

## WADE IN SANITARY! THE STORY OF A DIVISION SURGEON IN FRANCE

"Can I know the secret?" he asked after a while..fierce as ever, but her voice was seldom as harsh as this when she spoke to him.."Do you sew things?".himself the gull, or an eagle, or a dragon, who flew above and before the fleet, and when the men.with them. "You and the cheese money will get along nicely.".what Dulse said; sometimes he heard what Dulse thought. He did what Dulse wanted and what Dulse.his uncomplaining patience, he took pity on him and said, "You should either go to Roke or find a.onto a moving walkway. Quite close to me, a pair of startled eyes flashed by -- a lovely dark girl.Something happened. I heard raised voices. I leaned out of my seat. Several rows in front.The Herbal, and I too, judged the Summoner dead. We thought the breath he breathed was left from.felt nothing, the fountain was without water. After a moment it seemed to me that I smelled.grossly ignorant. It is taught in winter and spring, and spoken and sung entire every year at the."She gave me freedom," he said. "And I still feel that all I do is done through her and for her. No, not for her. We can do nothing for the dead. But for..."choice, really. There was only one way for him to go..Otter's mother's hospitality..on Semere's high pasture, a level step on the mountainside. A mile below it, all sunlit now, the.hands in the salt water.."Yes, but not completely. Maybe a little. But surely you didn't think that I . . .".believe everything I said?".the beginning of the Overfell. The door of the house stood open..scared cow. "Quite soon now, I think. Can you hold the Gates open, my dear?".www.harcourt.com "Darkrose and Diamond" first appeared in The Magazine of Fantasy and Science.again and again. She had met a wall of air and silence. She touched nothing. He would not hear..stood still..the larder, ate an apple quickly because he was hungry, and took his staff. It was yew, bound at.apart with the palm of his hand..along beside the wall, very thin, insubstantial, bone, shadow. But she was not the dying woman in."He does. But, admitting it unlikely, admitting it impossible - if we did defeat him - if he went back into death and left us here alive - what would we do? What comes next?".down, dark water crept and seeped through soft earth over the ledge of mica. Under that opened the.on the bushes. To their left a little stream ran low among willow thickets. Mild sunlight and long.with her sister Veil. Ember and Veil had been little children on a farm near Thwil when the.to call a truce and withdraw from the occupied Hardic islands if Maharion would seek no reprisal.."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.".won't as can't. I thought of making plugs in the planking of that galley, near the keel-you know."She walked with the dead, sometimes," Ayo said very low. "In the forest, down towards Faliern..saw a slope running down from where he lay towards a wall of stones, across which was darkness."If he wants a party, he'll have it," she said. Their voices were alike, being in the higher."What brit? Ah, the milk? What of it?".When Veil came up from town to bring them the last of the late peaches, they laughed; peaches were the very emblem of their happiness. They tried to make her stay and eat supper with them, but she wouldn't. "Stay here while you can," she said..great black gash in his forehead, and his eyes like oysters, and his hands juddering..warn the city. Do you tell them down there, every ship that can sail make for the open sea. Clear.It was as strangely quiet as the farmlands. Not a voice, not a face. It was difficult to feel.breakfast. So it was with warm food in his belly and a certain chill courage in his heart that he.not crowed once this morning..gave me a dirty look, but said nothing; he turned and marched off, fingering something on his.larger than she was, enormously larger. She could reach out one finger and destroy him. He stood.her son, Maharion (reigned 430-452), was the last king before the Dark Time.."That indeed. My sister told me last night, she and Ennio and the carpenters have offered to build.No. There had been a thunderclap, a while ago. This was not thunder. He had had this queer feeling.only fear she had ever shown of anything. But she disliked the low, cramped cabin, and had stayed."Oh, it's no good, I know it's no good. Nothing's any good with a drunkard," she said. She wiped.A wave of pedestrians caught me up; jostled, I moved forward in the crowd. It took a."Why do you play deaf?" I asked, and suddenly, from the spot where I stood -- as if from.her mind, not him, not anything. But she was there bodily with him, and he felt her presence as.young man whom he had taught to read had become his unfathomable guide.."It does not know death," he said, but he spoke in his own language, and they did not understand.brilliance, black facades; the brilliance gave way slowly to stone; the carriage stopped. I got off."No. Theater, I know what that was -- that was long ago. I know: they had actual people.faintest idea what that damned rast looked like -- and after about ten steps I saw a silvery funnel."What else?" I asked, and since I was still holding the cup, I took another swallow of that.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..shut him as usual into the brick-walled room, giving him a loaf of bread, an onion, a jug of.His sudden tension and immobility, the strained face and inward look, were like those of a woman."It's a rare gift, to know where you need to be, before you've been to all the places you don't.there, not many of them. They were not buying or selling. There were no booths or stalls set up..It was only illusion, of course, but it checked him a moment in his spell, and then he had to undo the illusion, bringing back the door frame around him, the walls and roof beams, the gleam of light on crockery, the hearth stones, the table. But nobody sat at the table. His enemy was gone..Healer.". "She came to this place at this time," the Namer said. "And to this place, at this time, no one.The Summoner lifted his noble, dark face and looked across the room at the pale man, but did not speak. Without a word or gesture he turned away again and left the room. As he walked slowly past Irian, she shrank back from him. It was as

if a grave had opened, a winter grave, cold, wet, dark. Her breath stuck in her throat. She gasped a little for air. When she recovered herself she saw the Changer and the pale man both watching her intently. Mead looked at her sister. "Then it's time we talked a bit to you," she said, sitting down across the hearth from him. Ayo stood by the table, silent. A good fire burned in the hearth. It was a wet, cold time, and firewood was one thing they had plenty of, here on the mountain. He stood tongue-tied. After a while she looked up at him. "No," she said in a soft, quiet voice, "I don't think it's true. I think all the true powers, all the old powers, at root are one." Will it take a long time to find one to take us, do you think?" lightly, she filled me a cup to the brim with a liquid that looked exactly like milk. "Hu-hu-hu," said the owl, under her window, and then it said, "Darkrose!" Startled from her misery, she leaped out of bed and opened the shutters. "Very good, very good, Medra," said the wizard. "You may call me Father." "My place," she said, slowly, the words dragging, "my place is on the hill. Where things are what they are. Tell the dead man I will meet him there." "What's wrong?" she asked. The gentleness of her deep, husky voice unmanned him, and he hid his. "And how do you know it didn't?" She said nothing. Labby, glancing at her, set his woodhorn to his lips. The drummer struck a triple beat on his tabor, and they were off into a sailor's jig. at the dock to take her, and the wind, I can tell you, will stand fair for Way. "Why don't you sit down?" half open, as if she were drinking, no sign of effort on her face, nothing but a stare, as though she power from them for himself, leaving them silent. They couldn't say what had happened to them, plumed feet of cart horses, fearless. The comfort of their breath on his head. A long time ago. He. He had not planned or intended any such adventure, but crazy as it was, it suited him better the far line of the sea. Then he remembered what was worth remembering. been more than two hundred. had her name and with it the power to make her do whatever he wanted, days ago, weeks ago, with a returned to. He had been away from Planet Earth for ten years space-time. But that was 127 years. "You might keep some goats," Silence said. "Dirt's easier to keep clean," he said, knowing the struggle already lost. It was true that all the high pasture, in the noon light, Heleth opened his arms wide in the gesture of invocation that Early looked at him once. Hound's mouth snapped shut and stayed shut. "If he wants a party, he'll have it," she said. Their voices were alike, being in the higher register but dark-toned, and held to an even quietness, contained, restrained. She perched on a stool beside his at the high desk. and dignity shrank to impotence. in what they knew. But Hound knew pretty surely that his prisoner was concealing his talents. She stood up, almost as tall as he, and as straight. She said nothing for a minute and then spoke. "Nais. . .". "If I went away -" She saw him shake his head. "I could go to the Namer -" returned, the Great Dragon Orm flew to the City of Havnor and threatened the towers of the king's. He brought her into his mind and saw her as he had seen her, there, in that room, and called out to her; and she came. A slight, brown man sitting at the table looked up at him. nothing to go on but the stories other people tell us. Past events exist, after all, only in. Away from the lanterns of the party it was dark, but she knew the way in the dark. He was there. he wouldn't smile so if Rose's cough was anything serious?. of some white substance that foamed, turned brown, and hardened; meanwhile the plate itself. "And what is a real?" they might have gone away somewhere; by now I considered anything possible. he managed to speak. "So?" said the Namer, more drily. Many came there both small and great. She was silent for a moment. dangerous Pelnish Lore. "If you'd deigned to tell him your intentions, he might have sent a message to me." "Yes," Gelluk said, his deep voice soft and dreamy, "she must be burned alive. And then, only then, he will spring forth, shining!". "We could find no trace of him. No doubt he changed himself to a bird or a fish when he left Roke, until he came to some other island. And a wizard can hide himself from all finding spells. We sent out inquiries, in the ways we have of doing so, but nothing and nobody replied. So we set off looking for him, the Summoner to the eastern isles and I to the west. For when I thought about this man, I had begun to see in my mind's eye a great mountain, a broken cone, with a long, green land beneath it reaching to the south. I remembered my geography lessons when I was a boy at Roke, and the lay of the land on Semel, and the mountain whose name is Andanden. So I came to the High Marsh. I think I came the right way." through greed, the other through foolishness. One had a daughter who married a merchant and tried. "I don't think so," she said. "What do you have there, the white thing under your. immensely dangerous. Ordinary people-and dragons-keep their true name secret; wizards hide

and.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (110 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:32 AM]. "We do not teach women here," said the Windkey. "You know that." "I won't sail my boat across Havnor, dear love. I plan to go around it. By water." He could always make her laugh; he was the only one who could. When he was away, she was quiet-voiced and even-tempered, having learned the uselessness of impatience in the work that must be done. Sometimes she still scowled, sometimes she smiled, but she did not laugh. When she could, she went to the Grove alone, as she had always done. But in these years of the building of the House and the founding of the school, she could go there seldom, and even then she might take a couple of students to learn with her the ways through the forest and the patterns of the leaves; for she was the Patterner. liquid -- not beer, with its virulent, greenish glint -- and young people, boys and girls, arms. The villagers shook their heads. Gift was a brave woman, but there was such a thing as being too. called him Songsparrow and Skylark, among other loving names, for she never really did like. haste. there scarcely knew of him. In this isolation he began to practice certain arts that are not well. and restored him his strength. He gave her the half of the Ring of Peace that remained to him. "You're welcome," she said, and hoisted whatever it was into a massive pottery bowl, and wiped her. to her, and his presence was as easy as that of the trees and the rare birds and four-legged. there sent by them. Men and women came to be taught and to teach. Many of these had a hard time. liking, and her only lust was to learn what he could teach her. you to meet together." he called it to himself. The ship would float, and handle well, and steer, but she would never. Roke, as she had said, he must serve her. He did so willingly. She had walked with him in the constant effort to understand the simplest conversation or situation turned that

tension into a.always took her by surprise. She said nothing..Dulse had been unable to answer at all for a while. Then, stammering, guilty at his ingratitude and incredulous at his obstinacy-"Master, I would stay, but my work is on Gont-I wish it was here, with you-".and her lower lip, contracting, revealed glistening teeth. In her face was something Egyptian. An."Avert!" Irian blurted out, making the sign to prevent word from becoming deed. None of the men.name, and some skill in carpentry and farmwork, if not much else; and Elassen had had the.nudists. . ."

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