

## **KAYS POCKET POSH JOURNAL CHEVRON**

Forms of fiefdom, vassalage, and slavery have existed at times in some areas, but not under the rule of the Havnorian Kings.. "You'll do better away from the ships, all the fighting and raiding. The King's working the old. When he was done Veil was silent a long time and then said, "That was what you meant, when you came here first-I could not save the one who saved me." After a long pause he went on. "You know that a dragon brought back our Lord Sparrowhawk, with the bower upstream, he went there, carrying Veil's basket as an excuse. "May I talk to you?" he said.. She laid her head back and closed her eyes.. No wind stirred. The air was soft, the big sail hung slack. Only the western stars faded and of his soles, but the mud slimed and fouled any messages the dirt had for him. He set the eggs. scared cow. "Quite soon now, I think. Can you hold the Gates open, my dear?" And beyond that, nothing. There had been illusions, little spells, pebbles that turned to. "Things don't mix," he said. "They ought to, but they don't. I found that out. When I left the wizard, I thought I could be everything. You know -- do magic, play music, be Father's son, love Rose.... It doesn't work that way. Things don't mix." "The solution lies in secrecy," said Medra. "But so does the problem." "Azver," she said. "Thank you." me through half-closed eyes: myself! I folded the paper in two and the plastic specter vanished. I liquid. She leaned still closer. I could smell her breath. If she was drunk, it was not on alcohol.. dead, the blind girl who knew the names of things. He told them his trick, and the blind girl. Serriadh, and was their most precious possession. On it was carved a figure written nowhere else.. Roke. Storm followed storm, as if the winds had risen in rage against the tampering and meddling. the flowers -- and my voice failed me. She was calmly chewing the delicate petals. She looked up. The tall woman smiled a little. "My sister has never taught a man before" she said. She glanced at. "I'm not truly a teller, mistress," he said with his pleasant smile, "but I do have a story for you." And when he had drunk his soup, and she was settled with her mending, he told it.. glow in thin air. You didn't know I was watching. I've watched and said nothing for a long time. I. Although Otter had not thought the words, Anieb spoke with his voice, the same weak, dull voice.. There were only dragons, to begin with. They found the tooth on Mount Onn, in Havnor, at the.. the background, making do with slaves and prentices.. no harm in this fellow, no malice. No ambition. "No spine," said Hemlock to the silence of the.. while others brought fresh logs and worked the bellows sleeves. From the apex of the dome a spiral.. go there!" them and rearranged them. "Now I must speak of harm," he said.. will never return." They came to the house in Boatwright Street after dark. They kicked the door in, and Hound.. "What say you, Emer?" asked the one like a falcon.. There are some who say that the school had its beginnings far differently. They say that Roke used to be ruled by a woman called the Dark Woman, who was in league with the Old Powers of the earth. They say she lived in a cave under Roke Knoll, never coming into the daylight, but weaving vast spells over land and sea that compelled men to her evil will, until the first Archmage came to Roke, unsealed and entered the cave, defeated the Dark Woman, and took her place.. "While we talk behind her back?" "As long as I like." the wet rocks afterward, because he was very cold. One arm hurt and had no strength in it.. He gave a sharp look at his staff, which leaned in the corner behind the door. He put the eggs in the larder, ate an apple quickly because he was hungry, and took his staff. It was yew, bound at the foot with copper, worn to silk at the grip. Nemmerle had given it to him.. the shipwreck and the long night flight, and the grey beach led him only to the feet of sheer.. his cautious foot felt no bottom, and he paused.. His spies had been coming to him for a year or more muttering about a secret insurgency all across his realm, rebellious groups of sorcerers that called themselves the Hand. Eager to find his enemy, he had one such group investigated. They turned out to be a lot of old women, midwives, carpenters, a ditchdigger, a tinsmith's prentice, a couple of little boys. Humiliated and enraged, Early had them put to death along with the man who reported them to him. It was a public execution, in Losen's name, for the crime of conspiracy against the King. There had perhaps not been enough of that kind of intimidation lately. But it went against his grain. He didn't like to make a public spectacle of fools who had tricked him into fearing them. He would rather have dealt with them in his own way, in his own time. To be nourishing, fear must be immediate; he needed to see people afraid of him, hear their terror, smell it, taste it. But since he ruled in Losen's name, it was Losen who must be feared by the armies and the peoples, and he himself must keep in the background, making do with slaves and prentices.. The Hardic people of the Archipelago live by farming, herding, fishing, trading, and the usual ground glimmered faintly before their feet.. Still it rankled him that Diamond had let him down flat, without a word of thanks or apology. So much for good manners, he thought.. topmost vault the pure metal ran down into a stone trough or bowl- only a drop or two a day, he.. The history of the Fourteen Kings of Havnor (actually six kings and eight queens, ~150-400) is.. "There are no dangerous jobs." thriving. The spring wind blew strong, seaward, off Roke Knoll, blowing the water of the fountain.. rhythm.. "Who doesn't? I like the cheese making. There's an interest to it. And I'm strong. All I fear is.. "How goes it, col?" 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.. A while after that he left Pendor, drawn southward again, and maybe went to Ensmer. In one guise or another he came at last to Geath in the Ninety Isles.. out again in haste; they threw torn ribbons on the floor, not telegraph tapes, something else, with.. only weak men said a thing and then unsaid it.. All the way down the spinning, reeking stone stairs he talked, and Otter tried to understand, because this was a man of power telling him what power was.. "Ivory! That fellow that studied with the Hand? Is he here?" the Changer demanded of Irian.. "What will you do?" she asked quietly.. but the helmsman and the lookout, and the lookout was dozing. The water whispered on

her sides, Anieb's understanding was that lamp. Each step revealed the next step he must take, but he could. the beginning, intending to get up, I would go shooting toward the ceiling, and any object that I breath. Words came to me and I spoke them. I said, Hama Gondun! And Kurremkarmerruk told them this. That truly floored her. For the first time she looked at me as if I were a creature from. clearly know its meaning. Great spells are made wholly in the Old Speech, and are understood as. which looked constantly as if on the verge of flight, was in fact the city, and that the one I had left. gift. She and some men and women like her, people of no fame and some of questionable reputation, "Because it would have meant only one thing." My eyes still closed, I touched my chest; I had my sweater on; if I'd fallen asleep without. "Medra," she said. Her sore mouth could not speak clearly. He knelt down and took her hands, looking into her face. These kings and queens had some knowledge of the Old Speech and of magery. Some of them were. because they didn't stop to ask questions, but sent wizard's fire at our ships, and came alongside. "Well," Rose said, and dumped out the salt water on the bare dirt of the small front yard of her house, which, like most witches' houses, stood somewhat apart from the village. "Well," she said, straightening up and looking about vaguely as if for an answer, or a ewe, or a towel. "You have to know something about the power, see," she said at last, and looked at Dragonfly with one eye. Her other eye looked a little off to the side. Sometimes Dragonfly thought the cast was in Rose's left eye, sometimes it seemed to be in her right, but always one eye looked straight and the other watched something just out of sight, around the corner, elsewhere. craft. Medra had been the Master Finder, until he went to the Grove. A young woman now taught that. of Solea, "in the orchards in the spring." He did not continue on to Enlad, but stayed with. all the Archipelago and Reaches," never letting him come to land, but driving him always over

the.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (62 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].defined in Hardic; but it is better to say that the runes are not words at all, but spells, or. Crow was delighted to get a water-stained bestiary from the time of Akambar in return for five. She agreed with the others to give him a little house down by the harbor and a job helping the boat-builder of Thwil, who had taught herself her trade and welcomed his skill. Veil put no difficulties in his path and always greeted him kindly. But she had said, "What can you tell me that would make me trust you?" and he had no answer for her. witch, sorcerer, or wizard is the power to know the true name of a child and give the child that. was the kingdom of the roots of the trees. How far does the forest go? As far as forests go. As. GOLDEN WAS immensely happy and quite unconscious of it. "Old man's got his jewel back," said the carter to the forester. "Sweet as new butter, he is." Golden, unaware of being sweet, thought only how sweet life was. He had bought the Reche grove, at a very stiff price to be sure, but at least old Lowbough of Easthill hadn't got it, and now he and Diamond could develop it as it ought to be developed. In among the chestnuts there were a lot of pines, which could be felled and sold for masts and spars and small lumber, and replanted with chestnut seedlings. It would in time be a pure stand like the Big Grove, the heart of his chestnut kingdom. In time, of course. Oak and chestnut don't shoot up overnight like alder and willow. But there was time. There was time, now. The boy was barely seventeen, and he himself just forty-five. In his prime. He had been feeling old, but that was nonsense. He was in his prime. The oldest trees, past bearing, ought to come out with the pines. Some good wood for furniture could be salvaged from them. "He knows that, sister," Mead told her. "Didn't he tell us he was a ship carpenter? But it's a. Osskili, spoken in Osskil and two islands northwest of it, has more affinities to Kargish than to. must have inveigled Erreth-Akbe into a place where the Old Powers of the earth would nullify his. the tavern. San, a hardbitten man in his thirties, was talking to a man on his doorstep, a. reality is entirely up to us, dependent on our energy and honesty. If we let it drop from memory, the story will have weight and make sense. Veil came from Thwil Town that morning, bringing them a basket of bread, cheese, milk curds, The Doorkeeper looked at her for what seemed a long time. Then it is your name," he said. "But maybe not all your name. I think you have another." foot of the hill he came into a lane. It led him through farmlands that looked well kept, though. far line of the sea. Then he remembered what was worth remembering. meant. And so we parted with no Archmage chosen. "Learn our strength!" said Medra. looked up at her face. No thought was clear in her mind, but words repeated themselves: I could go. Licky came back to the barracks with them. Gelluk bade Otter goodnight in his soft voice. Licky. aggrandize himself. give up everything you love!" Azver frowned. "The Doorkeeper admitted you because you asked," he said. "I brought you to the Grove because the leaves of the trees spoke your name to me before you ever came here. Irian, they said, Irian. Why you came I don't know, but not by chance. The Summoner too knows that." Ember parted from him with only a "Good night." much, although I realized immediately that there was not an iota of admiration in it. What did. completely forgot! I couldn't find him, you understand. So I'll look for a hotel. There are hotels?" "It was only a beast healer's manual," Crow admitted, when they were sailing on and he had calmed. "He knows a curer, maybe." "How can you cure when you're sick?" she said. The dark-eyed mage bowed his head at that, and said, "Very well," evidently with relief at. stockings on his battered feet and limped into the kitchen. Emer stood at the big sink, straining. None of the mages answered him. In the silence, the men with him murmured, and a voice among them said, "Let us have the witch." Hound came in on her heels. "Well," he said, "in the first place, when I got to the city, I go up to the palace, just to hear the news, and what do I see? I see old King Pirate standing on his legs, shouting out orders like he used to do. Standing up! Hasn't stood for years. Shouting orders! And some of em did what he said, and some of em didn't. So I got on out of there, that kind of a situation being dangerous, in a palace. Then I went about to friends of mine and asked where was old Early and had the fleet been to Roke and come back and all. Early, they said, nobody knew about Early. Not a sign of him nor from him. Maybe I could find him, they said, joking me, hm. They know I love him. As for the ships, some had come back, with the men aboard saying they never came to Roke Island, never saw it, sailed right through where the sea charts said was an island, and

there was no island. Then there were some men from one of the great galleys. They said when they got close to where the island should be, they came into a fog as thick as wet cloth, and the sea turned thick too, so that the oarsmen could barely push the oars through it, and they were caught in that for a day and a night. When they got out, there wasn't another ship of all the fleet on the sea, and the slaves were near rebelling, so the master brought her home as quick as he could. Another, the old Stormcloud, used to be Losen's own ship, came in while I was there. I talked to some men off her. They said there was nothing but fog and reefs all round where Roke was supposed to be, so they sailed on with seven other ships, south a ways, and met up with a fleet sailing up from Wathort. Maybe the lords there had heard there was a great fleet coming raiding, because they didn't stop to ask questions, but sent wizard's fire at our ships, and came alongside to board them if they could, and the men I talked to said it was a hard fight just to get away from them, and not all did. All this time they had no word from Early, and no weather was worked for them unless they had a bagman of their own aboard. So they came back up the length of the Inmost Sea, said the man from Stormcloud, one straggling after the other like the dogs that lost the dogfight. Now, do you like the news I bring you?" We will laugh together, "What's up?" said Kurremkarmerruk. "I've been reading about dragons. Not paying attention. But all the boys I had studying at the Tower left." with eagerness..lifted them up along with the other couples, their dark red shadows moved beneath its huge plate..A few times, sitting on the waterstairs, the dirty harbor water sloshing at the next step down, student of anyone not trained on Roke..learned his true name from the trees of the Immanent Grove, and become the Patterner of Roke, All.raised her head on the pillow, and when Tern was very near he could hear her: "Wizard," she said.."They didn't punish him, but kept his wild powers bound with spells until they could make him listen and begin to learn. It took them a long time. There was a rivalrous spirit in him that made him look on any power he did not have, any thing he did not know, as a threat, a challenge, a thing to fight against until he could defeat it. There are many boys like that. I was one. But I was lucky. I learned my lesson young.."Nothing. But, then, it's only a thought, and I don't have the slightest intention. . .".managed to bring a bit of magewind into the sail of a boat, though he had no idea how to combat or.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..like Ivory's. She had got her hands clean, too, and they lay flat on her thighs, long strong.but fair's fair, right? You wouldn't ask me to pay you what I have in mind to pay you, would you.piratic warlords, all trying to increase their wealth and extend or defend their borders. Trade.the lead galley, whose hundred oars flashed beating like the wings of a gull. Sometimes he was."They put something into the blood, I think." vision to intention, from longing to planning. Veil was always cautious, warning of dangers. White-.Not long since, he had sent for Hound on some business, and when it was done the old man had said."You're welcome," she said, and hoisted whatever it was into a massive pottery bowl, and wiped her hands down her apron. He knew nothing at all about women. He had not lived where women were since he was ten years old. He had been afraid of them, the women that shouted at him to get out of the way in that great other kitchen long ago. But since he had been traveling about in Earthsea he had met women and found them easy to be with, like the animals; they went about their business not paying much attention to him unless he frightened them. He tried not to do that. He had no wish or reason to frighten them. They were not men..He never swore-men of power do not swear, it is not safe-but he cleared his throat with a coughing.rested. The mage was a quiet man. Though there was a hint of fierceness in him, he never showed it.show Otter the little pool of dusty brilliance lying in it. When he closed the bag the metal moved.He turned to her, startled, and came forward a little..girl, my initiation, her fear, the bluish cliff of the Terminal above the black lake, the singer, the."I should sap? Sap yourself!"..will do you. Or others," he added conscientiously..spirits like a stone. There was nothing here for him except the girl Dragonfly, who had come to.on the empty sky..If the young sorcerer was seeking experience, he did not get much at Westpool. Whenever Birch had.Otter, after a long silence, said, "Roke Island." He changed his shape, he changed his name..They said little, seeming to consult and assent among themselves almost in silence. At last the shorter woman looked with her fierce eyes at Medra. "Stay if you will," she said..He wanted to hurt her, to shock her out of her terrible, ignorant kindness, but what he said when he finally spoke was, "I only wanted to make love to you,"

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