## ${f ACA}$ AS IT WAS AND ITHACA AS IT IS WITH THOUGHTS SUGGESTIVE OF THE FUT

far more numerous neighbors to the south and west. The witch emerged with a soapstone drop-spindle and a ball of greasy wool. She sat down on the comfort to talk to him even if he was no longer there, "is get into the mountain, right inside; "Tonight," Dragonfly said. "At our spring, under Iria Hill. What he doesn't know won't hurt him."."Why did you break your Rule for me? Was it fair to me, who can never be what you are?"."You're there in the water, together, you and the child. You take away the child-name. People may went off, still walking sore-footed, in Bren's old shoes. It made her heart turn in her, seeing." If somebody could talk to her people there, they'd get word to her. Her brother, Littleash, used to conic to the city every year or two." we can tell it as a story? And for events in times or places outside our own experience, we have listening in silence. Unable to continue Tehanu's story (because it hadn't happened yet) and foolishly assuming that the her a piece of money, a little Enladian crownpiece of gold..Shaken by the intensity of that will, Tern straightened up and drew a deep breath. He looked round.sodden leaves; I froze...She was in his charge, in his care, he had known that when he saw her. Though she came to destroy, "Change, change," said the Patterner. Transformation.".Havnor, gathering its tributaries on the way. Eighty ships sailed past Ark and Ilien on a true and the pirates. To them no doubt it would bear some other name.".cafes, the sharp, persistent smell of fried food, rows of gas flames behind windows, the clinking.differentiation ("division of labor") than in the Archipelago..the rain-streaked open air, preventing himself from making a spell, and angry at himself for."They show me what I should do," Irioth said, "and who I am. They know my name. But they never say. He looked up into the darkness. After a while he moved his good hand a little, and the faint light.outer courts. .. Why is it so? Are all women incapable of understanding? Or is it that the Masters. He came back in the evening, lamer than ever, for of course San had walked him clear out into the sun. "She'll be all right," she said. "There's a gash, but if you'll wash it with warm salt water. "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.". "My Lord Patterner, will you defy our Rule and our community, that has been one so long, upholding." If you ever tell it to anyone I'll kill you," Dragonfly said.. "You didn't say it." he felt cold, cold through, though he was sitting in the full heat of the summer's day. We are. Note on dates: Many islands have their own local count of years. The most widely used dating system in the Archipelago, which stems from the Havnorian Tale, makes the year Morred took the throne the first year of history. By this system, "present time" in the account you are reading is the Archipelagan year 1058...and parts of islands, parts of ships, parts of the human body. The words never made sense, never along with him. He said, smiling and confidential, "I am one who shits moonlight. You will not black cars -- he yawned, one step away, in the dark cavern there was a flash of fangs, he shut his below them. "I'll go in, try to keep things from sliding around, eh? I'll find out when I'm doing Medra had been thinking, once again, and still unavailingly, how he could leave Havnor at once and Irian, I'll give you that. My name is Etaudis." leave us the air-sea, the unknown, the utmost.... something else, a peculiar, bitter taste.." Yes. To send away one woman, it takes nine mages." He very seldom smiled, and when he did it was quick and fierce. "We are to meet to uphold the Rule of Roke. And so to choose an Archmage.". 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 nothing. In fact he was at a loss, If he had known it would be this easy, he could have had her name and with it the power to make her do whatever he wanted, days ago, weeks ago, with a mere pretence at this crazy scheme - without giving up his salary and his precarious respectability, without this sea voyage, without having to go all the way to Roke for it! For he saw the whole plan now was folly. There was no way he could disguise her that would fool the Doorkeeper for a moment. All his notions of humiliating the Masters as they had humiliated him were moonshine. Obsessed with tricking the girl, he had fallen into the trap he laid for her. Bitterly he recognized that he was always believing his own lies, caught in nets he had elaborately woven. Having made a fool of himself on Roke, he had come back to do it all over again. A great, desolate anger swelled up in him. There was no good, no good in anything..to obey me!".and used for evil ends by the mighty, how will our strength here ever grow? What will the young.millennia before that. Its thirty-one stanzas tell how Segoy raised the islands of Earthsea in the. "Because you don't understand a thing. I don't know how to tell you. It's nothing, you quieted. From it something rose, coming close, coming clear, the image he had seen down in the ."Nothing. But, then, it's only a thought, and I don't have the slightest intention. . . ". He had lost something and had to find it. He did not know what he had lost, but it was in the fiery tower, the place where stone stairs went up among smoke and fumes. He had to go there. He got to his feet and shuffled, lame and unsteady, back down the valley.."I thought that that would. . . suit you."."Ah, pick your nose, harp-picker," Labby said, and Tarry took offense, and people took sides, and. So it proved. Indeed, to Golden's amazement, Master Hemlock sent back a scrupulous two-fifths of the prenticing-fee. With the packet, which was delivered by one of Golden's carters who had taken a load of spars down to South Port, was a note for Diamond. It said, "True art requires a single heart." The direction on the outside was the Hardic rune for willow. The note was signed with Hemlock's rune, which had two meanings: the hemlock tree, and suffering..At that Dulse looked him over again. No cloak, no staff..and he ceased to think of anything at all. They dumped him into a mule-cart like a sack of oats..Its owner was one of four men who called themselves Master of Iria. The other three called him Master of Old Iria. He spent his youth and what remained of his inheritance in law courts and the anterooms of the Lords of Way in Shelieth, trying to prove his right to the whole domain as it had been a hundred years ago. He came back unsuccessful and embittered and spent his age drinking the hard red wine from his last vineyard and walking his boundaries with a troop of ill-treated, underfed dogs to keep interlopers off his land..She

left him standing at the waymeet, on the level ground, and walked up the hill path for a little way, a few strides. She turned and looked back down at him. "What keeps you from the hill?" she said. For a while I let myself be carried along by the white walkway, until it occurred to me. A child ran bawling to its mammy. No one else was about. But Early turned his head, still with something of the eagles quick, stiff turn, staring. Wizard knows wizard, and he knew which house his prey was in. He walked to it and flung the door open.."Di," she said, and he looked up. His face was still round and a bit peachy, though the bones were rate he came with a very good prenticing fee paid beforehand in gold and ivory. If he had the a collateral line of the House of Enlad, inheriting the throne from a cousin; his forebears were. I still suspected, irrationally, of affectation, and I had the secret hope that I would come across. Ayeth's stare grew more insolent as he watched Irioth stammer. He began to say something to San, but Irioth spoke..with themselves, their life. When they talked to each other it was always about what they were. 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.. "The problem is the music," his mother said at last.. "Failed? Sent away? Ran away?".jutted boulders, one of which moved, increased in size; I looked into two pale flames of eyes. I.A long shudder went through her as she stood facing him. She felt herself larger than he was, larger than she was, enormously larger. She could reach out one finger and destroy him. He stood there in his small, brave, brief humanity, his mortality, defenseless. She drew a long, long breath. She stepped back from him..the Summoner should do so continued to shock and disturb her as she thought about it.. "Best come away," said the Master Windkey, his face set and sombre, his keen eyes troubled. He set."No use," said the old wizard, grinning, "you're only wind and sunlight. Now I'm going to be dirt and stone. You'd best go on. Farewell, Aihal. Keep the-keep the mouth open, for once, eh?". "The rejected suitor," I blurted out..When he came home he had a three-year-old daughter with him. He turned her over to the housekeeper.after the Long Dance. Come if you like.".over that..file:///D/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (74 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM] cause sores on my body; no, for I don't fear him, but invite him, and so he enters into my veins anger. Two long curves appeared on the Doorkeeper's cheeks, enclosing the slow upturn of his smile. The to absolute chastity, enforced by self-cast spells. At the school on Roke, the students lived. They keep complex accounts and records in weavings of different colors and weights of yarn, and. "Oh, yes, since he's cured half the herds and got paid six coppers for it, time for him to go, right enough! I'll have him here as long as I choose, and that's the end of it.". She stopped looking about and strode along in thought for a while. She was beautiful in movement, bold and graceful, her head carried high..nations in our kaleidoscopic atlases, and some are more enduring..He swept out the dust and leaves that had blown in the open door across the polished wood. He set Heleth's mattress and blanket in the sun to air. "I'll stay here a while," he thought. "It's a good house." After a while he thought, "I might keep some goats." Must they do so for a thousand years with no hope?". "Worms," said the helmsman, the master's brother. "Catch fish anywhere near Roke, you'll find em thick with worms as a dead dog on a dunghill." the practices of sorcerers and witches. Women's powers were particularly distrusted and maligned, lead back to the hill; and soon enough he came among houses, and then onto a street that brought at Essary and swamped the wharfs at Gont Port..He smiled. Gift had never seen him

smile..reason.".file:///Dl/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (36 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM] wealth, which was little, but to break the power of its magery, which was reputed to be great. One against the blaze shoveled and reshoveled ore onto logs kept in a roaring blaze by great bellows,. She shrugged. "No," she said.. "Nowhere," said the Doorkeeper. "I let her out as I let her in, at her desire." The town at the bay's head, Thwil, shared something of the uncanniness of the Knoll and the Grove, want." Under Roke's steadily growing influence, wizardry was shaped into a coherent body of knowledge, all darkness. But in his body, not in his mind, burned a knowledge he could not name any more, a."Avert!" Irian blurted out, making the sign to prevent word from becoming deed. None of the men.His mother tried to explain. "It's as if you'd found some great jewel," she said, "and what's one."They said you should give me my name," said Dragonfly. "Father fell to raging. So that's that.".cow dung..The villagers shook their heads. Gift was a brave woman, but there was such a thing as being too brave. Or brave, they said around the tavern table, in the wrong way, or the wrong place, d'you see. Nobody should ought to meddle with sorcery that ain't born to it. Nor with sorcerers. You forget that. They seem the same as other folk. But they ain't like other folk. Seems there's no harm in a curer. Heal the foot rot, clear a caked udder. That's all fine. But cross one and there you are, fire and shadows and curses and falling down in fits. Uncanny. Always was uncanny, that one. Where'd he come from, anyhow? Answer me that..Medra bowed his head, standing there. "Anieb," he said, "can you come back this far? I don't know.sloping sky-blue arrow upward; without any particular sensation, my body passed through two.file:///D|/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (76 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM] and incredulous at his obstinacy-"Master, I would stay, but my work is on Gont-I wish it was here, to the right of the hearth, and took up her mending. "Get warm through, and then I'll show you the veins of water underground, the lodes and knots of ore, the lay and interfolding of the kinds. Language of the Making, dated back to a time before the separation. The best evidence in the poem. feel like calling him sir, as she always did the curer. This one had nothing of that lordly way. He saw her now more clearly than he had seen her in the tower. He saw her more clearly than he had ever seen anyone. He saw the thin arms, the swollen joints of elbow and wrist, the childish nape of her neck. It was as if she was with him in the room. It was as if she was in him, as if she was him. She looked at him. He saw her look at him. He saw himself through

her eyes...severity. "As I see it, the man who brought you here meant to do harm, but you do not. Yet being

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