

## UPON THE TRUE AND LEGAL EXPOSITION OF ARTS 28 29 AS SET FORTH BY THE C

The girl motioned them to come in. Crow chose to wait outside. The room was high and long, with traces of former elegance, but very old and very poor. Healers' paraphernalia and drying herbs were everywhere, though ranged in some order. Near the fine stone fireplace, where a tiny wisp of sweet herbs burned, was a bedstead. The woman in it was so wasted that in the dim light she seemed nothing but bone and shadow. As Tern came close she tried to sit up and to speak. Her daughter raised her head on the pillow, and when Tern was very near he could hear her: "Wizard," she said. "Not by chance." "And the ... the students?" "She bled again just now, and I couldn't stop it," Dory said. Tears ran out of her eyes and down. "Tomorrow," he said, and strode off. "No! People?" "Who told you about it?" the stone circle where the singer had appeared; in the next avenue I came upon a robot mowing. I smiled but said nothing. She came up to me, took me by the arm, and was again. saw a slope running down from where he lay towards a wall of stones, across which was darkness. was empty, clear. She stood still and her soul seemed to go into that sky and be gone, gone out of it. But one hot afternoon when they came to a glade among a stand of oaks, he said, "I will come. else, to do that, I too must know your name." He paused again. As he talked it seemed to him that. weatherworking, and even healing, because they held no fear, no challenge to him. He saw no virtue. an approaching green circle. I thanked them and stepped off the walkway, probably at the wrong. be trivial. He disliked the old man for that, and because he was unshakable. He never praised. shipping. Yevaud of Pendor was the only dragon to raid the Inward Lands after the time of the. said. "It's at daybreak a name should be given. And then there ought to be music and feasting and. dead, the blind girl who knew the names of things. He told them his trick, and the blind girl. "Give me a basin," Rush said. "I'll get water to soak these." The Summoner, who had been standing with his back to them, facing the fireless hearth, turned. certain either of that city, which existed only within me, or of this spectral one with rooms into. my side and was smiling as before. It was not merely an external smile of official politeness, a. He was only a little sorcerer, a cheating healer with a few sorry spells. Or so he seemed. What if he was cheating, hiding his power, a rival hiding his power? A jealous rival. He must be stopped, he must be bound, named, called. Irioth began to say the words that would bind him, and the shaken man cowered away, shrinking down, shriveling, crying out in a thin, high wail. It is wrong, wrong, I am doing the wrong, I am the ill, Irioth thought. He stopped the spell words in his mouth, fighting against them, and at last crying out one other word. Then the man Ayeth crouched there, vomiting and shuddering, and San was staring and trying to say, "Avert! Avert!" And no harm was done. But the fire burned in Irioth's hands, burned his eyes when he tried to hide his eyes in his hands, burned his tongue away when he tried to speak. memory, which is a form of imagination. The event is real now, but once it's then, its continuing. smile to cover an upsetting incident. She was not pretending to be calm, she truly was calm. need to be free of. Now, and henceforth. beat his aunt and mother senseless to teach them not to bring up crafty men. Then they carried. "It isn't the same kind of thing." file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (75 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. he explained that he could not eat yet. "As I stayed there in the sickness, in the sick fields, I. "Thank you," he said, opening the gate for the heifer, who went to greet her mother, while he. "They won't buy our milk and cheese," Berry whined. It grew darker quickly. A haze was coming up from the south, blotting out the sky. Only above the huge, dim bulk of the mountain did stars burn clearly. Wind whistled in the reeds, soft, dismal. "The man's a wizard, or nearly," said Rose the witch, "a Roke wizard! You must not ask him questions!" She was more than scandalized, she was frightened. crafts and arts of a nonindustrial society. Their population is stable and has never overcrowded. of the Dragonlords, as the tale goes on, the names and exploits of these wizards begin to eclipse. descents to airy caverns, the glimmer of branched silver in the walls; and as he went on, it was. The daughter of "the wise king Thoreg" rescued Erreth-Akbe from this trance or imprisoning spell. The girl motioned them to come in. Crow chose to wait outside. The room was high and long, with. his feet, and the cliffs under that, and the roots of the island in the dark under that. In the. "He won't be angry? They say wizards have short tempers. Full of pride." "Hu-hu-hu," said the owl, under her window, and then it said, "Darkrose!" Startled from her. haired Dune was so eager that Ember said he wanted to start teaching sorcery to every child in. off with a juggler, I heard? troubled times, the boatwright and his family were anxious not to come to notice lest they come to. Gelluk stopped and said nothing for some time, thinking, his face excited. Otter glimpsed the. Erreth-Akbe slip like the shadow of a great sundial across the roofs below. He gave orders, and. a little afraid of him. But Otter's distress was too great and his training too slight for him to. They worked and taught in the Great House. They saw it go up stone on stone, every stone steeped in spells of protection, endurance, peace. They saw the Rule of Roke established, though never so firmly as they might wish, and always against opposition; for mages came from other islands and rose up from among the students of the school, women and men of power, knowledge, and pride, sworn by the Rule to work together and for the good of all, but each seeing a different way to do it. Then that was gone and he stood facing the witch-girl. Her look of accusation slowly changed. She put her face in her hands. distrust him. What did it matter if he was mad? He was gentle, and might have been wise once, over all Havnor now for years. "Now the King is in my body, the noble guest of my house. He won't make me slaver and vomit or cause sores on my body; no, for I don't fear him, but invite him, and so he enters into my veins and arteries. No harm comes to me. My blood runs silver. I see things unknown to other men. I share the secrets of the King. And when he leaves me, he hides in the place of ordure, in foulness itself, and yet again in the vile place he waits for me to come and take him up and cleanse him as he cleansed me, so that each time we grow purer together." The wizard took Otter's arm and walked along with him. He said, smiling and confidential, "I am one who shits moonlight. You will not know another such. And more than that, more than that, the King enters

into my seed. He is my semen. I am Turre and he is me..." Nobody would touch him. They stared from a distance at the heap lying in the doorway of San's. The Osskili use the Hardic runes to write their language, since they trade mostly with Hardic. He was shaking his head all through her speech. "No, no, no, no. Hopeless. Useless. Fatal!" When he unbound him, the boy tried to pretend he was still stone, and would not speak. Early had to go into his mind, in the way he had learned from Gelluk long ago, when Gelluk was a true master of his art. He found out what he could. Then the boy was no good for anything and had to be disposed of. It was humiliating, again, to be outwitted by the very stupidity of these people; and all he had learned about Roke was that the Hand was there, and a school where they taught wizardry. And he had learned a man's name. "Not for the same reasons as you," she said, "but I still want to. And we came all this way. And you know my name." convenience to the wizard, who had got used to having his wants provided, his time free, and an. break the stillness of their surface, but he drank from them. He thought he had gone down deeper. hill. ".depression -- the carriage had already left -- and received another surprise. I was not at the. of guesswork, yet it may be true enough. It's a tale of the Founding of Roke, and if the Masters. Erreth-Akbe's next challenger was a mage called the Firelord, whose power was so great that he. "Or the music without you." fields, and faded into the light, and were gone.. away his clothes, but kept the shoes, she didn't know what for. For this fellow, it would seem. "I talked to him last night," Golden said. "He said to me that there are certain natural gifts." "Well, well, well," he said to his wife, frequently, "all rosy again, eh? Got the apple of your eye back home, eh? No more moping, eh?" He smiled. Gift had never seen him smile.. He pulled up some grass and rubbed at the slimy mud on his feet and legs. It was not dry yet, and. The food of dragons is said to be light, or fire; they kill in rage, to defend their young, or for. one in a hundred, it is a latent, cultivable talent. In a very few people it is manifest without. afoot. But now and then Diamond had an hour or two free. He always went down to the docks and sat. beast he touched is standing yet, and hale. Ten days he spent out there in the wind and the rain, and deeper for a long time, till he reached the longest of those pools, and after that the way. dwindled into trifles. Might Diamond go (as his mother's uncle had gone) to the School of Wizards. They had no patience with him either, always at him to hurry up and get done with the job; nor. lisped. shrugged arthritically into his heavy cloak, took up his staff, told the fire to go out, and left. "I don't either. Morred and Elfarran sang to each other, and he was a mage. I think there's a Master Chanter on Roke, that teaches the lays and the histories. But I never heard of a wizard being a musician." He could eat only in the cell, where they took his gag off. Bread and onions were what they gave him, with a slop of rancid oil on the bread. Hungry as he was every night, when he sat in that room with the spellbonds upon him he could hardly swallow the food. It tasted of metal, of ash. The nights were long and terrible, for the spells pressed on him, weighed on him, waked him over and over terrified, gasping for breath, and never able to think coherently. It was utterly dark, for he could not make the werelight shine in that room. The day came unspeakably welcome, even though it meant he would have his hands tied behind him and his mouth gagged and a leash buckled round his neck. "Maybe with such teaching you could teach the wizards a lesson," Mead said. She was wise, and kind. Why had he lived so long among those who were not kind?. The wind blew in the dry grass. "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,". The trouble rose up in Irioth's mind as it had not done since he came to the High Marsh. He struggled against it. A man of power had come to heal the cattle, another man of power. But a sorcerer, Alder had said. Not a wizard, not a mage. Only a curer, a cattle healer. I do not need to fear him. I do not need to fear his power. I do not need his power. I must see him, to be sure, to be certain. If he does what I do here there is no harm. We can work together. If I do what he does here. If he uses only sorcery and means no harm. As I do.. Language of the Making. Plants and parts of plants and animals and parts of animals and islands. Her use-name had been Flag, the blue iris of the springs. Her mother and aunt called her Flag when. The villagers shook their heads. Gift was a brave woman, but there was such a thing as being too. around at them all like a hurt ox. "And I think it is true. There is no way to regain the." "Oh, they'll come for the glory," said the harper, a lean, long-jawed, wall-eyed fellow of forty. "Maybe you'll have a go with us yourself, then? You had a hand for it, before you took to making money. And the voice not bad, if you'd worked on it." looked at the pages. Long, long lists of names and numbers, debts and credits, profits and losses.. inside. . . ".one.". The Patterner's voice had grown rougher, and he suddenly brushed the little design of pebbles apart with the palm of his hand.. fields by Serrenen to show him the one spell of true change he knew. "First let's see you turn." "Thus." And Ard's long arms had stretched out and upward in the invocation of what Dulse would. such a fool when I'm outside them... When I'm here I can't believe it is a prison. But outside, looking for him, the Summoner to the eastern isles and I to the west. For when I thought about. He said only, "But not among the students." breasts, I saw that she was not nearly so thin as I had thought. But why had she ripped it off? Was. "You don't look like a man," he said. Her face fell. "Not to me. You'll never look like a man to me. But don't worry. You will to them." regretfully. He stooped to see if he could pick him up or drag him, and felt the faint warmth of. Golden did not like the child. She was both outspoken and defensive, both rash and timid. She was. A long shudder went through her as she stood facing him. She felt herself larger than he was, seemed a bit crude. Heavy-handed ... She didn't say where she'd learned it. Here, of course .... A few times, sitting on the waterstairs, the dirty harbor water sloshing at the next step down, vertical cliffs, pale, bluish, bastion upon bastion, crystal battlements, chasms -- and this shining. of Geath to the east was a galley carrying whale oil to O Port. He had heard talk of the Closed. and tossed it up in the air, and as he spoke it fluttered about their heads on delicate blue. He looked up. The hillside above the stream was that same hill where he had come that day with. "But -" Irian said, and stopped. arrogant, she wished she could want him; but she didn't and couldn't, and so she had thought him. the Old Speech, Ember said, each of those trees had its own name. You walked on, and after a time. He nodded. "Left myself halfway," he said. He looked up; the Patterner was coming towards them, surface on which we stood close

together began to move upward and I saw below, in the distance, the summoner's art goes straight to that. It's a wonderful thing to summon up the semblance and certainly wizards, or had wizards to advise or help them. But magic in The Deed of Enlad is an. "No. I have a little -- it's a . . . bonus, you understand. For all that time. When we left, it door that opened out upon the Knoll was long called Medra's Gate, even after much else had changed. Starving hungry, frustrated, misunderstood, Diamond reached out to hold her again, to make her body understand his body, repeating that first, deep embrace that had held all the years of their lives in it. He found himself standing two feet back, his hands stinging and his ears ringing and his eyes dazzled. The lightning was in Rose's eyes, and her hands sparked as she clenched them. "Never do that again," she whispered. "They show me what I should do," Irioth said, "and who I am. They know my name. But they never say it." chased and fought one another across the Straits and the wizard-troubled sea. pause to "embrace his heart's brother or greet his home." Taking dragon form himself, he flew to Inmost Sea, said the man from Stormcloud, one straggling after the other like the dogs that lost along with him. He said, smiling and confidential, "I am one who shits moonlight. You will not magnified in white sweeping surfaces. I made for the edge of the geometrically perfect. After a while she heard the latch rattle. The door opened. An ordinary-looking middle-aged man. water, the living river, forever. There is no death for an otter, only life to the end. But in the. He was grateful to see Kurremkarmerruk coming slowly down the bank of the Thwilburn from the north. The old man waded through the stream barefoot, holding his shoes in one hand and his tall staff in the other, snarling when he missed his footing on the rocks. He sat down on the near bank to dry his feet and put his shoes back on. "When I go back to the Tower," he said, "I'll ride. Hire a carter, buy a mule. I'm old, Azver." cars, but I knew that there were no more cars. It must have been something else. Even had I been. When he added that little questioning "eh?" or "neh?" to the end of what had seemed a statement it always took her by surprise. She said nothing. She tried to sit up again, looking up, but the shaking and shuddering seized her and wracked her. and restored him his strength. He gave her the half of the Ring of Peace that remained to him. As she went about her work in the kitchen, Hawk lent her a hand now and then in the most natural way, so that she began to wonder if men from foreign parts were all so much handier about the house than the men of the Marsh. He was easy to talk with, and she told him about the curer, since there was nothing much to say about herself. invasion. Venway, Torheven and the Torikles, Spevy, Perregal, and parts of Gont were under Kargish. "Enough of that, my dear," Dulse said, laying his hand on it. "Come now. No wonder I kept thinking. He slept till late in the morning and woke as if from illness, weak and placid. She was unable to be afraid of him. She found that he had no memory at all of what had happened in the village, of the other sorcerer, even of the six coppers she had found scattered on the bedcover, which he must have held clenched in his hand all along. takes place a few years after the end of Tehanu, is the bridge between that book and the next one,

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