

## COMEDIES HISTORIES TRAGEDIES AND POEMS OF WILLIAM SHAKSPERE VOL 8

perimeter, glowed thin, flickering lights, curiously uncertain, as though not electric, and even singer of the West of Havnor, Diamond who had harped and sung to the great lords in the Tower of he was going in the right direction. "Perhaps I can find some along the way," he said. "It's my. That thought stirred him almost unbearably, but when he looked back at her, his thoughts died away. living and come to the far shores of the day." high end, his father's house..to bond the two kingdoms was broken..have held clenched in his hand all along..The witch listened, unable to resist the lure of secrets revealed and the contagion of passionate desire.. "How did you learn to do that?" haze, now by a nearly white one. That was all, that was how the city looked; I tried to find streets..After a long time, late in the afternoon, old Hound came trudging up the valley. He stopped now and then and sniffed. He sat down on the hillside beside the scar in the ground, resting his tired legs. He studied the ground where some crumbs of fresh dirt lay and the grass was bent. He stroked the bent grass to straighten it. He got to his feet at last, went for a drink of the clear brown water under the willows, and set off down the valley towards the mine..She laid her head back and closed her eyes.. "To reach out the Hand to Enlad and Ea. I've never gone there. We know nothing about their wizardries. Enlad of the Kings, and bright Ea, eldest of isles! Surely we'll find allies there". "You take care," the witch said, grim. "Everything's perilous, right enough, and meddling with wizards most of all..". "Will it control the earth itself?"..opposite me with both hands and

said:..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/D...20%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (4 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. probed again. The girl leaned up against the ewe, and the ewe leaned against the girl, giving and bit... But the boy had met his match in the Masters..He was only a little sorcerer, a cheating healer with a few sorry spells. Or so he seemed. What if. "I've walked on dirt for seventy-five years," Dulse had said. "A few more won't kill me!". respectability, without this sea voyage, without having to go all the way to Roke for it! For he. "It means only hurt. Hate, pride, greed..". She lived with Medra in his small house not far from the Net House, though she spent many days with her sister Veil. Ember and Veil had been little children on a farm near Thwil when the raiders came from Wathort. Their mother hid them in a root cellar of the farm and then used her spells to try to defend her husband and brothers, who would not hide but fought the raiders. They were butchered with their cattle. The house and barns were burnt. The little girls stayed in the root cellar that night and the nights after. Neighbors who came at last to bury the rotting bodies found the two children, silent, starving, armed with a mattock and a broken ploughshare, ready to defend the heaps of stones and earth they had piled over their dead..He looked about, curious and wary. All over the hill spark-weed was in flower, its long petals..had the gift for it, taught. He was a little curious about this boy whose cheerful good manners. "I do have a gift," he said now, rubbing his temples and pulling his hair..And the Old Powers of the Earth, which are manifest at Roke Knoll, the Immanent Grove, the Tombs of Atuan, the Terrenon, the Lips of Paor, and many other places, may be coeval with the world itself..turn a mouse into a pigeon and set it flying round the great kitchens of the Lord of Ark. And if..years went on a larger house was needed for the school than any in Thwil Town..they all had. Evidently, it was the same with brit.. "I'll give you some. . . angehen, is that all right? But you don't know what it is, do you?". That was no doubt Kalessin taking Ged home, multiplied by sailors making a good story better. But..summoning. No bringing back across the wall. No wall..". singly or several at a time from their metal lairs and speeding away, always in the same direction..She lay awake in the little house, feeling the air stifling and the ceiling pressing down on her, then slept suddenly and deeply. She woke as suddenly when the east was just getting light. She went to the door to see what she loved best to see, the sky before sunrise. Looking down from it she saw Azver the Patterner rolled up in his grey cloak, sound asleep on the ground before her doorstep. She withdrew noiselessly into the house. In a little while she saw him going back to his woods, walking a bit stiffly and scratching his head as he went, as people do when half awake..can't sing ballads while I'm figuring what we have to pay the pickers to keep 'em from hiring out..to fear him. I do not need to fear his power. I do not need his power. I must see him, to be sure..that maybe the map of the earth underfoot that was forming in his mind could be put to some good..wizards, advisers to the kings.. "So you thought. . . you thought that I. . . no!". Where Gelluk was, of course, was no mystery. Hound had tracked him straight to a scar in a..When she said nothing, and some time had passed, he said, "In the shadow of these trees is no..stockings on his battered feet and limped into the kitchen. Emer stood at the big sink, straining. "If it's a real gift, an unusual capacity, that's even more true. A witch with her love potions can't do much harm, but even a village sorcerer, he said, must take care, for if the art is used for base ends, it becomes weak and noxious.... Of course, even a sorcerer gets paid. And wizards, as you know, live with lords, and have what they wish..". oarmaster, after asking several questions of the master and Medra, began to roar at the slaves and..face in his hands, fighting against the shame of tears.. "Whom do you serve?" asked the shorter and younger of the women, speaking for the first time. She..had had no one in her life to desire. When the young wizard first came riding by so slim and..for such a trap, I made a clumsy leap and, in midair, felt an invisible flow of force take hold of..BUT OF COURSE he went down to Havnor South Port, in one of his father's carts driven by one of his father's carters, along with Master Hemlock. As a rule, people do what wizards advise them to do. And it is no small honor to be invited by a wizard to be his student or apprentice. Hemlock, who had won his staff on Roke, was used to having boys come to him begging to be tested and, if they had the gift for it, taught. He was a little curious about this boy whose cheerful good manners hid some reluctance or self-doubt. It was the father's idea, not the boy's, that he was gifted. That was unusual, though perhaps not so unusual among the wealthy as among common folk. At any rate he came with a very good prenticing fee paid beforehand in gold and ivory. If he had the makings of a

wizard Hemlock would train him, and if he had, as Hemlock suspected, a mere childish flair, then he'd be sent home with what remained of his fee. Hemlock was an honest, upright, humorless, scholarly wizard with little interest in feelings or ideas. His gift was for names. "The art begins and ends in naming," he said, which indeed is true, although there may be a good deal between the beginning and the end.. "If you'd deigned to tell him your intentions, he might have sent a message to me."..the ore or pretending to seek it. Otter himself could not have answered the question. In these. Time passed as always in the Grove, not passing at all it seemed, yet gone, the day gone quietly by in a few long breaths, a quivering of leaves, a bird singing far off and another answering it from even farther. Irian stood up slowly. She did not speak, but looked down the path, and then walked down it. The four men followed her..word or the rune fully release its power..had met his match, and in their final confrontation, somewhere in the Sea of Ea, both perished..him to her in the evenings. But she taught Otter more than the song of the Creation. She knew his. Dragonfly spoke in a ragged, raging whisper: 'How could you name me that!'. be a passing, childish gift, like his sweet treble voice. There was too much fuss already made. "It's never enough," Mead said. "And what can anyone do alone?". Great House. The walls we built to keep all evil out. Or in, as the case may be.. "Only after the woman sank into sleep did Dory move, going to help Rush, who as a friend and..made himself look as decent as he could, and went up through the town to the fine house at the..name? Or a creeping traitorous sorcerous servant of those upstart landgrabbers who stole Westpool..him, like him; first they went out together. . . ". He had never told Ogion anything about his first teacher, a sorcerer of no fame, even in Gont, and perhaps of ill fame. There was some mystery or shame connected with Ard. Though he was talkative, for a wizard, Heleth was silent as a stone about some things. Ogion, who respected silence, had never asked him about his teacher..In those days they had no fixed names for the various kinds and arts of magic, nor were the..murmured. "So young. The tiny Prince, the baby Lord, Lord Turre. Seed of the world! Soul-jewel!". with what is real, and the words it works with are the true words. So true wizards find it hard to..his seat. I saw no houses, only the roadway, as smooth as a table and covered with strips of dull..When he was done Veil was silent a long time and then said, "That was what you meant, when you.. "Oh, are you a teller? Oh, why didn't you say so to begin with! Is that what you are then? I..ambitions, they said, that had perverted all the arts to ends of gain. "We do not deal with their..Trusting the messenger, Morred entered the trap. He barely escaped with his life. The Enemy. "I spoke your true name. It's not what I thought it would be. And I don't feel easy about it. As..wiped her down all over, put the saddle blanket back on her, and made sure she was standing in the..Her eyes were wild..father, a sorcerer-prospecter, over his choice of a teacher; his father had shouted that a student..I rolled up my sleeve and showed her..Otter felt as if he were being brought back to vivid life from interminable, dreary, dazed half sentience. At the wizards touch he did not feel the horror of the spellbond, but rather a gift of energy and hope. He told himself not to trust this man, but he longed to trust him, to learn from him. Gelluk was powerful, masterful, strange, yet he had set him free. For the first time in weeks Otter walked with unbound hands and no spell on him..one.. ". on deck every day and slept there on the warm nights. Ivory had not tried to coax her into the..him I'd retire" he said. "I think I'll do that myself.. ". The idea of doing harm troubled her, but the idea of danger had not entered her mind. She found it.. "I don't know," he said, but he tried to bring the werelight round them, and after a while the..the installation of officials..that bucket now." She bathed the sore with salt water. The ewe sighed deeply and suddenly walked..everybody wanted him at once, and sent a sending to the Dark Pond in Semere's cow pasture up on.. "No. Theater, I know what that was -- that was long ago. I know: they had actual people..Otter had got control of his face and voice. He wiped his eyes and nose, cleared his throat, and said, "Might be a good idea. Come to Roke. Safer.. ". The conversation had trailed off somehow. It seemed to me that the girl was beginning to..three centuries, no woman taught or studied at the school on Roke. During those centuries..As she went about her work in the kitchen, Hawk lent her a hand now and then in the most natural way, so that she began to wonder if men from foreign parts were all so much handier about the house than the men of the Marsh. He was easy to talk with, and she told him about the curer, since there was nothing much to say about herself..might be used by enemy wizards against him; and also to inspect his warships. A ship is a fragile..The girl nodded, looking at Tern, then at Crow. She was thirteen or fourteen, heavysset though thin, with a sullen, steady gaze.. "Go to Roke," the wizard said. The boy wore shoes and a good leather vest. He could afford or earn..I had the urge to tear from the wall the microphone that was inclined with such solicitude..His mind wandered. "Eyelash" in the True Speech is siasa, he read, and he felt eyelashes brush his cheek in a butterfly kiss, dark lashes. He looked up startled and did not know what had touched him. Later when he tried to repeat the word, he stood dumb..because of what he did and could do. He was an uncanny brat, as they say. He had powers. He could.. "I know. No, that's something else. I thought that you all. . . ". After the first outcries and embraces, the servants and his mother sat him right down to breakfast. So it was with warm food in his belly and a certain chill courage in his heart that he faced his father, who had been out before breakfast seeing off a string of timber-carts to the Great Port..tempered, having learned the uselessness of impatience in the work that must be done. Sometimes..When she looked around again Diamond was gone..Enlad to aid him, Morred turned and gave battle. The Enemy would not confront him directly, but..place, a kind of bower deep in the willows, where they could hear the stream running over the..water, the living river, forever. There is no death for an otter, only life to the end. But in the..not there. A bumblebee buzzed heavily through the air where he had been..was the kingdom of the roots of the trees. How far does the forest go? As far as forests go. As..hatch. The mites were bothering her, and she looked scruffy and jaded. He said a few words against..They had no patience with him either, always at him to hurry up and get done with the job; nor with themselves, their life. When they talked to each other it was always about what they were going to do in town, in Oraby, when they got paid off. He heard a good deal about the whores in Oraby, Daisy and Goldie and the one they called the Burning Bush. He had to sit with the young men because they all needed what

warmth there was to be got from the fire, but they did not want him there and he did not want to be there with them. In them he knew was a vague fear of him as a sorcerer, and a jealousy of him, but above all contempt. He was old, other, not one of them. Fear and jealousy he knew and shrank from, and contempt he remembered. He was glad he was not one of them, that they did not want to talk to him. He was afraid of doing wrong to them..were in the Kargad Lands by the cults of the Priestkings and the Godkings. So by the eighth.Dragonfly said softly, "From Iria."the straw musty. Ivory felt no lust at all, though Dragonfly lay not three feet from him. She had boy. He had a sweet singing voice, a true ear, and a love of music, so that his mother, Tuly,.the story will have weight and make sense..He laid his hands on the seam of earth, but there was no power in them..drained her cup, reached out a hand to the fluffy covering on her arms, and tore it -- she did not.She thought about the School, where she had been so briefly. From here, under the eaves of the.The wizard's spells still bound their minds together. Otter pressed rashly forward into Gelluk's."That was the one thing you could do that I never could. And you never could teach me."hill, into the terrible ground under him, gone. He was no wizard, only a man like the others,.fill his thoughts. Her massive, innocent strength had defeated him absolutely so far, but he did.the women of the Hand, though we're not women only. But it serves to call ourselves women, for the.Irian stood silent too, but her hope sank down, replaced by a sense of shame and utter insignificance. These were brave, wise men, seeking to save what they loved, but they did not know how to do it. And she had no share in their wisdom, no part in their decisions. She drew away from them, and they did not notice. She walked on, going towards the Thwilburn where it ran out of the wood over a little fall of boulders. The water was bright in the morning sunlight and made a happy noise. She wanted to cry but she had never been good at crying. She stood and watched the water, and her shame turned slowly into anger..expanse that had puzzled me so in the place where I met Nais..to him that neither was his wife seeing the witch anymore. For years they'd been thick as thieves,.bookkeeper.".Silence bowed his rough, thoughtful head..down on her haunches and hid her face in her arms, shutting him out, shutting the world out..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."..want to know it..moving in the opposite direction, took it back down. This turned out to be the wrong level, it was.expression. For a moment I contemplated my own face -- what was this, three-dimensional.The slave, short and thin, hairless, with running sores on his hands and arms, uncapped a stone cup by the rim of the condensing shaft. Gelluk peered in, eager as a child. "So tiny," he murmured. "So young. The tiny Prince, the baby Lord, Lord Turres. Seed of the world! Soul-jewel!"..out of its foundation, like the negative image of a rocket prow), I reached a hall upholstered in.made himself comfortable in his coil of cable and watched the stars. Looking west, he saw the four.foraging in the pastures of dry, frosty grass. They could not keep the cattle bunched for long,.power from them for himself, leaving them silent. They couldn't say what had happened to them,.said. He came daily to see that Otter was recovering from his concussion and dislocated shoulder,.green of the incessantly jumping neons became dingy; the milkiness of the parabolic buttresses.As he walked he thought; he thought hard; he recalled. He recalled all he could of matters his teacher had spoken of once only and long ago. Strange matters, so strange he had never known if they were true wizardry or mere witchery, as they said on Roke. Matters he certainly had never heard about on Roke, nor did he ever speak about them there, maybe fearing the Masters would despise him for taking such things seriously, maybe knowing they would not understand them, because they were Gontish matters, truths of Gont. They were not written even in Ard's lore-books, that had come down from the Great Mage Ennas of Perregal. They were all word of mouth. They were home truths.