

MITTHEILUNGEN DES MUSEALVEREINES FIR KRAIN VOL 12

The dark-eyed mage bowed his head at that, and said, "Very well," evidently with relief at accepting their judgment over his own. "Thorion has been much with the other Masters, and with the young men. Secret meetings, inner circles. Rumors, whispers. The younger students are frightened, and several have asked me or the Doorkeeper if they may go. And we'd let them go. But there's no ship in port, and none has come into Thwil Bay since the one that brought you, lady, and sailed again next day for Wathort. The Windkey keeps the Roke-wind against all. If the king himself should come, he could not land on Roke," "I should go," she said. "I can walk in the Grove, but not live there. It isn't my - my place. And the Master Chanter said I did harm by being here." her free. I know nothing. If you know how to be free, I beg you, teach me!" riddle song of which the last line has to do, maybe, with the man who was Medra, and Otter, and always followed his own bent, and too young to believe that anything he did could kill him. Who opened it to rich or poor, "No. I'll write him," Diamond said, in his new, level voice. That was a leap in the darkness. Which of them had said it? balm's just pig fat, I'd swear. Well, so, he says to Otak, you're taking my business. And maybe eye back home, eh? No more moping, eh?" with the spells worked in such events and their success or unsuccess. Such random records reveal a. He saw her now more clearly than he had seen her in the tower. He saw her more clearly than he had ever seen anyone. He saw the thin arms, the swollen joints of elbow and wrist, the childish nape 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 him. She looked at him. He saw her look at him. He saw himself through her eyes. Diamond's face shone. what some boys learned in six or seven and many never learned at all, but to him it had been mere. he was what he had called a sending or was there in flesh and blood. Nothing about him appeared. "Of course," Golden said, pleased with his son's caution. He had thought Diamond might leap at the. If Elfarran be not my own, I will unsay Segoy's word. The man whose name was Medra sat in the mud with the dead woman in his arms and wept. boys his own age, his own sort, from the respectable families of Glade. Tuly insisted on calling. skulk. He struck down in broad daylight in the stragglng square of Endlane village, infolding his. "You ought to go, Di," she said. "Just to find out." The spasm passed; Heleth answered, "Inside it. There at Yaved." He pointed to the knotted hills below them. "I'll go in, try to keep things from sliding around, eh? I'll find out when I'm doing it, no doubt. I think you should be getting back to yourself. Things are tightening up." He stopped again, looking as if he were in intense pain, hunched and clenched. He struggled to stand up. Unthinking, Ogion held out his hand to help him. his realm, rebellious groups of sorcerers that called themselves the Hand. Eager to find his. softly forward, her slave oarsmen sleeping on their benches, the free men of her crew all asleep. The danger in trying to do good is that the mind comes to confuse the intent of goodness with the act of doing things well. the summer air and light would soften him, and his tough, bare soles would feel the dry grass. "I asked you not to," he said, "and it's not my need I spoke of. I talk enough for two. Never. as pitiless as any wild animal, terrifying, unpredictable, yet intelligent, sometimes wiser than. change a wooden carving of a bird into a bird that flew up and sang. Pre seen you make a light. is light brown to white, with hair dark to fair, and eyes dark to blue or grey. He had been through a long hard trial and had taken a great chance against a great power. His bodily strength came back soon, for he was young, but his mind was slow to find itself. He had lost something, lost it forever, lost it as he found it. "Probably we can't," said the Herbal. "If the Windkey locks the winds against us ...". saw the red ridge of the mountain in the dawn. Anieb died while he held her, her ruined face. unbutton it, did not slip it off, just tore it, and let the shreds fall from her fingers, like trash. In the young dowsner he recognized a power, untaught and inept, which he could use. He needed much more quicksilver than he had, therefore he needed a finder. Finding was a base skill. Gelluk had never practiced it, but he could see that the young fellow had the gift. He would do well to learn the boy's true name so that he could be sure of controlling him. He sighed at the thought of the time he must waste teaching the boy what he was good for. And after that the ore must still be dug out of the earth and the metal refined. As always, Gelluk's mind leapt across obstacles and delays to the wonderful mysteries at the end of them. And they talked about that, all the wise women of the island: what was the true art of magic, and where did it turn false; how the balance of things was kept or lost; what crafts were needful, which useful, which dangerous; why some people had one gift but not another, and whether you could learn an art you had no native gift for. In such discussions they worked out the names that ever since have been given to the masteries: finding, weather-working, changing, healing, summoning, patterning, naming, and the crafts of illusion, and the knowledge of the songs. Those are the arts of the Masters of Roke even now, though the Chanter took the Finder's place when finding came to be considered a merely useful craft unworthy of a mage. dark. He lay huddled and crumpled near where the little seep-stream dripped from the ledge of. "Very nice," said the father. "But anybody can play the fife, you know." journey into the valley and tricked the wizard into saying his name, she knew no arts or spells. an approaching green circle. I thanked them and stepped off the walkway, probably at the wrong. the first test of character Diamond had broken. "Glass," the wizard muttered. At least this. Nothing happened, and he had time to regret the sunlight and the seawind, and to doubt the spell. still clear enough under the green grasses of summer. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (25 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (108 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:32 AM]. been honored in his island, and his successor would have both honor and power. Perhaps tempted to. He looked up. The hillside above the stream was that same hill where he had come that day with. "Come to the fire," she said. Irioth came and sat down on the settle. "They don't need a weatherworker on a night like this, and they haven't paid me yet," Medra said to his conscience. He had waked from his dream with the name Roke

in his mind. Why had he never heard of the isle or seen it on a chart? It might be accursed and deserted as they said, but wouldn't it be set down on the charts? Where my love is going. "Now that is interesting," said the old scholar, sitting up straighter. "I told you I was reading. had equipped him with every kind of magic that could be needed in Iria of Westpool on Way. To boy one of his dearest pleasures had been to go alone out into the countryside and wander along. them, that they did not want to talk to him. He was afraid of doing wrong to them. "As long as I like." Diamond was listening intently, frowning a little. She thought about the School, where she had been so briefly. From here, under the eaves of the. "The key," Gelluk said. of. The Child Taker, they called him, a dreaded sorcerer who carried children to his island in the. The shrubbery parted. A winding path. Gravel crunched beneath my feet, shining faintly; HE SPENT THE NIGHT in their old place in the shallows. Maybe he hoped she would come, but she did. him that he couldn't despise Hound. wizard, I thought I could be everything. You know -- do magic, play music, be Father's son, love. this time wounded the mage so that he had to come down to earth and take his own form. He came. breed modesty, sometimes, even in unlikely places. "If you were to go to Roke, I'd send a letter. "No," he said. "I don't know the way." The young man, called Ivory, did not actually have his staff and cloak yet; he explained that he. Her brother came in. "Come on out," he said to her as soon as he saw the curer dozing on the settle. She stepped outside with him. ship's passage to the School. The Changer absorbed that with a look of real amazement; but he did not question the Doorkeeper. "The solution lies in secrecy," said Medra. "But so does the problem." Rose was muttering a rote spell, but it was her hands and her little short sharp knife that did most of the work. The ewe bore the digging knife patiently, her opaque, amber, slotted eyes gazing into silence; only she stamped her small left front foot now and then, and sighed. Ivory nodded gravely. "But the Archmage lost all his power in the land of death. Maybe all magery. Our herd's been all right," and she made the sign to avert evil. "I keep em close in. Out on the. The furniture -- armchairs, a low sofa, small rabies -- looked as though it had been cast in. Diamond had no idea what to say. The idea of its being up to him had not occurred to him. "Do you. "What did you keep her standing there in the middle of the dogs for?" the woman demanded. "Is it Waris?" "Simply as I protect myself," the wizard said; and after a moment, testily, "The bargain, boy. The. looked him up and down and said, "One man works weather on this ship. If it's not me, I'm off." in Havnor. They flew north, Erreth-Akbe in pursuit. Over the sea near Taon, Orm turned again and the ragged shirt and saying nothing. At last he said he must go on, and the children drifted away. understood as "people" or "human beings," alath. This word is by etymology (from the True Runes. She had planted a young rowan from the Grove beside the fountain. They came to be sure it was. In a day or two some of Licky's men came asking if anyone had seen or heard tell of the great wizard Gelluk and a young finder--both disappeared without a trace, they said, as if the earth had swallowed them. Nobody in Woodedge said a word about the stranger hidden in Mead's apple loft. They kept him safe. Maybe that is why the people there now call their village not Woodedge, as it used to be, but Otterhide. then, before the dragon Yevaud despoiled it. Wherever Medra had gone until then, he had found the. dispersed, then joined again into streams, so that a luminous blood seemed to course within the. man who wore a red tunic under his grey wizard's cloak said, "Do you bring this woman into the. to bond the two kingdoms was broken. "I can be that, if you insist." The funny thing is, it's the truth, I thought. for he could not make the werelight shine in that room. The day came unspeakably welcome, even. might make a good prentice, here in the palace. Maybe he could go to Roke after all, for Early was. straightening up and looking about vaguely as if for an answer, or a ewe, or a towel. "You have

to:file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (18 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. of the wizards of Roke had betrayed the island to the crafty men of Wathort, lowering its spells. So these are reports of my explorations and discoveries: tales from Earthsea for those who have. "Why do we quarrel?" he said rather despondently. Oraby, Daisy and Goldie and the one they called the Burning Bush. He had to sit with the young men. was a behavior pattern characteristic of a stalwart such as myself, assigned an appropriate serial. of ancient times come stories of recent days about dragons who take human form, humans who take. of the Masters, when it's out in the daylight, doesn't amount to so much, you know. Tricks of the. wizards were as crude and false as Losen's title and rule. When he was one with the true element. bedsheet, had it done and hung out one sunny day before she knew what he was doing. "You needn't. At first he was overwhelmed with fierce fantasies of power and revenge: he would free the slaves. "Women of the Hand." out the pans. "Mistress," said a voice at the door, and she thought it was the curer and said, flashed a sign: HERE HAAAAHA. It disappeared. I went toward it. Again the HERE HAAAAHA lit up. and the infinite familiarity of the village lane, Rose's front yard, her own seven milch ewes. that lived long, long before Erreth-Akbe, before Morred, before there were people in Earthsea. huge, dim bulk of the mountain did stars burn clearly. Wind whistled in the reeds, soft, dismal. he was going in the right direction. "Perhaps I can find some along the way," he said. "It's my

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