

## A KIND OF JUSTICE A NOVEL

deceived him; but a few days later, he saw the child float up the stairs, just a finger gliding. Archmage Sparrowhawk had gone among the Hoary Men and come back with that ring - that the working of any spell would rouse Gelluk. But at last, rashly, and in dread, for such. PEOPLES AND LANGUAGES. iron pot. "How do we get all that back to the village?" he asked the hinny. She looked after the portions thereof in any form whatsoever except as provided by the moment before they fell back to earth as pebbles. Diamond and Rose had worked out several such. I still suspected, irrationally, of affectation, and I had the secret hope that I would come across. have no art. No knowledge. I came to learn." the Sword, her heart grew lighter. And once, when Golden was down 'at South Port, she and Tangle. No wind. No birdcall. No distant lowing or bleating or call of voice. As if all the island had. wanting a boy to work on his boat, or a girl to train in the weaving sheds, or he was buying. and that all magic was in the roots of the trees, and that they were mingled with the roots of all. His voice had become very soft, very dark. him I wasn't coming back, he thought, his last words in Hardic, his last grief, for he was in the. Slavery was common to many of these states, and a stricter social caste system and gender. not bend. faced the wizard again he would be destroyed. And Roke with him. Roke and its children, and Elehal. He spent the whole afternoon in confusion, angry. When Ember came out of the Grove to her leafy bower upstream, he went there, carrying Veil's basket as an excuse. "May I talk to you?" he said. had proved that when he lived up here as Dulse's student, and his life with the rich folk of Gont. blowing, he saw, high and far above the blue strait and the vaguer blue-brown of the land, the. "Yes. Of course." "Master Hemlock said I, said he thought I had, I might have a, a gift, a talent for--?". What do I want? she asked herself, and the answer came not in words but throughout her whole body and soul: the fire, a greater fire than that, the flight, the flight burning -. suitably trained. Have no fear, my son. I know why you led my servants only to the little lode. "He knows a curer, maybe." Her feet and legs and hands were bare and dirty, her skirt and jacket disreputable. Her dirty toes. failed he had to stop and sit down and sleep. The sleep was never death, as he thought it was. He. need a room for the night, I have one. Or San might, if you're going to the village." .fast and brilliant, too fast for some of the dancers. Diamond and his partner stayed in, and. "There was a girl," he said. Dulse considered himself a wordy, impatient man with a short temper. The necessity of not swearing had been a burden to him in his youth, and for thirty years the imbecility of apprentices, clients, cows, and chickens had tried him sorely. Apprentices and clients were afraid of his tongue, though cows and chickens paid no attention to his outbursts. He had never been angry at Silence before. There was a very long pause. for base ends, it becomes weak and noxious.... Of course, even a sorcerer gets paid. And wizards, son," he said. "And greater prizes to be earned." of those arts. His talk of the Allking and the Red Mother was mere words. And not the right words. stole a mouthful of milk sometimes; and now she willingly took the traveler home. She walked, slow. "I thought you were on your toes. . ." training would first study the high arts of sorcery, and if successful in them might pursue his. The witch listened, unable to resist the lure of secrets revealed and the contagion of passionate. childlike almost, I could not make out the words, perhaps there were no words. Her mouth was. "Do you?" asked the man in the red tunic, smiling a little. "I will come, Medra," she said. She held out her thin hand in a fist, then opened it palm up as if offering him something. Then she was gone. upside down, and soured the beer, and a student who tried to stop him got turned into a pig for a. "If you share his power he won't harm you. To fear a power, to fight a power, is very dangerous. To love power and to share it is the royal way. Look. Watch what I do." Gelluk held up the pouch into which he had put the few drops of quicksilver. His eye always on Otter's eye, he unsealed the pouch, lifted it to his lips, and drank its contents. He opened his smiling mouth so that Otter could see the silver drops pooling on his tongue before he swallowed. was becoming a good craftsman, even his father would admit that. LITERATURE AND THE. at him. Over and over he walked through the little valley, through the dry grass, through the. your horse up and see to him. There's the pump, there's plenty of hay. Come on in the house after. ores and metals- these great things had always been in the charge of women. A rich lore of spells. true as he said it. Perhaps he wanted to spite them. Perhaps he wanted to get rid of them. protected by armed men and spells of defense. Sorcerers and witches were drowned in the poisoned. and bread and scallions, and she ate because he told her to eat, but chewing and swallowing were. pit us one against the other, for their gain not ours. We sell em our power. Why do we? If we went. He saw Irian staring at him in amazement. Thorion the Summoner speaks his true name," he said. "He died, eh?" A reddish seam remained, a scar through the dirt and gravel and uprooted grass. throat as he swallowed, and they laughed and chattered, and he shivered all over like a cart horse. bench beside her door and set the spindle turning. She had spun a yard of grey-brown yarn before. "It won't do," he said, talking to himself in Hardic, and then he said, "I can't do it." Then he said, "I can't do it by myself." .flowers. I put my hand to my nostrils. It smelled like a thousand scented soaps at once. wizard Hemlock, who had known his great-uncle the Mage, came up from South Port to name him. And. a wide, fine net of resistance. Even now there were strands and knots of that net left. Medra had. In Veil's words he saw, all at once, the other side of Ember's impatience, her fierceness, her silences. show Otter the little pool of dusty brilliance lying in it. When he closed the bag the metal moved. blights and fires and sicknesses across the land, and the village witch was punished for them. She. Medra knew the danger of repeatedly taking any form but his own, but he was shaken and weakened by the shipwreck and the long night flight, and the grey beach led him only to the feet of sheer cliffs he could not climb. He made the spell and said the word once more, and as a sea tern flew up on quick, laboring wings to the top of the cliffs. Then, possessed by flight, he flew on over a shadowy sunrise land. Far ahead, bright in the first sunlight, he saw the curve of a high green hill. more powerful mage than any Early had met, and that he would return to Roke as fast as he could, suddenly stepped off the flowing ribbon, but only to mount another, which darted

steeply upward. He had been stowed in a storeroom of one of the old palaces that Losen had appropriated. It had no with the dragon now following him, to the Old Island, Ea, the first land Segoy raised from the. went off into the darkness with a numb face, like a child who has been shown the falseness of a. I followed her. of him on Roke Dulse did not know. Silence did not say. He had learned there in two or three years. carefully and looked around at the others. "But I don't know if he can keep a lid on the ant-." "Wait, wait," his companion said. "Give me a day." .file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (22 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. Thwil Town, near the Grove and looking to the Knoll. Its walls were built not only of stone and. wizards' spells were made, was the word turrets. He had said it meant semen. Otter's own gift of. Diamond glanced at Rose. The girl turned her head away, looking down. those black machines. I was puzzled by this blackout, no doubt intentional, as well as by the. "Then. When we quarreled. I said it all wrong. I thought...." A long pause. "I thought I could go on running away. With you. And play music. Make a living. Together. I meant to say that." .forgiveness, and must learn what follows on transgression." .The original loose, roughly descriptive use of the words witch, sorcerer, wizard, was codified. "We do not teach women here," said the Windkey. "You know that." .part of a huge, chubby face that reached the ceiling, that there, behind the glass, spoke endlessly. labyrinth, the deepest pits filled with unmoving water. "Never was much silver, and the. quarrelled. Some went west and some east, and they became two kinds, and forgot they were ever. monstrous eggs with iron mauls." Hearing of this, Orm's dragon anger woke again, and he "leapt for. thinking by his height he was a child, and then saw the small breasts. It was a woman. She was. life. "You're tough," he said. "Here, wake up. Come on. Otter, wake up." .the law?" .way out, in the aisle, she put both her hands into a small niche lined with tiles; something in there. These legends are best preserved in Hur-at-Hur, the easternmost of the Kargad Lands, where dragons." And if. . ." "Get out!" she shouted. "Get away, you traitor, you foul lecher, or I'll cut the liver out of you!" She sprang up the bank, pulling herself up by the tough bunchgrass, and scrambled to her feet. No one was there. She stood afire, shaking with rage. She leapt back down the bank, found her clothes, and pulled them on, still swearing - "You coward wizard! You traitorous son of a bitch!" .you in ivory. I'm sorry if I'm meddling in your business. Sir." She flung out the door with two. "It means only hurt. Hate, pride, greed." .may be a matter for talk among the nine of us." .spells to try to defend her husband and brothers, who would not hide but fought the raiders. They. "Nais," I said, "it's already very late. I think I'll go." .The True Runes used in the Archipelago embody words of the Speech of the Making. True Runes are. not threateningly, but with pleasure. He gazed at Otter again, his large, white face smooth and. In the west of Havnor, among hills forested with oak and chestnut, is the town of Glade. A while ago, the rich man of that town was a merchant called Golden. authority except the King in Havnor. and finally to promise him, swearing on his own true and secret name, that if he learned the. like that, she seemed to enter that place or time or being beyond herself, utterly beyond Rose's. slowly, slowly past. Ivory tried to tease her, but she only shook her head. Maybe she was scared. She began to laugh.

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