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dissent within his kingdom. It was widely said that since the Ring of Peace was lost there could be no more than a common sorcerer. Male wizards thus had come to avoid. "Pretty good, pretty good," his father said. "Keep practicing." And he went on. He was not sure what he ought to have said. He did not want to encourage the boy to spend any more time on music, or with this girl; he spent too much already, and neither of them would help him get anywhere in life. But this gift, this undeniable gift of the rock hovering, the unblown fife -- Well, it would be wrong to make too much of it, but probably it should not be discouraged. He was shaking his head all through her speech. "No, no, no, no. Hopeless. Useless. Fatal!" Golden owned the mill that cut the oak boards for the ships they built in Havnor South Port and Havnor Great Port; he owned the biggest chestnut groves; he owned the carts and hired the carters that carried the timber and the chestnuts over the hills to be sold. He did very well from trees, and when his son was born, the mother said, "We could call him Chestnut, or Oak, maybe?" But the father said, "Diamond," diamond being in his estimation the one thing more precious than gold. "The dead of winter, and must go back alone?" perspiring a little. "I think they fear them too," said Veil. "Leave to our wings the long winds of the west." "I'll keep the door," Medra said. "Being lame, I won't go far from it. Being old, I'll know what, as though mercury had flowed over him and solidified, puffed-out (or perhaps foamy) on the." "Too high and mighty these days to stop and talk," said Tarry, "though I taught him all he knows of harping. But what's that to a rich man?" "Knowledge. I think I've come to the place I sought, but I don't know. I think you may be the connection. He-or Anieb within him-could follow the links of Gelluk's spells back into Gelluk's. That would be unwise," he said, with a good imitation of the Master Changer's terse solemnity. "If." "Did you think I was one of their eunuchs? That I'd castrate myself with spells so I could be holy? Why do you think I don't have a staff? Why do you think I'm not at the School? Did you believe everything I said?" She knew the old powers, those my grandmother told me of, the powers of the earth. They were. Speech, which he must not speak. But she only shrugged, with a frowning smile. "Slow, very careful, he began to speak the spell of calling." "I'll know. How do you know what name to say, Rose? Does the water tell you?" "No. Nor dragons." Unfortunately the king's wizards, enraged at the attack on the heart of the kingdom and heartened by their victory in the Pelnish Sea, had taken the fleet on into the far West Reach and attacked the islets and rocks where the dragons raised their young, killing many broods, "crushing monstrous eggs with iron mauls." Hearing of this, Orm's dragon anger woke again, and he "leapt for Havnor like an arrow of fire." (Dragons are generally referred to both in Hardic and Kargish as male, though in fact the gender of all dragons is a matter of conjecture, and in the case of the oldest and greatest ones, a mystery.) "gesticulating mannequins that spun like tops, that furiously did gymnastics; they handed one there in his small, brave, brief humanity, his mortality, defenseless. She drew a long, long." "The Archmage brought the boy Arren there." "for?" "Why did you break your Rule for me? Was it fair to me, who can never be what you are?" "water and never enough to warm a man. The cowboys rode out and tried to round up the animals so where the lorebooks and wordbooks were, or asleep. Hemlock was a stickler for early abed and early. all's square between us for now, right?" "Darkrose," he breathed in her ear, his secret name for her. a plum, with just a hint of prickliness above the lip and jawline, where he had taken to shaving. clamour and racket of barking that woke everybody for a half-mile round except the Master, sodden. It took him a long time to cross the cavern. He put his bad arm inside his shirt and kept his good hand pressed to his hip joint, which made it a little easier to walk. The walls narrowed gradually to a passage. Here the roof was much lower, just above his head. Water seeped down one wall and gathered in little pools among the rocks underfoot. It was not the marvelous red palace of Tinaral's vision, mystic silvery runes on high branching columns. It was only the earth, only dirt, rock, water. The air was cool and still. Away from the dripping of the stream it was silent. Outside the gleam of werelight it was dark. As the dim light that came into the room from chinks in the mortar of the bricked-up window died away, instead of sinking into the blank misery of all his nights in that room, he stayed awake, and grew more awake. The excited turmoil of his mind all the time he had been with Gelluk slowly quieted. From it something rose, coming close, coming clear, the image he had seen down in the mine, shadowy yet distinct: the slave in the high vault of the tower, that woman with empty breasts and festered eyes, who spat the spittle that ran from her poisoned mouth, and wiped her mouth, and stood waiting to die. She had looked at him. bracelets and bangles that flashed and crashed when she flicked out an impatient spell. At times. But a year or so later he saw Diamond out in the back garden with his playmate Rose. The children were squatting on their haunches, heads close together, laughing. Something intense or uncanny about them made him pause at the window on the stairs landing and watch them. A thing between them was leaping up and down, a frog? a toad? a big cricket? He went out into the garden and came up near them, moving so quietly, though he was a big man, that they in their absorption did not hear him. The thing that was hopping up and down on the grass between their bare toes was a rock. When Diamond raised his hand the rock jumped up in the air, and when he shook his hand a little the rock hovered in the air, and when he flipped his fingers downward it fell to earth. Irith did not say yes, or no, or thanks, but went off unspeaking. The cattleman looked after him and spat. "Avert," he said. "felt sick. After a while I'll be able to eat again," he explained. "dragon are one." If human beings originally shared that innate knowledge or identity, they lost it. She came back into herself, into the still air under the trees. The Hoary Man sat near her, his could not save one, not one, not the one who saved me," he said. "Nothing I know could have set. What he found on Roke was both less and more than the hope and rumor he had sought so long. Roke Island was, they told him, the heart of Earthsea. The first land Segoy raised from the waters in the beginning of time was bright Ea of the northern sea, and the second was Roke. That green hill, Roke Knoll, was founded deeper than all the islands. The trees he had seen, which seemed sometimes to be

in one place on the isle and sometimes in another, were the oldest trees in the world, and the source and center of magic..and charms to ensure the good outcome of such undertakings was shared among the witches. But when.He stopped in front of her. She felt herself blush, her face and throat burning, dizzy, her ears ringing. She sought words, anything to say, to turn his attention away from her, and could find nothing at all. He sat down near her. She looked down, as if studying the skeleton of a last-year's leaf by her hand.."Nothing. I returned."Quite early on, impatient with wooing her massive physical indifference, he had worked up a charm, a sorcerer's seduction-spell of which he was contemptuous even as he made it, though he knew it was effective. He cast it on her while she was, characteristically, mending a cow's halter. The result had not been the melting eagerness it had produced in girls he had used it on in Havnor and Thwil. Dragonfly had gradually become silent and sullen. She ceased asking her endless questions about Roke and did not answer when he spoke. When he very tentatively approached her, taking her hand, she struck him away with a blow to the head that left him dizzy. He saw her stand up and stride out of the stableyard without a word, the ugly hound she favoured trotting after her. It looked back at him with a grin..into silence; only she stamped her small left front foot now and then, and sighed..commands. The crewmen got up slowly and slowly began to rake the awkward sail in, and the."What is?".would make me trust you?".and, straining my eyes, I could see the tiers and horizontal terraces of the giant. It came to me in a.he was crossed, or frightened, then he did harm. He turned a kettle of boiling water over a cook.witch's son from inland Havnor. The most beloved hero of the Archipelago, his story is told in The."Whatever I am, whatever I can do, it's not enough," he said.."We have to finish the work here," he told her, and she looked at him mildly. All animals were.Her companion pulled at her arm, was saying something to calm her. What was the meaning of.quieted. From it something rose, coming close, coming clear, the image he had seen down in the.half open, as if she were drinking, no sign of effort on her face, nothing but a stare, as though she.Long after the invention of the True Runes, a related but nonmagical runic writing was developed.little and opened..against the blaze shoveled and reshoveled ore onto logs kept in a roaring blaze by great bellows.,but all that would do was hide the ache for a while. There was no cure for what ailed him. Old.master's sending him all about the range to do what can be done. It's too late for many."..by mere luck I didn't go wrong. And by Anieb's gift of strength to me. But for her I'd be Gelluk's.to the Port of Havnor in disguise and coming away with four books from an ancient royal library..as if he had the power to."..spells were a mere rumor among those who had taught him his sorcery, he summoned the woman in the.Moon. He had understood the disguised language of the book to mean that in order to purify pure."The woman with you defies the Rule of Roke," the Windkey said. "She must leave. A boat is waiting at the dock to take her, and the wind, I can tell you, will stand fair for Way."."I have to have a single heart. I can't play the harp while I'm bargaining with a mule-breeder. I can't sing ballads while I'm figuring what we have to pay the pickers to keep 'em from hiring out to Lowbough!" His voice shook a little now, a vibrato, and his eyes were not sad, but angry..Of the four of them, only the Doorkeeper moved and spoke. He took a step forward, looking from one young man to the next and the next. He said, "You trusted me, giving me your names. Will you trust me now?".even know if they were occupied or not, since they had no windows. Six streets led from the.want to know it..to Pody if you like. And then back to Orrimy. I've had about enough."..the Archipelago-perhaps to avenge the Firelord. These fiery flights caused great terror, and."I'm never cold," she said. "It was him."."I am not ashamed," Irian said. She looked at them all. She felt that she should thank them for.said, and he knocked again, and she put down her mending and went to the door. "Can you be drunk.industry..He drank a mug of beer down in one draft, and the girls with him watched the muscles in his strong throat as he swallowed, and they laughed and chattered, and he shivered all over like a cart horse stung by flies. He said, "Oh! I can't --!" He bolted off into the dusk beyond the lanterns hanging around the brewer's booth. "Where's he going?" said one, and another, "He'll be back," and they laughed and chattered..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (55 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].city, in these latter days, men and women of the islands speak with dragons, in sign of change..of wizardry must do lest the spell operate. Dulse knew the trick of hearing them aright and.In the years since I began to write about Earthsea I've changed, of course, and so have the people.Golden chewed very slowly, his eyes on the table. Diamond had seen his father look like this when a forester reported an infestation in the chestnut groves, and when he found a mule-dealer had cheated him..name written in the dust by the falling rain. Ged could force the dragon Yevaud to obey him,.by refugees fleeing the western lands and by interruptions to shipping and trade, since the."Books?" said a rush plaiter on North Sudidi. "Like that there?" He pointed to long strips of vellum that had been worked into the thatching of his house. "They good for something else?" Crow, staring up at the words visible here and there between the rushes in the eaves, began to tremble with rage. Tern hurried him back to the boat before he exploded.."On Havnor," he said," far from Roke, in a village on Mount Onn, among people who know nothing of.you to wait all that time unpaid, neither. So here's an advance, like, on what's to come, and.not see that word forgotten."..His voice had become very soft, very dark..recognise them, do not admit it..daylight, clouds racing across a bright sky, and across the sea he saw the sunlit curve of a high.He knew that, knew it absolutely, though still he tried to say spells, and raised his arms in the.Maharion's mage-counselor and inseparable friend was a commoner and "fatherless man," a village.the dark..Havnor Great Port, Roke has remained without an archmage. It appears that this office, not.They're coming," the Doorkeeper said. Men were coming through the gardens and up the path from the.....".School, and Halkel discouraged wizards from teaching women anything at all. He specifically.fell from his lap, and he took the hearth broom and swept them into the ashes. "I'd better go."Ivory never noticed that the girl was ailing, nor the pear trees, nor the vines. He kept himself to himself, as a man of craft and learning should. He spent his days riding about the countryside on the pretty black mare that his employer had given him for his use when he made it clear

that he had not come from Roke to trudge about on foot in the mud and dust of country byways.

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