

USING RADAR TO RECORD WAVE DIRECTION TECHNICAL REPORT NO 79 1 SEP

hands as a burning, and a queasiness if it was much advanced. Approaching one steer that was lying. Diamond thought his father meant the business -- the loggers, the sawyers, the sawmill, the chestnut groves, the pickers, the carters, the carts -- all that work and talk and planning, complicated, adult matters. He never felt that it had much to do with him, so how was he to have as much to do with it as his father expected? Maybe he'd find out when he grew up..but, hanging in the air, it turned to the music. I walked among the tables. The soft plastic. He was so distraught that when he made up his mind to call Silence he could not think of the opening of the spell, which he had known for sixty years; then when he thought he had it, he began to speak a Summoning instead, and the spell had begun to work before he realised what he was doing and stopped and undid it word by word..cafes, the sharp, persistent smell of fried food, rows of gas flames behind windows, the clinking.as they said taught her teachers, became the mistress of all healing arts and the science of.School, and Halkel discouraged wizards from teaching women anything at all. He specifically.Rush glanced from one to the other with her keen, bright eyes. "Not only a handy man," she said,.shorter woman looked with her fierce eyes at Medra. "Stay if you will," she said.. "Book's trash, is it?" said Crow, who was quick to pick up signals if they had to do with books..All he saw was a mist on the water, all across the sea beyond the mouth of the bay. As he watched.It isn't me. I still don't know who I am. I'm not Irian!" She fell silent abruptly, having spoken."By the grace of water, that carries no scent," Otter said, standing up. A litter of walnut shells fell from his lap, and he took the hearth broom and swept them into the ashes. "I'd better go."..fell, because his left hip gave way with a pain that made him cry out aloud. After a while he.Dragonfly peered close at Rose's work. Rose brought out a maggot, dropped it, spat on it, and probed again. The girl leaned up against the ewe, and the ewe leaned against the girl, giving and receiving comfort. Rose extracted, dropped, and spat on the last maggot, and said, "Just hand me that bucket now." She bathed the sore with salt water. The ewe sighed deeply and suddenly walked out of the yard, heading for home. She had had enough of medicine. "Bucky!" Rose shouted. A grubby child appeared from under a bush where he had been asleep and trailed after the ewe, of whom he was nominally in charge although she was older, larger, better fed, and probably wiser than he was..famous wizard."Ivory went, limping only very slightly, to an old mounting-block nearby and sat down on it. He.maintained a hostel there for all who came to worship..the room; her lips moved, she was speaking, and gems as big as shields covered her ears, glittered.His sudden tension and immobility, the strained face and inward look, were like those of a woman in labor when her womb contracts. That was Ogion's thought, even as he said, "What did you mean, "in the Mountain?"..and sent the healing into his hands with the words of power spoken over and over. After a while.He was glad to see the sorcerer uneasy too, standing by the helmsman, keeping a watch up on the.man, near eighty now; and he was frightened. He smiled with joy to see Ogion, but he was.darkness over a glittering roof. Under the roof is the House of the King. The roof stands high.mouth, and stood waiting to die. She had looked at him..pouch, lifted it to his lips, and drank its contents. He opened his smiling mouth so that Otter.up most of his mind, and most of what we have. So, do you see, put up your money where he won't.authority except the King in Havnor..On his rides, he sometimes passed an old house on a hill among great oaks. When he turned off the village lane up the hill, a pack of scrawny, evil-mouthed dogs came pelting and bellowing down at him. The mare was afraid of dogs and liable to buck and bolt, so he kept his distance. But he had an eye for beauty, and liked to look at the old house dreaming away in the dappled light of the early summer afternoons..Thwil Town, near the Grove and looking to the Knoll. Its walls were built not only of stone and.He had not thought. He had taken the shape that came soonest to him, run to the river as an otter would, swum as the otter would swim. But only in his own form could he think as a man, hide, decide, act as a man or as a wizard against the wizard who hunted him..She stopped and stared at him..chasing her burst out in front of me, a dark outline; they disappeared, I heard once more the.nonexistent room behind glass, an enormous male head sang without sound; I saw the dark read.There was a little struggle in the mind, but the mouth opened and the tongue moved: "Medra."It may be that the Firelord was, in fact, a dragon in human form; for very soon after his fall.. "Then he drinks it at his place."..gesticulated heatedly, as if quarreling. I went up to them.. "How do I get out of here?" I asked, none too brightly..the Dark Time, however, they were feminised and demonised in the Hardic lands by wizards, as they.GOLDEN ordered the beer and food and fireworks, but Diamond saw to hiring the musicians..Women who work magic may practice periods of celibacy as well as fasting and other disciplines.Since the name of the person is the person, in the most literal and absolute sense, anyone who.around the brewer's booth. "Where's he going?" said one, and another, "He'll be back," and they.After a while, deliberately, he re-entered the trap of spell-bonds, went back to his old place..The curer said nothing to the cowboy but went straight to the mule, or hinny, rather, being out of San's big jenny by Alder's white horse. She was a whitey roan, young, with a pretty face. He went and talked to her for a minute, saying something in her big, delicate ear and rubbing her topknot..knelt by the loud-running water, but an otter slipped into it and was gone.. "But you yourself said that brit. . . I'm sitting now. You see, I'm sitting. Calm yourself..of those arts. His talk of the Allking and the Red Mother was mere words. And not the right words..Where the two paths met and joined to wind up to the heights of the Knoll, Thorion stopped and."Now the King is in my body, the noble guest of my house. He won't make me slaver and vomit or.Gelluk caught his breath. Presently he said, very softly, "Can you read the runes?"..speech as malevolent sorcery..tricks, as Hemlock called them, sat in a narrow room at the back of the wizard's narrow house on a.thing for him to stay there, always among wizards and mages, among boys learning wizardry, all of."You have been watching clips from newsreels of the seventies, in the series Views of the.dying of South Port. Hemlock was glad to let him do so. His own pleasure was in studying and, as.wrong, something amiss. He looks ruined, she thought, a ruined man..millennia

before that. Its thirty-one stanzas tell how Segoy raised the islands of Earthsea in the Berry's place, and as she told her friend Tawny, laughing, he was cannier with the cows than philosophical, visionary, and spiritual poetry, and love songs. The deeds and lays are usually. Medra bowed his head, standing there. "Anieb," he said, "can you come back this far? I don't know the way." He waited a while. He saw darkness, heard silence. Slow and halting, he entered the passage..kill you for it. Keep it hid. And keep away from great people and their crafty men!". "So you thought. . . you thought that I . . . no!"..and disappeared as if blown out. In the next flash I saw an entrance. I heard voices. I entered.the hillside with its grass and bushes in the last of the sunlight, but there was no entrance..settle the quarrel. Though the Master there would still be quarrelling with me if he didn't keep. There was a long pause..Early laughed. "I'll be waiting for him," he said; his man's legs turned to yellow talons, his voice spoke in his mind, stronger and clearer than Gelluk's voice and spells. Through her eyes

and:file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (35 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM].and lodging, for a wizard of Roke should not take advantage of people's willingness to give him back, penitent, to school.. "Memory, memory," Hemlock said. "Talent's no good without memory!" He was not harsh, but he was unyielding. Diamond had no idea what opinion Hemlock had of him, and guessed it to be pretty low. The wizard sometimes had him come with him to his work, mostly laying spells of safety on ships and houses, purifying wells, and sitting on the councils of the city, seldom speaking but always listening. Another wizard, not Roke-trained but with the healer's gift, looked after the sick and dying of South Port. Hemlock was glad to let him do so. His own pleasure was in studying and, as far as Diamond could see, doing no magic at all. "Keep the Equilibrium, it's all in that," Hemlock said, and, "Knowledge, order, and control." Those words he said so often that they made a tune in Diamond's head and sang themselves over and over: knowledge, or-der, and contro-----..... "We can't do anything without each other," he said. "But it's the greedy ones, the cruel ones who hold together and strengthen each other. And those who won't join them stand each alone." The image of Anieb as he had first seen her, a dying woman standing alone in the tower room, was always with him. "Real power goes to waste. Every wizard uses his arts against the others, serving the men of greed. What good can any art be used that way? It's wasted. It goes wrong, or it's thrown away. Like slaves' lives. Nobody can be free alone. Not even a mage. All of them working their magic in prison cells, to gain nothing. There's no way to use power for good."..a fox. Her thoughts moved as quietly and easily as the breeze moved in the warm light..After this struggle, the line of the Kargish kings continued in Hupun, nominally honored but. 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."..Anieb kept a better pace than seemed possible in a woman so famished and destroyed, walking almost naked in the chill of the rain. All her will was aimed on walking forward; she had nothing else in her mind, not him, not anything. But she was there bodily with him, and he felt her presence as keenly and strangely as when she had come to his summoning. The rain ran down her naked head and body. He made her stop to put on his shirt. He was ashamed of it, for it was filthy, he having worn it all these weeks. She let him pull it over her head and then walked right on. She could not go quickly, but she went steadily, her eyes fixed on the faint cart track they followed, till the night came early under the rain clouds, and they could not see where to set their feet..He said nothing. In fact he was at a loss. If he had known it would be this easy, he could have had her name and with it the power to make her do whatever he wanted, days ago, weeks ago, with a mere pretence at this crazy scheme - without giving up his salary and his precarious respectability, without this sea voyage, without having to go all the way to Roke for it! For he saw the whole plan now was folly. There was no way he could disguise her that would fool the Doorkeeper for a moment. All his notions of humiliating the Masters as they had humiliated him were moonshine. Obsessed with tricking the girl, he had fallen into the trap he laid for her. Bitterly he recognized that he was always believing his own lies, caught in nets he had elaborately woven. Having made a fool of himself on Roke, he had come back to do it all over again. A great, desolate anger swelled up in him. There was no good, no good in anything..there. A real is artificial, but one can't tell the difference. Unless, I suppose, one got in there.. "I guess he did. Another curer came up this way, a fellow that's been by here before. Doesn't..place, a kind of bower deep in the willows, where they could hear the stream running over the.the sun a couple of fingers' width above the horizon. Looking under the sun he saw the roofs of a.They were technical questions, mage to mage. Heleth hesitated before answering.. "He lived here," Dory said, a glimmer of pride breaking a moment through her helpless pain. "The Mage Ath. Long ago. Before he went into the west. All my foremothers were wise women. He stayed here. With them."..Although Otter had not thought the words, Anieb spoke with his voice, the same weak, dull voice:.. "Of course you do! What does it matter what Tarry thinks? You already play the harp about nine..away, instead of sinking into the blank misery of all his nights in that room, he stayed awake.. "To learn," the boy whispered..ground glimmered faintly before their feet.. "Whom do you serve?" asked the shorter and younger of the women, speaking for the first time. She..She stopped looking about and strode along in thought for a while. She was beautiful in movement, bold and graceful, her head carried high..Then for a while he held still, body and mind, beginning to understand for the first time where..It seemed that from Roke Knoll the whole extent of the Grove could be seen, yet if you walked in it you did not always come out into the fields again. You walked on under the trees. In the inner Grove they were all of one kind, which grew nowhere else, yet had no name in Hardic but "tree" In the Old Speech, Ember said, each of those trees had its own name. You walked on, and after a time you were walking again among familiar trees, oak and beech and ash, chestnut and walnut and willow, green in spring and bare in winter; there were dark firs, and cedar, and a tall evergreen Medra did not know, with soft reddish bark and layered foliage. You walked on, and the way through the trees was never twice the same. People in Thwil told him it was best not to go too far, since only by returning as you went could you be sure of coming out into the fields..She said

nothing, laying out what was in the basket, dividing it for the two of them..master's sending him all about the range to do what can be done. It's too late for many."..dandelions made of needle-signal lights, momentary suns and hemorrhages of advertising..dark under the waters all islands touched and were one. So his teacher Ard had said, and so his.- but possibly it was not a real tree -- I saw people standing; I approached them, then walked..There were other people on the hill, he saw now, many others, men and women, children, living and..competition. But a finder can always find work, as they say...You ever been in a mine?"..heart." The direction on the outside was the Hardic rune for willow. The note was signed with..occasionally the blur of a face shone, once I even brushed by someone. The crowns of the trees..heard the tale of Morred's Isle he smiled and looked sad and shook his head. "Not here," he said..against his thigh, dreaming. The cat's dreams came into his mind, in the low fields where he spoke..Golden owned the mill that cut the oak boards for the ships they built in Havnor South Port and Havnor Great Port; he owned the biggest chestnut groves; he owned the carts and hired the carters that carried the timber and the chestnuts over the hills to be sold. He did very well from trees, and when his son was born, the mother said, "We could call him Chestnut, or Oak, maybe?" But the father said, "Diamond," diamond being in his estimation the one thing more precious than gold..startled gaze, saw him question the Doorkeeper, low-voiced, intense..sparkle. His family had praised him for the trick and made him show it off to visitors; and then..gave me a dirty look, but said nothing; he turned and marched off, fingering something on his."I can take her to those who can."..morning, hot, the summer sunlight filtering through the leaves in a thousand shades of green. A.."Straining," Heleth said, his hand still absently, gently patting the dirt as one might pat a..Maybe this man began to think, Who's to forbid me to do the same with the living? Why have I the..and forgot about her. When he was drunk sometimes he remembered her. If he could find her, he made.."You won't bring her into the Council Room?" the Changer said in disbelief..not seen him for over a year, having been busy; he was always busy in Gont Port, doing the..It's high time I found that fellow, I thought. I turned on my heel and, seeing a walkway..been a period of years), the depredations of the dragons increased. The Inward Isles were troubled.."What's your name?" she asked..Licky walked him out early every morning, and often they wandered about till late afternoon. Licky was silent and patient..Irian had waited some hours in the Doorkeeper's chamber, a low, light, bare room with a small-paned window looking out on the kitchen-gardens of the Great House - handsome, well-kept gardens, long rows and beds of vegetables, greens, and herbs, with berry canes and fruit trees beyond. She saw a burly, dark-skinned man and two boys come out and weed one of the vegetable plots. It eased her mind to watch their careful work. She wished she could help them at it. The waiting and the strangeness were very difficult. Once the Doorkeeper came in, bringing her a plate with cold meat and bread and scallions, and she ate because he told her to eat, but chewing and swallowing were hard work. The gardeners went away and there was nothing to watch out the window but the cabbages growing and the sparrows hopping, and now and then a hawk far up in the sky, and the wind moving softly in the tops of tall trees, on beyond the gardens..down on her haunches and hid her face in her arms, shutting him out, shutting the world out..Very slowly they made him understand that one of the women was Anieb's mother, and that he should..plaza, fairly small. In the center rose a column, high, transparent as glass; something danced in it..I will row..Golden's house, and a tent for the old folks to eat and drink and gossip in, and new clothes for..way, so that she began to wonder if men from foreign parts were all so much handier about the.."I'll get the water," Tern said. He took the basin and went out to the courtyard, to the well. Just as before, Crow was sitting on the coping, bored and restless..lights. No infor. By now I was exhausted, not only physically -- I felt that I could not take in any.."Oh, are you a teller? Oh, why didn't you say so to begin with! Is that what you are then? I wondered, it being winter and all, and you being on the roads. But with that horse, I thought you must be a merchant. Can you tell me a story? It would be the joy of my life, and the longer the better! But drink your soup first, and let me sit down to hear...".."Why don't you answer?"..trash. That was no life for a merchant's son who was to inherit and manage his father's properties..In return he told Veil and Ember about the mines of Samory, and the wizard Gelluk, and Anieb the slave..had planned this conversation. "To enter the Great House: to go through that door..".."It's nothing," he said. In fact, rather to his annoyance, the cut had stopped bleeding. The.."But why-?"..his mother, brought by a carter. Diamond read it and took it to Master Hemlock, saying, "My mother..Gelluk was standing still, but his shaking hands were clenched, his whole tall body twitching and trembling, like a hound that wants to chase but cannot find the scent. He was at a loss. There was the hillside with its grass and bushes in the last of the sunlight, but there was no entrance. Grass growing out of gravelly dirt; the seamless earth..his eyes dazzled. The lightning was in Rose's eyes, and her hands sparked as she clenched them..I turned and left. The outer door yielded when I pushed it; the large corridor was almost..either; he always called her mistress. But maybe that was his courtesy. She called him sir, in.."I don't know," he said, but he tried to bring the werelight round them, and after a while the ground glimmered faintly before their feet.

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