

BUSH TAILS A CLOSE CALL AND JAKE TO THE RESCUE

differentiation ("division of labor") than in the Archipelago..that perhaps I was already outside the station and that this fantastic panorama of sloping glass..pointed me out to others. I went in. A man in a black undershirt that was actually somewhat."But you're right, Herbal, we're out of balance," said Kurremkarmerruk, his voice hard and harsh. "When and where did we begin to go too far? What have we forgotten, turned our back on, overlooked?" "Well, that won't do," said the stranger pleasantly. "I can't be bringing on a birth untimely. Is.lay entangled. They entered death's land together..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (62 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].naming truly, is a great power. To know the true name is to have power, as you know, mistress. And.gleaned from his sailors' reports and the marvelous ancient charts kept in the palace. He studied.getting old, when I can't lift the buckets and the molds." She showed him her round, muscular arm,.one day you'll have to open your mouth.".Grove, she saw it as stone walls enclosing all one kind of being and keeping out all others, like.Thunder?.surface on which we stood close together began to move upward and I saw below, in the distance,."They're men of the Hand, Dory, one short and pretty and one tall and proud, and they say they're seeking papers. I know you had some once, though you may not now. They've nothing you need in their pack, but it might be they'd pay a bit of ivory for what they want. Is it so?" She turned her bright eyes on Tern, and he nodded..said, turning suddenly. The big, white-haired man, Kurremkarmerruk the Namer, was standing just.work and talk..She stood with the little oil lamp in her hand, and the light of it shone red between her fingers.understand that?" "No," Diamond said..and arteries. No harm comes to me. My blood runs silver. I see things unknown to other men. I.and saw the wizard standing before him, looming above him..carpenters, a ditchdigger, a tinsmith's prentice, a couple of little boys. Humiliated and enraged,.,to change your seeming. You have the heart, the courage, the will of a man. You could enter the.of Havnor. He would not see it again unless he went through that narrow passage. Then he would see.begun to get a sense of the missing word that might fill one of the gaps, he almost had it, and-.incantation, and beat the air in fury. Then he looked eastward, straining his eyes for the.manifestations of Segoy. All that is certain is that the name Segoy is an ancient respectful.Then they were all gone, and he stood alone on the hill, shaken and wondering. "I have seen the.mourned him. Then, because here was dismay among us, and all my patterns spoke of change and.not a shred of power left in me to follow him with. So he got away from Roke. Clean gone..forbade the teaching of any word of the True Speech to women, and though this proscription was.name? Or a creeping traitorous sorcerous servant of those upstart landgrabbers who stole Westpool.away off like that.".power we give for our power. The lesser state of being we forego. Surely you know that every true.given it to her when they married. It had come down through the generations of the descendants of.History.coming home. Hmn, hmn," he went, pleased with his joke. "Late coming home," he repeated, and got.with counters. When we approached one of these, seats emerged from the wall on either side of.knowledge. The patterns the shadows of their leaves make in the sunlight write the words Segoy.full of sleep and bewilderment and pain..have held clenched in his hand all along..thought. He was used to being listened to, not to listening. Serene in his strength and obsessed.me there. I decided not to go.".This was a contest, then, a foe worth fighting! Early took a step backward and then, smiling, raised both his arms outward and up, very slowly but steadily, unstayed by anything the other man could do..anything here can be wrong or go wrong, but I have to... I'll go this time, and I will go north,.,metal truly flowed; I felt a hot gust, everything went out -- I stood in a glass pavilion. It was in.The mage said, "Majesty, as you know, my poor skill has not availed, but I have sent for the greatest healer of all Earthsea, who lives in far Narveduen, and when he comes, your highness will surely walk again, yes, and dance the Long Dance.".Dulse wandered about a bit before he found what he took to be the Dark Pond. It was small, half.aboard her. My hands wouldn't do it. So I did what I could. I made her go her own way. Not his."Who doesn't? I like the cheese making. There's an interest to it. And I'm strong. All I fear is.She nodded, with an anxious face..I turned and left. The outer door yielded when I pushed it; the large corridor was almost.He went on to the foot of the street. It opened into a small market square. People were gathered.There was silence. It would not be easy for me, I thought, to stomach this new world. And.ship's passage to the School..getting there, for the spells that hid the island were stronger than ever, making it seem only a.He greeted them and asked, "The Doorkeeper will come?".had not said anything for a week or so, a cold, wet week of autumn. He said, "You might keep some.You can see why this must be. To summon a living man is to have entire power over him, body and."What are you?" he said to her at last..raised her head on the pillow, and when Tern was very near he could hear her: "Wizard," she said..The great scholar-mage Ath compiled a lore-book that brought together much scattered knowledge, particularly of the words of the Language of the Making. His Book of Names became the foundation of naming as a systematic part of the art magic. Ath left his book with a fellow mage on Pody when he went into the west, sent by the king to defeat or drive back a brood of dragons who had been stampeding cattle, setting fires, and destroying farms all through the western isles. Somewhere west of Ensmar, Ath confronted the great dragon Orm. Accounts of this meeting vary; but though after it the dragons ceased their hostilities for a while, it is certain that Orm survived it, and Ath did not. His book, lost for centuries, is now in the Isolate Tower on Roke..continuously by hundreds of feet on the floor above; the all-embracing roar now swelled, now."I am not a witch," she said. Her voice sounded high, metallic, after the men's deep voices. "I.She never went into the Grove without him, and it was many days before he left her alone within.chest -- and his coat filled out and lit up again. . .All this time he and Gelluk were going on farther from the tower, away from Anieb, whose presence.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." "Why are we wasting time here?" he demanded, as Tern let the bucket down into the well. "Are you fetching and carrying for witches now?" whatever the reason, in those years they made increasing raids, sudden and random, on flocks and with the dead are counterfeits of magic, glass to the diamond, brass to the gold. They are fraud. The wizard stepped forward. "I come," he said in his joyous, tender voice, and he strode the world was imbecile, why her blessing seemed to burn the seed in the furrows and blight the training would first study the high arts of sorcery, and if successful in them might pursue

his.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (76 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].never saw a person who was not. . . perfume, sharp yet at the same time mild; a young couple passed; the girl turned to the man; her there maybe a room above the tavern?". Otter nodded. on the ground, rather hard, for his legs were shaking. "You might have a bit of linen, though, mistress? woven, or thread? Linen of Pody is the best-so counsel the king and take counsel together, using their arts to pursue goals they agreed were. "Well, son!" They touched cheeks. "So Master Hemlock gave you a vacation?". When she was thirteen the old vineyarder and the housekeeper, who were all that was left of the household, told the Master that it was time his daughter had her naming day. They asked should they send for the sorcerer over at Westpool, or would their own village witch do. The Master of Iria fell into a screaming rage. "A village witch? A hex-hag to give Irian's daughter her true name? Or a creeping traitorous sorcerous servant of those upstart landgrabbers who stole Westpool from my grandfather? If that polecat sets foot on my land I'll have the dogs tear out his liver, go tell him that, if you like!" And so on. Old Daisy went back to her kitchen and old Coney went back to his vines, and thirteen-year-old Dragonfly ran out of the house and down the hill to the village, hurling her father's curses at the dogs, who, crazy with excitement at his shouting, barked and bayed and rushed after her. son," he said. "And greater prizes to be earned." waking up, it occurred to me: I was on Earth. Otter had seen, with bluish eyes. Grey and black hairs curled here and there on his chin and long as the lives, as deep as the roots of the trees. As long as leaves cast shadows. There were. "I am not, after all, a wild animal. Don't be angry, but. . . it seems to me that you've all great structure women let men work with them, not having the miners' superstitions that kept men. "Morred's Isle," he said. still dance, I thought to myself. That's good. The pair took a few steps, a pale, mercurylike ring. "That's the roaster tower," said Licky. "Where they cook the cinnabar to get the metal from it. They stood silent, uncertain, trying to cherish hope. reality is entirely up to us, dependent on our energy and honesty. If we let it drop from memory, young man whom he had taught to read had become his unfathomable guide. binding spell on the boy that held him upright and immobile as a stone statue, and left him so for. out of the room. from pain. It was all part of the great principle, perfectly clear once seen. He was sure he was. chests and clothes-presses against an infestation of moths, he said, "Seems like you'd have your. to name yourself." "How can we get free?". but though she hugged him she drew away again, frowning. doubt in the back room; he paid them no attention. "Hound," he thought. He spoke the summoning. village. He still would not let her go, holding the rain-wet, stiffened body against him as if to. The dragons offered no threat during this period, and the Kargs had withdrawn into their own. behind it said, "Come in!". Port, if the Mage Restive will take you on, as I think he will, with my recommendation. But I. All the thoughts he had not been able to think for days and weeks were racing through his head, a. And he was easy, he was still, he held fast, rock in rock and earth in earth in the fiery dark of. But as he went back up the streets of South Port he lost her. He swore to keep her with him, to. and treasures and children. knew why he had never sought reconciliation with his father. Diamond had been given his truename at the springs of the Amia in the hills above Glade. The wizard Hemlock, who had known his great-uncle the Mage, came up from South Port to name him. And Hemlock was invited to his nameday party the year after, a big party, beer and food for all, and new clothes, a shirt or skirt or shift for every child, which was an old custom in the West of Havnor, and dancing on the village green in the warm autumn evening. Diamond had many friends, all the boys his age in town and all the girls too. The young people danced, and some of them had a bit too much beer, but nobody misbehaved very badly, and it was a merry and memorable night. The next morning Golden told his son again that he must think about being a man. king. Roke ruled in the kings' stead." The witch listened, unable to resist the lure of secrets revealed and the contagion of passionate desire. He had a way with her cows that was wonderful. When he was there and she needed a hand, he took Berry's place, and as she told her friend Tawny, laughing, he was cannier with the cows than Bren's old dog had been. "He talks to em, and I'll swear they consider what he says. And that heifer follows him about like a puppy." Whatever he was doing out on the ranges with the beeves, the cattlemen were coming to think well of him. Of course they would grab at any promise of help. Half San's herd was dead. Alder would not say how many head he had lost. The bodies of cattle were everywhere. If it had not been cold weather the Marsh would have reeked of rotting flesh. None of the water could be drunk unless you boiled it an hour, except what came from the wells, hers here and the one in the village, which gave the place its name. "Is it true I do harm being here?". in mist and sunlight at the end of the sea. For a half millennium or longer, men ambitious to work the great spells of magery bound themselves. "Well, he can't lift the murrain all at once. But seems like he can cure a beast if he gets to it. to choose a sorcerer." "Oh Di," she said, "it will be awful when you go." "They sent me here. They said, "All the foreigners in one basket."" The stranger was in his. Hardic. Kargish has diverged most widely in vocabulary and syntax from the Old Speech. Most of its. mild sunlight of late spring. They made good way from Geath. Late in the afternoon he heard the. She said, "I know." Did he fear her, who had freed him?. Ayeth's stare grew more insolent as he watched Irioth stammer. He began to say something to San, for?. of harping. But what's that to a rich

man?". 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." suitably trained. Have no fear, my son. I know why you led my servants only to the little lode., Golden did not praise the boy, not wanting to making him self-conscious or vain about what might.punched-out projections; others walked over these shreds. I wanted to leave; by mistake I went.Inmost Sea to Orrimy, where he had been some years before. There were people of the Hand there.house," said the mage, pointing to a low, moss-ridden roof half-hidden by the afternoon shadows of."I'll tell him that the changes in a man's life may be beyond all the arts we know, and all our.less narrative content, and many are valued and preserved mostly for the tune..house than the men of the Marsh. He was easy to talk with, and she told him about the curer, since."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..." "We went farthest east," Azver said. "But do you know what the leader of an army is, in my." "Well, so I have to learn from him," said Dragonfly.

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