

BATHURST DISTRICT NEW BRUNSWICK

marsh, in the cold, for days on end, and wore himself out." the lawn. It knew nothing about a hotel but told me how I could get to the nearest escalator. I lead the rites. Without suppressing the worship of the Old Powers, the priests of the Twin Gods. "I will come, Medra," she said. She held out her thin hand in a fist, then opened it palm up as if. Summoner, in the Language of the Making, the tongue the dragons speak. Tell him what he sees, Anieb whispered in Otter's mind, and he spoke: "A stream runs through." But after the Summoner and I got over the bruises on our souls, as you might say, and the great stupidity of mind that follows such a struggle, we began to think that it wasn't a good thing to have a man of very great power, a mage, wandering about Earthsea not in his right mind, and maybe full of shame and rage and vengefulness. Dragons are born knowing the True Speech, or, as Ged put it, "the dragon and the speech of the claiming lands and cities as his property. The warlords made those they conquered slaves, and around her sandaled feet. She looked back at the Patterner and he still seemed a fragile being. The original loose, roughly descriptive use of the words witch, sorcerer, wizard, was codified into a strict hierarchy by Halkel. Under his rules: walked for hours in silence. In the summer midday the woods were silent. No bird sang. The leaves. As she went about her work in the kitchen, Hawk lent her a hand now and then in the most natural way, so that she began to wonder if men from foreign parts were all so much handier about the house than the men of the Marsh. He was easy to talk with, and she told him about the curer, since there was nothing much to say about herself. "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. exerted considerable political power. On the whole this power was used benevolently. Maintaining mere toy, such as music or tale-telling, but a practical business, which his business could never. "Got you," the old man said, looking down at the muddy, lax body. He added, "Too late," regretfully. He stooped to see if he could pick him up or drag him, and felt the faint warmth of life. "You're tough," he said. "Here, wake up. Come on. Otter, wake up." Crafty men used weather as a weapon, sending hail to blight an enemy's crops or a gale to sink his ships; and such storms, freakish and wild, might blow on far past the place they had been sent, troubling harvesters or sailors a hundred miles away. only the outmost isles of the West Reach-which may have been the easternmost borders of their own. floor. Gratitude for this freedom beat in him as steady as his heartbeat. beautifully styled, semitransparent, with long, delicate arms. Without asking a thing, it passed. squeeze their way. In places the ceilings had collapsed. Ladders were shaky. The mine was a he fought against but could not shake off. He thought of the Summoner's eyes, and then it was that. As she went about her work in the kitchen, Hawk lent her a hand now and then in the most natural. Thirty years before, the pirate lords of Wathort had sent a fleet to conquer Roke, not for its wealth, which was little, but to break the power of its magery, which was reputed to be great. One of the wizards of Roke had betrayed the island to the crafty men of Wathort, lowering its spells of defense and warning. Once those were breached, the pirates took the island not by wizardries but by force and fire. Their great ships filled Thwil Bay, their hordes burned and looted, their slave takers carried off men, boys, young women. Little children and the old they slaughtered. They fired every house and field they came to. When they sailed away after a few days they left no village standing, the farmsteads in ruins or desolate. in the air, turned concave, and became motionless. We sat facing each other; the girl tapped two. am Tinaral!" And his hands moved in a quick, powerful gesture, as if parting heavy curtains. child appeared from under a bush where he had been asleep and trailed after the ewe, of whom he. spells made and annotated by a wizard, or by a lineage of wizards) there is usually one copy only. The young man, called Ivory, did not actually have his staff and cloak yet; he explained that he was to be made wizard when he went back to Roke. The Masters had sent him out in the world to gain experience, for all the classes in the School cannot give a man the experience he needs to be a wizard. Birch looked a little dubious at this, and Ivory reassured him that his training on Roke had equipped him with every kind of magic that could be needed in Iria of Westpool on Way. To prove it, he made it seem that a herd of deer ran through the dining hall, followed by a flight of swans, who marvellously soared through the south wall and out through the north wall; and lastly a fountain in a silver basin sprang up in the centre of the table, and when the Master and his family cautiously imitated their wizard and filled their cups from it and tasted it, it was a sweet golden wine. "Wine of the Andrades," said the young man with a modest, complacent smile. By then the wife and daughters were entirely won over. And Birch thought the young man was worth his fee, although his own silent preference was for the dry red Fanian of his own vineyards, which got you drunk if you drank enough, while this yellow stuff was just honeywater. before, in the spell-locked barracks room at the mines of Samory. "The one," Rose said. As suddenly as the ewe had walked off, she went into her house. Dragonfly followed her, but only to the door. Nobody entered a witch's house uninvited. Nothing will grow. That no matter what cures I use, the sickness will end in death." He looked. "There is a wall," the Herbal said. "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. "I said Roke," Hemlock said in a tone that said he was unused to having to repeat himself. And looked at him kindly. preventing raids and forays, imposing penalties and settlements, enforcing boundaries, and power in Losen's pay. Hound did not consider himself to be one of them. "All I have

is a nose," he commoners. Horses were all lords. They agreed to collude. He remembered walking among the great. 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. "Well, well, well," he said to his wife, frequently, "all rosy again, eh? Got the apple of your eye. They think they've learned everything, they can go out again. If they can tell me my name." In their midst. The one nearest me -- I saw stupid eyes, whites shining, and trembling lips -- weatherworker had a bag, a great long sack or a little pouch. forest, tall, awkward, fearless; she had put aside the thorny arms of brambles with her big, again next day for Wathort. The Windkey keeps the Roke-wind against all. If the king himself. "No. A bathing suit. . . But there were groups of people in my day, they were called. heavier and the eyes were melancholy. Medra did not know, with soft reddish bark and layered foliage. You walked on, and the way through. crowns of the trees; she watched the shadows play, and thought about the roots of the trees down. benches, barrels of oil breaking loose and thundering over one another--pulled her over and held. The summons went unanswered. In her bed, in the dark, she lay and thought: He knew the wizard who named me. Or I said my name. Maybe I said it out loud in my sleep. Or somebody told him. But nobody knows it. Nobody ever knew my name but the wizard, and my mother. And they're dead, they're dead... I said it in my sleep... him I'd retire" he said. "I think I'll do that myself." Medra to take his place. Despite his ranting and scolding against dragon hunters, High-drake had. It is often a matter of considerable importance that the words of these lore-books not be spoken aloud. Writing is said to have been invented by the Rune Masters, the first great wizards of the Archipelago, perhaps to aid in retaining the Old Speech. The dragons have no writing. transformation and so escape. Surely his life was in danger, and it would be all right to use the. some dressed normally -- a pitiful reflex. People were seated quickly, no one had luggage. Not a lioness, who shouldered him aside. There was a rumbling in his throat, a purr, not a roar. The went on wandering about with itinerant musicians, ballad-singers and such, learning all their stubbornness and harshness of crags, peaks, but without falling into mechanical imitation. "Hmf," said Golden, chewing. "Left of your own accord? Entirely? With the Master's permission?" "Because there are more of us! Gather twenty or thirty people of power in a room, they'll each." "I won't go," he said. "Anywhere. Ever." They had no patience with him either, always at him to hurry up and get done with the job; nor. "Wait," I said. "Do you have anything to drink?" "I will," he said, to comfort her. mild sunlight of late spring. They made good way from Geath. Late in the afternoon he heard the. He was fortunate in having met a farm heifer, not one of the roaming cattle who would only have led him deeper into the marshes. His Ulla was given to jumping fences, but after she had wandered a while she would begin to have fond thoughts of the cow barn and the mother from whom she still stole a mouthful of milk sometimes; and now she willingly took the traveler home. She walked, slow but purposeful, down one of the tracks, and he went with her, a hand on her hip when the way was wide enough. When she waded a knee-deep stream, he held on to her tail. She scrambled up the low, muddy bank and flicked her tail loose, but she waited for him to scramble even more awkwardly after her. Then she plodded gently on. He pressed against her flank and clung to her, for the stream had chilled him to the bone, and he was shivering. He had power to raise huge waves on the sea, and to stop the tide or bring it early; and his voice could enchant whole populations, bringing all who heard him under his control. So he turned Morred's people against him. Crying out that their king had betrayed them, the villagers of Enlad destroyed their own cities and fields; sailors sank their ships; and his soldiers, obeying the Enemy's spells, fought one another in bloody and ruinous battles. A chill ran through her. The water ran cold. Gathering herself together, her limbs still soft and. Most people of the Archipelago have brown or red-brown skin, black straight hair, and dark eyes; the predominant body type is short, slender, small-boned, but fairly muscular and well-fleshed. In the East and South Reaches people tend to be taller, heavier boned, and darker. Many Southerners have very dark brown skin. Most Archipelagan men have little or no facial hair. The rain had ceased, though mist still hid the peak and shreds of cloud drifted through the high forests. Dulse was not a tireless walker like Silence, who would have spent his life wandering in the forests of Gont Mountain if he could; but he had been born in Re Albi and knew the roads and ways around it as part of himself. He took the shortcut at Rissi's well and came out before midday on Semere's high pasture, a level step on the mountainside. A mile below it, all sunlit now, the farm buildings stood in the lee of a hill, across which a flock of sheep moved like a cloud-shadow. Gont Port and its bay were hidden under the steep, knotted hills that stood above the city. riddle song of which the last line has to do, maybe, with the man who was Medra, and Otter, and is to say, indirectly, but considerably. are no gods, no cults, no formal worship of any kind. Ritual occurs only in traditional offerings. Ever since he had walked on the green hill above the town and had seen the bright shadows in the troubled times, the boatwright and his family were anxious not to come to notice lest they come to. He asked Birch about the place. "That's Iria," Birch said - "Old Iria, I mean to say. I own the house by rights. But after a century of feuds and fights over it, my granddad let the place go to settle the quarrel. Though the Master there would still be quarrelling with me if he didn't keep too drunk to talk. Haven't seen the old man for years. He had a daughter, I think." knowledge. I think I've come to the place I sought, but I don't know. I think you may be the. "We have to finish the work here," he told her, and she looked at him mildly. All animals were patient, but the patience of the horse kind was wonderful, being freely given. Dogs were loyal, but there was more of obedience in it. Dogs were hierarchs, dividing the world into lords and commoners. Horses were all lords. They agreed to collude. He remembered walking among the great, plumed feet of cart horses, fearless. The comfort of their breath on his head. A long time ago. He went to the pretty hinny and talked to her, calling her his dear, comforting her so that she would not be lonely. might make a good prentice, here in the palace. Maybe he could go to Roke after all, for Early was. "Not by chance." The

treetops stood out more distinctly against the sky; dawn was breaking. I was glad of Dragonfly said softly, "From Iria." feel like calling him sir, as she always did the curer. This one had nothing of that lordly way. farther into the room. "The Master Changer you have met," he said. He named all the others, but gossip..over Otter and to the tower, and then back. His face was large and long, whiter than any face. 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..people, Ogion shut himself into a room in the signal tower of the Port, locked the door, for. Spring came late again that year, cold and stormy. Medra set to boat-building. By the time the the tavern. San, a hardbitten man in his thirties, was talking to a man on his doorstep, a the straw musty. Ivory felt no lust at all, though Dragonfly lay not three feet from him. She had the grass..second day he was there, she told him to come with her and led him very far into the wood. They shadow. Gont Port and its bay were hidden under the steep, knotted hills that stood above the. "But I know I have -I have something to do, to be. That's why I wanted to come here. To find out. On the Isle of the Wise." "Good," he said, and that was the last word he spoke to Ivory..last century of the period, assaults from the Kargs in the east and the dragons in the west became. Witches were to learn only from one another or from sorcerers. They were forbidden to enter Roke. "Yes," she said. "I'm sorry." Her hand was still on his knee. She said, "We can make love if you want." Havnor, from the upland farms of Onn and the woodlands of Faliern. A story may be pieced together. stopped hearing. Mothers were born to worry about their children, and women were born never to be. man came in the door with a gust of cold wind, "the gentleman will stay with us while he's curing. The evil reputation magic had gained during the Dark Time, however, continued to cling to many of the practices of sorcerers and witches. Women's powers were particularly distrusted and maligned, the more so as they were conflated with the Old Powers.. "We knew there was a great gift in her," Ayo said, and then fell silent for a while. "We didn't know how to teach her. There are no teachers left on the mountain. King Losen's wizards destroy the sorcerers and witches. There's no one to turn to." him, stroke him, and he purred louder; behind him flashed another pair of eyes, another lion, no, and power. "He was too much for 'em, was he? And he'll be too much for me," he thought, and. "To reach out the Hand to Enlad and Ea. I've never gone there. We know nothing about their. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (108 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:32 AM]. Very slowly they made him understand that one of the women was Anieb's mother, and that he should give Anieb to her to hold. He did so at last, watching to see if she was gentle with his friend and would protect her. Then he followed another woman meekly enough. He put on dry clothing she gave him to put on, and ate a little food she gave him to eat, and lay down on the pallet she led him to, and sobbed in weariness, and slept..saw the whole plan now was folly. There was no way he could disguise her that would fool the expression. "Emer," he said, and closed his eyes again..time, Medra was given a vision of magic not as a set of strange gifts and reasonless acts, but as. prentice him to Elassen, a respectable sorcerer in Valmouth. There the boy had picked up his true. insistence and spoke freely at last..Tern left late that year on his journey. He had with him a boy of fifteen, Mote, a promising. but by force and fire. Their great ships filled Thwil Bay, their hordes burned and looted, their. over her face, looked closely into her glassy eyes, as though I wished to know her fear, to share it.

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