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that perhaps I was already outside the station and that this fantastic panorama of sloping glass, follows a fault in the earth, and jaws that have opened may shut. In the confusion of Otter's mind, he was only dimly aware that they were going now towards the and golden on her face. He said her name. She gave him sleep. RAMBRENT. There was a fluttering from white and bluish fluorescent tubes, stairs of crystalline. challenging. There was a cat, a big grey, sitting on his four paws on the hearth gazing at the. He walked down the straggling street of Purewells to Sans house, which was about midway, opposite. He recognized Hound, though he could not sit up and could barely speak. The old man put his own. out in a high, harsh voice. "Come up on to the hill, Thorion," she said. The Patterner never came to her much before noon, so she had the mornings free. She was used to. equal, one greater. There was birth. When the Lord of the Western Land came to his domain near. Archmage. He had been the Master Patterner and the kindest of all Dulse's teachers at the School. the village down there, when I've got my breath. Listen. Don't fret. I haven't hunted you all. He came back in the evening, lamer than ever, for of course San had walked him clear out into the Long Fields where most of his beeves were. Nobody had horses but Alder, and they were for his cowboys. She gave her guest a basin of hot water and a clean towel for his poor feet, and then thought to ask him if he might want a bath, which he did. They heated the water and filled the old tub, and she went into her room while he had his bath on the hearth. When she came out it was all cleared away and wiped up, the towels hung before the fire. She'd never known a man to look after things like that, and who would have expected it of a rich man? Wouldn't he have servants, where he came from? But he was no more trouble than the cat. He washed his own clothes, even his bedsheet, had it done and hung out one sunny day before she knew what he was doing. "You needn't do that, sir, I'll do your things with mine," she said. Otter's breath was coming hard. Hound put his hand on Otter's hand for a moment, said, "Don't." "Captain," he said, "I'm sorry, I must wait to spell your sails. An earthquake is near. I must. Dragonfly stopped too. She said after a moment, "I'm sorry. But I feel like - I feel like you. This is only a seeming of me, a presentment, a sending," the old man said to her. "I don't live." 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. learned or had discovered for himself. The book convinced him that all of them were only shadows. "Anyone." There is no doubt that so great a mage as Morred was a husband and father. colored galaxies of squares, clusters of spiral lights, glows shimmering above skyscrapers, the. In there he knew he should hurry, that the bones of the earth ached to move, and that he must become them to guide them, but he could not hurry. There was on him the bewilderment of any transformation. He had in his day been fox, and bull, and dragonfly, and knew what it was to change being. But this was different, this slow enlargement. I am vastening, he thought. He bowed. "Ivory, of Havnor Great Port, at your service. May I -". She brought them to a house at the end of a lane. It had been a handsome place once, two stories built of stone, but was half empty, defaced, window frames and facing stones pulled out of it. They crossed a courtyard with a well in it. She knocked at a side door, and a girl opened it. "I saw it." parking lot. For the "rasts"? I decided that it would be better for me to wait for someone to come. was nearly inaudible, a rough whisper. they sat side by side dangling their legs over the tailgate, with six great halftuns of wine. They went on through darkness, seeing only the track before them in the dim silvery glow of werelight shot through by silver lines of rain. When she stumbled he caught her arm. After that they went on pressed close side by side for comfort and for the little warmth. They walked slower, and yet slower, but they walked on. There was no sound but the sound of the rain falling from the black sky, and the little kissing squelch of their sodden feet in the mud and wet grass of the track. summer fruits. "What have you learned?" she asked Medra in her cool, gentle way, and he answered, pouch made of a sheep's stomach. They were very poor people. They gave him what they had. So Anieb. "In the Inmost Sea, on the Isle of the Wise, on Roke Island, where all magery is taught, there are nine Masters," he began. all but the greatest of them conceal their true names. In the lay Hasa's Voyage, the dragons. "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. dark years will come again, when there was no rule of justice, and wizardry was used for evil. calling themselves Irian. But though the farmers and shepherds went on from season to season and. the prenticing-fee. With the packet, which was delivered by one of Golden's carters who had taken. long, and on his breast lay the rune-ring broken. "Do you trust me, Dragonfly?". witches learn a few words of it; wizards learn many, and some come to speak it almost as fluently. The light went with her. He was alone in the dark. The cold grip of the spells took him by the. him. . . topaz or amber. They were strange eyes, right on a level with his own. It was mere cowardice to keep from Havnor, now-fear for his skin, fear lest he find his people had. Still it rankled him that Diamond had let him down flat, without a word of thanks or apology. So much for good manners, he thought. it. He went down to the stream in which he had been named. He drank, washed his hands and face, always did. "Take me there," he said, trying to control himself, but so violently compelling Otter. the winter, see, we'll know your cures all took, that they're sound, like. Not that I doubt it, gesticulated heatedly, as if quarreling. I went up to them. "I'd always counted on your going into the family business," Golden said. His tone was neutral, and Diamond said nothing. "Have you had any ideas of what you want to do?". "At least he's not seeing the witch's girl," said Golden. "That's done with." Later on it occurred to him that neither was his wife seeing the witch anymore. For years they'd been

thick as thieves, against all his warnings, and now Tangle was never anywhere near the house. Women's friendships never lasted. He teased her about it. Finding her strewing pennyroyal and miller's-bane in the chests and clothes-presses against an infestation of moths, he said, "Seems like you'd have your friend the wise woman up to hex 'em away. Or aren't you friends anymore?".to do, to learn? What is she, that you ask this for her?". "To keep you.". "Go with the water," said Ayo..of Old Iria, asking her to come in by the back door and maybe make a poultice or sing a chant to."I used him to help me get here and to tell me what to say to the Doorkeeper," Irian said. "I'm not here to fool anybody, but to learn what I need to know.".more to the trees, where she went alone, as far as the mind can go. Medra walked there too, but.sung spells..shoes walking round Andanden on the cruel roads of black lava. The soles were worn right through.,farther into the room. "The Master Changer you have met," he said. He named all the others, but.of the throat quiver at the effort, cheeks glistening, the whole face moving to an inaudible.Later he knew he should never have let the boy leave the house. He had underestimated Diamond's willpower, or the strength of the spell the girl had laid on him. Their conversation was in the morning; Hemlock went back to the ancient cantrip he was annotating; it was not till supper time that he thought about his pupil, and not until he had eaten supper alone that he admitted that Diamond had run away..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (86 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. "I doubt it," Diamond said..After a long time, Azver said, "I have no idea.".They walked past the roaster tower, past the old shaft and the new one, on into the long valley.shut him as usual into the brick-walled room, giving him a loaf of bread, an onion, a jug of.Woodedge. He could not make the young man let go of the dead woman. Weak and shaky as he was, he.exerted considerable political power. On the whole this power was used benevolently. Maintaining.Gelluk pressed close beside him, often taking his arm. "This way," he said several times. "Yes, yes! This is the way." Yet he was following Otter. His touch and his spells pushed him, rushed him, but in the direction Otter chose to go..The Old Speech, or Language of the Making, with which Segoy created the islands of Earthsea at the beginning of time, is presumably an infinite language, as it names all things..dominion for a generation or longer. At Shelieth on Way, Erreth-Akbe worked a great magic against."Oh, are you a teller? Oh, why didn't you say so to begin with! Is that what you are then? I wondered, it being winter and all, and you being on the roads. But with that horse, I thought you must be a merchant. Can you tell me a story? It would be the joy of my life, and the longer the better! But drink your soup first, and let me sit down to hear...".The Equilibrium," she said, accepting all he said in its simplest sense, as always..From time to time in the years since then, Dulse remembered how he hadn't lost his temper when."Listen, what I said before, that was just a joke, really. . .".swimming. But something like that is what Medra had been thinking as he sat at the table in his.spoke, though he was a big man, white-haired, aw-boned, and crag-faced. Unlike the others, he."No. So this drinking is like wearing clothes? Just as necessary?".chicken and fried eggs, as she was often paid in poultry. The yard of their two-room house was a.opening of the spell, which he had known for sixty years; then when he thought he had it, he began.All the firmaments of the night flung onto a flat plane. On a horizon of blazing mist --in the spring under Iria Hill," she said at last, standing up and speaking truth..back in a hundred and twenty-seven years Earth time and ten years ship time. Four days ago we.Gelluk wore fantastic clothes, as many of his kind did in those days. A long robe of Lorbanery.but Irioth spoke.. "Ah, that," Medra said, rueful..speakers (like most Hardic speakers) do not realise that their languages have a common ancestry..false dragon, false man, don't come to Roke Knoll until you know the ground you stand on." She.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (52 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].Irian looked down at the ground. After a long time she said, clearing her throat, not looking up, "Is it true I do harm being here?".said. "It's at daybreak a name should be given. And then there ought to be music and feasting and.farm, for he had a hand with animals, and was quieter when he was with the horses. But he.It was only illusion, of course, but it checked him a moment in his spell, and then he had to undo.The original loose, roughly descriptive use of the words witch, sorcerer, wizard, was codified.Only in silence the word.,This first victory went far to establish a reputation of invulnerability for the school on Roke..change being. But this was different, this slow enlargement. I am vastening, he thought..In the rage of his agony the Enemy raised up a great wave and sent it speeding to overwhelm the island of Solea. Elfarran knew this, as she knew the moment of Morred's death. She bade her people take to their boats; then, the poem says, "She took her small harp in her hands," and in the hour of waiting for the destroying wave that only Morred might have stilled, she made the song called The Lament for the White Enchanter. The island was drowned beneath the sea, and Elfarran with it. But her boat-cradle of willow wood, floating free, bore their child Serriadh to safety, wearing Morred's pledge, the ring that bore the Rune of Peace..want to know it..bade the islands be..The trees parted, and before I saw the water, I smelled it, the odor of mud, of rotting, or.The Herbal, and I too, judged the Summoner dead. We thought the breath he breathed was left from."When I said that. . .".Havnor Great Port, Roke has remained without an archmage. It appears that this office, not.fought them like an animal till they knocked him on the head. They broke Otter's father's jaw and."Are you there, my dear?" said the traveler. He spoke in the Old Speech, the Language of the.We walked on. Still no houses in sight, and the wind that came rushing out of the.island, and there was no island. Then there were some men from one of the great galleys. They said."Ivory! That fellow that studied with the Hand? Is he here?" the Changer demanded of Irian.,The Changer and a thin, keen-faced old man standing beside him nodded in agreement. The Master.creatures of the Grove. As he had said, he did not try to teach her. When she asked about the.cauldrons of neon, feather crests and lightning bolts, circles, airplanes, and bottles of flame, red."What do you think?". "Everything's perilous," Dragonfly said, gazing now through the sheep, the hill, the trees, into still depths, a colorless, vast emptiness like the clear sky before sunrise..So they talked, that long winter, and others talked with them. Slowly their talk turned from vision to intention, from

longing to planning. Veil was always cautious, warning of dangers. White-haired Dune was so eager that Ember said he wanted to start teaching sorcery to every child in Thwil. Once Ember had come to believe that Roke's freedom lay in offering others freedom, she set her whole mind on how the women of the Hand might grow strong again. But her mind, formed by her long solitudes among the trees, always sought form and clarity, and she said, "How can we teach our art when we don't know what it is?". He went on to the foot of the street. It opened into a small market square. People were gathered. He drew closer to Irian. He felt the warmth of her body. She stood staring, in that animal-chanted, the ballads sung, often with a percussion accompaniment; professional chanters and called him. The king is dead, Ogion thought. Maybe a chick is hatching even now to take his place..the veins of water underground, the lodes and knots of ore, the lay and interfolding of the kinds. asked for, dinner, a toad of her own, the amethyst necklace, lessons in witchcraft. She would have. whole "independence" escapade involved flying from one terminal to another, where someone. The clouds darkened. Rain passed through the little valley, falling on the dirt and the grass.. Queen Heru, called the Eagle, inherited the throne from her father, Deggemal of the House of

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