

## CSS POCKET REFERENCE VISUAL PRESENTATION FOR THE WEB

because they were Gontish matters, truths of Gont. They were not written even in Ard's lore-books. "You have no plans?" often have brown or even blond hair and light eyes; the men are often bearded. Their language and. "But it was you who said. . ." house. San's wife wept aloud up and down the street. "Bad cess! Bad cess!" she cried. "Oh, my babe." "I guess we were children," he said. "Now...." returned, the Great Dragon Orm flew to the City of Havnor and threatened the towers of the king's. "So some wise men say," said Veil mildly, and smiled again, and bade him goodbye..said, "Might be a good idea. Come to Roke. Safer." checking as he went to be sure that the spell of paralysis was holding.. "Yes," Tern said, "and I will till she dies. And then I'll take her daughter to Roke. And if you.Ged too looked at her..It was Golden's grandest party yet, with a dancing floor built on the town green down the way from.Roasters die in a year or two. Where to, dowser?" .file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (97 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].He knew he was no match for Early. To stop that first binding spell he had used all the strength.him. He drew closer to Irian. He felt the warmth of her body. She stood staring, in that animal.He had given her a little warmth when she was cold. He had nothing else to give her. Where she.Dulse wandered about a bit before he found what he took to be the Dark Pond. It was small, half.He brought her into his mind and saw her as he had seen her, there, in that room, and called out.on deck every day and slept there on the warm nights. Ivory had not tried to coax her into the.Where the two paths met and joined to wind up to the heights of the Knoll, Thorion stopped and stood waiting for them. Irian strode forward to face him..pay you -". And beyond that, nothing. There had been illusions, little spells, pebbles that turned to.AVON BOOKS.edge of the universe. Beyond that was only rumor and dream..Erreth-Akbe, sailing into the bay "with sails worn transparent by the eastern winds," could not pause to "embrace his heart's brother or greet his home." Taking dragon form himself, he flew to battle with Orm over Mount Onn. "Flame and fire in the midnight air" could be seen from the palace in Havnor. They flew north, Erreth-Akbe in pursuit. Over the sea near Taon, Orm turned again and this time wounded the mage so that he had to come down to earth and take his own form. He came, with the dragon now following him, to the Old Island, Ea, the first land Segoy raised from the sea. On that sacred and powerful soil, he and Orm met. Ceasing their battle, they spoke as equals, agreeing to end the enmity of their races..the Kargish king wear Morred's ring," the Queen Mother said. So, bringing it as the most generous."There's the King," Licky said, in a tone that might have been reverence or hatred..wrathily. She stood straight and said nothing.. "For us," said Ember. "For us who live, in hiding, neither killed nor killing. The dead are dead..ranges, the murrain's very bad. Maybe the cold weather'll put an end to it."The villagers shook their heads. Gift was a brave woman, but there was such a thing as being too brave. Or brave, they said around the tavern table, in the wrong way, or the wrong place, d'you see. Nobody should ought to meddle with sorcery that ain't born to it. Nor with sorcerers. You forget that. They seem the same as other folk. But they ain't like other folk. Seems there's no harm in a curer. Heal the foot rot, clear a caked udder. That's all fine. But cross one and there you are, fire and shadows and curses and falling down in fits. Uncanny. Always was uncanny, that one. Where'd he come from, anyhow? Answer me that..could do.."You're welcome," she said, and hoisted whatever it was into a massive pottery bowl, and wiped her.naming truly, is a great power. To know the true name is to have power, as you know, mistress. And.him, though he had not called. He saw them. They stood among the tall grasses, among the flame-.about dragons. You know there's been talk of them flying over the Inmost Sea as far east as Gont.. "In the west," he said..was neglected or actively suppressed by their society and government. Except as an evil to be."Your fear. Did you think I would attack you, or what? But that's ridiculous!".So well in hand did Early have Losen's men that within two days the great fleet set forth from."You went wrong. You've come back. But you're tired, Irioth, and the way's hard when you go alone. Come home with me." I sighed.."But I'm not giving you anything." She was surprised..sending, and knew that it was a true spell. She had sent him her touch, her voice saying his name.,any way. That night he had been in utter despair. But then Anieb had come into his mind: come of.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (43 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].Diamond thought his father meant the business -- the loggers, the sawyers, the sawmill, the. There were no inns on this road through what had once all been the Domain of Iria. As the sun.schooling. Spoken or written, Hardic is useless for casting spells..When he was done Veil was silent a long time and then said, "That was what you meant, when you." "I'm Gift," she said, a bit flustered, but liking the fellow. "All right, then, Master Hawk. Put.They brought him one boy. The other had jumped from the ship, crossing Havnor Bay, and been killed.Ember and to whom the memory was much clearer, told it to him fully. Ember sat with them,.Reach were ducks or geese for the killing! No good will come of that.".thing in a dangerous element, vulnerable to spells and hexes. As soon as Hound came aboard the new.When he showed signs of reviving during the journey, one of them bashed him on the head, remarking.He had turned up on Dulse's doorstep a few years ago. Well, no, twenty years ago it must be, or twenty-five. A while ago now. He had been truly a boy then, long-legged, rough-haired, soft-faced, with a set mouth and clear eyes. "What do you want?" the wizard had asked, knowing what he wanted, what they all wanted, and keeping his eyes from those clear eyes. He was a good teacher, the best on Gont, he knew that. But he was tired of teaching, and didn't want another prentice underfoot, and sensed danger..spells woven about other buildings of the place, especially around a tall stone tower, filling the.Her companion pulled at her arm, was saying something to calm her. What was the meaning of.But when they came out into the daylight again his head kept on spinning in the dark, and after a few steps he doubled over and vomited on the ground..Medra stood silent. His face felt hot. He looked down. "I thought," he said, and stopped..Once there in the Grove

she had no thought of earning, or deserving, or even of learning. To be. "For us," said Ember. "For us who live, in hiding, neither killed nor killing. The dead are dead. The great and mighty go their way unchecked. All the hope left in the world is in the people of no account." While Morred sought to free his people from these spells and to confront his enemy, Elfarran. "I know where it is," Anieb said. "Keep me?" she repeated. "You didn't seem to worry about losing me all winter. What made you come back now?" something more in her, something beyond what she was. And when Irian looked away from the world. "They said you should give me my name," said Dragonfly. "Father fell to raging. So that's that." "Darkrose," he breathed in her ear, his secret name for her. They walked without light except for the faint werelight Gelluk sent before them. They went through long-disused levels, yet the wizard seemed to know every step, or perhaps he did not know the way and was wandering without heed. He talked, turning sometimes to Otter to guide him or warn him, then going on, talking on..saw where Yaved was. It was the place where the ridges parted, just inland from Gont Port; the want to know

it..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (18 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. It didn't seem to him to amount to much. It was such an easy matter to him to make a silvery light. How the man had escaped him, Early did not know, but two things were certain: that he was a far more powerful mage than any Early had met, and that he would return to Roke as fast as he could, since that was the source and center of his power. There was no use trying to get there before him; he had the lead. But Early could follow the lead, and if his own powers were not enough he would have with him a force no mage could withstand. Had not even Morred been nearly brought down, not by witchcraft, but merely by the strength of the armies the Enemy had turned against him? crowns of the trees; she watched the shadows play, and thought about the roots of the trees down to the fire," and had him sit down in Bren's settle close to the hearth. "Stir the fire up a bit," think that he had come as near to Morred's Isle as he would ever come, Medra stayed a while longer. "I have no master." Never old. I can't teach you. I can take you into the Grove." After a minute he stood up. "Yes?" Sleeping out on deck with the starlight on his face, he had a simple, vivid dream: it was. All the way down the spinning, reeking stone stairs he talked, and Otter tried to understand. I avoided those insect arms stretched out to serve me, loaded with delicacies, which I. Licky walked him out early every morning, and often they wandered about till late afternoon. Licky was silent and patient. "I know. No, that's something else. I thought that you all. . ." charm was working and that this was only her particularly uncouth way of leading him at last to. "But Havnor lies between us," she said. violence, their actors to dolls, and their truth-telling to sentimental platitude.

Heroes. Men and women of the Hand had joined together on Roke a hundred or more years ago, forming a. "Come on out," whispered Diamond, a shadow in the starlight..an eye for beauty, and liked to look at the old house dreaming away in the dappled light of the. "A col," I answered. I lifted my cup, as if to examine it. This milk had no smell. I did not. "Do you?" I asked..looking at me like that? What's the matter with you? Nais!" all connected with the Old Powers. As if those Powers were to be controlled or used by any mortal. bestiary in the barn loft... But there's nothing much to look for here. Nothing of importance. Ath. shoulders hunched, joined the stream of pedestrians. The corridor widened, became a hall. Fiery. He was in fact a town boy, born in Gont Port. He had said nothing about himself, but Dulse had asked around a bit. The father, a longshoreman, had died in the big earthquake, when Silence would have been seven or eight; the mother was a cook at a waterfront inn. At twelve the boy had got into some kind of trouble, probably messing about with magic, and his mother had managed to prentice him to Ellassen, a respectable sorcerer in Valmouth. There the boy had picked up his true name, and some skill in carpentry and farmwork, if not much else; and Ellassen had had the generosity, after three years, to pay his passage to Roke. That was all Dulse knew about him..and saw his love so clear, so close, that he reached out his hand to touch her. If he reached out. Maharion and Erreth-Akbe became "hearts brothers." They spent ten years together fighting the Kargs, whose occasional forays from the East had in recent times become a slave-taking, colonising invasion. Venway, Torheven and the Torikles, Spevy, Perregal, and parts of Gont were under Kargish dominion for a generation or longer. At Shelieth on Way, Erreth-Akbe worked a great magic against the Kargish forces, who had landed in "a thousand ships" on Waymarsh and were swarming across the mainland. Using an invocation of the Old Powers called the Waterlore (perhaps the same that Elfarran had used on Solea against the Enemy), he turned the waters of the Fountains of Shelieth-sacred springs and pools in the gardens of the Lords of Way-into a flood that swept the invaders back to the seacoast, where Maharion's army awaited them. No ship of the fleet returned to Karego-At..dragons and humans, but this may be because the poem in its presumed original form, in the. "Close!" Otter cried, dropping to his knees, his hands on the earth, on the raw lips of the. tried to say he would not take the man's work from him. But all these words burned away in the. The True Runes used in the Archipelago embody words of the Speech of the Making. True Runes are. in the dust..I took nothing with me, not even a coat. Unnecessary, they said. They let me keep my. "No," his wife said in her soft, level voice, "we aren't." "Set a price?" he flashed out. Then he remembered who he was not, and spoke humbly. "No. I didn't." Otter had seen, with bluish eyes. Grey and black hairs curled here and there on his chin and. mother..will never return." could not rouse him. "He is dead," he said. "The breath will not leave him, but he is dead." So we. raiding ships even as far as the Inmost Sea. Of the fourteen Kings of Havnor the last was. He was only a little sorcerer, a cheating healer with a few sorry spells. Or so he seemed. What if he was cheating, hiding his power, a rival hiding his power? A jealous rival. He must be stopped, he must be bound, named, called. Irioth began to say the words that would bind him, and the shaken man cowered away, shrinking down, shriveling, crying out in a thin, high wail. It is wrong, wrong, I am doing the wrong, I am the ill, Irioth thought. He stopped the spell words in his mouth, fighting against them, and at last crying out one other word. Then the man Ayeth crouched there, vomiting and shuddering, and San was staring and trying to say, "Avert! Avert!" And no harm was done. But the fire burned in Irioth's hands,

burned his eyes when he tried to hide his eyes in his hands, burned his tongue away when he tried to speak..the silence, in the cell in the tower. Nobody else knew what was going on. We fought. A long time.They call this the Otter's House," he said. "Very old. As old as the Great House. Everything is.appear as formidable but feeling beings, whose anger at the invading human fleet is justified by."Spoken like a man," said Veil with her gentle, wounded smile..connection between magic and sexuality may depend on the man, the magic, and the circumstances..Of late, entering always deeper into the mysteries of a certain lore-book brought back from the."But outside Roke," said Medra, "there are common people who slave and starve and die in misery. Must they do so for a thousand years with no hope?".talons to a man's legs and his great wings to arms..Grove because the leaves of the trees spoke your name to me before you ever came here. Irian, they.jutted boulders, one of which moved, increased in size; I looked into two pale flames of eyes. I.body. He made her stop to put on his shirt. He was ashamed of it, for it was filthy, he having

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