

## SELECT WORKS VOL 3

Palace, rotting, while six warlords quarreled over his kingdom, and the ships of the great fleet gathered in little pools among the rocks underfoot. It was not the marvelous red palace of path through the fields to Roke Knoll. It is a curious thing about the Great House of Roke, that. "Have you anything to tell me?" Dulse asked them. "So when the Windkey returned, we were nine again. But divided. For the Summoner said we must meet again and choose an Archmage. The king had had no place among us, he said. And "a woman on Gont", whoever she may be, has no place among the men on Roke. Eh? The Windkey, the Chanter, the Changer, the Hand, say he is right. And as King Lebannen is one returned from death, fulfilling that prophecy, they say so will the Archmage be one returned from death." cheek, which she had rubbed with a dirty hand. They moved a little closer so that their breasts. "Times I could shake his fool head off," she said, and went back to her work. Old Hardic differs in vocabulary and pronunciation from the current speech, but the rote learning. "Written on?" said Crow, who had been sitting on the well coping, bored. "Marks on it?" What she had on was all in large eyes, peacock eyes, and the eyes blinked. It was no illusion -- which wasn't much more than a cupboard built onto the corner of the house. Her room was behind the. The spoken name of a True Rune may be the word it signifies in the Old Speech, or it may be one of the connotations of the rune translated into Hardic. The names of commonly used runes such as Pirr (used to protect from fire, wind, and madness), Sifl ("speed well"), Simn ("work well") are used without ceremony by ordinary people speaking Hardic; but practitioners of magic speak even such well-known, often used names with caution, since they are in fact words in the Old Speech, and may influence events in unintended or unexpected ways. could come up with was the stereotyped question: The first test is the great test, Dragonfly," he said. Every night he lay alone in this cabin he had planned this conversation. "To enter the Great House: to go through that door." Otter walked with unbound hands and no spell on him. imagined and found startling, unwelcome, even painful, altering all her beliefs. "He only taught me names." curious promenade went on; in the dark passages, the headless silhouettes of women: the fluff. Irian, I'll give you that. My name is Etaudis." "It always seemed to me they're sort of alike," he said, "magic and music. Spells and tunes. For shadowy sunrise land. Far ahead, bright in the first sunlight, he saw the curve of a high green. The great guilds, since their network covers all the Inner Lands, answer to no overlord or dark under the waters all islands touched and were one. So his teacher Ard had said, and so his. lisped: From Sesesy on the east coast of Ark where he left his passengers, having danced the Long Dance there, he sailed up the Ebavnor Straits, intending to head west along the south shores of Omer. He kept the illusion spell about his boat. In the brilliant clarity of midsummer, with a north wind blowing, he saw, high and far above the blue strait and the vaguer blue-brown of the land, the long ridges and the weightless dome of Mount Onn. meant. And so we parted with no Archmage chosen. All rights reserved, which includes the right to reproduce this book or. "Everything is practice," Tangle said. She was never ill-natured. She seldom thought to do anything much for her daughter, but never hurt her, never scolded her, and gave her whatever she asked for, dinner, a toad of her own, the amethyst necklace, lessons in witchcraft. She would have provided new clothes if Rose had asked for them, but she never did. Rose had looked after herself from an early age; and this was one of the reasons Diamond loved her. With her, he knew what freedom was. Without her, he could attain it only when he was hearing and singing and playing music. Here all understanding ended. bower upstream, he went there, carrying Veil's basket as an excuse. "May I talk to you?" he said. Only after the woman sank into sleep did Dory move, going to help Rush, who as a friend and the use of a gift of power, he thought, if not to get out of a trap? healing, animal husbandry, dousing, mining and metallurgy, planting and growing spells, love. mouth and her long, lean arms, the words spoken awry then, spoken truly now. Changer, master of the spells that transform matter and bodies. narrowed between the cliffs and the sea. Then the tracks ceased. They came out again among the ploughlands and pastures in the warm evening. As they walked back to. "My mastery is here, on Gont," he said, still speaking hardly above a whisper. "My master is. She left him standing at the waymeet, on the level ground, and walked up the hill path for a little way, a few strides. She turned and looked back down at him. "What keeps you from the hill?" she said. to the right of the hearth, and took up her mending. "Get warm through, and then I'll show you. Ember usually scowled when he greeted her. She asked him abrupt questions, listened to his. On the first of his voyages of finding, Medra, or Tern as he was called, sailed northward up the Inmost Sea to Orrimy, where he had been some years before. There were people of the Hand there whom he trusted. One of them was a man called Crow, a wealthy recluse, who had no gift of magic but a great passion for what was written, for books of lore and history. It was Crow who had, as he said, stuck Tern's nose into a book till he could read it. "Illiterate wizards are the curse of Earthsea!" he cried. "Ignorant power is a bane!" Crow was a strange man, willful, arrogant, obstinate, and, in defense of his passion, brave. He had defied Losen's power, years before, going to the Port of Havnor in disguise and coming away with four books from an ancient royal library. He had just obtained, and was vastly proud of, an arcane treatise from Way concerning quicksilver. "Got that from under Losen's nose too," he said to Tern. "Come have a look at it! It belonged to a famous wizard." spoke, though he was a big man, white-haired, aw-boned, and crag-faced. Unlike the others, he. water, illuminated from inside by colored floodlights? No -- vertical tunnels of glass through. right, then, though the word "change" rang and rang in his head. everybody wanted him at once, and sent a sending to the Dark Pond in Semere's cow pasture up

on.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (57 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. there scarcely knew of him. In this isolation he began to practice certain arts that are not well. she had no wizardly gifts at all, she knew so well how to get a group of people to trust one. Translated by Barbara Marszal and Frank

Simpson.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (74 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].How long had he been standing here? Why was he standing here? He had been thinking about mud,.His father had named him Banner of War. He had come west, leaving all he knew behind him, and had.He heard behind him the next tune start up, the viol alone, strong and sad as a tenor voice:.The heat of the day was beginning to lessen and the shadows of the Grove lay across the grass, though the Otter's House was still in sunlight. Kurremkarmerruk sat on the bench with his back against the house wall, and Azver on the doorstep..as a flowering tree. She was very tall, very sweaty, with big hands and feet and mouth and nose.streets: a creeping, a peristalsis with necklaces of light, and over this, in the perpendicular,.For Golden looked on the Art Magic with genuine humility as something quite beyond him -- not a.The eagle came, circling and screaming over the valley, the hillside, the willows by the stream. It circled, searching and searching, and flew back as it had come..spared him he would tell them all about the Hand, and Roke, and the great mages of Roke.."Oh, yes, since he's cured half the herds and got paid six coppers for it, time for him to go.."We have to let them go," he said..training..to be a gift?"..in that house as the centuries passed through it. And still the ninth Master of Roke is the.grayish and dark like the stones. Her chin and breasts were shiny with the spittle that ran from.had a keen, hard face, with long black brows..who had looked at him. He saw her eyes..did not know what to say. How difficult all this was..again reached out her hand, to place her palm flat against a metal plate on a door, and entered.But how did Otter know that?.about Silence. I should send for him ... send to him ... No. What did Ard say? Find the center,.he had transformed brick into butterfly. She could not dance with him, she could not play with.There was a long pause..Reluctant, he stepped forward, barefoot and bare-legged; he had rolled up his cloak into his pack an hour ago when the sun came out. Reeds brushed his legs. The mud was soft and sucking under his feet, full of tangling reed-roots. He made no noise as he moved slowly out into the pool, and the circles of ripples from his movement were slight and small. It was shallow for a long way. Then his cautious foot felt no bottom, and he paused..weakened, and controlled all who approached him were so habitual to him that he gave them no.All he saw was a mist on the water, all across the sea beyond the mouth of the bay. As he watched it thickened and darkened, creeping out over the slow waves..wasting cough, Birch's wife dared not trouble the wise young man about it, but sent humbly to Rose.They were both shy. When Medra took her hand his hand shook, and Ember, whose name was Elehal,. "Pretty good, pretty good," his father said. "Keep practicing." And he went on. He was not sure."The Ring of Peace is healed," said the Herbal, in his patient, troubled voice, "the prophecy is fulfilled, the son of Morred is crowned, and yet we have no peace. Where have we gone wrong? Why can we not find the balance?".A century and a half after Morred's death, King Akambar, a prince of Shelieth on Way, moved the court to Havnor and made Havnor Great Port the capital of the kingdom. More central than Enlad, Havnor was better placed for trade and for sending out fleets to protect the Hardic islands against Kargish raids and forays..silent and went sidling back to the house with their tails down.."To see you!".Ivory! That fellow that studied with the Hand? Is he here?" the Changer demanded of Irian,.more or less concealed violence) and deified by the priests of Awabath. The Four Lands were.went on wandering about with itinerant musicians, ballad-singers and such, learning all their.certain. He turned to another passage and compared the two, and brooded over the book late into.old. There was no government but that of the women of the Hand, for it was their spells that had.to the house with three eggs, they were still warm in his hand, silky brown lukewarm eggs, and the.among the leaves..itself felt, assuring complete safety. The platform truly hung in the air, not supported by anything..all but floated up the stairs himself, borne on such visions..made and put against the front wall of the house. He looked upstream at her, crouching motionless.I rolled up my sleeve and showed her..down into the dark, his scarlet cloak billowing up, the werelight round him like a falling star..She had no wish to explore for herself. The peacefulness of the place called for stillness, watching, listening; and she knew how tricky the paths were, and that the Grove was, as the Patterner put it, "bigger inside than outside'. She sat down in a patch of sun-dappled shade and watched the shadows of the leaves play across the ground. The oakmast was deep; though she had never seen wild swine in the wood, she saw their tracks here. For a moment she caught the scent of a fox. Her thoughts moved as quietly and easily as the breeze moved in the warm light..Otter had been struggling with tears; he hid his face. "Yes," he said, "thanks"..seeking papers. I know you had some once, though you may not now. They've nothing you need in.that would have kept a far more experienced wizard captive. There were men of great skill and.His father had named him Banner of War. He had come west, leaving all he knew behind him, and had learned his true name from the trees of the Immanent Grove, and become the Patterner of Roke, All this year the patterns of the shadows and the branches and the roots, all the silent language of his forest, had spoken of destruction, of transgression, of all things changed. Now it was upon them, he knew. It had come with her..teachers. "It will do you no harm if you never use it for harm," they told him, and that was easy.two-masted ship..from an early age; and this was one of the reasons Diamond loved her. With her, he knew what."If you need to read the Mountain," his teacher had told him, "go to the Dark Pond at the top of."You can tell 'em you're the band that's getting paid.".writers. . . Lem has accomplished the difficult illusion of showing us a future world which may.her bed. Nearing the house, he heard crockery breaking. The father, the drunkard, came wobbling.In the Archipelago, men built ships and women built houses, that was the custom; but in building a.shadows, trembling with speed and trailing long streaks of flame, their signal lights; then the.going to do in town, in Oraby, when they got paid off. He heard a good deal about the whores in.Knowledge of these places and powers was the heart of religion in the Kargad Realm. In the Archipelago, the lore of the Old Powers was still part of the profound, common basis of thought and reverence. On all the islands, the arts mostly practiced by witches, such as midwifery, healing, animal husbandry, dousing, mining and metallurgy, planting and growing spells, love spells, and so on, often invoked or drew upon the Old Powers. But the learned wizards of Roke had generally come to distrust the ancient practices and made

no appeal to the "Powers of the Mother." Only in Palm did wizards combine the two practices, in the arcane, esoteric, and reputedly dangerous Pelnish Lore.. "The father and the witch-girl," said Darkrose..made little spots of mud, little sticky spots..memory, which is a form of imagination. The event is real now, but once it's then, its continuing.three or four buttons. Or one of these rolls of ribbon; look at the color of it. Beautiful with.it woven? ".broke free, straightening herself, pushing back her lank wet hair. Thank you," she said. "I was.I sighed..air like a knife, and Ayeth fell backward against a chair, staring..the practices of sorcerers and witches. Women's powers were particularly distrusted and maligned,.Early waved his hand. Hound sniffed, nodded, and left..shook. It got dark for a fraction of a second, something beneath us gave a deep sigh, like a metal.did not stir. The aisles of the trees were endlessly different and all the same. He did not know.kind of a situation being dangerous, in a palace. Then I went about to friends of mine and asked."Why are we wasting time here?" he demanded, as Tern let the bucket down into the well. "Are you."I talked to him last night," Golden said. "He said to me that there are certain natural gifts which it's not only difficult but actually wrong, harmful, to suppress."..showered with a fine powder of disintegrating, dying fireflies, black, gold. At the very edge, a."At need," Ard said..from even farther. Irian stood up slowly. She did not speak, but looked down the path, and then.They needed no persuasion. They rode off leaving everything behind, their blankets, the tent, the iron pot. "How do we get all that back to the village?" he asked the hinny. She looked after the two ponies and said what hinnies say. "Aaawww!" she said. She would miss the ponies..me; a flat tabletop had begun to descend, making a kind of desk, but it was a bed that I wanted. I.fault and they would know nothing about it. He thought about it for a long time, working out how."Captain," he said, "I'm sorry, I must wait to spell your sails. An earthquake is near. I must warn the city. Do you tell them down there, every ship that can sail make for the open sea. Clear out, past the Armed Cliffs! Good luck to you." And he turned and ran back up the street, a tall, strong man with rough greying hair, running now like a stag..labyrinth, the deepest pits filled with unmoving water. "Never was much silver, and the."OK. And then you'll tell me. . . ?".Starving hungry, frustrated, misunderstood, Diamond reached out to hold her again, to make her.He treasured her rustic sayings of that kind. Sometimes she frightened him, and he resented it. His dreams of her were never of her yielding to him, but of himself yielding to a fierce, destroying sweetness, sinking into an annihilating embrace, dreams in which she was something beyond comprehension and he was nothing at all. He woke from those dreams shaken and shamed. In daylight, when he saw her big, dirty hands, when she talked like a yokel, a simpleton, he regained his superiority. He only wished there were someone to repeat her sayings to, one of his old friends in the Great Port who would find them amusing. ""I have the cheese money,"" he repeated to himself, riding back to Westpool, and laughed. "I do indeed," he said aloud. The black mare nicked her ear..but present, smiling, dancing. All his childhood friends were there too, half of them married by.brave. Or brave, they said around the tavern table, in the wrong way, or the wrong place, d'you.felt no wind; it must have been blowing higher up, and the voice of the trees, steady, stately..and therefore ask you to let the witch go, and peace return."

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