

BARRELLING FORWARD STORIES

them the School sprawled grey and many-roofed on its lower hill. The grove of trees towered before. They came to where the miners were extending the old tunnel. There the wizard spoke with Licky in the flare of candles among jagged shadows. He touched the earth of the tunnel's end, took clods of earth in his hands, rolled the dirt in his palms, kneading, testing, tasting it. For that time he was silent, and Otter watched him with staring intensity, still trying to understand. He thought he had raised his hand in a spell to stop her, but he had not raised his hand, and she came on. She stopped only when she was a couple of arm's lengths from him and a little below him still. .tasting. Deeper. All the way in. Not the veins, but the bones. So," and standing there alone in. "I won't sail my boat across Havnor, dear love. I plan to go around it. By water." He could always make her laugh; he was the only one who could. When he was away, she was quiet-voiced and even-tempered, having learned the uselessness of impatience in the work that must be done. Sometimes she still scowled, sometimes she smiled, but she did not laugh. When she could, she went to the Grove alone, as she had always done. But in these years of the building of the House and the founding of the school, she could go there seldom, and even then she might take a couple of students to learn with her the ways through the forest and the patterns of the leaves; for she was the Patterner. "That's the roaster tower," said Licky. "Where they cook the cinnabar to get the metal from it. For Golden looked on the Art Magic with genuine humility as something quite beyond him -- not a. into the water, feeling the push and stir of the current all along her body. She had never swum in. about them made him pause at the window on the stairs landing and watch them. A thing between them. training in the art magic, especially in naming, summoning, and patterning, and so become

a.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (39 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].down on the doorstep, sat down beside them, cleaned his feet with rainwater from the pot by the. accepting their judgment over his own. "Thorion has been much with the other Masters, and with the." All right," she said finally. "I'm not keeping you. But now this. . ." She was confused. .right, then, though the word "change" rang and rang in his head. .An escalator began in the space between the buildings, suddenly entered a tunnel, silver. Otter stood motionless, effaced, as Anieb had stood in the room in the tower. "Listen, Nais," I said suddenly, "either I'll go now, because it's very late, or. . ." And so I was reading old books, to learn when they ceased to come east of Pendor. And in one I. "They sent me here. They said, "All the foreigners in one basket."" The stranger was in his. had laid on Losen's person and expeditions and forays, the prisoning spells he had laid on the. "That's right, little servant, well done," Gelluk said to her in his tender voice. "Give your. Spring came late again that year, cold and stormy. Medra set to boat-building. By the time the peaches flowered, he had made a slender, sturdy deep-sea boat, built according to the style of Havnor. He called her Hopeful. Not long after that he sailed her out of Thwil Bay, taking no companion with him. "Look for me at the end of summer," he said to Ember. .He went on to the foot of the street. It opened into a small market square. People were gathered there, not many of them. They were not buying or selling. There were no booths or stalls set up. They were waiting for him. .It circled, searching and searching, and flew back as it had come. .clucking and pecking around the dusty dooryard, a red, a brown, a white; a grey hen was setting. Changer's great spell he would never use it but to save a life, his own or another's. .The great scholar-mage Ath compiled a lore-book that brought together much scattered knowledge. .Through that link he could send his own strength, the Mountain's strength, to help. I didn't tell. Hound told his master that they had the hexer in a safe place, and Losen said, "Who was he working. students to learn with her the ways through the forest and the patterns of the leaves; for she was. Early opened Hound's mouth and gave him voice enough to say, in a flat dead tone, "Samory." .want to read the Book of Names, you can come with us." Once instead of smiling and agreeing, she said, "It's lovely to have him back, but" and Golden. They would ask all the other Masters to meet with them in the Grove. "But he won't come," Deyala. "Waris and several other men. And they are men, and they make that important beyond anything else. .puzzle me. In order to understand current events, I needed to do some historical research, to. repute, but Semel has only cattle and sheep, forests and little towns, and the great silent. Earth in her turning to the sun makes the days and nights, but within her there are no days. Medra. sought. And they found no one, nothing. So Lebannen judged it to be a prophecy yet to be. "Too high and mighty these days to stop and talk," said Tarry, "though I taught him all he knows. and used for evil ends by the mighty, how will our strength here ever grow? What will the young. "I don't know, my dear. I do want you to be safe. I do love to see your father happy and proud of. the arts of magic. .Across the hurrying flow of people, above their heads, I noticed a window in the distance. .fleet on the sea, and the slaves were near rebelling, so the master brought her home as quick as. Growing old, Elehal wearied of the passions and questions of the school and was drawn more and more to the trees, where she went alone, as far as the mind can go. Medra walked there too, but not so far as she, for he was lame. .they have to be, dealing with such powers and evils as they do. But he is a true man, and kind." .of his colleagues, no subsequent archmage seriously misused his power to weaken others or. "Twice." .all's square between us for now, right?" . "He fooled you, young woman. Made a fool of you by trying to make fools of us." . "That's something else." .on deck every day and slept there on the warm nights. Ivory had not tried to coax her into the. The girl motioned them to come in. Crow chose to wait outside. The room was high and long, with traces of former elegance, but very old and very poor. Healers' paraphernalia and drying herbs were everywhere, though ranged in some order. Near the fine stone fireplace, where a tiny wisp of sweet herbs burned, was a bedstead. The woman in it was so wasted that in the dim light she seemed nothing but bone and shadow. As Tern came close she tried to sit up and to speak. Her daughter raised her head on the pillow, and when Tern was very near he could hear her: "Wizard," she said. "Not by chance." .He

knew it was well to use caution with this man. Otter had defeated Tinaral, and there was this. "And were you. . . betrizated?" "A fool could sit under the trees forever and grow no wiser." "Who doesn't? I like the cheese making. There's an interest to it. And I'm strong. All I fear is getting old, when I can't lift the buckets and the molds." She showed him her round, muscular arm, making a fist and smiling. "Pretty good for fifty years old!" she said. It was silly to boast, but she was proud of her strong arms, her energy and skill..could not lift his face to hers. He said, "I have too many deaths on my heart, Elehal." Her mother Ayo and her mother's sister Mead were wise women. They healed Otter as best they could with warm oils and massage, herbs and chants. They talked to him and listened when he talked. Neither of them had any doubt but that he was a man of great power. He denied this. "I could have done nothing without your daughter," he said..said. "It's at daybreak a name should be given. And then there ought to be music and feasting and." "Nowhere," said the Doorkeeper. "I let her out as I let her in, at her desire."..Not much mixing of the Kargish and Archipelagan skin-color types has taken place except on Osskil, since the North Reach is isolated and thinly populated, and the Kargad people have held themselves apart from and often in enmity towards the Archipelagans for two or three millennia..The idea of a school for wizards made him laugh. A school for wild boars, he thought, a college..was shade from the hot sun four or five women sat spinning by a well. Children played nearby..Irioth's head drooped as if in utter weariness. All tension and passion had gone out of his body. But he looked up, not at Ged but at Gift, silent in the hearth corner..reader, child or adult, which gives even these dead things life-of a sort, for a while..He looked stern. The dragon bore him away." The Changer stood silent, and then he said quietly, with respect, "My friend, what is it you think to do, to learn? What is she, that you ask this for her?"..herself, for charming and handsome as he was she had never been able to feel a thing for him but..was the good of possessing the Throne of Maharion if nobody sat in it but a drunken cripple? What..and dignity shrank to impotence..He met there a mage, an old man called Highdrake, whose true name has been lost. When Highdrake heard the tale of Morred's Isle he smiled and looked sad and shook his head. "Not here," he said. "Not this. The Lords of Pendor are good men. They remember the kings. They don't seek war or plunder. But they send their sons west dragon hunting. In sport. As if the dragons of the West Reach were ducks or geese for the killing! No good will come of that." "I made the wrong choice."..had noticed that this was how most of the women were made up. She held the back of the chair..The dark-eyed mage bowed his head at that, and said, "Very well," evidently with relief at..on running away. With you. And play music. Make a living. Together. I meant to say that."..He had a way with her cows that was wonderful. When he was there and she needed a hand, he took Berry's place, and as she told her friend Tawny, laughing, he was cannier with the cows than Bren's old dog had been. "He talks to em, and I'll swear they consider what he says. And that heifer follows him about like a puppy." Whatever he was doing out on the ranges with the beeves, the cattlemen were coming to think well of him. Of course they would grab at any promise of help. Half San's herd was dead. Alder would not say how many head he had lost. The bodies of cattle were everywhere. If it had not been cold weather the Marsh would have reeked of rotting flesh. None of the water could be drunk unless you boiled it an hour, except what came from the wells, hers here and the one in the village, which gave the place its name..glass, perfectly transparent. The entrance was nearby. Inside, someone began laughing and..close in mind and could touch him if she reached out. But at night she knew only his blank..Berry went and fetched his sister, after he had heard Sunbright's tale at the tavern, and San's..gesticulated heatedly, as if quarreling. I went up to them..boy. He had a sweet singing voice, a true ear, and a love of music, so that his mother, Tuly..She looked at the door of the bedroom. It opened and he stood there, thin and tired, his dark eyes..aren't who-or what-I thought they were, and I lose my way on islands I thought I knew by heart..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..the wine merchant there. He was glad to send his wizard along as bodyguard, for the wine was..But in fact Golden wasn't thinking only about the business. He had observed something about his..wizard's fiery visions, with her. Over and over he saw the wizard fall, saw the earth close. He..were gossamer to him, transparent. Nothing blurred his eyes or challenged his will as he flew over..The heat of the day was beginning to lessen and the shadows of the Grove lay across the grass, though the Otter's House was still in sunlight. Kurremkarmerruk sat on the bench with his back against the house wall, and Azver on the doorstep..Outside the gleam of werelight it was dark..what was largest -- intelligent students of the planet!..had slept there had slept peacefully. As for decrepit walls, mice, cobwebs, and scant furniture..First Bard Printing, May, 1982..She reached out and touched his hand. He drew his breath sharply..any way. That night he had been in utter despair. But then Anieb had come into his mind: come of. "I'll keep the door," Medra said. "Being lame, I won't go far from it. Being old, I'll know what to say to those who come. Being a finder, I'll find out if they belong here."..sort of holding off. I guess he had this in mind all along. But what if I go down there and I'm..scrubby grass that had been green that day were dun and dry, and the wind rattled the last leaves..the Houses of Shelieth, Ea, and Havnor; and lastly the House of Ilien. Prince Gemal Seaborn of..son," he said. "And greater prizes to be earned."..clamour and racket of barking that woke everybody for a half-mile round except the Master, sodden..or another he came at last to Geath in the Ninety Isles.."Tomorrow," he said, and strode off..it. The Archmage did go into the labyrinth among the Hoary Men and come back with the Ring of..back, penitent, to school..It was hard work out in the pastures. "Who doesn't do hard work?" Emer had asked, showing her. "No need," he said in that distant way, as if he hardly knew what she was talking about; but then he said, "You work very hard."..Iria regularly. He tried stopping in the village

at the foot of the hill to ask questions, but. The mage said, "Majesty, as you know, my poor skill has not availed, but I have sent for the. and was dumbstruck. Above the amphitheater-like sunken dial of the stop rose a multistory. "Your dad says not." "No. A bathing suit. . . But there were groups of people in my day, they were called. long solitudes among the trees, always sought form and clarity, and she said, "How can we teach. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (78 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. They set off along the wharves, asking for a ship bound south that might take a wizard and his. No wind. No birdcall. No distant lowing or bleating or call of voice. As if all the island had. The idea of doing harm troubled her, but the idea of danger had not entered her mind. She found it inconceivable. "I'll be all right," she said. "So the Namer, and you - and the Doorkeeper?" .places slaves worked or treasures were kept. Making those spells had been a different matter, a. Early laughed. "I'll be waiting for him," he said; his man's legs turned to yellow talons, his. Healer." .Trusting the messenger, Morred entered the trap. He barely escaped with his life. The Enemy. Doorkeeper looked round, and now his smile was wider. Though he said nothing, she felt he was. smiled. He was a peaceful man, but he did not mind a bit of danger. .apertures over the road, covered from time to time by the noiseless machines; there was not one. where the lorebooks and wordbooks were, or asleep. Hemlock was a stickler for early abed and early. Hound told me that you're a lad of promise and might go far with a proper guide. If you'd like to. Permissions Department, Harcourt, Inc., 6277 Sea Harbor Drive, Orlando, Florida 32887-6777. .was half the cheese money, but they would have the luxury of a cabin, for Sea Otter was a decked. .fell, because his left hip gave way with a pain that made him cry out aloud. After a while he. as one of themselves, the good man who had found poor Otter half dead in the forest and brought. amount to much that I can see. He did no good to my cow with the caked bag, two years ago. And his. and to the house of Iria. He cursed and cried and drank and made her drink, too, pledging to. Peace. He did go into death with the young king, and defeat the spider mage, and come back. We. "Was that the Archmage? Truly?" .control, was to ask him. "What is your name?" he said, watching Otter intently. .But Heleth was shaking his head: "No," he said, "no time. Not your kind of thing." He was more and more distracted by whatever it was he sensed in the earth or air, and through him Ogion felt that gathering, intolerable tension. .regretfully. He stooped to see if he could pick him up or drag him, and felt the faint warmth of. in Gont Port, and Dulse had sent Silence down instead, and there he had stayed. . "She's called Dragonfly, and she does all the work, and I saw her once last year. She's tall, and as beautiful as a flowering tree," said the youngest daughter, Rose, who was busy crowding a lifetime of keen observation into the fourteen years that were all she was going to have for it. She broke off, coughing. Her mother shot an anguished, yearning glance at the wizard. Surely he would hear that cough, this time? He smiled at young Rose, and the mother's heart lifted. Surely he wouldn't smile so if Rose's cough was anything serious?. "He's angry," Diamond said, "but he won't do anything." .there?". He's so proud of it, his stupid domain, his stupid grandfather. I don't want it. I won't have it. .It struck with one huge thunderclap out of sudden utter blackness and wild rain. The ship pitched like a horse rearing and then rolled so hard and far that the mast broke loose from its footing, though the stays held. The sail struck the water, filled, and pulled the galley right over, the great sweeps sliding in their oarlocks, the chained slaves struggling and shouting on their benches, barrels of oil breaking loose and thundering over one another-pulled her over and held her over, the deck vertical to the sea, till a huge storm wave struck and swamped her and she sank. All the shouting and screaming of men's voices was suddenly silent. There was no noise but the roar of the rain on the sea, lessening as the freak wind passed on eastward. Through it one white seabird beat its wings up from the black water and flew, frail and desperate, to the north. . "Now the King is in my body, the noble guest of my house. He won't make me slaver and vomit or. He saw the lines of the spells that held him, heavy cords of darkness, a tangled maze of lines all

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