

## THE LONSDALE MAGAZINE OR PROVINCIAL REPOSITORY VOL 1 FEBRUARY 1820

broke free, straightening herself, pushing back her lank wet hair. Thank you," she said. "I was right away." I entered a mall. It was filled with displays. Tourist offices, sports shops, mannequins in. and that all magic was in the roots of the trees, and that they were mingled with the roots of all. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (13 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. about him. She hadn't seen a king when she first saw him, as with the other one.. woke, always cold, always in pain, always thirsty, and when he could make a glimmer of the light. mental transformation. Archetypes turn into millstones, large simplicities get complicated, chaos. TARRY'S MALICE had left his nerves raw, and the thought of the party weighed on him till he lost his appetite. He thought hopefully for a while that he was sick and could miss the party. But the day came, and he was there. Not so evidently, so eminently, so flamboyantly there as his father, but present, smiling, dancing. All his childhood friends were there too, half of them married by now to the other half, it seemed, but there was still plenty of flirting going on, and several pretty girls were always near him. He drank a good deal of Gadge Brewer's excellent beer, and found he could endure the music if he was dancing to it and talking and laughing while he danced. So he danced with all the pretty girls in turn, and then again with whichever one turned up again, which all of them did.. the eyes on her dress actually opened and closed. The walkway, on which I stood behind the two. the law?" .Master of Old Iria. He spent his youth and what remained of his inheritance in law courts and the. make that gesture. It was not a spell, he thought, watching intently, but a sign. Ayo was watching. about him. There was a way out of the knot, if he turned around so, and then so, and parted the. the letters, on either side, were not visible because of their magnitude. Noiselessly I was carried. galley he scented something. "Well, well," he said, "who's this?" He walked to the helm and put. The town at the bay's head, Thwil, shared something of the uncanniness of the Knoll and the Grove, for though the raiders had run through it seeking slaves and plunder and setting fires, the fires had gone out and the narrow streets had sent the marauders astray. Most of the islanders who survived were wise women and their children, who had hidden themselves in the town or in the Immanent Grove. The men now on Roke were those spared children, grown, and a few men now grown old. There was no government but that of the women of the Hand, for it was their spells that had protected Roke so long and protected it far more closely now.. In those days they had no fixed names for the various kinds and arts of magic, nor were the. "Irian of Way," the Summoner said in his deep, clear voice, "that there may be peace and order.. "There's nobody in the village could change that," she said. She looked up into his face for a moment. "The whole village together couldn't change that!" she said, and laughed. It was all right, then, though the word "change" rang and rang in his head.. "Stand!" he said to it in its language, and let go of it. It stood as if he had driven it into a. opening of the spell, which he had known for sixty years; then when he thought he had it, he began. have the strength in me to stop the man when he fled, nor the wits to send anyone after him. And. "Oh, bonses! Do you want a bons?" .Moon. He had understood the disguised language of the book to mean that in order to purify pure. "I say to." words and they said theirs, but none of them were the right words.. The wizard who called himself Gelluk and the pirate who called himself King Losen had worked together for years, each supporting and increasing the other's power, each in the belief that the other was his servant. The light went with her. He was alone in the dark. The cold grip of the spells took him by the throat and choked him, bound his hands, pressed on his lungs. He crouched, gasping. He could not think; he could not remember. "Stay with me," he said, and did not know who he spoke to. He was frightened, and did not know what he was frightened of. The wizard, the power, the spell... It was all darkness. But in his body, not in his mind, burned a knowledge he could not name any more, a certainty that was like a tiny lamp held in his hands in a maze of caverns underground. He kept his eyes on that seed of light.. "There's people all over these parts, and maybe beyond, who think, as you said, that nobody can be wise alone. So these people try to hold to each other. And so that's why we're called the Hand, or the women of the Hand, though we're not women only. But it serves to call ourselves women, for the great folk don't look for women to work together. Or to have thoughts about such things as rule or misrule. Or to have any powers.. "Medra knew the danger of repeatedly taking any form but his own, but he was shaken and weakened by. Unfortunately the king's wizards, enraged at the attack on the heart of the kingdom and heartened. "Very well," said the Herbal, with his patient, troubled look; and he went aside a little, and knelt to look at some small plant or fungus on the forest floor.. Great House, I feel that nothing can be done but what has been done. That nothing will change.. A century and a half after Morred's death, King Akambar, a prince of Shelieth on Way, moved the court to Havnor and made Havnor Great Port the capital of the kingdom. More central than Enlad, Havnor was better placed for trade and for sending out fleets to protect the Hardic islands against Kargish raids and forays.. How long can you stay?" .Diamond-The bones of the earth-. Leaves say is change, change... Everything will change but them." He looked up into the trees. "Of course," Golden said, pleased with his son's caution. He had thought Diamond might leap at the offer, which would have been natural, perhaps, but painful to the father, the owl who had -- perhaps -- hatched out an eagle.. Will it take a long time to find one to take us, do you think?" .file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (74 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. by the Rule to work together and for the good of all, but each seeing a different way to do it.. industry.. sometimes in another. But it is always.. "Captain," he said, "I'm sorry, I must wait to spell your sails. An earthquake is near. I must warn the city. Do you tell them down there, every ship that can sail make for the open sea. Clear out, past the Armed Cliffs! Good luck to you." And he turned and ran back up the street, a tall, strong man with rough greying hair, running now like a stag.. "We should find shelter and rest," he said.. Ayo and Mead were much alike, and Otter saw in them what Anieb might have been: a short, slight, quick woman, with a round face and clear eyes, and a mass of dark

hair, not straight like most people's hair but curly, frizzy. Many people in the west of Havnor had hair like that..about Medra, since he went under many names, seldom if ever calling himself Otter any more..visit the Court of the King, I can take you there. But maybe you don't know the King I'm talking.She asked nothing and he said no more. Presently he got up, and she followed him to the path that always led them, sooner or later, out of the wood to the clearing by the Thwilburn and the Otter's House. When they came there, it was late afternoon. He went down to the stream and drank from it where it left the wood, above all the crossings. She did the same. Then sitting in the cool, long grass of the bank, he began to speak..He saw Irian staring at him in amazement. Thorion the Summoner speaks his true name," he said. "He."You might keep some goats," Silence said..I'm not really good on the fife, but I'm good enough. What you didn't teach me, I can fill in with a spell, if I have to. And the band, they're all right. Labby isn't as bad as he looks. Nobody fools with me. We make a pretty good living. Winters, I go stay with Mother and help her out. So I'm all right. What about you, Di?" go tell him that, if you like!" And so on. Old Daisy went back to her kitchen and old Coney went as if his body became the body of earth, and he knew its arteries and organs and muscles as his."Is it a long way from where you live, sir?" she asked..not so abruptly as the Namer, in the light and shadow under the trees. Irian watched till he was."Get them here. Take my men."His spies had been coming to him for a year or more muttering about a secret insurgency all across.Through love, respect, and trust, Dragonfly would never disregard a warning from Rose; but she was unable to see Ivory as perilous. She didn't understand him, but the idea of fearing him, him personally, was not one she could keep in mind. She tried to be respectful, but it was impossible. She thought he was clever and quite handsome, but she didn't think much about him, except for what he could tell her. He knew what she wanted to know and little by little he told it to her, and then it was not really what she had wanted to know, but she wanted to know more. He was patient with her, and she was grateful to him for his patience, knowing he was much quicker than she. Sometimes he smiled at her ignorance, but he never sneered at it or reproved it. Like the witch, he liked to answer a question with a question; but the answers to Rose's questions were always something she'd always known, while the answers to his questions were things she had never imagined and found startling, unwelcome, even painful, altering all her beliefs..training in the art magic, especially in naming, summoning, and patterning, and so become a.Medra bowed his head, standing there. "Anieb," he said, "can you come back this far? I don't know.Permissions Department, Harcourt, Inc., 6277 Sea Harbor Drive, Orlando, Florida 32887-6777.."But you do have a talent.".with the pines. Some good wood for furniture could be salvaged from them.."What can I give you?" she asked..still clear enough under the green grasses of summer..frightened.."A little gift," Diamond said indistinctly. "Enough for tricks..difficulties in his path and always greeted him kindly. But she had said, "What can you tell me.He went slowly round to the eastern side of the hilltop, bright and warm already with the light of the sun a couple of fingers' width above the horizon. Looking under the sun he saw the roofs of a town at the head of a bay that opened out eastward, and beyond it the high line of the sea's edge across half the world. Turning west he saw fields and pastures and roads. To the north were long green hills. In a fold of land southward a grove of tall trees drew his gaze and held it. He thought it was the beginning of a great forest like Faliern on Havnor, and then did not know why he thought so, since beyond the grove he could see treeless heaths and pastures..He planned, as soon as they took him out of his cell, to use the old Changers spell of self-."He lay as if dead, cold, his heart not beating, yet he breathed. The Herbal used all his art, but could not rouse him. "He is dead," he said. "The breath will not leave him, but he is dead." So we mourned him. Then, because here was dismay among us, and all my patterns spoke of change and danger, we met to choose a new Warden of Roke, an Archmage to guide us. And in our council we set the young king in the Summoner's place. To us it seemed right that he should sit among us. Only the Changer spoke against it at first, and then agreed..And no friends?".Ember was on the dock to meet him. Lame and very thin, he came to her and took her hands, but he.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..am Tinaral!" And his hands moved in a quick, powerful gesture, as if parting heavy curtains..depression -- the carriage had already left -- and received another surprise. I was not at the.All spells use at least a word of the Old Speech, though the village witch or sorcerer may not.Red Mother is born the Allking. From the spittle of a dying slave is made the silver Seed of."You're crazy," she said, very angry. It was a sweet anger. Why could not more anger be sweet?.Erreth-Akbe slip like the shadow of a great sundial across the roofs below. He gave orders, and."Do you know the way in?" His almond-shaped eyes were attentive, yet seemed to look at her from.island of the Archipelago, Havnor, to settle disputes among the city-states there. Returning in..might be used by enemy wizards against him; and also to inspect his warships. A ship is a fragile.Each True Rune has a significance, a connotation or area of meaning, which can be more or less."In the Grove is no harm," said the Patterner. "Come on. There is an old house, a hut. Old, dirty..groundwork.."Memory, memory," Hemlock said. "Talent's no good without memory!" He was not harsh, but he was.To it he flew, and on it landed, and as he touched the earth he was a man again..everything; she had listened; she had been still. He wanted to protect her and knew he could not..The Doorkeeper shook his head, agreeing..her mouth. He thought of the spring of water that had run from the broken earth..somewhere, col?".sites of concentrated power and sacredness. All were locally feared or venerated; some were known.They turned back, uncertain. The low sun was still bright on the fields and the roofs of the Great House, but inside the wood it was all shadows..happened. I believe this isn't very different from what historians of the so-called real world do..And perhaps because such arts have not the power they once had," he said. He did not know himself why he tried to weaken her faith in wizardry; perhaps because any weakening of her strength, her wholeness, was a gain for him. He had

begun merely by trying to get her into his bed, a game he loved to play. The game had turned to a kind of contest he had not expected but could not put an end to. He was determined now not to win her, but to defeat her. He could not let her defeat him. He must prove to her and himself that his dreams were meaningless..Among all beings ever returning..Once there in the Grove she had no thought of earning, or deserving, or even of learning. To be there was enough, was all..His old master was sitting in the grass near the pond, eating an apple. Bits of eggshell flecked.He was sitting a little way from where he lay, looking at himself, although it was still utterly anything lost, a dropped nail, a mislaid tool, as soon as he understood the word for it. And as a deep shadows. Low armchairs, a black liquid with green foam in glasses, lanterns that spilled tiny.He looked stern. The dragon bore him away."and Diamond said nothing. "Have you had any ideas of what you want to do?" parted from the donkey he took the right hand of the crossroad, though it looked as if it would.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.."Irian," he said, "do you hear the leaves?" "But I came far. Miles can be years. I am Kargish, from Karego. You know?" passengers. The bright colors of the women's clothes I had by now learned to accept, but the men.with the King of the Kargad Lands..dread and hide..The heap moved, and roused up slowly. They saw it was the curer, just as he had been, no fires or shadows, though looking very ill. "Come on," Gift said, and got him on his feet, and walked slowly up the street with him..He stood there for a while, bewildered. It seemed to him that it was not by his own act or decision that he had taken his own form, but that in touching this ground, this hill, he had become himself. A magic greater than his own prevailed here..patrols south of Omer, running a stolen fishing boat with the magewind. The patrol caught them.severity. "As I see it, the man who brought you here meant to do harm, but you do not. Yet being.the fountain..The Creation of Ea is the foundation of education in the Archipelago, By the age of six or seven..Bitterly he recognized that he was always believing his own lies, caught in nets he had."I don't know," the Herbal said. "I can only tell you that when I'm with him, when I'm in the Great House, I feel that nothing can be done but what has been done. That nothing will change. Nothing will grow. That no matter what cures I use, the sickness will end in death." He looked around at them all like a hurt ox. "And I think it is true. There is no way to regain the Equilibrium but by holding still. We have gone too far. For the Archmage and Lebannen to go bodily into death, and return - it was not right. They broke a law that must not be broken. It was to restore the law that Thorion returned." directions; then suddenly I collided with someone. I did not lose my balance, I merely stood.When he saw Diamond come down the stairs without touching the stairs, he thought his eyes had deceived him; but a few days later, he saw the child float up the stairs, just a finger gliding along the oaken banister-rail. "Can you do that coming down?" Golden asked, and Diamond said, "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." times-poor, coarse food, but he ate it all, slowly, valuing it. Come evening the brother went off, the process of wresting power from the kings and making Awabath not only the religious but the."And you?" she asked..always followed his own bent, and too young to believe that anything he did could kill him..first big map I drew of all the Archipelago and the Reaches, when I began to work on A Wizard of

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