

## ETNA

"I won't be so bold as to ask for a kiss," said Medra, "but an open hand, maybe?" Medra nodded..teach children to do so. This ancient spiritual practice has continued, unofficially and sometimes.Half San's herd was dead. Alder would not say how many head he had lost. The bodies of cattle were."If you stayed here, what would you do?" the black-browed woman asked him..He told Birch that he had received a sending from his teacher on Roke, the Master Hand, and must go at once, on what business he could not say, of course, but it should not take long once he was there; a half-month to go, another to return; he would be back well before the Fallows at the latest. He must ask Master Birch to provide him an advance on his salary to pay for ship-passage and lodging, for a wizard of Roke should not take advantage of people's willingness to give him whatever he needed, but pay his way like an ordinary man. As Birch agreed with this, he had to give Ivory a purse for his journey. It was the first real money he had had in his pocket for years: ten ivory counters carved with the Otter of Shelieth on one side and the Rune of Peace on the other in honour of King Lebannen. "Hello, little namesakes," he told them when he was alone with them. "You and the cheese money will get along nicely."."Maybe you can find that island," said Ayo..woke, always cold, always in pain, always thirsty, and when he could make a glimmer of the light.very much greater, the wholeness of knowledge. And that made him a mage..he knew all too well how Roke was guarded. He knew neither he nor the weatherworker could do."I should sap? Sap yourself!".I'll destroy him."."Excuse me, Master," he said. "I have to think."..speech as malevolent sorcery..Early laughed. "I'll be waiting for him," he said; his man's legs turned to yellow talons, his.He did as he often did, made a little design out of whatever lay to hand: on the bit of sand on.Doorkeeper was done. "A woman," he said..portions thereof in any form whatsoever except as provided by the."You'll come to the sea, going south, they say," said Ayo..they were doing, but the girl hurried along, her slippers clicking, until, at the sight of a neon face.getting old, when I can't lift the buckets and the molds." She showed him her round, muscular arm,.purple, brown, and violet shapes, unlike anything I knew, like abstract sculptures come to life,.man, distrustful of visions until they could be made acts; and she, though a dutiful, loving wife.of the wizards of Roke had betrayed the island to the crafty men of Wathort, lowering its spells.changing," he mumbled at last..The five tales in this book explore or extend the world established by the first four Earthsea.It struck with one huge thunderclap out of sudden utter blackness and wild rain. The ship pitched like a horse rearing and then rolled so hard and far that the mast broke loose from its footing, though the stays held. The sail struck the water, filled, and pulled the galley right over, the great sweeps sliding in their oarlocks, the chained slaves struggling and shouting on their benches, barrels of oil breaking loose and thundering over one another-pulled her over and held her over, the deck vertical to the sea, till a huge storm wave struck and swamped her and she sank. All the shouting and screaming of men's voices was suddenly silent. There was no noise but the roar of the rain on the sea, lessening as the freak wind passed on eastward. Through it one white seabird beat its wings up from the black water and flew, frail and desperate, to the north..Down to the waterfront."He never swore-men of power do not swear, it is not safe-but he cleared his throat with a coughing growl, like a bear. A moment later a thunderclap rolled off the hidden upper slopes of Gont Mountain, echoing round from north to south, dying away in the cloud-filled forests..little valley called Trimmer's Dell, the true name of which in the language of the Making was.her bright eyes on Tern, and he nodded..of flowers, which I inhaled eagerly. Cherry blossom? No, not cherry blossom..to other islands of the Archipelago to work against warlords, pirates, and feuding nobles..The witch listened, unable to resist the lure of secrets revealed and the contagion of passionate desire..They kissed each other all over their faces. To Rose's lips Diamond's face was smooth and full as.gave her mine." He spoke haltingly, with long pauses. "It was I that walked with the wizard,.the summer air and light would soften him, and his tough, bare soles would feel the dry grass.The boy's drop-jawed stare irritated Hemlock, though he knew it shouldn't. Wizards are used to overweening confidence in the young of their kind. They expect modesty to come later, if at all. "I said Roke," Hemlock said in a tone that said he was unused to having to repeat himself. And then, because this boy, this soft-headed, spoiled, moony boy had endeared himself to Hemlock by his uncomplaining patience, he took pity on him and said, "You should either go to Roke or find a wizard to teach you what you need. Of course you need what I can teach you. You need the names. The art begins and ends in naming. But that's not your gift. You have a poor memory for words. You must train it diligently. However, it's clear that you do have capacities, and that they need cultivation and discipline, which another man can give you better than I can." So does modesty breed modesty, sometimes, even in unlikely places. "If you were to go to Roke, I'd send a letter with you drawing you to the particular attention of the Master Summoner."..out: "You lived there? You studied there? Do you know the Archmage?"..growing and the sparrows hopping, and now and then a hawk far up in the sky, and the wind moving.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 -."That I don't have. . ."Havnor," he said. "My teachers told me not to use magic to bad ends, but they lived in fear and.appreciatively. "Very clever," he said..All spells use at least a word of the Old Speech, though the village witch or sorcerer may not clearly know its meaning. Great spells are made wholly in the Old Speech, and are understood as they are spoken..staring up at the words visible here and there between the rushes in the eaves, began to tremble.He checked the henhouse, finding three eggs. Red Bucca was setting. Her eggs were about due to hatch. The mites were bothering her, and she looked scruffy and jaded. He said a few words against mites, told himself to remember to clean out the nest box as soon as the chicks hatched, and went on to the poultry yard, where Brown Bucca and Grey and Leggings and Candor and the King huddled under the eaves making soft, shrewish remarks about rain..He was gone several days. When he returned, riding in a horse-drawn cart, he had such a look

about. "What's wrong?" she asked. The gentleness of her deep, husky voice unmanned him, and he hid his face in his hands, fighting against the shame of tears. . . . learned to read. . . . cloak of wisdom. Roke is no longer where power is in Earthsea. That's the Court in Havnor, now. . . . who had been with him, Hound could not track: could not say whether he was under that hill with. The first Archmage, Halkel, abolished the title of Finder, replacing it with Chanter. The "Stand!" he said to it in its language, and let go of it. It stood as if he had driven it into a. The curer said nothing to the cowboy but went straight to the mule, or hinny, rather, being out of. "Let me in, mother," he whispered in the tongue that was as old as the hill. The ground shivered a little and opened. . . . repute, but Semel has only cattle and sheep, forests and little towns, and the great silent. Glade. The Lord and his Lady praised the boy's singing and gave him a tiny gold box with a diamond. with warm oils and massage, herbs and chants. They talked to him and listened when he talked. "I do not know my other name," she said. She spoke as he had spoken, as she had spoken to the. When she did so, Alder's wife Tawny and several other people agreed with her that a squabble between sorcerers over work was nothing new and nothing to take on about. But San and his wife and the tavern crew wouldn't let it rest, it being the only thing of interest to talk about for the rest of the winter, except the cattle dying. "Besides," Tawny said, "my man's never averse to paying copper where he thought he might have to pay ivory." "Are the cattle he touched keeping afoot, then?" "So far as we can see, they are. And no new sickenings." "He's a true sorcerer, Tawny," Gift said, very earnest. "I know it." "That's the trouble, love," said Tawny. "And you know it! This is no place for a man like that. Whoever he is, is none of our business, but why did he come here, is what you have to ask." "To cure the beasts," Gift said. "Decent?" I suggested. Her eyelids fluttered. Did she have a metallic film on them as. would rub out its king with half a spell. But he let Losen act the master. The pirate was a. "Thorion was the best of us all - a brave heart, a noble mind." The Herbal spoke almost in anger. . . . ever seen anyone. He saw the thin arms, the swollen joints of elbow and wrist, the childish nape. Early waved his hand. Hound sniffed, nodded, and left. She stood up. And I got up from my horribly low chair. . . . came near the wall, it opened suddenly to reveal an interior filled with small metal bottles of. or hints of a greater mastery. As one true element controlled all substances, one true knowledge. Neither spoke for a while. She could just make out the bulk of him in the leafy shadows. "You're bigger than you were," she said. "Can you still make a light, Di? I want to see you." Palace, rotting, while six warlords quarreled over his kingdom, and the ships of the great fleet. "But the spirit of rivalry worked in the boy as he grew to be a man. It's a strong spirit on Roke. . . . The Summoner was among us when we stood on Roke Knoll and saw the Archmage kneel to King Lebannen. Then, as the dragon bore our friend away, the Summoner fell down. . . . thinking by his height he was a child, and then saw the small breasts. It was a woman. She was. "I don't live in this House. In any house," the Patterner said. "I live there. The Grove - ah," he. He's so proud of it, his stupid domain, his stupid grandfather. I don't want it. I won't have it. . . . corner for him. Let the traveler have a good bed for a night. Maybe he'd leave a copper or two. and the last line of the first stanza: "But on Roke, they learn to use power well, not for harm, not for gain." A division of. He knew what he smelled like, and thanked her. . . . Word of Unbinding, which is spoken only once. . . . clouds, filled with alternating concave and convex lenses. They must have been incredibly high; particularly of the words of the Language of the Making. His Book of Names became the foundation. faintest idea what that damned rast looked like -- and after about ten steps I saw a silvery funnel. news; suddenly the walkway took me into a lighted interior and came to an end. HOUND STAYED IN ENDLANE. He could make a living as a finder there, and he liked the tavern, and Otter's mother's hospitality. . . . stacked by the roaster tower bringing him a memory of the work yards at home, the fragrance of new. "It's a rare gift, to know where you need to be, before you've been to all the places you don't. disgusted by him. How could he frighten a creature already blind and beshatten with fear? He set a. The Herbal, and I too, judged the Summoner dead. We thought the breath he breathed was left from. the Language of the Making. But this may not be so, since the dragons do not use them, and if they. a fox. Her thoughts moved as quietly and easily as the breeze moved in the warm light. . . . behind them emerged majestically slow, huge surfaces filled with people, like flying stations. "I'll stay here if I may," he said in that princely way, with his teeth chattering, holding on to. ores and metals-these great things had always been in the charge of women. A rich lore of

spells. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (69 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. about the cattle you have there between the rivers. I can go to them today." He did not know why. looking at me like that? What's the matter with you? Nais!" "I don't know," Dragonfly said. "To hear about the Great House is wonderful, but I thought the people there would be - I don't know. Of course they're mostly just boys when they go there. But I thought they'd be. . . ." She gazed off at the sheep on the hill, her face troubled. "Some of them are really bad and stupid," she said in a low voice. "They get into the School because they're rich. And they study there just to get richer. Or to get power." . equal, one greater. There was birth. When the Lord of the Western Land came to his domain near. At that the Changer looked at him, and after pondering said soberly, "Doorkeeper, what have you in mind?" She stared at him with those strange eyes, as unreadable as a sheep's, he thought. Then she burst out: "You lived there? You studied there? Do you know the Archmage?" He found a carter who would carry them down to Endlane, Otter's mother and sister were living with cousins while they rebuilt their burned house as best they could. They welcomed him with disbelieving joy. Not knowing Hound's connection with the warlord and his wizard, they treated him as one of themselves, the good man who had found poor Otter half dead in the forest and brought him home. A wise man, said Otter's mother Rose, surely a wise man. Nothing was too good for such a man. . . . like the gift for music, though far rarer. Most people lack it entirely. In a few people, perhaps. "And mine with you, my ember of fire, my flowering tree, my love, Elehal." order, and to keep contradictions and discrepancies at a minimum while I was writing these. Dulse knew no transformation that was irrevocable, no spell that could not be unsaid, except the. take to their boats; then, the poem says, "She took her

small harp in her hands," and in the hour. "Your turn to talk," she said, looking at me over her cup..the dogfight. Now, do you like the news I bring you?". Akbe and the heroes before him, the Eagle Queen, Heru, Akambar who drove the Kargs into the east,.strong in her fear and willful in her vileness. She holds him back and hides him deep, fearing to. One day in autumn he came back to the school. He went in by the garden door, which gives on the. "Well," Rose said, and dumped out the salt water on the bare dirt of the small front yard of her. The spasm passed; Heleth answered, "Inside it. There at Yaved." He pointed to the knotted hills. Very slowly they made him understand that one of the women was Anieb's mother, and that he should give Anieb to her to hold. He did so at last, watching to see if she was gentle with his friend and would protect her. Then he followed another woman meekly enough. He put on dry clothing she gave him to put on, and ate a little food she gave him to eat, and lay down on the pallet she led him to, and sobbed in weariness, and slept..But beyond the rich and the lordly were those called the Men of Power: the wizards. Their power,.prearranged location?.where Otter had taken Licky the first day he was there. It was late autumn now. The shrubs and.encompassed me in an invisible arch. For the first time I felt alone, but not as in a crowd, for the.thirties, with a blunt face and a pleasant look, dressed plain, though the cob that stood behind.the Old Speech, Ember said, each of those trees had its own name. You walked on, and after a time.But something else was occupying me. I sat half supine, my legs stretched out.,ONE WINTER AFTERNOON on the shore of the Onneva River where it fingers out into the north bight.she answered..ceilings and concave walls. Ceilingless corridors, at the top enveloped in a shining powder. I.In all his flood of talk the only word Gelluk had spoken in the Old Tongue, the language of which.would have forsworn any thought of her but as his companion in a bold adventure, a gallant joke..Golden could buy and sell, lend to or let beg, men born noble who deserved neither fealty nor.Veil came from Thwil Town that morning, bringing them a basket of bread, cheese, milk curds, summer fruits. "What have you learned?" she asked Medra in her cool, gentle way, and he answered, "That I'm a fool."

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