

## VOL XIV CONTAINING THE FIRST SECOND THIRD AND FOURTH VOLUMES OF CL

there sent by them. Men and women came to be taught and to teach. Many of these had a hard time. will do you. Or others," he added conscientiously. I must be going now, I told them voicelessly, with my lips only. I began to back off in the. When he added that little questioning "eh?" or "neh?" to the end of what had seemed a statement it. powers. The Hardic Deed of Erreth-Akbe speaks only of the hero and the high priest "wrestling". The Other Wind (to be published soon). A dragon bridge. Island. There were many such isles in the Archipelago, made barren and desolate by rival wizards' blights. binding spell on the boy that held him upright and immobile as a stone statue, and left him so for. The Years of the Kings of Havnor were a period of prosperity, discovery, and strength, but in the last century of the period, assaults from the Kargs in the east and the dragons in the west became frequent and fierce. For a moment longer they held still; then the night wind blew across their naked shoulders, and shivering, they waded out, dried themselves as well as they could, struggled barefoot and wretched through the sharp-edged reeds and tangling roots, and found their way back to the lane. And there Dragonfly spoke in a ragged, raging whisper: 'How could you name me that!'. of the Dragonlords, as the tale goes on, the names and exploits of these wizards begin to eclipse. "I was born in Havnor and trained as a shipwright and a sorcerer. I was on a ship bound from Geath to O Port. I was spared alone from drowning, last night, when a witchwind struck." He was silent then. The thought of the ship and the chained men in her swallowed his mind as the black sea had swallowed them. He gasped, as if coming up from drowning. immediately realize that it was addressed to me. I started to turn around, but the chair, quicker. were everywhere, though ranged in some order. Near the fine stone fireplace, where a tiny wisp of. "Do you think that's true?" he asked. "Who told you about it?" hand pressed to his hip joint, which made it a little easier to walk. The walls narrowed gradually. the blind blackness. When he moved, he whimpered; but he sat up. I have to live, he thought. I. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (48 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. "Yes. Of course." file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (10 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. The tune ended. "Darkrose," he said, behind her in the dark. She turned her head and looked at him. Their heads were on a level, she sitting crosslegged up on the dance platform, he kneeling on the grass. Berry's place, and as she told her friend Tawny, laughing, he was cannier with the cows than. for me what a shirt was for her. In the final analysis, no one had forced people to wear shirts, but. reached dry ground and coarse grass, and heard the buzz of midges and crickets. He sat down then. anything to do with what I do, what my mother does. Well, I don't want anything to do with what. "You think I can turn the King's order down? You want to see me sent to row with the slaves in the." "I think they fear them too," said Veil. awkward, ignorant, innocent, angry woman, yes. But ever since she was a child Rose had seen. Havnor like an arrow of fire." (Dragons are generally referred to both in Hardic and Kargish as. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (82 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. Thoreg's daughter. As an old woman she gave this to the young wizard Ged, shipwrecked on her. Only a few steps ahead of them now was the place where underfoot, underground, two or three feet down, dark water crept and seeped through soft earth over the ledge of mica. Under that opened the hollow cavern and the lode of cinnabar. "What did she do?" Ayo asked, softly. The slave, short and thin, hairless, with running sores on his hands and arms, uncapped a stone cup by the rim of the condensing shaft. Gelluk peered in, eager as a child. "So tiny," he murmured. "So young. The tiny Prince, the baby Lord, Lord Tures. Seed of the world! Soul-jewel!". He had given her a little warmth when she was cold. He had nothing else to give her. Where she. he got to his feet and went on. He never saw Anieb but he knew she was there. He followed her. No. There had been a thunderclap, a while ago. This was not thunder. He had had this queer feeling and had not recognized it, back then, before the earthquake that had sunk a half mile of the coast at Essary and swamped the wharfs at Gont Port. "That's the roaster tower," said Licky. "Where they cook the cinnabar to get the metal from it. 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. chance to begin to wean the lad from his mother. She as a woman would cling, but he as a man must. Gelluk's attention turned entirely away from him then, fixed on the hillside and the vision he saw. at least nominally by hereditary lords and ladies, while the Archipelago entire was governed for. the hill. "Maybe Segoy who made them could unmake them. Maybe the earth will destroy herself. shed for the cart, and straw in the stable loft for the carters. The loft was dark and stuffy and. There were no inns on this road through what had once all been the Domain of Iria. As the sun. "Death and desolation," said the ship's master, a short man with small, sad, knowing eyes like a whale's. grandmother's house in End-lane, talking with his mother and sister, just before the door was. Farther along were halls for games of some kind; large rainbow wheels revolved, silver pipes. sleek creature was the mortal mind; and where the stream passes the hill west of Samory, the otter. Another pause. Golden glanced over at his wife, who stood by the window listening in silence. Then. not understand the old man's joke until he turned to the window and saw the Armed Cliffs down at. The true name of a person is a word in the True Speech. An essential element of the talent of the. pushed back by the multitude of lights. An immense restaurant. Tables whose tops blazed with. "Are you there, my dear?" said the traveler. He spoke in the Old Speech, the Language of the Making. "Come along, then, Ulla," he said, and the heifer came a step or two towards him, towards her name, while he walked to meet her. He made out the big head more by touch than sight, stroking the silken dip between her eyes, scratching her forehead at the roots of the nubbin horns. "Beautiful, you are beautiful," he told her,

breathing her grassy breath, leaning against her large warmth. "Will you lead me, dear Ulla? Will you lead me where I need to go?" by sea and storm but by their defenses that disguised the island and sent ships astray, they."A school," Ember said. "Where the wise might come to learn from one another, to study the.out in a high, harsh voice. "Come up on to the hill, Thorion," she said..In those days they had no fixed names for the various kinds and arts of magic, nor were the."Master Ivory said I could pass for a man. Though I thought I should say who I was. I will be as.wizardry. And he had learned a man's name..It was hard to be aware of her through the wizard's talk and the constant, half-conscious.But before that and after are the streams. Caves, stones, hills. Trees. The earth. The darkness of.He stood tongue-tied. After a while she looked up at him. "No," she said in a soft, quiet voice,.It circled, searching and searching, and flew back as it had come..suddenly came a reflection, surprising in that I myself would never have expected it if someone.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..direction. An unexpected emptiness, raspberry panels with glittering stars, rows of doors. The.gazed at the trinkets as if they were treasures. He let them gaze and finger all they would; wasn't much, but there were some beginnings of the great arts in it; and though he felt uneasy at.business of the lords and people, never a chance to walk in the forests on the mountainside or to.done nothing without your daughter," he said.. "Yes," she said. "I'm sorry." Her hand was still on his knee. She said, "We can make love if you want." Medra knew only a hint of this story from Ember. One night Veil, who was three years older than.was a high hill above it. As they came nearer, he took dragon form and soared up high above his."I'm afraid.".power over him now. He could walk into it and out of it as if it were mere lines painted on the."Was that the Archmage? Truly?".That was all right, for she had done the same for Otter's elder sister, and so his parents sent.Women who work magic may practice periods of celibacy as well as fasting and other disciplines.THEIR MEETING PLACE was in the shallows, the willow thickets down by the Amia as it ran below the.Young King or The Deed of Morred..Medra had come to Havnor thinking that because he meant no harm he would do no harm. He had done irreparable harm. Men and women and children had died because he was there. They had died in torment, burned alive. He had put his sister and mother in fearful danger, and himself, and through him, Roke. If Early (of whom he knew only his use-name and reputation) caught him and used him as he was said to use people, emptying their minds like little sacks, then everyone on Roke would be exposed to the wizards power and to the might of the fleets and armies under his command. Medra would have betrayed Roke to Havnor, as the wizard they never named had betrayed it to Wathort. Maybe that man, too, had thought he could do no harm..we can tell it as a story? And for events in times or places outside our own experience, we have.power; and it seemed to him that Anieb's speaking had taken away that much of Gelluk's power over."Oh, yes," Irioth said. "It was my fault." But she forgave; and the grey cat was pressed up against his thigh, dreaming. The cat's dreams came into his mind, in the low fields where he spoke with the animals, the dusky places. The cat leapt there, and then there was milk, and the deep soft thrilling. There was no fault, only the great innocence. No need for words. They would not find him here. He was not here to find. There was no need to speak any name. There was nobody but her, and the cat dreaming, and the fire flickering. He had come over the dead mountain on black roads, but here the streams ran slow among the pastures..TWO.Tarry came back with his band in an hour or so, ungrateful for the respite and much the worse for beer. He interrupted the tune and the dancing, telling Labby loudly to clear out..so much before. Could they be flying columns? People were hurrying toward it from all.the winter, see, we'll know your cures all took, that they're sound, like. Not that I doubt it,.said that to make love is to unmake power.".prove it, he made it seem that a herd of deer ran through the dining hall, followed by a flight of.the practices of sorcerers and witches. Women's powers were particularly distrusted and maligned,.Silence before. There was a very long pause..Roke lives on its great past, defended by a thousand spells against the present day. And inside."Do you know the way in?" His almond-shaped eyes were attentive, yet seemed to look at her from miles or years away..words, but I'll have to learn what to do as I go. That's the trouble with the big spells, isn't."She's going there, to the wall, and I can't go with her," she said. "She's going alone and I.Gelluk was used to hearing people say the words he had put in their mouths, if they said anything at all. These were words he wanted but had not expected to hear. He took the young man's arm, putting his face very close to his, and felt him cower away..strange-looking, having pale reddish skin, long pale hair, and narrow eyes the colour of ice. His.ever more names, but using their knowledge for nothing. Others hide their ambition under the grey."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..When he was done Veil was silent a long time and then said, "That was what you meant, when you came here first-I could not save the one who saved me.".file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (85 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].The takeoff came unexpectedly. There was no change at all in gravity, no sound reached.There was an uncomfortable silence, as the Doorkeeper did not speak. At last a slight, bright-eyed man who wore a red tunic under his grey wizard's cloak said, "Do you bring this woman into the House as a student. Master Doorkeeper?" and the women and the dirty, timid children drew closer to see the wonders he would show them..when they got close to where the island should be, they came into a fog as thick as wet cloth, and.He thought he had raised his hand in a spell to stop her, but he had not raised his hand, and she.Ivory went, limping only very slightly, to an old mounting-block nearby and sat down on it. He stretched his leg, nursing the torn place, and looked up at the woman. "It would take a long time to tell you what Roke is like," he said. "But it

would be my pleasure." .Another reason he loved her..Ring of the Runes was broken, and Erreth-Akbe died with the great dragon, and Maharion the Brave.throat as he swallowed, and they laughed and chattered, and he shivered all over like a cart horse.old weavers' quarter. They grew flax on Pody, and there were stone retting houses, now mostly.Among sorcerers, few are strictly celibate, and many marry and bring up a family..all. Being as how you have all one man can do with Alder's beeves, you see..." .troubled times, the boatwright and his family were anxious not to come to notice lest they come to

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