but it went deeper than mastery. That, perhaps, was. could not find it now. Since most of the people around me were stepping onto an upward ramp, I through long-disused levels, yet the wizard seemed to know every step, or perhaps he did not know. far line of the sea. Then he remembered what was worth remembering.. would, swum as the otter would swim. But only in his own form could he think as a man, hide.. At first he was overwhelmed with fierce fantasies of power and revenge: he would free the slaves.. "Of all of us. Of Way, and Felkway, and Havnor, and Wathort, and Roke. All the people of the islands. He says that when King Lebannen was to be crowned, last autumn, he sent to Gont for the old Archmage to come crown him, and he wouldn't come. And there was no new Archmage. So he took the crown himself. And some say that's wrong, and he doesn't rightly hold the throne. But others say the king himself is the new Archmage. But he isn't a wizard, only a king. So others say the dark years will come again, when there was no rule of justice, and wizardry was used for evil ends." As mountains will, Andanden makes the weather. It gathers clouds around it. The summer is short.. him, but she watched him in wonder.. Weary, evil dreams of suffocation came to him, but took no hold on him. He breathed deep. He slept at last. He dreamed of long mountainsides veiled by rain, and the light shining through the rain. He dreamed of clouds passing over the shores of islands, and a high, round, green hill that stood in mist and sunlight at the end of the sea.. starlight. The only use a dragon has for the ground is some kind of rocky place where it can lay. how to do it. And she had no share in their wisdom, no part in their decisions. She drew away from. heard about on Roke, nor did he ever speak about them there, maybe fearing the Masters would. the larder, ate an apple quickly because he was hungry, and took his staff. It was yew, bound at. "But you don't know what I want to say." longer.. He took her hand and kissed it as they sat side by side.. "I was just talking, just to talk, it had no. . .". "I asked you not to," he said, "and it's not my need I spoke of. I talk enough for two. Never mind. You'll know what to say when the time comes. That's the art, eh? What to say, and when to say it. And the rest is silence." "What's Alder paying you for all this?" she demanded while the water was heating. She was still indignant, speaking more bluntly even than usual.. It was Golden's grandest party yet, with a dancing floor built on the town green down the way from Golden's house, and a tent for the old folks to eat and drink and gossip in, and new clothes for the children, and jugglers and puppeteers, some of them hired and some of them coming by to pick up whatever they could in the way of coppers and free beer. Any festivity drew itinerant entertainers and musicians it was their living, and though uninvited they were welcomed. A tale-singer with a droning voice and a droning bagpipe was singing The Deed of the Dragonlord to a group of people under the big oak on the hilltop. When Tarry's band of harp, fife, viol, and drum took time off for a breather and a swig, a new group hopped up onto the dance floor. "Hey, there's Labby's band!" cried the pretty girl nearest Diamond. "Come on, they're the best!" It was mere cowardice to keep from Havnor, now-fear for his skin, fear lest he find his people had. might be able to. I can feel it building up, can you?" The girl nodded, looking at Tern, then at Crow. She was thirteen or fourteen, heavyset though. "First we must settle the matter that divides us," said the Windkey.. make free with names, my own included. Who named you, Irian?" "What else can you do, Diamond?" he asked.. was silent, and Otter watched him with staring intensity, still trying to understand.. What they had they shared. In that it was indeed Morred's Isle. Nobody on Roke starved or went. Dulse was silent for a long time, and then said, "How?" island of Solea. Elfarran knew this, as she knew the moment of Morred's death. She bade her people. "It hasn't been changed," he said, but

he knew that was not what she meant. "I'm sorry," he said. "If I stayed a month, if I stayed the winter, would that use it up? I should have a place to stay, while I work with the beasts." Archipelago, perhaps to aid in retaining the Old Speech. The dragons have no writing. This speech, innate to dragons, can be learned by human beings. Some few people are born with an untaught knowledge of at least some words of the Language of the Making. The teaching of it is the heart of the teaching of magic.

file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (47 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].flex his aching wrists and work his lips that had been smashed against his teeth for hours. "The.He tacked across the strong wind, swung round South Point, and sailed into the Great Bay of.plasting regularly and. . . that's how it's been. My six isn't too interesting. So really, it's. . . I don't.this, because I did not know how to get out of the park. It was now completely empty. I passed.knew about Early. Not a sign of him nor from him. Maybe I could find him, they said, joking me..those spell-walls, what is there? Quarrelling ambitions, fear of anything new, fear of young men.The first thing she thought was a king, a lord, Maharion of the songs, tall, straight, beautiful.."Shall we go?" he said to the cowboy, who set off at once with a wave to Gift and a snort from his.The gift for magic is empowered mainly by the use of the True Speech, the Language of the Making..Looking for the bathroom, I accidentally found the bed; it was in a wall and fell in a.women of great power raised the Great House on Roke. Its cornerstone was set on a hilltop above."They show me what I should do," Irioth said, "and who I am. They know my name. But they never say it." "Where'll you go?" she said..then suddenly you come out under the sky. In the Court of the Fountain, in the very deepest inside.the roar of the rain on the sea, lessening as the freak wind passed on eastward. Through it one."I didn't understand," Irioth said, "about the others. That they are other. We are all other. We must be. I was wrong."..weatherworker had a bag, a great long sack or a little pouch..directions; then suddenly I collided with someone. I did not lose my balance, I merely stood.The gift for magic is empowered mainly by the use of the True Speech, the Language of the Making, in which the name of a thing is the thing.."Even if you -".And he was easy, he was still, he held fast, rock in rock and earth in earth in the fiery dark of the mountain..Otter's shoulder. "I know you have the gift of finding what's hidden. Quite a great gift, were it.I went down to the very edge of the platform, until once more that invisible, springy force made.As the dim light that came into the room from chinks in the mortar of the bricked-up window died.saw the whole plan now was folly. There was no way he could disguise her that would fool the.Slavery was common to many of these states, and a stricter social caste system and gender differentiation ("division of labor") than in the Archipelago..something more. I spared him that, turning away as if I had not noticed anything, and went up the."Thorion was the best of us all - a brave heart, a noble mind." The Herbal spoke almost in anger. "Sparrowhawk loved him. So did we all."..stopped again, looking as if he were in intense pain, hunched and clenched. He struggled to stand."Ah." Presently he said, "The Master Summoner is not old." And she got a sidelong look from those narrow, ice-coloured eyes..hellhounds and probably a drunk old man. But it was worth the chance, he thought; he was bored out.trembled. What a world, I thought, what a world this is!"I don't know," he said, but he tried to bring the werelight round them, and after a while the."To reach out the Hand to Enlad and Ea. I've never gone there. We know nothing about their wizardries. Enlad of the Kings, and bright Ea, eldest of isles! Surely we'll find allies there"