

# A MONOGRAPH OF THE PRUNING AND TRAINING OF PLANTS AS APPLIED TO AM

"Nobody can do more than that," said Rose..irony was a feeble effort; it came from the constant amazement, from the feeling of unreality of.breath. Words came to me and I spoke them. I said, Hama Gondun! And Kurremkarmerruk told them this.They both came to her. "The Master Changer of Roke: Irian of Way," said the Doorkeeper..This harmony generally prevailed through the reign of Maharion. In the Dark Time, with no control."Craftily," said Ember.."I'd say," she said, her voice thin and reedy, speaking to the curer, "that if Alder's beeves stay afoot through the winter, the cattlemen will be begging you to stay. Though they may not love you."..that way you dip your head, so. And when you know there's ore underfoot, you stamp on the place,.was becoming a good craftsman, even his father would admit that..her spells."..died in childbirth there in the city..slowly, slowly past. Ivory tried to tease her, but she only shook her head. Maybe she was scared."Magic won't die on Roke," said Veil. "On Roke all spells are strong. So said Ath himself. And you."Of all of us. Of Way, and Felkway, and Havnor, and Wathort, and Roke. All the people of the islands. He says that when King Lebannen was to be crowned, last autumn, he sent to Gont for the old Archmage to come crown him, and he wouldn't come. And there was no new Archmage. So he took the crown himself. And some say that's wrong, and he doesn't rightly hold the throne. But others say the king himself is the new Archmage. But he isn't a wizard, only a king. So others say the dark years will come again, when there was no rule of justice, and wizardry was used for evil ends."..the Doorkeeper spoke to. She saw the man's face change, saw his eyes shift to her in a brief..chanted, the ballads sung, often with a percussion accompaniment; professional chanters and..he come here, is what you have to ask." "To cure the beasts," Gift said.."Here he is," said Azver, and the Doorkeeper was there, his smooth, yellowish-brown face tranquil.He did not forgive his son. It would have made a happy ending, but he would not have it. To leave so, without a word, on his nameday night, to go off with the witch-girl, leaving all the honest work undone, to be a vagrant musician, a harper twanging and singing and grinning for pennies -- there was nothing but shame and pain and anger in it for Golden. So he had his tragedy.."And I in my tower," said the Namer. "And you, Herbal, and the Doorkeeper, are in the trap, in the Great House. The walls we built to keep all evil out. Or in, as the case may be.".."There's no harm in him but the drink, but there's not much left of him but the drink. It's eaten.Its owner was one of four men who called themselves Master of Iria. The other three called him Master of Old Iria. He spent his youth and what remained of his inheritance in law courts and the anterooms of the Lords of Way in Shelieth, trying to prove his right to the whole domain as it had been a hundred years ago. He came back unsuccessful and embittered and spent his age drinking the hard red wine from his last vineyard and walking his boundaries with a troop of ill-treated, underfed dogs to keep interlopers off his land..He was still shaken, appalled, by the ease with which Gelluk had forced him to say his name, which..Medra knew only a hint of this story from Ember. One night Veil, who was three years older than Ember and to whom the memory was much clearer, told it to him fully. Ember sat with them, listening in silence..the songs and be prepared for his naming day."..bulging pearly square when something was pressed. In the bathroom there was no tub or sink,Throughout Earthsea, various springs, caves, hills, stones, and woods were and always had been sites of concentrated power and sacredness. All were locally feared or venerated; some were known far and wide..storm of ideas and feelings, a passion of rage, vengeance, pity, pride..and over again. For a while I watched one -- a doll almost as large as myself, a caricature with..to occur in. A few miners were working at the end of a long level..from Orrimy and settled down with them in Thwil. He allowed people of the school to study them, so..the foot with copper, worn to silk at the grip. Nemmerle had given it to him..Osskili, spoken in Osskil and two islands northwest of it, has more affinities to Kargish than to Hardic. Kargish has diverged most widely in vocabulary and syntax from the Old Speech. Most of its speakers (like most Hardic speakers) do not realise that their languages have a common ancestry. Archipelagan scholars are aware of it, but most Kargs would deny it, since they have confused Hardic with the Old Speech, in which spells are cast, and thus fear and despise all Archipelagan speech as malevolent sorcery.."I am hungry now," said the mage. He took a hardboiled egg from the basket, cracked, shelled, and..there; walking with Licky; sitting with Gelluk; the slaves, the fire, the stone stairs winding up..things went wrong at the birth, or in the field, that would be the witches' fault. And things went..All spells use at least a word of the Old Speech, though the village witch or sorcerer may not..than careless. Plagues and famines, the failure of springs of water, summers with no rain and..he spent riding out to scattered groups of cattle that had wandered up towards the feet of the..nominative formed from the Old Hardic verb seoge, "make, shape, come intentionally to be." From..woman with a dog; I had never seen such a dog, it was huge, its head like a ball, very ugly; in its..soul! But they put men where we put the world. And so they hold that a true wizard must be a man..Licky took him down into the mines to show him the gangues, the kinds of earth the ore was likely..we need to know." The Doorkeeper's tone was equally sober, and his smile was gone. "I think this..Eight rows of gray seats, a fir-scented breeze, a hush in the conversations. I expected an..mines of Earthsea. These miners were free women, not slaves like the workers in the roaster tower..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.".."And what is a real?".."Go to Roke," the wizard said. The boy wore shoes and a good leather vest. He could afford or earn ship's passage to the School..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (61 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].When she woke, the Master Patterner was sitting nearby, and a basket was on the grass between..sweet golden wine. "Wine of the Andrades," said the young man with a modest, complacent smile. By..Gelluk caught his breath. Presently he said, very softly, "Can you read the runes?"..already?"..If he dies I die..Otter nodded..They needed no persuasion. They rode off leaving everything behind, their blankets, the tent,

the.holy? Why do you think I don't have a staff? Why do you think I'm not at the School? Did you.we?" Witchery was restricted to women. All magic practiced by women was called "base craft," even when.and regular speaking and hearing of the classics keeps the archaic language meaningful (and.preventing raids and forays, imposing penalties and settlements, enforcing boundaries, and.what is most base comes what is most noble? That is a great principle of the art! From the vile.strange, weak noise. I looked around at the motionless faces and left. Not until I was out on the.Diamond sat in his own sunny room upstairs, on his comfortable bed, hearing his mother singing as she went about the house. He held the wizard's letter and reread the message and the two runes many times. The cold and sluggish mind that had been born in him that morning down in the shallows accepted the lesson. No magic. Never again. He had never given his heart to it. It had been a game to him, a game to play with Darkrose. Even the names of the True Speech that he had learned in the wizard's house, though he knew the beauty and the power that lay in them, he could let go, let slip, forget. That was not his language.."Di," she said, and he looked up. His face was still round and a bit peachy, though the bones were heavier and the eyes were melancholy..as you know, live with lords, and have what they wish." "Nobody loves a sorcerer," said the Archmage. "Well, Irioth! Did I come all this way for you in.Elfarran had used on Solea against the Enemy), he turned the waters of the Fountains of Shelieth-.could not lift his face to hers. He said, "I have too many deaths on my heart, Elehal." Gelluk was sure that without him Losen's rubbishy kingdom would soon collapse and some enemy mage would rub out its king with half a spell. But he let Losen act the master. The pirate was a convenience to the wizard, who had got used to having his wants provided, his time free, and an endless supply of slaves for his needs and experiments. It was easy to keep up the protections he had laid on Losen's person and expeditions and forays, the prisoning spells he had laid on the places slaves worked or treasures were kept. Making those spells had been a different matter, a long hard work. But they were in place now, and there wasn't a wizard in all Havnor who could undo them..walked for hours in silence. In the summer midday the woods were silent. No bird sang. The leaves.He stared..him. Gelluk was powerful, masterful, strange, yet he had set him free. For the first time in weeks.tower were naked or wore only breechclout and.moccasins. Otter glanced again at the slave,.Kurremkarmerruk shook his head. "No. But....".things gradually. At the very ramp, beneath the belly of the ship, where we stood, jostled by the."Thank you, mistress," he muttered, crouching at the fire. She brought him a bowl of broth. He.He told Birch that he had received a sending from his teacher on Roke, the Master Hand, and must go at once, on what business he could not say, of course, but it should not take long once he was there; a half-month to go, another to return; he would be back well before the Fallows at the latest. He must ask Master Birch to provide him an advance on his salary to pay for ship-passage and lodging, for a wizard of Roke should not take advantage of people's willingness to give him whatever he needed, but pay his way like an ordinary man. As Birch agreed with this, he had to give Ivory a purse for his journey. It was the first real money he had had in his pocket for years: ten ivory counters carved with the Otter of Shelieth on one side and the Rune of Peace on the other in honour of King Lebannen. "Hello, little namesakes," he told them when he was alone with them. "You and the cheese money will get along nicely.".like a journey to the bottom, as if I had been thrown down a sterile conduit, and this colossal.I rolled up my sleeve and showed her..or shore a timber. "Suits me," Licky said.."A sending with eyes, a seeming with seeing! May he be -" She stopped, at a loss suddenly for the word. She felt sick. She shuddered, and swallowed the cold spittle that welled in her mouth..Havnor. He called her Hopeful. Not long after that he sailed her out of Thwil Bay, taking no.He checked the henhouse, finding three eggs. Red Bucca was setting. Her eggs were about due to.borrowing tools from a farmer and buying nails and plaster in Thwil Town, for she still had half.smiled. He was a peaceful man, but he did not mind a bit of danger..Lands, a governing caste was established early, and most of the great islands and cities are ruled.You are no child. You have no name."..vaster clarity. Sky and earth were all one grey, but before them and above them, very high, over a.the summoner's art goes straight to that. It's a wonderful thing to summon up the semblance and.Diamond sat upright and still. He had been getting some of his father's height and girth lately, and looked very much a man, though a very young one..black sky, and the little kissing squelch of their sodden feet in the mud and wet grass of the.apart with the palm of his hand..Otter crouched as always in the uneasy oppression of the spellbond. He drank thirstily. The sharp earthy taste of the onion was good, and he ate it all..Hound nodded northeastwards..As he came down the last slope of the mountain, he had seen houses here and there out in the marshlands, a village not far away. He had thought he was on the way to the village, but had taken a wrong turning somewhere. Tall reeds rose up close beside the paths, so that if a light shone anywhere he could not see it. Water chuckled softly somewhere near his feet. He had used up his shoes walking round Andanden on the cruel roads of black lava. The soles were worn right through, and his feet ached with the icy damp of the marsh paths..earthy taste of the onion was good, and he ate it all..When she did so, Alder's wife Tawny and several other people agreed with her that a squabble.and her shame turned slowly into anger..knelt down by Thorion. "My lord," he said, "my friend."..with her sister Veil. Ember and Veil had been little children on a farm near Thwil when the.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..changes, turning one thing into another thing for a little while, or taking on a semblance not his."Straining," Heleth said, his hand still absently, gently patting the dirt as one might pat a.they blinked out, one by one..least, did not live in such luxury as Golden had imagined. Diamond never thought about Darkrose,.bone-white frame.."I was told there's a murrain among the

cattle here." Now that he wasn't all locked up with cold his voice was beautiful. He talked like the tale-tellers when they spoke the parts of the heroes and the dragonlords. Maybe he was a teller or a singer? But no; the murrain, he had said..itself felt, assuring complete safety. The platform truly hung in the air, not supported by anything..Gift hurried to the village. She went straight up to the doorstep, bent over the heap, and laid her hand on it. Everybody gasped and muttered, "Avert! Avert!" except Tawny's youngest daughter, who mistook the signs and piped up, "Speed the work!".He changed his shape, he changed his name.,the old man laid his hand a moment on the son's shoulder.."Yes," I said and felt jittery, as if my words would have God knows what consequence. "I.ceilings and concave walls. Ceilingless corridors, at the top enveloped in a shining powder. I.found he could endure the music if he was dancing to it and talking and laughing while he danced..confused..Myself in a mirror. I opened the door wider. Porcelain, silver pipes, nickel.

Toilets..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (35 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM].And the old man railed on about the folly of the young and the evils of modern times..He had seen a father and son work together from daybreak to sundown, the old man guiding a blind."I don't care what's "allowed", " he said, with a frown she had never seen on his face. The.even know if they were occupied or not, since they had no windows. Six streets led from the.tricks, as Hemlock called them, sat in a narrow room at the back of the wizard's narrow house on a.invasion. Venway, Torheven and the Torikles, Spevy, Perregal, and parts of Gont were under Kargish.that sweater had been and how little it had in common with the fingers of a woman. Beneath a.She laid her head back and closed her eyes..put her face in her hands..stacked by the roaster tower bringing him a memory of the work yards at home, the fragrance of new.www.harcourt.com "Darkrose and Diamond" first appeared in The Magazine of Fantasy and Science."He tricked and killed a great mage, my master. He's dangerous. I want vengeance. Who did he talk to here? I want them. Then I'll see to him."..he told the air something in a language the ship's captain did not understand, and made a gesture."Well, and afterward?".So they talked, that long winter, and others talked with them. Slowly their talk turned from."No. I don't. Rose wouldn't teach me. She said she didn't dare. Because I had power but she didn't know what it was."..more distracted by whatever it was he sensed in the earth or air, and through him Ogion felt that.He told Dragonfly very little of his plans, largely because he made few, trusting to chance and his own wits, which seldom let him down if he was given a fair chance to use them. The girl asked almost no questions. "Will I go as a man all the way?" was one..He was in fact a town boy, born in Gont Port. He had said nothing about himself, but Dulse had

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