

BAE AINT BAE IF BAE AINT SAVED

because they were Gontish matters, truths of Gont. They were not written even in Ard's lore-books. He shivered like a horse as he stood there, too tall for the herb-festooned rafters. He was very the King, and the Allking, and the Body of the Moon." His gaze, benevolent and inquisitive, passed. sold a child out of poverty to work for him, he paid them in true ivory; if they sold a child to. For a long time nobody would touch him. He had fallen down in a fit in San's doorway. He lay there now like a dead man. But the curer from the south said he wasn't dead, and was as dangerous as an adder. San told how Otak had put a curse on Sunbright and said some awful words that made him get smaller and smaller and wail like a stick in the fire, and then all in a moment he was back in himself again, but sick as a dog, as who could blame him, and all the while there was this light around the other one, Otak, like a wavering fire, and shadows jumping, and his voice not like any human voice. A terrible thing. "Just enough to keep going on, eh?". earthy taste of the onion was good, and he ate it all. provided new clothes if Rose had asked for them, but she never did. Rose had looked after herself. the music. And you." long hard work. But they were in place now, and there wasn't a wizard in all Havnor who could undo. "Did you think I was one of their eunuchs? That I'd castrate myself with spells so I could be." She is," said Rush. "Like her mother and her mother's mother. Let us in, Dory, or me at least, to her bed. Nearing the house, he heard crockery breaking. The father, the drunkard, came wobbling. In the Archipelago, men built ships and women built houses, that was the custom; but in building a. The Hardic language of the Archipelago, the Osskili tongue of Osskil, and the Kargish tongue, are. "I cannot read them." Otter's voice was toneless. "I cannot go there. No one can enter there in the body but only the King. Only he can read what is written." Herbal, master of the arts of healing peoples. "So when the Windkey returned, we were nine again. But divided. For the Summoner said we must meet. One morning one of Alder's cowboys turned up in the front yard riding a horse and leading a saddled mule. "Master Alder says Master Otak can ride her, it being a ten-twelve miles out to the East Fields," the young man said. him that he couldn't despise Hound. around the Gontish Sea. but he was gone. fairy tale. It had been a kind of profanation. I walked, and her voice pursued me. I made a turn, meant. And so we parted with no Archmage chosen. "Study with Master Hemlock?" said Diamond, his voice up half an octave. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (22 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. only place for him was the Great Port, the King's City, and for all he cared the island of Way. from them, and not all did. All this time they had no word from Early, and no weather was worked. stranger who was himself. THE KARGAD LANDS. among those silent, sunlit roads and fields and in the kitchens by the hearths where housewives. on a pierside or a waterstair and thought about Darkrose. As soon as he was out of the house and seemed about to say he did not know, but he knew better than to try to lie to Early. He sighed. "I'll keep the door," Medra said. "Being lame, I won't go far from it. Being old, I'll know what to say to those who come. Being a finder, I'll find out if they belong here." lengthened a day by five hours, though he could not, as he had sworn to do, stop the sun at noon. "I said I'd see to his beasts at... at the pasture between the rivers, was it?" he said, getting. Hound smiled. "They haven't undone what you did yet, either," he said. "Old Whiteface was crawling." "It's him has to go." afoot. But now and then Diamond had an hour or two free. He always went down to the docks and sat. wizard, and so, thinking to earn her porridge, she did her best to repair the Otter's House. "Dirt's easier to keep clean," he said, knowing the struggle already lost. It was true that all you had to do with a good hard-packed clay floor was sweep it and now and then sprinkle it to keep the dust down. But it sounded silly all the same. became grim. I saw from her eyes the effort it was for her. white seabird beat its wings up from the black water and flew, frail and desperate, to the north. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (111 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:32 AM]. "Once in his lifetime, if he's lucky, a wizard finds somebody he can talk to." Nemmerle had said that to Dulse a night or two before he left Roke, a year or two before Nemmerle was chosen Archmage. He had been the Master Patterner and the kindest of all Dulse's teachers at the School. "I think, if you stayed, Heleth, we could talk." worry," and got to his feet. "Rest easy," he said. "What's more wrong than to summon oneself back from death?" said the Namer. than I, did this for me. Standing in front of me was a girl, perhaps twenty years old, in something. Masters, she thought, trying to defend the bright image of Roke, until one day he gave in to her. "What will you do?" she asked quietly. leave him to breathe the fumes of quicksilver in that highest vault till he died... But when his. as one could imagine. I stood in the heavy fetor of their bodies. The lioness kept snorting; There was silence. It would not be easy for me, I thought, to stomach this new world. And. They came out again among the ploughlands and pastures in the warm evening. As they walked back to feet. No one was there. She stood afire, shaking with rage. She leapt back down the bank, found. crafts and arts of a nonindustrial society. Their population is stable and has never overcrowded. murmured. "So young. The tiny Prince, the baby Lord, Lord Turre. Seed of the world! Soul-jewel!". most of the work. The ewe bore the digging knife patiently, her opaque, amber, slotted eyes gazing. "Didn't know you were after him. I've been after him a long time. He fooled me." Hound spoke without rancor. and the Changer. "The Changers and the Summoner's are very perilous arts," he said. "Changing, or." "I asked you not to," he said, "and it's not my need I spoke of. I talk enough for two. Never. 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..They could hear men's voices in the fields east of the Grove.."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?" him that Otter's sister hurried in to tell him, "Hound's won a battle or a fortune! He's riding.TELEPORT TELETHON. Through a steeply arched doorway (but it was an impossible arch, pried.to do it, making the spell very carefully. It was the reversal of a finding charm: a losing charm.,Otter looked from one to the other. Clearly they had told him their own greatest secret and their.completely forgot! I couldn't find him, you understand. So I'll look for a hotel. There are hotels?".right away.". "A shirt." was nominally in charge although she was older, larger, better fed, and probably wiser than he.gave him his country name; she was a farm woman from Endlane village, around northwest of Mount.mended their nets. There was a hearth there, and they would light the fire. People came even from."And a man comes when you knock, an ordinary-looking man. And he gives you a test. You have to say a certain word, a password, before he'll let you in. If you don't know it, you can never go in. But if he lets you in, then from inside you see that the door is entirely different - it's made out of horn, with a tree carved on it, and the frame is made out of a tooth, one tooth of a dragon that lived long, long before Erreth-Akbe, before Morred, before there were people in Earthsea. There were only dragons, to begin with. They found the tooth on Mount Onn, in Havnor, at the centre of the world. And the leaves of the tree are carved so thin that the light shines through them, but the door's so strong that if the Doorkeeper shuts it no spell could ever open it. And then the Doorkeeper takes you down a hall and another hall, till you're lost and bewildered, and then suddenly you come out under the sky. In the Court of the Fountain, in the very deepest inside of the Great House. And that's where the Archmage would be, if he was there..."sacred springs and pools in the gardens of the Lords of Way-into a flood that swept the invaders.bright stars of the Forge, low over the sea. They were a little blurred, and as he watched them."It hasn't been changed," he said, but he knew that was not what she meant. "I'm sorry," he said. "If I stayed a month, if I stayed the winter, would that use it up? I should have a place to stay, while I work with the beasts." a place of honor, but he wasn't one of the Nine. He'd been passed over. Maybe it wasn't a good.They cursed and sneered, but believed him. He had no idea if what he said was true. It had seemed.He forgave her gracefully. He did not try a love-charm on her again..Deed of Erreth-Akbe, which bards sing at the Long Dance of midsummer..Chanter urged them on. They'll be along soon.".smiled..Triduct, level AF, AG, AC, circuit M levels twelve, sixteen, the nadir level leads to every.This is a tale of those times. Some of it is taken from the Book of the Dark, and some comes from."I don't know, my dear. I do want you to be safe. I do love to see your father happy and proud of."Flew away?".other was his servant.."I'd tell you mine," she said. "If that... if that's how we should begin.".they went on pressed close side by side for comfort and for the little warmth. They walked slower,.came to him he could cure. He laid his hands on them, on the stiff-haired, hot flanks and neck,."How do you know that?".ignorant superstition, practiced by women, paid for by peasants.."The Summoner was among us when we stood on Roke Knoll and saw the Archmage kneel to King Lebannen. Then, as the dragon bore our friend away, the Summoner fell down..They came forward on their knees, face to face, their arms straight down and their hands joined. They kissed each other all over their faces. To Rose's lips Diamond's face was smooth and full as a plum, with just a hint of prickliness above the lip and jawline, where he had taken to shaving recently. To Diamond's lips Rose's face was soft as silk, with just a hint of grittiness on one cheek, which she had rubbed with a dirty hand. They moved a little closer so that their breasts and bellies touched, though their hands stayed down by their sides. They went on kissing..mortally cold that she came close up against him for the warmth of his body. They stood so for a.for?".off for the Ninety Isles as soon as Tern liked.."But not the words of the Making.".His Herbal came back from the woods and sat down beside him on the bench a while. In the middle of the day he returned to the Great House, agreeing to come back with the Doorkeeper in the morning. They would ask all the other Masters to meet with them in the Grove. "But he won't come," Deyala said, and Azver nodded..more or less concealed violence) and deified by the priests of Awabath. The Four Lands were."Very rarely," she replied softly, as if thinking of something else. Her hands fell slowly,.of her neck. It was as if she was with him in the room. It was as if she was in him, as if she was.more impressions. Occasionally, walking, I lost track of things, although I did not doze at all; I do.all the world to come to him-which was true. Maybe that's where the danger of that art lies.."Ah." Presently he said, "The Master Summoner is not old." And she got a sidelong look from those."Beautiful, you are beautiful," he told her, breathing her grassy breath, leaning against her.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..glass, and inside the semitransparent material swarms of fireflies circulated freely, sometimes.When he unbound him, the boy tried to pretend he was still stone, and would not speak. Early had.Taking me there?".Otter stood motionless, effaced, as Anieb had stood in the room in the tower..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (36 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].door that opened out upon the Knoll was long called Medra's Gate, even after much else had changed.the top of his staff, a light staff of some

greyish wood. The door opened as a resonant voice.becomes elegant, and what everybody knows is true turns out to be what some people used to think..returned with their year-old child to her native island, Solea, where her own powers would be."Ah," said the Patterner..She left him standing at the waymeet, on the level ground, and walked up the hill path for a little way, a few strides. She turned and looked back down at him. "What keeps you from the hill?" she said..them," she said.. "I have no doubt of that, my lord," said Azver, "but I doubt she will go-".He stood tongue-tied. After a while she looked up at him. "No," she said in a soft, quiet voice, "I don't think it's true. I think all the true powers, all the old powers, at root are one..". "Nothing. I returned..". "Because there are more of us! Gather twenty or thirty people of power in a room, they'll each seek to have their way. And you put men who've always had their way together with women who've had theirs, and they'll resent one another. And then, too, there are some true and real divisions among us, Medra. They must be settled, and they can't be settled easily. Though a little goodwill would go a long way."

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