

WORKS VOLUME 10

puffed-out cheeks, playing a flute. It did this so well that I had the impulse to call out to it..before her massive, actual presence..betriated."..thing to fight against until he could defeat it. There are many boys like that. I was one. But I..long ago. But I chose not to use those arts. I wanted you to trust me enough to tell me your name..riddle song of which the last line has to do, maybe, with the man who was Medra, and Otter, and..if only they could come to Roke..East Fields," the young man said..found the two children, silent, starving, armed with a mattock and a broken ploughshare, ready to..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (11 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. "She is," said Rush. "Like her mother and her mother's mother. Let us in, Dory, or me at least, to speak to her." The girl went back in for a moment, and Rush said to Medra, "It's consumption her mother's dying of. No healer could cure her. But she could heal the scrofula, and touch for pain. A wonder she was, and Dory bade fair to follow her."..asked around a bit. The father, a longshoreman, had died in the big earthquake, when Silence would..HE SPENT THE NIGHT in their old place in the shallows. Maybe he hoped she would come, but she did."..All right," she said finally. "I'm not keeping you. But now this. . ." She was confused.."You said I had it," the girl said into the reeking gloom of the one-roomed hut..stream that came out of the woods to join the little river running down to the bay, Medra camped..survived were wise women and their children, who had hidden themselves in the town or in the."..You won't tell me?"..thundered; she fell flat on the ground..other, only me, what would I want a name for?".. "But you yourself said that brit. . ." I'm sitting now. You see, I'm sitting. Calm yourself..he finally spoke was, "I only wanted to make love to you."..All the rumors of Roke had said that it was spell-defended and charm-hidden, invisible to ordinary eyes. If there were any spells woven about that hill or the bay he now saw opening before it, they were gossamer to him, transparent. Nothing blurred his eyes or challenged his will as he flew over the bay, over the little town and a half-finished building on the slope above it, to the top of the high green hill. There, striking down dragons claws and beating rust-red wings, he lighted.."..Crafty men need to stick together," he said. "Men who have no art at all, nothing but wealth-they..wasn't the first night, nor the first nights, they passed together that gave either of them much..could be anything. Horses! Bears!"..All we know of ancient times in Earthsea is to be found in poems and songs, passed down orally for..again. But he could not get up to walk to the wall, and presently the pain came back very sharp in."..Will it control the earth itself?"..And, just as in the now of the so-called real world, I didn't know what would happen next. I could."..Come back," the Windkey said to the men..She looked at him and at the Doorkeeper and said nothing..mere toy, such as music or tale-telling, but a practical business, which his business could never."..And a good thing too!" Golden said roundly. "What's become of that daughter of hers, then? Went off with a juggler, I heard?".. "A sending - only a seeming of him. It could not hurt you, Irian."..ignorant superstition, practiced by women, paid for by peasants..mastered. Only then, he said, can your teachers begin to tell you what to do with it, what good it..not know his craft, all he could see clearly in Gelluk's thoughts were pages of a lore-book full."..You didn't say it."..raised both his arms outward and up, very slowly but steadily, unstayed by anything the other man..the tavern. San, a hardbitten man in his thirties, was talking to a man on his doorstep, a..ring, maybe that's nothing compared to what the wizards and the dragonlords can do, but it's not..choppy seas, but never a storm or a troublesome wind. They put off and took on cargo at ports on..worth playing. If she ran away with him, the game was as good as won. As for the joke of it, the..time without anger -- of that poor fellow who now, three hours after my arrival, was undoubtedly..know that the Moon is the Earth's father? Yes, yes; and he lay with her, as is the father's right..He had not known how tired he was until he came to haven. He spent all that day drowsing before..They sat unspeaking. The crisis passed. Heleth relaxed a little and even smiled. "Very old stuff," he said, "what I'll be doing. I wish now I'd thought about it more. Passed it on to you. But it seemed a bit crude. Heavy-handed ... She didn't say where she'd learned it. Here, of course ... There are different kinds of knowledge, after all."..At.."You're there in the water, together, you and the child. You take away the child-name. People may..must be. I was wrong.".. "We can't do anything without each other," he said. "But it's the greedy ones, the cruel ones who hold together and strengthen each other. And those who won't join them stand each alone." The image of Anieb as he had first seen her, a dying woman standing alone in the tower room, was always with him. "Real power goes to waste. Every wizard uses his arts against the others, serving the men of greed. What good can any art be used that way? It's wasted. It goes wrong, or it's thrown away. Like slaves' lives. Nobody can be free alone. Not even a mage. All of them working their magic in prison cells, to gain nothing. There's no way to use power for good."..And the mills of capitalism provide them. Supply meets demand. Fantasy becomes a commodity, an.."..No need," he said in that distant way, as if he hardly knew what she was talking about; but then he said, "You work very hard."..The poem begins with the best known and most cherished love story in the Archipelago, that of..galley he scented something. "Well, well," he said, "who's this?" He walked to the helm and put..And these may be true temptations to the wizard! It's a wonderful thing to fly on the wings of a..go at once, on what business he could not say, of course, but it should not take long once he was..such things. But his father raged at him for his "shortcuts," even struck him once on the mouth..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..child appeared from under a bush where he had been asleep and trailed after the ewe, of whom he..to do it, making the spell very carefully. It was the reversal of a finding charm: a losing charm..the boys his age in town and all the girls too. The young people danced, and some of them had a.."..Mages can do more than that," the girl said.."To Roke?" She stared. "To Roke, Di? Then you really do have the gift --you could be a sorcerer?"..to choose a sorcerer..He looked at the man he knew only as Otter..founding of the school, she could go there seldom, and

even then she might take a couple of. Once, when they had gone a long way and the trees, dark evergreens she did not know, stood very choking grip of that power. I stood there awhile, until I noticed, against the background of some further hallways --. As for Crow, unable to part with the Book of Names even for a month, he sent for his own books from Orrimy and settled down with them in Thwil. He allowed people of the school to study them, so long as they showed them, and him, due respect. Back Cover: Dulse had the big lore-book open on the table. He had been trying to reweave one of the Acastan. "Lost with Ath when he went into the west," Crow said. the slaves said, "It is done, your majesty." He held audiences, and old men came and said, "We. "I will come, Medra," she said. She held out her thin hand in a fist, then opened it palm up as if offering him something. Then she was gone. quiet talk among them. "The young men come to me and they say, "What good is it? Can you find gold?" they say. "Can you. There was an old man by our door. so much before. Could they be flying columns? People were hurrying toward it from all. through that door, even for a moment, what a sweet revenge it would be! you in ivory. I'm sorry if I'm meddling in your business. Sir." She flung out the door with two. yellowing, no flowers in it but the little white heads of the lacefoam. A woman came walking up. wide enough. When she waded a knee-deep stream, he held on to her tail. She scrambled up the low. So for a half-month or more of the hot days of summer, Irian slept in the Otter's House, which was a peaceful one, and ate what the Master Patternner brought her in his basket - eggs, cheese, greens, fruit, smoked mutton - and went with him every afternoon into the grove of high trees, where the paths seemed never to be quite where she remembered them, and often led on far beyond what seemed the confines of the wood. They walked there in silence, and spoke seldom when they rested. The mage was a quiet man. Though there was a hint of fierceness in him, he never showed it to her, and his presence was as easy as that of the trees and the rare birds and four-legged creatures of the Grove. As he had said, he did not try to teach her. When she asked about the Grove, he told her that, with Roke Knoll, it had stood since Segoy made the islands of the world, and that all magic was in the roots of the trees, and that they were mingled with the roots of all the forests that were or might yet be. "And sometimes the Grove is in this place," he said, "and sometimes in another. But it is always." milk. Her eyes grew wide in surprise. Something like a mocking smile touched her lips. She. No wind stirred. The air was soft, the big sail hung slack. Only the western stars faded and. spells woven about other buildings of the place, especially around a tall stone tower, filling the. some kind. This happened so suddenly that I froze. The deeds and lays that tell of raids by dragons and counterforays by wizards portray the dragons as pitiless as any wild animal, terrifying, unpredictable, yet intelligent, sometimes wiser than the wizards. Though they speak the True Speech, they are endlessly devious. Some of them clearly enjoy battles of wits with wizards, "splitting arguments with a forked tongue." Like human beings, all but the greatest of them conceal their true names. In the lay Hasa's Voyage, the dragons appear as formidable but feeling beings, whose anger at the invading human fleet is justified by their love of their own desolate domain. They address the hero. She hesitated, seeming for a moment to yield, to come to him, and then cried out, "I am not only. Otter had been struggling with tears; he hid his face. "Yes," he said, "thanks." shadows, trembling with speed and trailing long streaks of flame, their signal lights; then the. back into death and left us here alive - what would we do? What comes next?" file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (21 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. There Medra walked with Elehal, on the white pavement, before there were any walls built round it. to the house with three eggs, they were still warm in his hand, silky brown lukewarm eggs, and the. went off, still walking sore-footed, in Bren's old shoes. It made her heart turn in her, seeing. "He tricked and killed a great mage, my master. He's dangerous. I want vengeance. Who did he talk to here? I want them. Then I'll see to him." file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/D...20%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (3 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. "But - but Arren was King Lebannen -". consented to his remaining on Roke, it was to keep watch on him. "You broke through our defenses. Mouth. Then seeking further he heard in his mind a name spoken; but he did not speak it. "When the balance is wrong, holding still is not good. It must get more wrong," said the. up most of his mind, and most of what we have. So, do you see, put up your money where he won't. She did not wait for an answer. "I'll walk her up," she said, standing up, and put out her hand for the reins. Ivory saw that he was supposed to dismount. He did so, asking, "Is it very bad?" and peering at the horse's leg, seeing only bright, bloody foam. He smiled again. "You're a beautiful woman," he said, but plainly, not in the flattering way he. Diamond sat upright and still. He had been getting some of his father's height and girth lately, and looked very much a man, though a very young one. now what it once was - if we had more people of the true art gathered here, teaching and learning. shine in a dark room, or find a lost pin by thinking about it, or true up a warped joint by. managed to bring a bit of magewind into the sail of a boat, though he had no idea how to combat or. wise alone. So these people try to hold to each other. And so that's why we're called the Hand, or. He nodded. There, women know the Old Powers. Here too, witches. And the knowledge is bad - eh?". Otter knew that a moment was coming when he might get free of Gelluk: of that he had been sure. out to be a thief. I mean, there ought to be a little trust." "But the Summoner fought him both in body and spirit, and called to me, and I came. Together we. It was as strangely quiet as the farmlands. Not a voice, not a face. It was difficult to feel uneasy in an ordinary-looking town on a sweet spring morning, but in such silence he must wonder if he was indeed in a plague-stricken place or an island under a curse. He went on. Between a house and an old plum tree was a wash line, the clothes pinned on it flapping in the sunny breeze. A cat came round the corner of a garden, no abandoned starveling but a white-pawed, well-whiskered, prosperous cat. And at last, coming down the steep little street, which here was cobbled, he heard voices. his cautious foot felt no bottom, and he paused. and was dumbstruck. Above the amphitheater-like sunken dial of the stop rose a multistory. "Another?" I asked, when she had finished hers. She smiled, shaking her head. On the. fellow in a worn sea-cloak. Ivory flourished his staff a little in greeting him. The sorcerer. "You went wrong. You've come back. But you're

tired, Irioth, and the way's hard when you go alone. Come home with me." .the Archipelagan year 1058..Medra woke in pain, in darkness. For a long time that was all there was. The pain came and went, the darkness remained. Once it lightened a little into a twilight in which he could dimly see. He saw a slope running down from where he lay towards a wall of stones, across which was darkness again. But he could not get up to walk to the wall, and presently the pain came back very sharp in his arm and hip and head. Then the darkness came around him, and then nothing..He heard behind him the next tune start up, the viol alone, strong and sad as a tenor voice: "Where My Love Is Going."

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