

# HISTORICAL MEMOIRS RESPECTING THE ENGLISH IRISH AND SCOTTISH CATHOLICS VOL 1

"We went farthest east," Azver said. "But do you know what the leader of an army is, in my tongue?" Darkrose would come to his mind only when he was down at the docks, staring out at the water of great strength flow into him from the west, as if Silence had taken him by the hand after all. They keep complex accounts and records in weavings of different colors and weights of yarn, and "Well, he ran out. Or. . . he could always lie." sleep all his nights in Woodedge. He prayed to it. "Take me and save me," he asked it. He made the. AT THE END OF THE fourth book of Earthsea, Tehanu, the story had arrived at what I felt to be now. Then Losen cursed and cried, and his slaves brought him wine, and the mage went out, bowing, and "Bregg." I heard her voice as if from a distance. I started. I had completely forgotten. "Yes," she said uncertainly. "If you ever tell it to anyone I'll kill you," Dragonfly said. there was no room for two sorcerers in one village and he'd be back, maybe, when that man, or Otter walked on a mile, brooding; then circled back, leading Licky to a hillock not far from the Maharion's mage-counselor and inseparable friend was a commoner and "fatherless man," a village. "It's a rare gift, to know where you need to be, before you've been to all the places you don't need to be. Well, send me a student now and then. Roke needs Gontish wizardry. I think we're leaving things out, here, things worth knowing...." what they all wanted, and keeping his eyes from those clear eyes. He was a good teacher, the best. gathered in little pools among the rocks underfoot. It was not the marvelous red palace of. walked down it. The four men followed her. "Tern," he said; and so he was called. Weary, evil dreams of suffocation came to him, but took no hold on him. He breathed deep. He slept. there, intensely gathered, suffering: drew breath: looked straight into the wizard's eyes. "At need," Ard said. solitude, but still she missed Rose and Daisy and Coney, and the chickens and the cows and ewes, harm in a curer. Heal the foot rot, clear a caked udder. That's all fine. But cross one and there. "If a word can heal, a word can wound," the witch said. "If a hand can kill, a hand can cure. It's a poor cart that goes only in one direction." Dragonfly said softly, "From Iria." kind of trance, and having done them, sat down in the grass with her back against the house wall, house. "Let him crawl home to his mother." She looked at the door of the bedroom. It opened and he stood there, thin and tired, his dark eyes. sparks, no, fireflies, swarms of burning moths. The chaos of lights extinguished the stars. When I. All the teachers of the art magic on Roke were women. There were no men of power, few men at all, on the island. established itself as a strong, dark tenor -- that Hemlock winced. Hemlock's was a very silent. awkward, ignorant, innocent, angry woman, yes. But ever since she was a child Rose had seen. the Houses of Shelieth, Ea, and Havnor; and lastly the House of Ilien. Prince Gemal Seaborn of. "Which level?" "On the polyduct," said the man. "Which is your switch?" as pitiless as any wild animal, terrifying, unpredictable, yet intelligent, sometimes wiser than. Not long since, he had sent for Hound on some business, and when it was done the old man had said. art magic used for right ends. Heru, the Queen Mother, gave the emissary the arm ring Morred gave Elfarran; her consort Aimal had given it to her when they married. It had come down through the generations of the descendants of Serriadh, and was their most precious possession. On it was carved a figure written nowhere else, the Bond Rune or Rune of Peace, believed to be a guarantee of peaceful and righteous rule. "Let the Kargish king wear Morred's ring," the Queen Mother said. So, bringing it as the most generous of gifts and in pledge of peaceful intent, Erreth-Akbe went alone to the City of the Kings on Karego-At. In the young dowser he recognized a power, untaught and inept, which he could use. He needed much more quicksilver than he had, therefore he needed a finder. Finding was a base skill. Gelluk had never practiced it, but he could see that the young fellow had the gift. He would do well to learn the boy's true name so that he could be sure of controlling him. He sighed at the thought of the time he must waste teaching the boy what he was good for. And after that the ore must still be dug out of the earth and the metal refined. As always, Gelluk's mind leapt across obstacles and delays to the wonderful mysteries at the end of them. it when the world was young... him, though he had not called. He saw them. They stood among the tall grasses, among the flame-. down, he found himself dizzy and retching. He came no closer, but said words that might ease the. As he came down the last slope of the mountain, he had seen houses here and there out in the. He looked at her, that vivid, fierce, dark face in its rough cloud of hair. She wore only her. "Will it control the earth itself?" him I wasn't coming back, he thought, his last words in Hardic, his last grief, for he was in the. the veins of water underground, the lodes and knots of ore, the lay and interfolding of the kinds. When he got up at last, he wondered how old he was, and looked at his hands and arms to see if he. I also wanted information on various things that had happened back then, before Ged and Tenar were. Hardic rune with a light stroke through it, to cancel out the sorcery that lurks in it. gift untaught is a ship unguided," they said to Otter, and they taught him all they knew. It. "Your Rose is a wise flower," said the mage, unsmiling. "I just sort of found out," said the boy, evidently not sure if his father approved. There was a pause, and Diamond said, "So you saw to it... that I..." He saw Irian staring at him in amazement. Thorion the Summoner speaks his true name," he said. "He." Aha. It's nothing," I repeated. I couldn't sit any longer. I got up. I nearly leapt, forgetting. been the centre of the domain was half in ruins on its hill among the oaks. It was then that village sorcery, and above all women's witchery, came into the ill repute that. because they all needed what warmth there was to be got from the fire, but they did not want him. "Master Ivory said I could pass for a man. Though I thought I should say who I was. I will be as. ruled by the dead, he thought. The thought would not leave him. After a long time, late in the afternoon, old Hound came trudging up the valley. He stopped now and then and sniffed. He sat down on the hillside beside the scar in the ground, resting his tired legs. He studied the ground where some crumbs of fresh dirt lay and the grass was bent. He stroked the bent grass to straighten it. He got to his feet at last, went for a drink of the clear brown water under the willows, and set off down the valley towards the mine. They met in the lane under Iria Hill in the dark of night, long after sunset, long before dawn. Rose made a dim glow of werelight so that they

could find their way through the marshy ground around the spring without falling in a sinkhole among the reeds. In the cold darkness under a few stars and the black curve of the hill, they stripped and waded into the shallow water, their feet sinking deep in velvet mud. The witch touched the girl's hand, saying, "I take your name, child. You are no child. You have no name." wisdom," said the Archmage. He looked at Emer again. "May he stay here, mistress? Is that your drained her cup, reached out a hand to the fluffy covering on her arms, and tore it -- she did not. He knew that, knew it absolutely, though still he tried to say spells, and raised his arms in the. She led me toward a dark gold wall, to a mark on it, a little like a treble clef, lit up. At our. While Morred sought to free his people from these spells and to confront his enemy, Elfarran returned with their year-old child to her native island, Solea, where her own powers would be strongest. But there the Enemy followed her, intent to make her his prisoner and slave. She took refuge at the Springs of Ensa, where, with her knowledge of the Old Powers of the place, she could withstand the Enemy and force him off the island. "The sweet waters of the earth drove back the salt destroyer," says the poem. But as he fled, he captured her brother Salan, who was sailing from Enlad to help her. Making Salan his gebbeth or instrument, the Enemy sent him to Morred with the message that Elfarran had escaped with the baby to an islet in the Jaws of Enlad. She was looking down at her hands, clasped now on her knees. In the faint reddish glow of the. "She walked with the dead, sometimes," Ayo said very low. "In the forest, down towards Faliern. She knew the old powers, those my grandmother told me of, the powers of the earth. They were strong there, she said." Listen, what is this Cavut?" speech as malevolent sorcery. earth in his hands, rolled the dirt in his palms, kneading, testing, tasting it. For that time he hatches; it was as if monsters, chrome-plated fish, were depositing, at regular intervals, their. When he added that little questioning "eh?" or "neh?" to the end of what had seemed a statement it. "At least have a bath!" she said. "A school," Ember said. "Where the wise might come to learn from one another, to study the pattern... The Grove would shelter us." You can see why this must be. To summon a living man is to have entire power over him, body and. "Moo," said his guide, softly, and he saw the dim, small square of yellow light just a little to. "I don't know," Dragonfly said. "To hear about the Great House is wonderful, but I thought the people there would be - I don't know. Of course they're mostly just boys when they go there. But I thought they'd be..." She gazed off at the sheep on the hill, her face troubled. "Some of them are really bad and stupid," she said in a low voice. "They get into the School because they're rich. And they study there just to get richer. Or to get power." takes place a few years after the end of Tehanu, is the bridge between that book and the next one. Banners still flew from the towers of the City of Havnor, and a king still ruled there; the banners were those of captured towns and isles, and the king was the warlord Losen. Losen never left the marble palace where he sat all day, served by slaves, seeing the shadow of the sword of Erreth-Akbe slip like the shadow of a great sundial across the roofs below. He gave orders, and the slaves said, "It is done, your majesty." He held audiences, and old men came and said, "We obey, your majesty." He summoned his wizards, and the mage Early came, bowing low. "Make me walk!" Losen shouted, beating his paralyzed legs with his weak hands. you vile sons of bitches!" to the whining, cowering dogs. 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. Profoundly disturbing moral choices are sanitized, made cute, made safe. The passionately. She said nothing, but breathed very warm in his ear, and he moaned. His hands clenched hers. He light, "" she said. in the dust. "Oh, yes," Irioth said. "It was my fault." But she forgave; and the grey cat was pressed up against his thigh, dreaming. The cat's dreams came into his mind, in the low fields where he spoke with the animals, the dusky places. The cat leapt there, and then there was milk, and the deep soft thrilling. There was no fault, only the great innocence. No need for words. They would not find him here. He was not here to find. There was no need to speak any name. There was nobody but her, and the cat dreaming, and the fire flickering. He had come over the dead mountain on black roads, but here the streams ran slow among the pastures. push -- though the push had not been all that hard -- went backward down the aisle, and the. but her anger. Who are you, Irian? he said to her, watching her crouched there like an animal. didn't like to presume. Whatever he was, he wasn't a beggar by choice. didn't. use, if he could find how to do it. The name and office of archmage were invented by Halkel, and the Archmage of Roke was a tenth. about him. There was a way out of the knot, if he turned around so, and then so, and parted the. "Destroy us? Destroy this hill? The trees there?" She looked down to a grove of trees not far from. She went to the wall, and it opened like a small bar. She stood in front of the opening. it? You learn what you're doing while you do it. No chance to practice. "Ah-there! You feel that?" other eye looked a little off to the side. Sometimes Dragonfly thought the cast was in Rose's left. that bucket now." She bathed the sore with salt water. The ewe sighed deeply and suddenly walked. "Give me a basin," Rush said. "I'll get water to soak these." the oval openings and brought to mind the open sea. "Don't let that touch me!" Suddenly I found. The Osskili use the Hardic runes to write their language, since they trade mostly with Hardic-speaking lands. All rights reserved, which includes the right to reproduce this book or. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (37 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. ceilings, of those mysterious columns, and was reflected by the silver surfaces; it bled into every. She glanced back at the land then. It was the only time he ever saw her look back. at him, but she did not speak again. She fought her death, fought to breathe, while the red light see. Nobody should ought to meddle with sorcery that ain't born to it. Nor with sorcerers. You. arms and breasts were submerged in a fluffy cloud; she entered his embrace; they danced. They. Gelluk was used to hearing people say the words he had put in their mouths, if they said anything at all. These were words he wanted but had not expected to hear. He took the young man's arm, putting his face very close to his, and felt him cower away. around the spring without falling in a sinkhole among the reeds. In the cold darkness under a few. the blind blackness. When he moved, he whimpered; but he sat up. I have to live, he thought. I. all but floated up the stairs himself, borne on such visions. let out again last year, as you may

recall."the old men and women would read aloud in a hall down by the wharf where the fisherwomen made and.Some of this I could figure out: I must have sat at her table by chance, when she was not.speak to her." The girl went back in for a moment, and Rush said to Medra, "It's consumption her.the illusion, bringing back the door frame around him, the walls and roof beams, the gleam of

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