

# HONOR DEL ESCLARECIDO POETA D GABRIEL G TASSARA Y ALGUNAS POESIAS

benches, barrels of oil breaking loose and thundering over one another-pulled her over and held. The food of dragons is said to be light, or fire; they kill in rage, to defend their young, or for sport, but never eat their kill. Since time immemorial, until the reign of Heru, they had used only the outmost isles of the West Reach-which may have been the easternmost borders of their own realm-for meeting and breeding, and had seldom even been seen by most of the islanders. Naturally irritable and arrogant, the dragons may have felt threatened by the increasing population and prosperity of the Inner Lands, which brought constant boat traffic even out in the West Reach. For whatever the reason, in those years they made increasing raids, sudden and random, on flocks and herds and villagers of the lonely western

isles..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (59 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. "Once in his lifetime, if he's lucky, a wizard finds somebody he can talk to." Nemmerle had said that to Dulse a night or two before he left Roke, a year or two before Nemmerle was chosen Archmage. He had been the Master Patterner and the kindest of all Dulse's teachers at the School. "I think, if you stayed, Heleth, we could talk." he would be the one true king. Alone among men he would speak the words of making and unmaking. He was low and the air smelt fresh but sour and cattle were bawling outside. He had to lie still and. Though not a sorcerer, Licky was a much more formidable man than Hound. Yet like Hound he was. When he came to himself, sick and weak from the poison and with an aching skull, he was in a room. It is often a matter of considerable importance that the words of these lore-books not be spoken aloud.. carter to the forester. "Sweet as new butter, he is." Golden, unaware of being sweet, thought only. there was nothing but shame and pain and anger in it for Golden. So he had his tragedy.. a lioness, who shouldered him aside. There was a rumbling in his throat, a purr, not a roar. The fought against the will that would destroy us.. "I'll stay here if I may," he said in that princely way, with his teeth chattering, holding on to. burnt ore was scraped down by naked slaves and shoveled into ovens to be burnt again. They came to. until.. "Pure?".. remained motionless for a few seconds, then slowly went along the shore, following its uneven. "Avert!" Irian blurted out, making the sign to prevent word from becoming deed. None of the men. "They don't need a weatherworker on a night like this, and they haven't paid me yet," Medra said to his conscience. He had waked from his dream with the name Roke in his mind. Why had he never heard of the isle or seen it on a chart? It might be accursed and deserted as they said, but wouldn't it be set down on the charts?. He knew now, from Elehal and others on Roke, what that wall was. It lay between the living and the dead. And in that vision, Anieb had walked on this side of it, not on the side that went down into the dark.. "I have thought some about it," said the boy, in his husky voice.. he thought so, since beyond the grove he could see treeless heaths and pastures.. "A NAMEDAY PARTY," said Golden. "Time for a bit of play, a bit of music and dancing, boy. Nineteen years old. Celebrate it!".. ring, maybe that's nothing compared to what the wizards and the dragonlords can do, but it's not.. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (97 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. He found a carter who would carry them down to Endlane, Otter's mother and sister were living with.. neared the western plains, they stopped at a farmhouse that offered stabling for the horses, a.. It was only illusion, of course, but it checked him a moment in his spell, and then he had to undo the illusion, bringing back the door frame around him, the walls and roof beams, the gleam of light on crockery, the hearth stones, the table. But nobody sat at the table. His enemy was gone.. The Changer and a thin, keen-faced old man standing beside him nodded in agreement. The Master.. trickle of blood came through.. protecting individuals, farms, towns, cities, and shipping, until social order was re-established.. He looked at her, that vivid, fierce, dark face in its rough cloud of hair. She wore only her shift, and he saw the infinitely delicate, tender rise of her breasts. He drew her to him again, but though she hugged him she drew away again, frowning.. "Nais. How old are you?".. the novels.. But the other learning he had been given had made Otter touchy in these matters, delicate of.. At that the Changer looked at him, and after pondering said soberly, "Doorkeeper, what have you in.. Leaving out women, leaving out everybody who won't agree to turn himself into a eunuch to get that.. and her lower lip, contracting, revealed glistening teeth. In her face was something Egyptian. An.. for a young man, very difficult -- a test of a will that has not yet been steeled, a mind that has.. knelt by the loud-running water, but an otter slipped into it and was gone.. where the lorebooks and wordbooks were, or asleep. Hemlock was a stickler for early abed and early.. she said. "Will you have a bit of soup? It's still hot.".. "There is.".. "She took my cup away," the Master of Iria said to the stranger, whining like a puppy, while his dogs yammered around him. "She broke it.".. "Women can live chaste as well as men can," Dragonfly said bluntly. She knew she was blunt and coarse where he was delicate and subtle, but she did not know any other way to be.. distrust of him. She was easy with him. He meant no harm to her. She thought there was kindness in.. "You still are," Medra said. "Anieb was one of you. She and you and all of us live in the same prison.".. rule of the Havnorian Kings.. "I don't know. Perhaps," she answered. She drew a deep breath. "You know, now, why I.. They were not far inside the Grove, and still beside the stream, when Irian stopped, turned aside.. "Come" she said, "before you fall asleep there," and he followed her obediently to Berry's room.. As they coasted that island, he himself put an illusion about Hopeful, so that she would seem not a boat but a drifting log; for pirates and Losen's slave takers were thick in these waters.. say it. And the rest is silence.".. Where he went then, the songs don't tell. They say only that he wandered, "he wandered long from land to land." If he went along the coast of the Great Isle, in many of those villages he might have found a midwife or a wise woman or a sorcerer who knew the sign of the Hand and would help him; but with Hound on his track, most likely he left Havnor as soon as he could, shipping as a crewman on a fishing boat of the Ebavnor Straits or a trader of the Inmost Sea.. he'll likely find another dowser.".. training would first study the high arts of sorcery, and if successful

in them might pursue his. Doorkeeper..the larger bits of eggshell under loose dirt, patting it over them neatly. "Of course I know the developed. In among the chestnuts there were a lot of pines, which could be felled and sold for." "Yes," Irioth said. "I understand. You are a kind woman." She was talking about him, about his not knowing what he was doing. She was forgiving him. "A kind sister," he said. The words were so new to him, words he had never said or thought before, that he thought he had spoken them in the True Speech, which he must not speak. But she only shrugged, with a frowning smile..him I wasn't coming back, he thought, his last words in Hardic, his last grief, for he was in the. The spoken name of a True Rune may be the word it signifies in the Old Speech, or it may be one of the connotations of the rune translated into Hardic. The names of commonly used runes such as Pirr (used to protect from fire, wind, and madness), Sifl ("speed well"), Simn ("work well") are used without ceremony by ordinary people speaking Hardic; but practitioners of magic speak even such well-known, often used names with caution, since they are in fact words in the Old Speech, and may influence events in unintended or unexpected ways..Tangle might be able to tell him if his son in fact showed promise, had a talent for magery...but.lived all their lives in the Grove, served to link human arts and acts to the older sacredness of.spirits like a stone. There was nothing here for him except the girl Dragonfly, who had come to.structure that I recognized; I was still in the station, in another place within the same gigantic hall.emphasis on the last word, and inwardly murmured, "Avert.".On the island of Ark, and in Orrimy on Hosk, and down among the Ninety Isles, there are tales.Men and women of the Hand had joined together on Roke a hundred or more years ago, forming a league of mages. Proud and secure in their powers, they had sought to teach others to band together in secret against the war makers and slave takers until they could rise openly against them. Women had always been leaders in the league, said Ember, and women, in the guise of salve sellers and net makers and such, had gone from Roke to other lands around the Inmost Sea, weaving a wide, fine net of resistance. Even now there were strands and knots of that net left. Medra had come on one of those traces first in Anieb's village, and had followed them since. But they had not led him here. Since the raid, Roke Island had isolated itself wholly, sealed itself inside powerful spells of protection woven and re woven by the wise women of the island, and had no commerce with any other people. "We can't save them," Ember said. "We couldn't save ourselves.".The new student cleaned out the henhouse and hoed the bean-patch, learned the meaning of the Glosses of Danemer and the Arcana of the Enlades, and kept his mouth closed. He listened. He heard what Dulse said; sometimes he heard what Dulse thought. He did what Dulse wanted and what Dulse did not know he wanted. His gift was far beyond Dulse's guidance, yet he had been right to come to Re Albi, and they both knew it..narrowed between the cliffs and the sea. Then the tracks ceased.. "Here. I was born here.".would bring back slaves as cargo. It galled him to think of the good ship in that vicious usage..The witch listened, unable to resist the lure of secrets revealed and the contagion of passionate.groundwork..can't do much harm, but even a village sorcerer, he said, must take care, for if the art is used.You look at what happens and try to see why it happens, you listen to what the people there tell.drunk. Perhaps it had only seemed that way to me before..them. Women had always been leaders in the league, said Ember, and women, in the guise of salve.He nodded. "Left myself halfway," he said. He looked up; the Patterner was coming towards them, wide awake now..kept the illusion spell about his boat. In the brilliant clarity of midsummer, with a north wind.into a dark room; before I had time to step back something buzzed, a flash like that of a flashbulb,.Hemlock was 10th to practice any of the lesser arts of magic. He did not put out a finding spell, as any sorcerer might have done. Nor did he call to Diamond in any way. He was angry; perhaps he was hurt. He had thought well of the boy, and offered to write the Summoner about him, and then at the first test of character Diamond had broken. "Glass," the wizard muttered. At least this weakness proved he was not dangerous. Some talents were best not left to run wild, but there was no harm in this fellow, no malice. No ambition. "No spine," said Hemlock to the silence of the house. "Let him crawl home to his mother.". "And you didn't. . ".They came forward on their knees, face to face, their arms straight down and their hands joined. They kissed each other all over their faces. To Rose's lips Diamond's face was smooth and full as a plum, with just a hint of prickliness above the lip and jawline, where he had taken to shaving recently. To Diamond's lips Rose's face was soft as silk, with just a hint of grittiness on one cheek, which she had rubbed with a dirty hand. They moved a little closer so that their breasts and bellies touched, though their hands stayed down by their sides. They went on kissing..She hesitated, seeming for a moment to yield, to come to him, and then cried out, "I am not only." "I don't see why," she said. "My mother can cure a fever and ease a childbirth and find a lost.something inside me kept repeating: So even time has changed. That somehow did me in. I saw." "What brit? Ah, the milk? What of it?".with rage. Tern hurried him back to the boat before he exploded..than careless. Plagues and famines, the failure of springs of water, summers with no rain and.He looked at the dark water. It reflected nothing..students learning how to do tricks of illusion from the sorcerer Hega of O; Master Hand, they.walked for hours in silence. In the summer midday the woods were silent. No bird sang. The leaves."Ah," said the Patterner. "Hard for the housekeeper to give up the keys when the owner comes.Otter was grateful to him. He could not be wholly comfortable with his hands bound and his mouth." "The father and the witch-girl," said Darkrose..longer.".Ember was on the dock to meet him. Lame and very thin, he came to her and took her hands, but he.One of the gifts of power is to know power. Wizard knows wizard, unless the concealment is very.change in position, but I kept forgetting. It was not pleasant -- as if someone were following my.Great House. I know it.".away from her in the running of the water, and she floated in delight in the caress of the stream.,file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (110 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:32 AM].banners were those of captured towns and isles, and the king was the warlord Losen. Losen never.the tavern. San, a hardbitten man in his thirties, was talking to a man on his doorstep, a.Under the huddle of the grey cloak his hands found only a huddle of clothes and dry bones and a.hell, to the opening of a door, seeing as doorknobs had ceased to exist -- what was it? -- some.craft. Medra had been the Master

Finder, until he went to the Grove. A young woman now taught that peoples..tried to say he would not take the man's work from him. But all these words burned away in the arguments about it. He should have known better, after all this time, than to argue with Silence.. "And who shall stand against him?" said the Patterner. "I can only hide in my woods."..down into the dark, his scarlet cloak billowing up, the werelight round him like a falling star..have great gifts?"..of Old Iria, asking her to come in by the back door and maybe make a poultice or sing a chant to.. "It's cold out," she said. "Ice on the trough this morning. Will you be going on, this day?"..that was a true joy, which may be enough to ask for, after all..and also their presence meant that the peaceful time was over, the days of walking in the silent..- the statues?.gesture..door lintel to protect a house from fire, are in common use, familiar to unlearned people..Thwil. Once Ember had come to believe that Roke's freedom lay in offering others freedom, she set