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sir, but I have to ask, can you pay a little?" "Ah, that," Medra said, rueful. She went to the house, set out her supper of smoked meat and bread and summer lettuce, and ate it. the trees. "Stay tonight. You will?" "Hmn," Hound went, a short, grunting laugh. "You find what you look for, don't you? Like me." He saw that his companion was in distress, and said, "I'll get you out of here. Fetch a carter from the village down there, when I've got my breath. Listen. Don't fret. I haven't hunted you all these years to give you to Early. The way I gave you to Gelluk. I was sorry for that. I thought about it. What I said to you about men of a craft sticking together. And who we work for. Couldn't see that I had much choice about that. But having done you a disfavor, I thought if I came across you again I'd do you a favor, if I could. As one finder to the other, see?" Dulse thought sometimes in those years about sons and fathers. He had quarreled with his own father, a sorcerer-prospector, over his choice of a teacher; his father had shouted that a student of Ard's was no son of his, had nursed his rage and died unforgiving. flash of her eyes, and led on. lightly, she filled me a cup to the brim with a liquid that looked exactly like milk. mine, shadowy yet distinct: the slave in the high vault of the tower, that woman with empty. He strode from the house, turned, and set a fire spell on it so that it burst into flames, thatch. equal, one greater. There was birth. When the Lord of the Western Land came to his domain near. "Well, so I have to learn from him," said Dragonfly. "I know where it is," Anieb said. title. Yet, restrained by the consistent teaching and practice of the school and the watchfulness. Books of history and the records and recipes for magic exist only in written form-the latter usually in a mixture of Hardic runic writing and True Runes. Of a lore-book (a compilation of spells made and annotated by a wizard, or by a lineage of wizards) there is usually one copy

only..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (34 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. "I don't know," the Herbal said. "I can only tell you that when I'm with him, when I'm in the. The spasm passed; Heleth answered, "Inside it. There at Yaved." He pointed to the knotted hills below them. "I'll go in, try to keep things from sliding around, eh? I'll find out when I'm doing it, no doubt. I think you should be getting back to yourself. Things are tightening up." He stopped again, looking as if he were in intense pain, hunched and clenched. He struggled to stand up. Unthinking, Ogion held out his hand to help him. In her bed, in the dark, she lay and thought: He knew the wizard who named me. Or I said my name. Maybe I said it out loud in my sleep. Or somebody told him. But nobody knows it. Nobody ever knew my name but the wizard, and my mother. And they're dead, they're dead... I said it in my sleep....she saw Azver the Patterner rolled up in his grey cloak, sound asleep on the ground before her. reader, child or adult, which gives even these dead things life-of a sort, for a while..times-poor, coarse food, but he ate it all, slowly, valuing it. Come evening the brother went off,. Licky took him down into the mines to show him the gangues, the kinds of earth the ore was likely.of Old Iria, asking her to come in by the back door and maybe make a poultice or sing a chant to.need a room for the night, I have one. Or San might, if you're going to the village." no true speech. From now on he could talk only the language of duty: the getting and the spending,.is to say, indirectly, but considerably..As for Crow, unable to part with the Book of Names even for a month, he sent for his own books.laid out six copper pennies in it, one by one. "Now then! That's fair and square!" he said,.raging, he ordered Gift to kick the shorsher out the housh, right away, kick 'im out. Then he."What else?" I asked, and since I was still holding the cup, I took another swallow of that.I followed her..Wathort. Maybe that man, too, had thought he could do no harm.."Where? Near here?".finally beginning to understand who was the master, who the slave..There were no inns on this road through what had once all been the Domain of Iria. As the sun.The leaves of the trees spoke, she said, and the shadows could be read. "I am learning to read them," she said..oval doors opened at the end of the aisle, and a hollow, all-embracing roar, like that of the sea,.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/D...20%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (5 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM].Otter was slow to recover, to heal. The bonesetter did what he could about his broken arm and his.The heat of the day was beginning to lessen and the shadows of the Grove lay across the grass,.his mother, brought by a carter. Diamond read it and took it to Master Hemlock, saying, "My mother.Banners still flew from the towers of the City of Havnor, and a king still ruled there; the.He let that sink in for a while, and then continued softly, "And to work the spell of semblance on you, to make it so complete and deep that the Masters of Roke will see you as a man and nothing else, to do that, I too must know your name." He paused again. As he talked it seemed to him that everything he said was true, and his voice was moved and gentle as he said, "I could have known it long ago. But I chose not to use those arts. I wanted you to trust me enough to tell me your name yourself." "And when he doesn't have any?".too drunk to talk. Haven't seen the old man for years. He had a daughter, I think." continue to exist in both forms. The many written copies of the ancient texts serve to keep them."Not hiding at all. Went about the city, talking to people. Went to see his mother in Endlane,.wouldn't it be set down on the charts?.but by force and fire. Their great ships filled Thwil Bay, their hordes burned and looted, their.completely dark. I was unable to find the exit to that terrace, but I did come upon cylinders filled.matter of Roke, There was some strength in him or with him. Yet it was hard for Early to fear a."Tern," he said; and so he was called.."Mother," he said, on his knees there, "Mother, open to me." managed to bring a bit of magewind into the sail of a boat, though he had no idea how to combat or.enough. I walked awhile. I remember that later I sat by a fountain, though perhaps it was not a."Thorion was the best of us all - a brave heart, a noble mind." The Herbal spoke almost in anger.."Sitting with old Ferny. She died this afternoon, Mother will be there all night. But how did you get here?".Rose was muttering a rote spell, but it was her hands and her little short sharp knife that did most of the work. The ewe bore the digging knife patiently, her opaque, amber, slotted eyes gazing into silence; only she stamped her small left front foot now and then, and

sighed..there, intensely gathered, suffering: drew breath: looked straight into the wizard's eyes..storm of ideas and feelings, a passion of rage, vengeance, pity, pride..the path continued, I saw faintly gleaming hedges, wet bunches of leaves hung over a metal gate..much as if she was with him, as that she was him, or that he was her. He saw through her eyes. Her.Ivory clapped his hand to his right leg. A dog's tooth had ripped his breeches at the calf, and a.when he was down on the docks thinking of her, he was alive. He never felt entirely alive in.groundwork..me. But don't worry. You will to them."..that from there, from behind the glass plate, some giant face was grimacing at me, meditating.years..."..She kept his hand and led him in. He was always a little reluctant to enter the witch's house, a.left the Book of Names with a woman in the Ninety Isles for safekeeping."..time to step back, passed me at tremendous speed, I saw, before they disappeared into the.Chanter's task is the preservation and teaching of all the oral deeds, lays, songs, etc., and the.Go tell the village sorcerer to earn his keep!" And when the youngest daughter came down with a.Besides myself, there was no one there, though the traffic of black cars was heavier. I did not."I am hungry now," said the mage. He took a hardboiled egg from the basket, cracked, shelled, and..She looked at him without regret, or reproach, or shame..At that Dulse looked him over again. No cloak, no staff..the ship's master, "I'll go ashore in the morning."..perimeter, glowed thin, flickering lights, curiously uncertain, as though not electric, and even.on deck every day and slept there on the warm nights. Ivory had not tried to coax her into the.swallowed them. He gasped, as if coming up from drowning..When he was Gelluk's prentice and assistant, he had encouraged his master in the study of the lore of Way, finding himself free while Gelluk was off doting on his quicksilver. But Gelluk's abrupt fate had shaken him. There was something mysterious in it, some element or some person missing. Summoning the useful Hound to help him, Early had made a very thorough inquiry into what happened. Where Gelluk was, of course, was no mystery. Hound had tracked him straight to a scar in a hillside, and said he was buried deep under there. Early had no wish to exhume him. But the boy who had been with him, Hound could not track: could not say whether he was under that hill with Gelluk, or had got clean away. He had left no spell traces as the mage did, said Hound, and it had rained very hard all the night after, and when Hound thought he had found the boy's tracks, they were a woman's; and she was dead..order, and to keep contradictions and discrepancies at a minimum while I was writing these..She looked at the door of the bedroom. It opened and he stood there, thin and tired, his dark eyes.cheek in a butterfly kiss, dark lashes. He looked up startled and did not know what had touched.seemed to be approaching living quarters of some kind, as the area took on the quality of a..He had tried to look at Ember as untouchable while he longed to touch her soft brown skin, her.to her, and his presence was as easy as that of the trees and the rare birds and four-legged.came on. She stopped only when she was a couple of arm's lengths from him and a little below him.enormous female face, exactly as if a dark-skinned giantess were peering through a window into.diplomas under your belt, plus four years of training, twelve years in all. In other words -- women.looked at her as he spoke. "I am Kurremkarmerruk," he said to her. "As the Master Namer here, I.want"."What all the students do. Live alone in a stone cell and learn to be wise! It might not be what you dream it to be, but that, too, you'd learn"."My lord," said one of them with a fine, dark face and a wizard's oaken staff, "we do trust you.,The Old Powers," Irian said..But before that and after are the streams. Caves, stones, hills. Trees. The earth. The darkness of.The Master of Iria of Westpool, Birch, didn't own the old house, but he did own the central and..She looked him up and down. "Marks on it, sir," she said. And then, to Tern, in a different tone, "Well, he ran out. Or. . . he could always lie."..alliteration, stylised phrasing, and structuring by repetition are the principal poetic devices..A woman of power, she knew what he was. Had she called him there?.preventing raids and forays, imposing penalties and settlements, enforcing boundaries, and.damn; but this was something else. I looked at her and felt anger growing in me. To grab those."And no friends?"..He slept there, on the ground. At sunrise he got up and walked by the high road over to Re Albi..vanished in a silent blackness that rose slowly higher. The master looked at that. "Witchwind, you."But, he said, it must be learned and practiced for its own sake."..money. And the voice not bad, if you'd worked on it."..had met his match, and in their final confrontation, somewhere in the Sea of Ea, both perished..to be a gift?"..difficulties in his path and always greeted him kindly. But she had said, "What can you tell me.Doorkeeper, master of the entering and leaving of the Great House.of gifts and in pledge of peaceful intent, Erreth-Akbe went alone to the City of the Kings on."What can I give you?" she asked..She drank her lemonade -- that's what I called the sparkling liquid, in my thoughts -- and again I..But beyond the rich and the lordly were those called the Men of Power: the wizards. Their power, though little exercised, was absolute. In their hands lay the fate of the long-kingless kingdom of the Archipelago..Maybe it was to escape the hunt that Medra came to Pendor, a long way west of the Inmost Sea, or maybe some rumor among the women of the Hand on Hosk sent him there. Pendor was a rich island, then, before the dragon Yevaud despoiled it. Wherever Medra had gone until then, he had found the lands like Havnor or worse, sunk in warfare, raids, and piracy, the fields full of weeds, the towns full of thieves. Maybe he thought, at first, that on Pendor he had found Morred's Isle, for the city was beautiful and peaceful and the people prosperous..The roasting pit took up the center of a huge domed chamber. Hurrying, sticklike figures black against the blaze shoveled and reshoveled ore onto logs kept in a roaring blaze by great bellows, while others brought fresh logs and worked the bellows sleeves. From the apex of the dome a spiral of chambers rose up into the tower through smoke and fumes. In those chambers, Licky had told him, the vapor of the quicksilver was trapped and condensed, reheated and recondensed, till in the topmost vault the pure metal ran down into a stone trough or bowl-only a drop or two a day, he said, from the low-grade ores they were roasting now..calling themselves Irian. But though the farmers and shepherds went on from season to season and.ground groaned and moved, drawing together, healing itself.

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