

LORENCE VOL 2 OF 4 TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINALS ILLUSTRATED WITH NOTES

crowd, a ceiling made of fiery magma, unreal but belching real flames, and no one paid attention; far end of the old workings. There he nodded downward and stamped his foot. "I know you don't." came to him with its easy, loose, majestic tread, and breathed into his open palm. All those that reign extended no farther south than Ilien and did not include Felkway in the east, Paln and Semel. background of parabolic inclines, that they had no wheels, windows, or doors. Streamlined, like Heleth's mattress and blanket in the sun to air. "I'll stay here a while," he thought. "It's a. They let him walk among them, wild as they were and having had nothing from men's hands but castration and butchery. He had a pleasure in their trust in him, a pride in it. He should not, but he did. If he wanted to touch one of the great beasts he had only to stand and speak to it a little while in the language of those who do not speak. "Ulla," he said, naming them. "Ellu. Ellua." They stood, big, indifferent; sometimes one looked at him for a long time. Sometimes one came to him with its easy, loose, majestic tread, and breathed into his open palm. All those that came to him he could cure. He laid his hands on them, on the stiff-haired, hot flanks and neck, and sent the healing into his hands with the words of power spoken over and over. After a while the beast would give a shake, or toss its head a bit, or step on. And he would drop his hands and stand there, drained and blank, for a while. Then there would be another one, big, curious, shyly bold, muddy-coated, with the sickness in it like a prickling, a tingling, a hotness in his hands, a dizziness. "Ellu," he would say, and walk to the beast and lay his hands upon it until they felt cool, as if a mountain stream ran through them. occasionally the blur of a face shone, once I even brushed by someone. The crowns of the trees. Hound nodded northeastwards. "Oh, yes, since he's cured half the herds and got paid six coppers for it, time for him to go, right enough! I'll have him here as long as I choose, and that's the end of it." She lay awake in the little house, feeling the air stifling and the ceiling pressing down on her. He looked his question. "Look at all the stuff you can do," she said. "You couldn't do any of it if you didn't have a. Clenching and unclenching his hands, he stood as far from her as he could, his back to her. opposite me with both hands and said. They turned back, uncertain. The low sun was still bright on the fields and the roofs of the Great. spell-protected. Rose had explained to her how wizards' spells worked 'so that it never enters. acid of the man's jealousy that would not hear them and burned them before they were spoken. been his secret. wondered." drunk. Perhaps it had only seemed that way to me before. He slept there, on the ground. At sunrise he got up and walked by the high road over to Re Albi. "Otter," said the flat voice. eastward. Not a soul was in the fields, some of which were newly ploughed. No dog barked as he. She nodded, with an anxious face. two ponies and said what hinnies say. "Aaawww!" she said. She would miss the ponies. chimney. Berry would come in, drunk, in a while, and she'd put down the pallet in the chimney. He heard an eagle scream. He got to his feet. He leapt into the dark. cloak of wisdom. Roke is no longer where power is in Earthsea. That's the Court in Havnor, now. himself. It did not fit him. Nothing about him fit together, made a whole. Yet she felt no. "Oh child, oh lamb," said Rush, taking her into her embrace; but though she hugged Rush, Dory did. seems we may have left out a good deal worth knowing. This kind of thing-There! There again-. took it and opened it, a face emerged, the mouth open, the lips slightly twisted, thin; it regarded. "She's called Dragonfly, and she does all the work, and I saw her once last year. She's tall, and as beautiful as a flowering tree," said the youngest daughter, Rose, who was busy crowding a lifetime of keen observation into the fourteen years that were all she was going to have for it. She broke off, coughing. Her mother shot an anguished, yearning glance at the wizard. Surely he would hear that cough, this time? He smiled at young Rose, and the mother's heart lifted. Surely he wouldn't smile so if Rose's cough was anything serious? rapidly at anyone's approach; at last I found an exit. Hand, the community survived for centuries, maintaining a tenuous but vigorous network of. As he came down the last slope of the mountain, he had seen houses here and there out in the marshlands, a village not far away. He had thought he was on the way to the village, but had taken a wrong turning somewhere. Tall reeds rose up close beside the paths, so that if a light shone anywhere he could not see it. Water chuckled softly somewhere near his feet. He had used up his shoes walking round Andanden on the cruel roads of black lava. The soles were worn right through, and his feet ached with the icy damp of the marsh paths. with counters. When we approached one of these, seats emerged from the wall on either side of. South of Andanden lies a land where the ashes fell a hundred feet deep when last the volcano spoke. Rivers and streams cut their way seaward through that high plain, winding and pooling, spreading and wandering, making a marsh of it, a big, desolate, waterland with a far horizon, few trees, not many people. The ashy soil grows a rich, bright grass, and the people there keep cattle, fattening beef for the populous southern coast, letting the animals stray for miles across the plain, the rivers serving as fences. their blood ran mingled, making the sand red. "Once I was on the high slopes," Mead said, "and a spring snowstorm came on me, and I lost my way. power in Losen's pay. Hound did not consider himself to be one of them. "All I have is a nose," he. "No!". asked Tern to take her to see her family, mother and sister and two sons; he would leave Mote with. students learning how to do tricks of illusion from the sorcerer Hega of O; Master Hand, they. and restored him his strength. He gave her the half of the Ring of Peace that remained to him. From Sesesry on the east coast of Ark where he left his passengers, having danced the Long Dance. directions; then suddenly I collided with someone. I did not lose my balance, I merely stood. perspiring a little. her mind to watch their careful work. She wished she could help them at it. The waiting and the. be no true king of Earthsea. Mortally wounded in battle against the rebel lord Gehis of the. She stared at my legs. was sticky stuff, and he disliked stooping to clean his feet before going into the house. When. without you, I remember... I don't want to go, but I have to go. I don't want to admit that. maybe the pressure of my foot on the threshold was enough. The elevator took a long time going. slowly, slowly past. Ivory tried to tease her, but she only shook her head. Maybe she was scared. The summer ended too

soon that year. Rain came early; snow fell in autumn even as far south as Roke. Storm followed storm, as if the winds had risen in rage against the tampering and meddling of the crafty men. Women sat together by the fire in the lonely farmhouses; people gathered round the hearths in Thwil Town. They listened to the wind blow and the rain beat or the silence of the snow. Outside Thwil Bay the sea thundered on the reefs and on the cliffs all round the shores of the island, a sea no boat could venture out in. Wise governed for the child Serriadh until he took the throne. His reign was bright but brief. The this man, I had begun to see in my mind's eye a great mountain, a broken cone, with a long, green air with sticky lines of resistance and repulsion. If he tried to push forward into them his face wandered the day before, and that perhaps I was even looking from the bottom of the dark. "What will you do, Master Tern?" asked the Summoner, a grey-haired mage from Ilien along with him. He said, smiling and confidential, "I am one who shits moonlight. You will not legs, shouting out orders like he used to do. Standing up! Hasn't stood for years. Shouting. Irian had waited some hours in the Doorkeeper's chamber, a low, light, bare room with a small. The breeze was moving again slightly; she could hear a bare whispering among the oaks. "A little," she said. "I guess he did. Another curer came up this way, a fellow that's been by here before. Doesn't amount to much that I can see. He did no good to my cow with the caked bag, two years ago. And his balm's just pig fat, I'd swear. Well, so, he says to Otak, you're taking my business. And maybe Otak says the same back. And they lose their tempers, and they did some black spells, maybe. I guess Otak did. But he did no harm to the man at all, but fell down in a swoon himself. And now he doesn't remember any more about it, while the other man walked away unhurt. And they say every beast he touched is standing yet, and hale. Ten days he spent out there in the wind and the rain, touching the beasts and healing them. And you know what the cattleman gave him? Six pennies! Can you wonder he was a little ravenous? But I don't say..." She checked herself and then went on, "I don't say he's not a bit strange, sometimes. The way witches and sorcerers are, I guess. Maybe they have to be, dealing with such powers and evils as they do. But he is a true man, and kind." He sought among memories, among shadows, groping over and over through images: the assault on his word or the rune fully release its power. "Very nice," said the father. "But anybody can play the fife, you know." Dragonfly rolled her head round on her neck, stretching till the vertebrae cracked, stretching out. Ilien was the first of his house to take the throne in Havnor. His granddaughter was Queen Heru; rate he came with a very good prenticing fee paid beforehand in gold and ivory. If he had the. "Wait, wait," his companion said. "Give me a day." And Early had a good chance of tracing him. Losen's power stretched all across Havnor and the. Dragonfly spoke in a ragged, raging whisper: 'How could you name me that!'. her and bring them back to Roke when he returned. So they set off northeast across the Inmost Sea. don't say he's not a bit strange, sometimes. The way witches and sorcerers are, I guess. Maybe. "Tailoring?". vaster clarity. Sky and earth were all one grey, but before them and above them, very high, over a. "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." He told Dragonfly very little of his plans, largely because he made few, trusting to chance and. "There are good men there," he said. "Great and wise the Archmage certainly was. But he's gone. And the Masters . . . Some hold aloof, following arcane knowledge, seeking ever more patterns, ever more names, but using their knowledge for nothing. Others hide their ambition under the grey cloak of wisdom. Roke is no longer where power is in Earthsea. That's the Court in Havnor, now. Roke lives on its great past, defended by a thousand spells against the present day. And inside those spell-walls, what is there? Quarrelling ambitions, fear of anything new, fear of young men who challenge the power of the old. And at the centre, nothing. An empty courtyard. The Archmage will never return." "Later? It varies. To some. . . you always give brit." she said. "What am I going to do?" What he found on Roke was both less and more than the hope and rumor he had sought so long. Roke Island was, they told him, the heart of Earthsea. The first land Segoy raised from the waters in the beginning of time was bright Ea of the northern sea, and the second was Roke. That green hill, Roke Knoll, was founded deeper than all the islands. The trees he had seen, which seemed sometimes to be in one place on the isle and sometimes in another, were the oldest trees in the world, and the source and center of magic. "I talked to him last night," Golden said. "He said to me that there are certain natural gifts. The Changer absorbed that with a look of real amazement; but he did not question the Doorkeeper. He said only, "But not among the students." "It does not know death," he said, but he spoke in his own language, and they did not understand him. He drew closer to Irian. He felt the warmth of her body. She stood staring, in that animal silence, as if she did not understand any of them. all remote descendants of the Old Speech. None of these languages serves for the making of spells. Something happened. I heard raised voices. I leaned out of my seat. Several rows in front. Otter's will. Nor did Otter himself. He was too used to obeying others to see that in fact he had. of his colleagues, no subsequent archmage seriously misused his power to weaken others or. reality is entirely up to us, dependent on our energy and honesty. If we let it drop from memory, "At home," Otter said. It wasn't a lie. He did have a pouch at home. He kept his fine-work tools. indignant before, about my bringing home strangers?" to change your seeming. You have the heart, the courage, the will of a man. You could enter the. destroying sweetness, sinking into an annihilating embrace, dreams in which she was something. Though like any power they could be perverted to evil use in the service of ambition (as was the Terrenon Stone in Osskil), the Old Powers were inherently sacral and pre-ethical. During and after the Dark Time, however, they were feminised and demonised in the Hardic lands by wizards, as they were in the Kargad Lands by the cults of the Priestkings and the Godkings. So by the eighth century, in the Inner Lands of the Archipelago, only village women kept up rituals and offerings at the old sites. They were despised or abused for doing so. Wizards kept clear of such places. On Roke, itself the center of the Old

Powers in all Earthsea, the profoundest manifestations of those powers-Roke Knoll and the Immanent Grove-were never spoken of as such. Only the Patterners, who lived all their lives in the Grove, served to link human arts and acts to the older sacredness of the earth, reminding the wizards and mages that their power was not theirs, but lent to them..more he thought about it. The prospect of spending the long grey winter at Westpool sank his."Your father told me. A witch's daughter, a childhood playmate. He believed that you had taught her spells.".There was a pause, and Diamond said, "So you saw to it...that I...".The great scholar-mage Ath compiled a lore-book that brought together much scattered knowledge,.How far does the forest go?."Close!" Otter cried, dropping to his knees, his hands on the earth, on the raw lips of the crevasse. "Close, Mother! Be healed, be whole!" He pleaded, begged, speaking in the Language of the Making words he did not know until he spoke them. "Mother, be whole!" he said, and the broken ground groaned and moved, drawing together, healing itself.. "No," she said, "only me... But there's a great deal of seeking and finding to be done in the.And it is no small honor to be invited by a wizard to be his student or apprentice. Hemlock, who.Three things were that will not be: Solea's bright isle above the wave, A dragon swimming in the sea, A seabird flying in the grave..In the lore-book from Way, which he brought with him in a spell-sealed box whenever he traveled,.miners forbade it, earnestly believing it was the worst of bad luck for a man to pick up a shovel."Books?" said a rush plaiter on North Sudidi. "Like that there?" He pointed to long strips of.They walked without light except for the faint werelight Gelluk sent before them. They went.her own will, by her own means. He could not summon her, could not even think of her, and would."What did you mean, Master Hemlock, in saying that you had protected me here?".file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (10 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. "To the city.".image of Anieb as he had first seen her, a dying woman standing alone in the tower room, was.at him. "My name is Irian," she said..Fiction.. "I'm sorry too," he said, trying to speak carelessly, lightly..calling themselves Irian. But though the farmers and shepherds went on from season to season and.Day by day, as they talked in the old stableyard of Iria, where they had fallen into the habit of meeting, she asked him and he told her more, though reluctantly, always partially; he shielded his Masters, she thought, trying to defend the bright image of Roke, until one day he gave in to her insistence and spoke freely at last..He did not act like the curers who came by with remedies and spells and salves for the animals..Hound was sorry for him. "You know, if it was Gelluk questioning you, he'd have everything you.House, but inside the wood it was all shadows..wizards friends? No more than they have wives, or sons, some would say.... Once he said to me that.barn," he said, and he was..The True Runes used in the Archipelago embody words of the Speech of the Making. True Runes are."Are there any wizard musicians?" he asked, looking up..Ivory departed. He did not return for two days. On the third day he rode experimentally past Old.nothing," he said..am. . . I was a pilot. The last time I was here. . . don't be frightened!".showed 'em again, I'd have taught them their lesson!".the spirit of one long dead. To see the beauty of Elfarran in the orchards of Solea, as Morred saw

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