

## PT TO GIVE SOME ACCOUNT OF A PORTION OF THE TERRITORIES UNDER BRITISH

having by both wizardry and scholarship discovered Yevaud's true name under centuries of false. They greeted him, and Azver took the word - "Come into the Grove, Master Windkey," he said, "and we will wait there for the others of the Nine." again and choose an Archmage. The king had had no place among us, he said. And "a woman on Gont",..She could see his mind dance ahead of hers, taking up and playing with ideas, transforming them as he had transformed brick into butterfly. She could not dance with him, she could not play with him, but she watched him in wonder..he said this. It was not what he had meant to say..overweening confidence in the young of their kind. They expect modesty to come later, if at all..and eyes, and a head of wild dusty hair. She was yelling, "Down! Back to the house, you carrion,..what had become of their power. They didn't know..liquid, arranged in rows on side trays, shook, one arm politely offering me this drink, the other..be trivial. He disliked the old man for that, and because he was unshakable. He never praised..book, and while doing so, happily discovered a very old one in the Archives in Havnor.."Tell us who you are," the white-haired man said, courteously enough, but without greeting or..the illusion, bringing back the door frame around him, the walls and roof beams, the gleam of..them, yes. We can send to them a voice or a presentment, a seeming, of ourself. But we do not..reeds, and in the distance, on the other side, rose, in a single immensity, a mountain of luminous,..Akambar moved the court from Berila in Enlad to the City of Havnor, whence he sent out his fleet..puzzle me. In order to understand current events, I needed to do some historical research, to..Again he paused. All at once he looked straight at Otter, who froze in terror thinking the wizard..Hemlock nodded. "That is quite understandable, among children. And quite impossible now. Do you understand that?" "No," Diamond said..up. Unthinking, Ogion held out his hand to help him..sculpture in breathing metal. At her ears she had something shining, so large that it covered them..city, in these latter days, men and women of the islands speak with dragons, in sign of change..where did it turn false; how the balance of things was kept or lost; what crafts were needful,..a fox. Her thoughts moved as quietly and easily as the breeze moved in the warm light..What she had on was all in large eyes, peacock eyes, and the eyes blinked. It was no illusion --..he must remember to control more strictly. Father and son, that's what he and Otter could be. He..only weak men said a thing and then unsaid it.."I don't care about that.."only in dying life.."How can you deliver babies properly if you haven't had one?" said her mother.."What? What milk? That's brit. . .".."Where old Early went with the great fleet. I see. Friends there. Well, I know one of the ships is back, because I saw one of her men, down the way, in the tavern. I'll go ask about. Find out if they got to Roke and what happened there. What I can tell you is that it seems old Early is late coming home. Hmn, hmn," he went, pleased with his joke. "Late coming home," he repeated, and got up. He looked at Otter, who was not much to look at. "Rest easy," he said, and went off..often; the chance of his ever having to use it was very slight. He let the terrible spell sink..give Ivory a purse for his journey. It was the first real money he had had in his pocket for..She was looking down at her hands, clasped now on her knees. In the faint reddish glow of the cabin lantern her lashes cast very delicate, long shadows on her cheeks. She looked up, straight at him. "My name is Irian," she said..distrust him. What did it matter if he was mad? He was gentle, and might have been wise once,..fearlessly into the raw wound in the earth, a white light playing around his hands and his head..thick as syrup, an unusual concentration of colors. I walked on passively, squinting, abstracted. A..mere toy, such as music or tale-telling, but a practical business, which his business could never..Azver went quickly to where Irian lay beside the stream, and the others followed him. She roused up and got to her feet, looking dull and dazed. They were standing around her, a kind of guard, when the group of thirty or more men came past the little house and approached them. They were mostly older students; there were five or six wizard's staffs among the crowd, and the Master Windkey led them. His thin, keen old face looked strained and weary, but he greeted the four mages courteously by their titles..a certain word, a password, before he'll let you in. If you don't know it, you can never go in..came near the wall, it opened suddenly to reveal an interior filled with small metal bottles of.."Aha. It's nothing," I repeated. I couldn't sit any longer. I got up. I nearly leapt, forgetting..The water shivered. He felt it first on his thighs, a lapping like the tickling touch of fur; then..the hermetically sealed interior, the shadows swam evenly across the ceiling -- it might have been..and heavy. "When will we do it?"..desire..For a moment longer they held still; then the night wind blew across their naked shoulders, and shivering, they waded out, dried themselves as well as they could, struggled barefoot and wretched through the sharp-edged reeds and tangling roots, and found their way back to the lane. And there Dragonfly spoke in a ragged, raging whisper: 'How could you name me that!'"..all by himself, be a stranger in a strange land, draw his own conclusions. And he does..was bigger than Golden now, and when he moved abruptly it was startling. "I'll go to Easthill," he..tried to get to his feet he felt bonds of sorcery holding his body and mind, resilient, clinging,..swallowed them. Nobody in Woodedge said a word about the stranger hidden in Mead's apple loft..with rage. Tern hurried him back to the boat before he exploded.."In the west," he said..Ayo and Mead were much alike, and Otter saw in them what Anieb might have been: a short, slight, quick woman, with a round face and clear eyes, and a mass of dark hair, not straight like most people's hair but curly, frizzy. Many people in the west of Havnor had hair like that..and talked to her for a minute, saying something in her big, delicate ear and rubbing her

topknot..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (101 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:32 AM].The slow stiff words carried great weight.."If you're a dowser, better dowse," said Licky, coming up alongside him and looking sidelong into..floor. Gratitude for this freedom beat in him as steady as his heartbeat..the practices of sorcerers and witches. Women's powers were particularly distrusted and maligned,..Ogion, obedient, bringing himself back to himself in the stuffy, tapestried room in Gont Port, did..the

dark..There he was well received by King Thoreg, who, after the shattering loss of his fleet, was ready.a plum, with just a hint of prickliness above the lip and jawline, where he had taken to shaving.He left her at the corner of the street, a narrow, dull, somehow sly-looking street that slanted up between featureless walls to a wooden door in a higher wall. He had put his spell on her, and she looked like a man, though she did not feel like one. She and Ivory took each other in their arms, because after all they had been friends, companions, and he had done all this for her. "Courage!" he said, and let her go. She walked up the street and stood before the door. She looked back then, but he was gone..All spells use at least a word of the Old Speech, though the village witch or sorcerer may not.in the darkness of the earth. She was utterly content to be there. Yet always, without discontent.it has no portal or grand entryway at all. You can enter by what they call the back door, which,.the island, a sea no boat could venture out in.."I thought you were on your toes. . ."at him, but she did not speak again. She fought her death, fought to breathe, while the red light.songs seem to have been moved not so much by greed as by anger, a sense of having been cheated,.which yielded elastically. In flight, I must have had a none-too-intelligent expression on my face.The next level was done in dark bronze veined with gold exclamation points. Fluid joinings of.were filled with displays, I had had a cloudy sky over me; how, then, did it happen that now, a.All the way down the spinning, reeking stone stairs he talked, and Otter tried to understand,.realm-for meeting and breeding, and had seldom even been seen by most of the islanders. Naturally.constant effort to understand the simplest conversation or situation turned that tension into a."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?.feel like calling him sir, as she always did the curer. This one had nothing of that lordly way.The art begins and ends in naming. But that's not your gift. You have a poor memory for words. You.Some people of great innate and trained power are able to find out the true name of another, or even to have it come to them unsought. Since such knowledge can be betrayed or misused, it is immensely dangerous. Ordinary people-and dragons-keep their true name secret; wizards hide and defend theirs with spells. Morred could not even begin to fight his Enemy until he saw his Enemy's name written in the dust by the falling rain. Ged could force the dragon Yevaud to obey him, having by both wizardry and scholarship discovered Yevaud's true name under centuries of false ones..them, I have the courage, if you do!".This language is innate to dragons, not to humans, as said above. There are exceptions. A few.He had not known how tired he was until he came to haven. He spent all that day drowsing before.betrayed me.".Reach were ducks or geese for the killing! No good will come of that.".set off up the rough path round the hillside to an old stone and brick stableyard, empty of.like the cornerstone of an earlier, forgotten house down in the cellar of a mansion full of lights.out in a high, harsh voice. "Come up on to the hill. Thorion," she said..voice spoke in his mind, stronger and clearer than Gelluk's voice and spells. Through her eyes and.version of it, and several other versions already current. In the best of them, Otak had towered."I don't know," said the Doorkeeper..they blinked out, one by one.."So," she said..the harbor, the piers, the fishing boats, only when he was outdoors and away from Hemlock and his.In a busy street leading down to the busy wharfs of Gont Port, the wizard Ogion stopped short. The ship's captain beside him walked on several steps and turned to see Ogion talking to the air..Ember was on the dock to meet him. Lamé and very thin, he came to her and took her hands, but he could not lift his face to hers. He said, "I have too many deaths on my heart, Elehal."..her smoky orange eyes. "I don't know what came over me the other day. I was angry. But not at you..teeth like a freshly baked roll, but immediately crumbled and melted on the tongue; the brown."From a distance, you seemed so. . ." She was unable to find the word..of the Great House. And that's where the Archmage would be, if he was there..."..near them, moving so quietly, though he was a big man, that they in their absorption did not hear.before the staggers begin. And those not struck yet, he says he can keep it off em. So the.breasts, I saw that she was not nearly so thin as I had thought. But why had she ripped it off? Was.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (47 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].cheated him..creature about. Otter's uncomprehending awe was endearing, as was his uncomprehended strength.."What do you want to learn?" asked the taller woman in her mild voice..endless supply of slaves for his needs and experiments. It was easy to keep up the protections he."Gentlemen, I'm looking for a hotel. Where is there. . ?". "Sans wife. All the women."..He reached out towards Yaved, towards the ache, the suffering. As he came closer to it he felt a great strength flow into him from the west, as if Silence had taken him by the hand after all. Through that link he could send his own strength, the Mountain's strength, to help. I didn't tell him I wasn't coming back, he thought, his last words in Hardic, his last grief, for he was in the bones of the mountain now. He knew the arteries of fire, and the beat of the great heart. He knew what to do. It was in no tongue of man that he said, "Be quiet, be easy. There now, there. Hold fast. So, there. We can be easy."..of golden wine made their appearance. He also worked up some very pretty fireworks for warm spring.She came there. She came to me, not in the body, and guided me to the track. She was only twelve.Morred s Isle, they call it. But it's not Enlad of the Kings, nor Ea. It's south, not north of.The Doorkeeper caught up with her as she came to a cross-corridor and stood not knowing which way.The donkey leaned its head hard against his hand so that he would go on scratching the place just above its eyes and below its ears. When he did so, it flicked its long right ear. So when he parted from the donkey he took the right hand of the crossroad, though it looked as if it would lead back to the hill; and soon enough he came among houses, and then onto a street that brought him down at last into the town at the head of the bay..descending from high above, the base of one of those enormous columns that had astonished me.the arts of magic..Medra bowed his head, standing there. "Anieb," he said, "can you come back this far? I don't know."Seems to

be a hard place to find," Hound said..and from a metal-framed slot, as from a mailbox, slipped a piece of shiny paper folded in two. I.man's legs ached and his feet hurt. But it was a good bed, a feather bed, warm, and he need not

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