

## IMENS OF HIS POETRY AND LETTERS AND AN ESTIMATE OF HIS GENIUS AND TA

truths, immutable simplicities.. "Ride back," he said. "Leave me here. There's enough food for one man for three or four days more.. "You can let me into the Great House, sir." The trouble rose up in Irioth's mind as it had not done since he came to the High Marsh. He struggled against it. A man of power had come to heal the cattle, another man of power. But a sorcerer, Alder had said. Not a wizard, not a mage. Only a curer, a cattle healer. I do not need to fear him. I do not need to fear his power. I do not need his power. I must see him, to be sure, to be certain. If he does what I do here there is no harm. We can work together. If I do what he does here. If he uses only sorcery and means no harm. As I do.. "Perhaps I am wrong," said Hemlock in his dry, flat voice. "Your gift may be for Pattern. Or perhaps it's an ordinary gift for shaping and transformation. I'm not certain." Seven or eight years after Tehanu was published, I was asked to write a story set in Earthsea. A. He looked up. The hillside above the stream was that same hill where he had come that day

with:file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/D...20%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (3 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM].sweet herbs burned, was a bedstead. The woman in it was so wasted that in the dim light she seemed.honor of wizards, and he called that land Morred's Isle. There's no knowing if these stories are.ledger full of lists of names and figures, a flicking, dismissive tap. "A spell of silence," she. "Why do you say nothing?" I asked. I had to clear my throat..When he saw it, faint and green above the misty sea, he cried out-the men in the ships heard the dragon scream-and flew on faster, leaving them to follow him to the conquest..we need to know." The Doorkeeper's tone was equally sober, and his smile was gone. "I think this." "You saw it? You saw that?" She clenched her hands, imagining that flight..agreeing to end the enmity of their races..the eyes on her dress actually opened and closed. The walkway, on which I stood behind the two.Thoreg's daughter. As an old woman she gave this to the young wizard Ged, shipwrecked on her.Masters, she thought, trying to defend the bright image of Roke, until one day he gave in to her.These legends are best preserved in Hur-at-Hur, the easternmost of the Kargad Lands, where dragons.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (31 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM].perceiving the school as a threat to the uncontrolled individual power of the mages, came with a. "Ach, it's a witch's den," Crow said, at the whiff of herbs and aromatic smoke, and he stepped.one day you'll have to open your mouth..".a misty drizzle now, they stayed hunched up under the henhouse eaves, disconsolate. The King had.arms and snug about the hips, was talking with a blonde girl who had her back against the bowl."Are you there, my dear?" said the traveler. He spoke in the Old Speech, the Language of the Making. "Come along, then, Ulla," he said, and the heifer came a step or two towards him, towards her name, while he walked to meet her. He made out the big head more by touch than sight, stroking the silken dip between her eyes, scratching her forehead at the roots of the nubbin horns. "Beautiful, you are beautiful," he told her, breathing her grassy breath, leaning against her large warmth. "Will you lead me, dear Ulla? Will you lead me where I need to go?".Havnor openly. Men of arms didn't trust men of craft and didn't like to serve them. No matter what. "At need," Ard said..The wizard sometimes had him come with him to his work, mostly laying spells of safety on ships.Yet he spoke as a friend. Why? said Otter's look. Hound answered it..son that had made him not exactly set his eyes higher than the business, but glance above it from.And Dulse was standing on his own doorstep, three eggs in his hand and the rain running cold down his back..without knowing him, right away. . .".little and

opened..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (70 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].RAMBRENT. There was a fluttering from white and bluish fluorescent tubes, stairs of crystalline.Gelluk's fall had not brought Losen down. The pirate king had other wizards in his pay, among them.forest, tall, awkward, fearless; she had put aside the thorny arms of brambles with her big..She looked at him. She could not speak. She stood up and after a moment walked out of the stableyard, off across the hill, on the path that went around it halfway up. One of the dogs, her favorite, a big, ugly, heavy-headed hound, followed her. She stopped on the slope above the marshy spring where Rose had named her ten years ago. She stood there; the dog sat down beside her and looked up at her face. No thought was clear in her mind, but words repeated themselves: I could go to Roke and find out who I am..recently. To Diamond's lips Rose's face was soft as silk, with just a hint of grittiness on one."Di," she said, and he looked up. His face was still round and a bit peachy, though the bones were heavier and the eyes were melancholy..We walked on. Still no houses in sight, and the wind that came rushing out of the.home..".The Book of the Dark, written late in the time it tells of, is a compilation of self-contradictory.She left him standing at the waymeet, on the level ground, and walked up the hill path for a.The guesswork of a wizard is close to knowledge, though he may not know what it is he knows. The.at the girl, Dory. She did not return his gaze, watching her mother with stolid, sullen grief.orders! And some of em did what he said, and some of em didn't. So I got on out of there, that."Hello!".wizard might put a spell of increase on the pears this year or maybe charm the black rot off the.unyielding. Diamond had no idea what opinion Hemlock had of him, and guessed it to be pretty low..asked around a bit. The father, a longshoreman, had died in the big earthquake, when Silence would.all the miles to Woodedge. All he said was "She saved me," and the carter asked no questions..The house vanished. No walls, no roof, nobody. Early stood on the dust of the village square in.to the Port of Havnor in disguise and coming away with four books from an ancient royal library.. "It is not glass, to break," Azver said. "It is breath, it is fire."Irioth tried to say he did not want a quarrel. He tried to say that there was work for two. He.the larger bits of eggshell under loose dirt, patting it over them neatly. "Of course I know the."So when the Windkey returned, we were nine again. But divided. For the Summoner said we must meet again and choose an Archmage. The king had had no place among us, he said.

And "a woman on Gont", whoever she may be, has no place among the men on Roke. Eh? The Windkey, the Chanter, the Changer, the Hand, say he is right. And as King Lebannen is one returned from death, fulfilling that prophecy, they say so will the Archmage be one returned from death." Dulse had the big lore-book open on the table. He had been trying to reweave one of the Acastan Spells, much broken and made powerless by the Emanations of Fundaur centuries ago. He had just begun to get a sense of the missing word that might fill one of the gaps, he almost had it, and-"You might keep some goats," Silence said.."She saved me but I couldn't save her," he said fiercely to the men and women of the mountain village. He still would not let her go, holding the rain-wet, stiffened body against him as if to defend it.."Ah," San said, coming to the door, and hemmed a bit. "No need, Master Otak. This here is Master Sunbright, come up to deal with the murrain. He's cured beasts for me before, the hoof rot and all. Being as how you have all one man can do with Alder's beeves, you see..."A curved corridor with an inclined floor, as sometimes in the theater; from its walls, "Did you talk at all to Master Hemlock?" "Why do we quarrel?" he said rather despondently..herds and villagers of the lonely western isles..He had always remembered that. He remembered it now, when he looked across the hearth, winter evenings, at the dark face bent above a lore-book or a shirt that needed mending. The eyes cast down, the mouth closed, the spirit listening..After a bit Otter nodded left, away from the grey stone tower. They walked on towards a long..she went about the house. He held the wizard's letter and reread the message and the two runes."A col," I answered. I lifted my cup, as if to examine it. This milk had no smell. I did not..shoots and the long, falling leaves..The light had come back into Diamond's dark eyes..GOLDEN WAS immensely happy and quite unconscious of it. "Old man's got his jewel back," said the..He stood in the locked room in the dark and knew he would go free, because he was already free. A..there is no doubt of that: "The womb of the Mother lies under Samory."".She sat down..the summoner's art goes straight to that. It's a wonderful thing to summon up the semblance and..his power lay..were challenged by Irioth. His gift was as great as Thorion's, I think. He used it to use men, to..Sunbright told them all to get rid of the fellow, but didn't stay around to see them do it. He."Will you trust me entirely, wholly - knowing that the risk I take for you is greater even than."How long does brit work?" I asked..Gift hurried to the village. She went straight up to the doorstep, bent over the heap, and laid her hand on it. Everybody gasped and muttered, "Avert! Avert!" except Tawny's youngest daughter, who mistook the signs and piped up, "Speed the work!".The deeds and lays that tell of raids by dragons and counterforays by wizards portray the dragons..noise. She wanted to cry but she had never been good at crying. She stood and watched the water,.,with pulsating red cheeks, which continually licked its lips with a comically loose tongue..He had given her a little warmth when she was cold. He had nothing else to give her. Where she..That had been their signal, summer nights, when they sneaked out to meet in the willow grove down..Shaken by the intensity of that will, Tern straightened up and drew a deep breath. He looked round at the girl, Dory. She did not return his gaze, watching her mother with stolid, sullen grief. Only after the woman sank into sleep did Dory move, going to help Rush, who as a friend and neighbor had made herself useful and was gathering up blood-soaked cloths scattered by the bed..hillside, and said he was buried deep under there. Early had no wish to exhume him. But the boy..round his neck..on the bank. Sheep in the field between them and the Great House blatted softly. The morning sun..stream had chilled him to the bone, and he was shivering..By that time there were many people of the Hand who knew what was afoot on Roke. Young people came there sent by them. Men and women came to be taught and to teach. Many of these had a hard time getting there, for the spells that hid the island were stronger than ever, making it seem only a cloud, or a reef among the breakers; and the Roke wind blew, which kept any ship from Thwil Bay unless there was a sorcerer aboard who knew how to turn that wind. Still they came, and as the years went on a larger house was needed for the school than any in Thwil Town..Golden did not praise the boy, not wanting to making him self-conscious or vain about what might."No, you weren't," she whispered. "If you had been, you would know." "I don't know," he said, but he tried to bring the werelight round them, and after a while the ground glimmered faintly before their feet..spring where Rose had named her ten years ago. She stood there; the dog sat down beside her and."What does Thorion intend?" asked the Namer.."How long ago, did you say? A hundred and twenty years?"..When he looked up and spoke it was with a hint of a melancholy smile. "All the mystery and wisdom of the Masters, when it's out in the daylight, doesn't amount to so much, you know. Tricks of the trade - wonderful illusions. But people don't want to believe that. They want the mysteries, the illusions. Who can blame them? There's so little in most lives that's beautiful or worthy."..The cowboys were discussing whether or not it was safe to eat the meat of a steer dead of the murrain. The supply of food they had brought, meager to start with, was about to run out. Instead of riding twenty or thirty miles to restock, they wanted to cut the tongue out of a steer that had died nearby that morning..I had to smile; it was not a pleasant smile..The girl motioned them to come in. Crow chose to wait outside. The room was high and long, with traces of former elegance, but very old and very poor. Healers' paraphernalia and drying herbs were everywhere, though ranged in some order. Near the fine stone fireplace, where a tiny wisp of sweet herbs burned, was a bedstead. The woman in it was so wasted that in the dim light she seemed nothing but bone and shadow. As Tern came close she tried to sit up and to speak. Her daughter raised her head on the pillow, and when Tern was very near he could hear her: "Wizard," she said. "Not by chance." "I said I'd see to his beasts at... at the pasture between the rivers, was it?" he said, getting anxious, the hunted look coming back into him, and he got up from the settle..As they coasted that island, he himself put an illusion about Hopeful, so that she would seem not."Tern," he said; and so he was called.."Whom do you serve?" asked the shorter and younger of the women, speaking for the first time. She had a keen, hard face, with long black brows..He was fortunate in having met a farm heifer, not one of the roaming cattle who would only have led him deeper into the marshes. His Ulla was given to jumping fences, but after she had wandered a while she would begin to have fond thoughts of the cow barn and the mother from whom she still

stole a mouthful of milk sometimes; and now she willingly took the traveler home. She walked, slow but purposeful, down one of the tracks, and he went with her, a hand on her hip when the way was wide enough. When she waded a knee-deep stream, he held on to her tail. She scrambled up the low, muddy bank and flicked her tail loose, but she waited for him to scramble even more awkwardly after her. Then she plodded gently on. He pressed against her flank and clung to her, for the stream had chilled him to the bone, and he was shivering..be wrong to make too much of it, but probably it should not be discouraged..and stopped and undid it word by word.. "You must find the true womb, the bellybag of the Earth, that holds the pure moonseed. Did you.The Old Speech, or Language of the Making, with which Segoy created the islands of Earthsea at the..slow, very careful, he began to speak the spell of calling.. "A mage called Highdrake told me that when Ath stayed in Pendor, he told a wizard there that he'd..When he unbound him, the boy tried to pretend he was still stone, and would not speak. Early had to go into his mind, in the way he had learned from Gelluk long ago, when Gelluk was a true master of his art. He found out what he could. Then the boy was no good for anything and had to be disposed of. It was humiliating, again, to be outwitted by the very stupidity of these people; and all he had learned about Roke was that the Hand was there, and a school where they taught wizardry. And he had learned a man's name..lions. . . "I do have a gift," he said now, rubbing his temples and pulling his hair..leave him to breathe the fumes of quicksilver in that highest vault till he died... But when his..He had not known how tired he was until he came to haven. He spent all that day drowsing before the fire with the grey cat, while Gift went in and out at her work, offering him food several times-poor, coarse food, but he ate it all, slowly, valuing it. Come evening the brother went off, and she said with a sigh, "He'll run up a whole new line of credit at the tavern on the strength of us having a lodger. Not that it's your fault.. "Off you go, then," she said, "and leave us to settle this matter of the Rule." Her frown was as fierce as ever, but her voice was seldom as harsh as this when she spoke to him..poisoned. When Berry went out again, the woman came closer and said, resolute, in a low voice,..Some people of great innate and trained power are able to find out the true name of another, or even to have it come to them unsought. Since such knowledge can be betrayed or misused, it is immensely dangerous. Ordinary people-and dragons-keep their true name secret; wizards hide and defend theirs with spells. Morred could not even begin to fight his Enemy until he saw his Enemy's name written in the dust by the falling rain. Ged could force the dragon Yevaud to obey him, having by both wizardry and scholarship discovered Yevaud's true name under centuries of false ones..He could speak his language only with her. And he had lost her, let her go. The double heart has no true speech. From now on he could talk only the language of duty: the getting and the spending, the outlay and the income, the profit and the loss..wish as well as his?" "So," he said, "now he makes you his reason for our meeting. But I will not go to the Great House..He had half-consciously dreaded that Diamond would triumph over him, asserting his power right..it has no portal or grand entryway at all. You can enter by what they call the back door, which,..increasingly on wizards to fend off dragons and Kargish fleets. In the Havnorian Lay and The Deed..The weather was fair for once: a following wind, a blue sky lively with little white clouds, the..dandelions made of needle-signal lights, momentary suns and hemorrhages of advertising.. "Stop," I grumbled. "Any more apologizing and I'll really feel all that time.. "The boy was in fact a workman of the first order, carpenter, cabinetmaker, stonemason, roofer; he had proved that when he lived up here as Dulse's student, and his life with the rich folk of Gont Port had not softened his hands. He brought the boards from Sixth's mill in Re Albi, driving Gammer's ox-team; he laid the floor and polished it the next day, while the old wizard was up at Bog Lake gathering simples. When Dulse came home there it was, shining like a dark lake itself. "Have to wash my feet every time I come in," he grumbled. He walked in gingerly. The wood was so smooth it seemed soft to the bare sole. "Satin," he said. "You didn't do all that in one day without a spell or two. A village hut with a palace floor. Well, it'll be a sight, come winter, to see the fire shine in that! Or do I have to get me a carpet now? A fleecefell, on a golden warp?"..It is said that Segoy first wrote the True Runes in fire on the wind, so that they are coeval with..morning, hot, the summer sunlight filtering through the leaves in a thousand shades of green. A

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