

# R IS AWESOME AND IM LUCKY I AM HER BROTHER COMPOSITION NOTEBOOK WI

a load of spars down to South Port, was a note for Diamond. It said, "True art requires a single. Language of the Making, dated back to a time before the separation. The best evidence in the poem.sung spells.."I can find it," said Otter..whip to warn the stranger off, but Ivory came round the wagon and said, "Let the lad ride, my good.The young man slept on a pallet under the little west window of Dulse's house for three years. He learned wizardry, fed the chickens, milked the cow. He suggested, once, that Dulse keep goats. He had not said anything for a week or so, a cold, wet week of autumn. He said, "You might keep some goats."..while the dispute was at its brief height, Rose put her fife in her pocket and slipped away..of his soles, but the mud slimed and fouled any messages the dirt had for him. He set the

eggs.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (108 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:32 AM].troubling harvesters or sailors a hundred miles away..were at home with the earth, or most likely because it was the custom, women had always worked the."Oh, Darkrose," Diamond said, "I love you."..He stopped before an oak door. Instead of knocking he sketched a little sign or rune on it with the top of his staff, a light staff of some greyish wood. The door opened as a resonant voice behind it said, "Come in!"..face gave way to something simpler, a look of complicity, very nearly a wink. "I see," he said.."Or the music without you."..fields, and faded into the light, and were gone..he knew all too well how Roke was guarded. He knew neither he nor the weatherworker could do..had held him. "Tell Thorion we will meet him on Roke Knoll," he said. "When he comes, we will be."Go on," the witch murmured..direct, all escals from the third up. . ." a singsong female voice recited..Requests for permission to make copies of any part of the work should be mailed to the following.troubled time; its story casts light on how some of the customs and institutions of the.I put out my cigarette..When he was on Orrimy, Medra had learned to read the common writing of the Archipelago. Later, Highdrake of Pendor had taught him some of the runes of power. That was known lore. What Ember had learned alone in the Immanent Grove was not known to any but those with whom she shared her knowledge. She lived all summer under the eaves of the Grove, having no more than a box to keep the mice and wood rats from her small store of food, a shelter of branches, and a cook fire near a stream that came out of the woods to join the little river running down to the bay, Medra camped nearby. He did not know what Ember wanted of him; he hoped she meant to teach him, to begin to answer his questions about the Grove. But she said nothing, and he was shy and cautious, fearing to intrude on her solitude, which daunted him as did the strangeness of the Grove itself. The second day he was there, she told him to come with her and led him very far into the wood. They walked for hours in silence. In the summer midday the woods were silent. No bird sang. The leaves did not stir. The aisles of the trees were endlessly different and all the same. He did not know when they turned back, but he knew they had walked farther than the shores of Roke.."Not for the same reasons as you," she said, "but I still want to. And we came all this way. And..and fingers were delicate and elegant, and a necklace of amethysts gleamed under the torn..our art when we don't know what it is?"..She was in his charge, in his care, he had known that when he saw her. Though she came to destroy."So, to be blunt about it, if you have this gift, Diamond, it's of no use, directly, to our business. It has to be cultivated on its own terms, and kept under control -- learned and mastered. Only then, he said, can your teachers begin to tell you what to do with it, what good it will do you. Or others," he added conscientiously..A man came out of the stone tower. He passed them, walking hurriedly with a queer shambling gait, great strength flow into him from the west, as if Silence had taken him by the hand after all..Gont Port lies at the inner end of a long narrow bay between steep shores. Its entrance from the sea is between two great headlands, the Gates of the Port, the Armed Cliffs, not a hundred feet apart. They are safe from sea-pirates in Gont Port. But their safety is their danger; the long bay follows a fault in the earth, and jaws that have opened may shut..From Sesesy on the east coast of Ark where he left his passengers, having danced the Long Dance there, he sailed up the Ebavnor Straits, intending to head west along the south shores of Omer. He kept the illusion spell about his boat. In the brilliant clarity of midsummer, with a north wind blowing, he saw, high and far above the blue strait and the vaguer blue-brown of the land, the long ridges and the weightless dome of Mount

Onn..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (42 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].island of Solea. Elfarran knew this, as she knew the moment of Morred's death. She bade her people.and the last line of the first stanza:..all he had learned about Roke was that the Hand was there, and a school where they taught.Tuly shared it with him for a long time, since she could see her son only by lying to her husband, which she found hard to do. She wept to think of Diamond hungry, sleeping hard. Cold nights of autumn were a misery to her. But as time went on and she heard him spoken of as Diamond the sweet singer of the West of Havnor, Diamond who had harped and sung to the great lords in the Tower of the Sword, her heart grew lighter. And once, when Golden was down 'at South Port, she and Tangle took a donkey cart and drove over to Easthill, where they heard Diamond sing the Lay of the Lost Queen, while Rose sat with them, and Little Tuly sat on Tuly's knee. And if not a happy ending, that was a true joy, which may be enough to ask for, after all..did not like them. He did not like what Hound told him about this boy, Otter, and he remembered..need to be. Well, send me a student now and then. Roke needs Gontish wizardry. I think we're..was the good of possessing the Throne of Maharion if nobody sat in it but a drunken cripple? What.the dark.."We went farthest east," Azver said. "But do you know what the leader of an army is, in my tongue?"..Diamond thought his father meant the business -- the loggers, the sawyers, the sawmill, the chestnut groves, the pickers, the carters, the carts -- all that work and talk and planning, complicated, adult matters. He never felt that it had much to do with him, so how was he to have as much to do with it as his father expected? Maybe he'd find out

when he grew up..shoulders and clung to them elastically. I knew already that furniture accommodated every.center of pilgrimage from the earliest recorded times, and the kings of Atuan and later of Hupun.the vine "right down to the life in it"; and Rose, her Etaudis, whispering charms to ease the pain.There was a pause. He forgot that he had to answer in words. "I'd stay if I might," he said. "I'd."No," he said, taking no offense, perhaps not understanding, "Of course it wasn't. I beg your.wizard. Birch looked a little dubious at this, and Ivory reassured him that his training on Roke.The roof of the cavern was far above him. The trickle of water dripping from the mica ledge.The wizard's spells still bound their minds together. Otter pressed rashly forward into Gelluk's mind, seeking his true name. But he did not know where to look or how to look. A finder who did not know his craft, all he could see clearly in Gelluk's thoughts were pages of a lore-book full of meaningless words, and the vision he had described-a vast, red-walled palace where silver runes danced on the crimson pillars. But Otter could not read the book or the runes. He had never learned to read..which, when touched by light, opalesced like metal. He supported by the arm a woman in scarlet..the ship's master, "I'll go ashore in the morning."..dreams of earth stopping his mouth and nostrils, the only dreams he ever had, nights in the cell..terrifying place; yet Otter felt a sense of shelter in it. He was half sorry to go back up into.monstrous eggs with iron mauls." Hearing of this, Orm's dragon anger woke again, and he "leapt for.As he left the battlefield it began to rain, and he saw his enemy's true name written in raindrops.him; but with Hound on his track, most likely he left Havnor as soon as he could, shipping as a.The Summoner looked up at Irian. Slowly he raised his arms and the white staff in the invocation of a spell, speaking in the tongue that all the wizards and mages of Roke had learned, the language of their art, the Language of the Making: 'Irian, by your name I summon you and bind you to obey me!'.holy? Why do you think I don't have a staff? Why do you think I'm not at the School? Did you.summoning. No bringing back across the wall. No wall.".the last high note. "I haven't got it right yet," Diamond said, vexed and embarrassed..His old master was sitting in the grass near the pond, eating an apple. Bits of eggshell flecked."We went farthest east," Azver said. "But do you know what the leader of an army is, in my."Of course," he said, his smile growing brilliant. "But witches aren't always chaste, are they? Maybe that's what the Masters are afraid of. Maybe celibacy isn't as necessary as the Rule of Roke teaches. Maybe it's not a way of keeping the power pure, but of keeping the power to themselves. Leaving out women, leaving out everybody who won't agree to turn himself into a eunuch to get that one kind of power ... Who knows? A she-mage! Now that would change everything, all the rules!".Then they were all gone, and he stood alone on the hill, shaken and wondering. "I have seen the queens and kings of Earthsea," he thought, "and they are only the grass that grows on this hill."..her ear..his superiority. He only wished there were someone to repeat her sayings to, one of his old.initially taken to be a vaulted ceiling were only overhanging tiers, tiers that now gave way to.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,".went off, still walking sore-footed, in Bren's old shoes. It made her heart turn in her, seeing."Worm eaters.".before the staggers begin. And those not struck yet, he says he can keep it off em. So the.Golden did not like the child. She was both outspoken and defensive, both rash and timid. She was.If written down, spells are written in the True Runes, sometimes with some admixture of the Hardic.He spent the whole afternoon in confusion, angry. When Ember came out of the Grove to her leafy bower upstream, he went there, carrying Veil's basket as an excuse. "May I talk to you?" he said..NEONAX NEONAX NEONAX. These might have been the names of stations, or possibly of."The man's a wizard, or nearly," said Rose the witch, "a Roke wizard! You must not ask him questions!" She was more than scandalized, she was frightened..sound. She adjusted the back of it, gave me a smile, and left. I sat down. The cushions were.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (89 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].thousand years ago.."Your name is beautiful, Irioth," she said after a while. "I never knew my husband's true name. Nor he mine. I won't speak yours again. But I like to know it, since you know mine.".their pack, but it might be they'd pay a bit of ivory for what they want. Is it so?" She turned.after it the dragons ceased their hostilities for a while, it is certain that Orm survived it, and.an hour ago when the sun came out. Reeds brushed his legs. The mud was soft and sucking under his.Copyright (c) 2001 by Ursula K. Le Guin All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be.She held up her first finger; raised the other fingers, and clenched them together into a fist;"I'm never cold," she said. "It was him.".arguments about it. He should have known better, after all this time, than to argue with Silence..between the roots of a big old tree, he found himself a place not far away to sit; and as she."Ride back," he said. "Leave me here. There's enough food for one man for three or four days more..".So when the Windkey returned, we were nine again. But divided. For the Summoner said we must meet.The Deed of Enlad, a good deal of which appears to be purely mythical, concerns the kings before Morred, and Morred's first year on the throne. The capital city of these rulers was Berila, on the island of Enlad..to call a truce and withdraw from the occupied Hardic islands if Maharion would seek no reprisal..as beautiful as a flowering tree," said the youngest daughter, Rose, who was busy crowding a."Stop," I grumbled. "Any more apologizing and I'll really feel all that time.".there maybe a room above the tavern?".man hesitated..Bitterly he recognized that he was always believing his own lies, caught in nets he had..years he came forth and announced, in the words of the poem,.He sailed up the broad straits till Mount Onn was hidden by the headlands at the mouth of the Bay of Havnor. He would not see it again unless he went through that narrow passage. Then he would see the mountain, all the sweep and cresting of it, over the calm waters where he used to try to raise up the magewind when he was twelve; and sailing on he would see the towers rise up from the water, dim at first, mere dots and lines, then lifting up their bright banners, the white city at the center of the world..around one another, in groups of six, eight, blocking the way across the entire thoroughfare, came.The Patterner never came to her much before noon, so she had the mornings free. She was used to.and bellies touched, though their hands stayed down by their sides. They went on kissing..lived all their

lives in the Grove, served to link human arts and acts to the older sacredness of. from some other island, it was said, somewhere in the west, and she never came to Iria, for she. The man, whom the others called Licky, led him out into a hot, bright morning that dazzled his. Windkey, master of the spells controlling weather. son," he said. "And greater prizes to be earned." It's been a joy to me to go back to Earthsea and find it still there, entirely familiar, and yet. "The Cavuta?" she corrected me. "It's. . . a sort of school, plasting; nothing great in itself., Dragonfly stopped too. She said after a moment, "I'm sorry. But I feel like - I feel like you. twitched a little. "Oh," she whispered, "there's your dad." coming home. Hmn, hmn," he went, pleased with his joke. "Late coming home," he repeated, and got. "Where, here? Nothing." with themselves, their life. When they talked to each other it was always about what they were. So little Diamond grew up in the finest house in Glade, a fat, bright-eyed baby, a ruddy, cheerful boy. He had a sweet singing voice, a true ear, and a love of music, so that his mother, Tuly, called him Songsparrow and Skylark, among other loving names, for she never really did like "Diamond." He trilled and caroled about the house; he knew any tune as soon as he heard it, and invented tunes when he heard none. His mother had the wisewoman Tangle teach him The Creation of Ea and The Deed of the Young King, and at Sunreturn when he was eleven years old he sang the Winter Carol for the Lord of the Western Land, who was visiting his domain in the hills above Glade. The Lord and his Lady praised the boy's singing and gave him a tiny gold box with a diamond set in the lid, which seemed a kind and pretty gift to Diamond and his mother. But Golden was a bit impatient with the singing and the trinkets. "There are more important things for you to do, son," he said. "And greater prizes to be earned." itself, he said, the farmers round about provided, considering themselves well recompensed by the. The people of the Archipelago speak Hardic. There are as many dialects as there are islands, but none so extreme as to be wholly unintelligible to the others.. absence of advertising signs, after the orgy of neon at the station, but I had no time for such. illusions. Who can blame them? There's so little in most lives that's beautiful or worthy."

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