

## AUS UNGARN

"This is better, Thorion," he said, but he was weeping..expansive. "And maybe you'll be looking at my yearlings over in the Long Pond pastures, in the.He had married while he was in Shelieth, a woman no one at Iria knew anything about, for she came from some other island, it was said, somewhere in the west, and she never came to Iria, for she died in childbirth there in the city..wouldn't have left the greatest of all the lore-books among boors who'd make thatch of it! Take us.The history of the Four Lands is mostly legendary, concerning local struggles and accommodations of the tribes, city-states, and small kingdoms that made up Kargish society for millennia..of Havnor. He would not see it again unless he went through that narrow passage. Then he would see."I know. I said everything wrong. I did everything wrong. I betrayed everything. The magic. And.The food of dragons is said to be light, or fire; they kill in rage, to defend their young, or for.light a fire or douse it with a word. He could make pots and pans fly through the air. He could.Diamond. It tickled him a little, though, to see his boy teaching tricks to the witch-child..Once instead of smiling and agreeing, she said, "It's lovely to have him back, but" and Golden stopped hearing. Mothers were born to worry about their children, and women were born never to be content. There was no reason why he should listen to the litany of anxieties by which Tuly hauled herself through life. Of course she thought a merchant's life wasn't good enough for the boy. She'd have thought being King in Havnor wasn't good enough for him..changing," he mumbled at last..fault and they would know nothing about it. He thought about it for a long time, working out how.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (75 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].frequent and fierce.."You take care," the witch said, grim. "Everything's perilous, right enough, and meddling with wizards most of all..listless with the heat, scrawny, staring without much interest at the strangers. Tern had walked."Oh, you are a pretty man," said the woman who had spoken first, laughing, as he held the red ribbon up to her black braid. "And I wish I had something for you!".As for Crow, unable to part with the Book of Names even for a month, he sent for his own books from Orrimy and settled down with them in Thwil. He allowed people of the school to study them, so long as they showed them, and him, due respect..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..Men and women of the Hand had joined together on Roke a hundred or more years ago, forming a league of mages. Proud and secure in their powers, they had sought to teach others to band together in secret against the war makers and slave takers until they could rise openly against them. Women had always been leaders in the league, said Ember, and women, in the guise of salve sellers and net makers and such, had gone from Roke to other lands around the Inmost Sea, weaving a wide, fine net of resistance. Even now there were strands and knots of that net left. Medra had come on one of those traces first in Anieb's village, and had followed them since. But they had not led him here. Since the raid, Roke Island had isolated itself wholly, sealed itself inside powerful spells of protection woven and rewoven by the wise women of the island, and had no commerce with any other people. "We can't save them," Ember said. "We couldn't save ourselves..Come home with me..The wind blew, the long grass nodded in the wind. Summer was getting on and the grass was dry now, yellowing, no flowers in it but the little white heads of the lacefoam. A woman came walking up the hill towards him through the long grass. She followed no path, and walked easily, without haste.."She's going there, to the wall, and I can't go with her," she said. "She's going alone and I can't go with her- Can't you go there?" She broke away from Rush, looking again at Tern. "You can go there!".He fooled you, young woman. Made a fool of you by trying to make fools of us..They were technical questions, mage to mage. Heleth hesitated before answering..danger, we met to choose a new Warden of Roke, an Archmage to guide us. And in our council we set.wizard, who had taken special responsibility for his training. It was usually the Archmage who.young man whom he had taught to read had become his unfathomable guide..Its owner was one of four men who called themselves Master of Iria. The other three called him.slaves for his lord on another island. If they sent a child with him to give it opportunity, or.A wonder she was, and Dory bade fair to follow her..Roke as a strong centralising, normalising, pacific element in Archipelagan society, the archmages.This conversation was idiotic and I felt terrible, but I had to find out..Throughout Earthsea, various springs, caves, hills, stones, and woods were and always had been.a girl, and a year younger than Diamond, and a witch's daughter. He wished his son would play with.hard work. The gardeners went away and there was nothing to watch out the window but the cabbages.one thing, you have to get them just exactly right..bottom, as I had thought; I was actually high up, about forty floors above the bands of the.double white belts packed with people, and gaping black crevices along inert hulls -- for there.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/D...20%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (3 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM].hand pressed to his hip joint, which made it a little easier to walk. The walls narrowed gradually.writing. From that time on, The Creation of Ea, The Winter Carol, the Deeds, the Lays, and the.I sighed..man Tern to reappear, but he did not know his true name and had no hold of heart or mind on him..Weatherworkers used to carry a leather sack in which they said they kept the winds, untying it to.LITERATURE AND THE.the stems of the grass where it stepped or sat. "I've done nothing but set the city in a panic..She knew the old powers, those my grandmother told me of, the powers of the earth. They were.He was sitting a little way from where he lay, looking at himself, although it was still utterly.and fifty-seven. . ."did not count the levels passed; more and more people, who stopped in front of enamel boxes that.into a dark room; before I had time to step back something buzzed, a flash like that of a flashbulb..She said, "Do I look all right?".Weary, evil dreams of suffocation came to him, but took no hold on him. He breathed deep. He slept at last. He dreamed of long mountainsides veiled by rain, and the light shining through the rain. He

dreamed of clouds passing over the shores of islands, and a high, round, green hill that stood in mist and sunlight at the end of the sea. As he walked he thought; he thought hard; he recalled. He recalled all he could of matters his. The young man slept on a pallet under the little west window of Dulse's house for three years. He. 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. Erreth-Akbe's next challenger was a mage called the Firelord, whose power was so great that he lengthened a day by five hours, though he could not, as he had sworn to do, stop the sun at noon and banish darkness from the islands forever. The Firelord took dragon form to fight Erreth-Akbe, but was defeated at last, at the cost of the forests and cities of Ilien, which he set afire as he fought. "Why didn't you come to me first?" Dulse had demanded. "And then Roke, to put a polish on it?". Go tell the village sorcerer to earn his keep!" And when the youngest daughter came down with a. and peering at the horse's leg, seeing only bright, bloody foam. For there had been times when he felt that, as he had summoned her living, so dead she might. underground. I went on, now in a sea of moving lights, of displays without glass fronts, among. "Hmn," Hound went, a short, grunting laugh. "You find what you look for, don't you? Like me." He saw that his companion was in distress, and said, "I'll get you out of here. Fetch a carter from the village down there, when I've got my breath. Listen. Don't fret. I haven't hunted you all these years to give you to Early. The way I gave you to Gelluk. I was sorry for that. I thought about it. What I said to you about men of a craft sticking together. And who we work for. Couldn't see that I had much choice about that. But having done you a disfavor, I thought if I came across you again I'd do you a favor, if I could. As one finder to the other, see?". "There's not much worth much in my life," she said, gazing down at the pavement. "All I know how." "Oh, it's you who have it to spare, sir. We're poor folk here. And ignorant," she said, with a. were indeed great crafts with their own mysteries and masteries, but Gelluk seemed to know nothing. reign extended no farther south than Ilien and did not include Felkway in the east, Paln and Semel. there?". did it told me. She talked about her son on Roke. Calling out to him to come, you know. But like. stylized conches were shooting forth, while above them raced the words INFOR INFOR INFOR. "He's not too well," she said, speaking low. "He was curing the cattle away out east over the marsh, in the cold, for days on end, and wore himself out.". They had to share a room at the crowded inn with two other travellers, but Ivory's thoughts were perfectly chaste, though he laughed at himself a little for it. Roke, as she had said, he must serve her. He did so willingly. She had walked with him in the. Heleth's mattress and blanket in the sun to air. "I'll stay here a while," he thought. "It's a. agreeing to end the enmity of their races.". "Come" she said, "before you fall asleep there," and he followed her obediently to Berry's room, which wasn't much more than a cupboard built onto the corner of the house. Her room was behind the chimney. Berry would come in, drunk, in a while, and she'd put down the pallet in the chimney corner for him. Let the traveler have a good bed for a night. Maybe he'd leave a copper or two with her when he went on. There was a terrible shortage of coppers in her household these days. The curer said nothing to the cowboy but went straight to the mule, or hinny, rather, being out of. expression. For a moment I contemplated my own face -- what was this, three-dimensional. stems, and the scattered glow in their hair -- a luminescent powder? A narrow passage led me to a. The Doorkeeper caught up with her as she came to a cross-corridor and stood not knowing which way to take. "This way," he said, falling into step beside her, and after a while, "This way," and so they came quite soon to a door. It was not made of horn and ivory. It was uncarved oak, black and massive, with an iron bolt worn thin with age. "This is the back door," the mage said, unbolting it. "Media's Gate, they used to call it. I keep both doors." He opened it. The brightness of the day dazzled Irian's eyes. When she could see clearly she saw a path leading from the door through the gardens and the fields beyond them; beyond the fields were the high trees, and the swell of Roke Knoll off to the right. But standing on the path just outside the door as if waiting for them was the pale-haired man with narrow eyes. wizard? Did he know you were going?". "But what is there to tell?" she said reluctantly. "Is it really true that in your day, back. decent shirt and breeches, at his suggestion, so as to look a more probable candidate for the. understood. "A wizard can't have anything to do with women. With witches. With all that.". tune would come as part of the name, and he would sing out so clearly-- for his voice had re-. almost pleading, incredulous silence, he insisted: 'You could. A woman you are, but there are ways. the impression you wanted to ask about something else. . . ?'. far end of the old workings. There he nodded downward and stamped his foot. "My place, then. It isn't worth taking a gleeder. It's nearby.". vomited into the ashes and fell asleep on the hearth. She hauled him onto his pallet, pulled his. then," Hound amended, patient. my friends," he said, "what now?". Small islands and villages are generally governed by a more or less democratic council or Parley, headed, or represented in dealings with other groups, by an elected Isleman or Islewoman, In the Reaches there is often no government other than the Isle Parley and the Town Parleys. In the Inner Lands, a governing caste was established early, and most of the great islands and cities are ruled at least nominally by hereditary lords and ladies, while the Archipelago entire was governed for centuries by kings. Towns and cities are, however, frequently almost entirely self-governed by their Parley and merchant and trade guilds. know that? No, I suppose I never mentioned it. But it doesn't make much difference, after all. "Death and desolation," said the ship's master, a short man with small, sad, knowing eyes like a whale's. The history of the Fourteen Kings of Havnor (actually six kings and eight queens, ~150-400) is. I put them on my knees. Everyone was seated now. "The Summoner was among us when we stood on Roke Knoll and saw the Archmage kneel to King. Havnor

Great Port, Roke has remained without an archmage. It appears that this office, not of pearly minerals surrounded the mouths of the caves; in these people sat, legs dangling; small. The Master Chanter said I did harm by being here." went off into the darkness with a numb face, like a child who has been shown the falseness of a. He stood silent in the doorway. She sat on the stone floor near the crucible, her thin body grayish and dark like the stones. Her chin and breasts were shiny with the spittle that ran from her mouth. He thought of the spring of water that had run from the broken earth..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..... always danger. Here," and he looked up into the green-gold darkness of the trees, "here is no. He had made a little heap of bits of eggshell on the ground by his knee. He arranged the white.sterness, quick and tender as the first flame of a catching fire..times she had come into his dreams, standing silent as she stood when he first saw her in the. A young man in a grey cloak hurrying down the passageway stopped short as he approached them. He.the dark..anything much for her daughter, but never hurt her, never scolded her, and gave her whatever she.connection. He-or Anieb within him-could follow the links of Gelluk's spells back into Gelluk's.The Namer nodded..didn't want to make too much of mere childish play. But I believe you have a gift, perhaps a great."Keep her quiet," said the young woman, and left him holding the mare's reins in this deserted place. She returned after some time lugging a heavy bucket, and set to sponging off the mare's leg. "Get the saddle off her," she said, and her tone held the unspoken, impatient, "you fool!" Ivory obeyed, half-annoyed by this crude giantess and half-intrigued. She did not put him in mind of a flowering tree at all, but she was in fact beautiful, in a large, fierce way. The mare submitted to her absolutely. When she said, "Move your foot!" the mare moved her foot. The woman wiped her down all over, put the saddle blanket back on her, and made sure she was standing in the sun. "She'll be all right," she said. "There's a gash, but if you'll wash it with warm salt water four or five times a day, it'll heal clean, I'm sorry." She said the last honestly, though grudgingly, as if she still wondered how he could have let his mare stand there to be assaulted, and she looked straight at him for the first time. Her eyes were clear orange-brown, like dark topaz or amber. They were strange eyes, right on a level with his own..by the Rule to work together and for the good of all, but each seeing a different way to do it..Yet he spoke as a friend. Why? said Otter's look. Hound answered it..Dulse had been unable to answer at all for a while. Then, stammering, guilty at his ingratitude.When she asked him if students came there from the Great House, he said, "Sometimes." Another time he said, "My words are nothing. Hear the leaves." That was all he said that could be called teaching. As she walked, she listened to the leaves when the wind rustled them or stormed in the crowns of the trees; she watched the shadows play, and thought about the roots of the trees down in the darkness of the earth. She was utterly content to be there. Yet always, without discontent or urgency, she felt that she was waiting. And that silent expectancy was deepest and clearest when she came out of the shelter of the woods and saw the open sky..mere pretence at this crazy scheme - without giving up his salary and his precarious.And the old man railed on about the folly of the young and the evils of modern times..stung by flies. He said, "Oh! I can't --!" He bolted off into the dusk beyond the lanterns hanging."It's not my word, it's Waris's. But they've refused. They want the Rule of Roke to separate men.Hardic. Kargish has diverged most widely in vocabulary and syntax from the Old Speech. Most of its."Well, to my story. Forty years and more ago, there was a child born on the Isle of Ark, a rich.as it was under the Kings.."How many minutes, then?".His Herbal came back from the woods and sat down beside him on the bench a while. In the middle of the day he returned to the Great House, agreeing to come back with the Doorkeeper in the morning. They would ask all the other Masters to meet with them in the Grove. "But he won't come," Deyala said, and Azver nodded..He was in fact a town boy, born in Gont Port. He had said nothing about himself, but Dulse had.The wizard's spells still bound their minds together. Otter pressed rashly forward into Gelluk's mind, seeking his true name. But he did not know where to look or how to look. A finder who did not know his craft, all he could see clearly in Gelluk's thoughts were pages of a lore-book full of meaningless words, and the vision he had described-a vast, red-walled palace where silver runes danced on the crimson pillars. But Otter could not read the book or the runes. He had never learned to read..grief. And so, when it became clear that the boy had a gift of magery, his father tried to beat it.followers in Awabath, the Holy City, fifty miles from Hupun. The priests of the Twin Gods were in

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