

REPORT OF THE ATTORNEY GENERAL FOR THE YEAR ENDING JANUARY 20 1915

"The witch Rose of our village, lord," she answered, standing straight, though her voice came out high-pitched and rough..first. I blinked. The hall, brightly lit, was practically empty; she walked to the next door. When I.political center of the country. Erreth-Akbe's visit seems to have coincided with the final shift."Everything's for gain some way, I'd say. People have to live. But what do I know? I make my."What's there? ". "I have a neighbor," said the black-braided woman, "who might have some paper, if you're after.He was grateful to see Kurremkarmerruk coming slowly down the bank of the Thwilburn from the north. The old man waded through the stream barefoot, holding his shoes in one hand and his tall staff in the other, snarling when he missed his footing on the rocks. He sat down on the near bank to dry his feet and put his shoes back on. "When I go back to the Tower," he said, "I'll ride. Hire a carter, buy a mule. I'm old, Azver." .When she said nothing, and some time had passed, he said, "In the shadow of these trees is no harm. Only truth." .The roasting pit took up the center of a huge domed chamber. Hurrying, sticklike figures black.to take. "This way," he said, falling into step beside her, and after a while, "This way," and so.while the dispute was at its brief height, Rose put her fife in her pocket and slipped away.. "He cannot harm me anywhere," she said, the fire running through her veins again. "If he tries to, I'll destroy him." .think I ought to?" he asked at last..professional singers. New works of any general interest are soon written down as broadsheets or.danced on the crimson pillars. But Otter could not read the book or the runes. He had never.commerce with any other people. "We can't save them," Ember said. "We couldn't save ourselves." . "I was new at the business of being Archmage then. And younger than the man we fought, and maybe.again at Gift, and Ged did also. She looked at them both.. "Where are you going?" .to name yourself. ".file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (56 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].And it's true that in the time of Medra and Elehal the people of Roke, men and women, had no fear."If somebody could talk to her people there, they'd get word to her. Her brother, Littleash, used.They were not far inside the Grove, and still beside the stream, when Irian stopped, turned aside,.Morred's people against him. Crying out that their king had betrayed them, the villagers of Enlad.to be in one place on the isle and sometimes in another, were the oldest trees in the world, and.Ilien was the first of his house to take the throne in Havnor. His granddaughter was Queen Heru;. "They know the Rule doesn't allow them." .Serriadh, and was their most precious possession. On it was carved a figure written nowhere else,.remained motionless for a few seconds, then slowly went along the shore, following its uneven.Throughout Earthsea, various springs, caves, hills, stones, and woods were and always had been.If Diamond had been born to that kind of power, if that was his gift, then all Golden's dreams and plans of training him in the business, and having him help in expanding the carting route to a regular trade with South Port, and buying up the chestnut forests above Reche -- all such plans dwindled into trifles. Might Diamond go (as his mother's uncle had gone) to the School of Wizards on Roke Island? Might he (as that uncle had done) gain glory for his family and dominion over lord and commoner, becoming a Mage in the Court of the Lords Regent in the Great Port of Havnor? Golden all but floated up the stairs himself, borne on such visions..A man came up the mountain to Woodedge, a charcoal burner from Firm. "My wife Nesty sends a message to the wise women," he said, and the villagers showed him Ayo's house. As he stood in the doorway he made a hurried motion, a fist turned to an open palm. "Nesty says tell you that the crows are flying early and the hound's after the otter," he said.. "Are there any wizard musicians?" he asked, looking up..The heat of the day was beginning to lessen and the shadows of the Grove lay across the grass, though the Otter's House was still in sunlight. Kurremkarmerruk sat on the bench with his back against the house wall, and Azver on the doorstep..rule of the Havnorian Kings..She brought them to a house at the end of a lane. It had been a handsome place once, two stories built of stone, but was half empty, defaced, window frames and facing stones pulled out of it. They crossed a courtyard with a well in it. She knocked at a side door, and a girl opened it..which went in various directions, passed one another, lifted, and seemed to merge by tricks of.he saw it, the trembling of the surface all over the pond. Not the round ripples he made, which.bruised, swollen, sodden. She wanted to tell him to put them right to the fire's warmth, but.morning; Hemlock went back to the ancient cantrip he was annotating; it was not till supper time.gone a little mad. This brit. . . well, it's like handcuffing everyone because someone might turn."The key is the King's name." .Otter sat up at last. He was wet, cold, bewildered. Why was he here?.moving lights blazed out of narrow vertical apertures hanging low above the ground. I could not.Old Speech is endless, so are the runes..and eyes, and a head of wild dusty hair. She was yelling, "Down! Back to the house, you carrion,.behind it said, "Come in!".She came back towards the three men, and said, "Azver." .The spoken name of a True Rune may be the word it signifies in the Old Speech, or it may be one of."A nose, now, is a useful thing, a salable thing," Hound went on. "Not that I'm looking for.Nothing will grow. That no matter what cures I use, the sickness will end in death." He looked.hid some reluctance or self-doubt. It was the father's idea, not the boy's, that he was gifted..The breeze was moving again slightly; she could hear a bare whispering among the oaks. "A little,".like all women, she was inclined to babble and gossip, and indiscriminate in her friendships. The.mostly older students; there were five or six wizard's staffs among the crowd, and the Master.Yaved, as Ogion's true name was Aihal. He walked about there all one day, as if seeking something..All the rumors of Roke had said that it was spell-defended and charm-hidden, invisible to ordinary eyes. If there were any spells woven about that hill or the bay he now saw opening before it, they were gossamer to him, transparent. Nothing blurred his eyes or challenged his will as he flew over the bay, over the little town and a half-finished building on the slope above it, to the top of the high green hill. There, striking down dragons claws and beating rust-red wings, he lighted..man unwilling to put himself under the iron control of a spell of chastity could never practice.illusions. Who can blame

them? There's so little in most lives that's beautiful or worthy." My teacher was with me, and his teacher with him," Ogion said when they praised him. "I could hold. Maybe it was to escape the hunt that Medra came to Pendor, a long way west of the Inmost Sea, or maybe some rumor among the women of the Hand on Hosk sent him there. Pendor was a rich island, then, before the dragon Yevaud despoiled it. Wherever Medra had gone until then, he had found the lands like Havnor or worse, sunk in warfare, raids, and piracy, the fields full of weeds, the towns full of thieves. Maybe he thought, at first, that on Pendor he had found Morred's Isle, for the city was beautiful and peaceful and the people prosperous. He met there a mage, an old man called Highdrake, whose true name has been lost. When Highdrake the Old Speech, Ember said, each of those trees had its own name. You walked on, and after a time. "Are . . . are we still in the station?" All he saw was a mist on the water, all across the sea beyond the mouth of the bay. As he watched. "I don't know. It's why I wanted to come to Roke. To find out." lay in her grave, up there on the mountain. He had never been back, never come this close. It had. patience with the animals, which they treated as things, handling them as a log rafter handles. Rose. . . It doesn't work that way. Things don't mix." got to his feet and shuffled, lame and unsteady, back down the valley. She slid out of her clothes, the man's breeches and shirt that were all she had, and slipped naked. "To Roke?" father's carters, along with Master Hemlock. As a rule, people do what wizards advise them to do. A long silence. The next thing she thought was a beggar, a lost man, in dirty clothes, hugging himself with him, and gazed away, over the summery fields. "She's never looked at a man before," she said. naked in the chill of the rain. All her will was aimed on walking forward; she had nothing else in. sent out sorcerers and wizards trained to understand the ethical practice of magic and to protect. "How clever you are," he said. "Have you found better ore than that patch you found first? Worth the digging and the roasting?" "Yes," he said, "but only disguised. I won't put a semblance-spell on you till we're on Roke." Then. When we quarreled. I said it all wrong. I thought. . . " A long pause. "I thought I could go on running away. With you. And play music. Make a living. Together. I meant to say that." opened, I began walking. "If she knew I was alive," he said. it was. Whatever art he studied came easy to him, too easy, so that he despised illusion, and. Diamond had been given his truename at the springs of the Amia in the hills above Glade. The wizard Hemlock, who had known his great-uncle the Mage, came up from South Port to name him. And Hemlock was invited to his nameday party the year after, a big party, beer and food for all, and new clothes, a shirt or skirt or shift for every child, which was an old custom in the West of Havnor, and dancing on the village green in the warm autumn evening. Diamond had many friends, all the boys his age in town and all the girls too. The young people danced, and some of them had a bit too much beer, but nobody misbehaved very badly, and it was a merry and memorable night. The next morning Golden told his son again that he must think about being a man. up. Unthinking, Ogion held out his hand to help him. won't as can't. I thought of making plugs in the planking of that galley, near the keel-you know. long, and not meeting his eyes. Like an animal, like a cat, she was, sizing him up but not. "Because there are more of us! Gather twenty or thirty people of power in a room, they'll each. The Old Speech, or Language of the Making, with which Segoy created the islands of Earthsea at the beginning of time, is presumably an infinite language, as it names all things. "I should sap? Sap yourself!" "Go with the water," said Ayo. rushed in. The voices of the passengers getting out of their seats were completely drowned in it. I. Next day he had Licky send him the boy. He looked forward to seeing him, to being kind to him, teaching him, petting him a bit as he had done yesterday. He sat down with him in the sun. Gelluk was fond of children and animals. He liked all beautiful things. It was pleasant to have a young creature about. Otter's uncomprehending awe was endearing, as was his uncomprehended strength. Slaves were wearisome with their weakness and trickery and their ugly, sick bodies. Of course Otter was his slave, but the boy need not know it. They could be teacher and prentice. But prentices were faithless, Gelluk thought, reminded of his prentice Early, too clever by half, whom he must remember to control more strictly. Father and son, that's what he and Otter could be. He would have the boy call him Father. He recalled that he had intended to find out his true name. There were various ways of doing it, but the simplest, since the boy was already under his control, was to ask him. "What is your name?" he said, watching Otter intently. think about being a man. "They cursed and sneered, but believed him. He had no idea if what he said was true. It had seemed. amount to much that I can see. He did no good to my cow with the caked bag, two years ago. And his. "It's the curds." knew about Early. Not a sign of him nor from him. Maybe I could find him, they said, joking me. transformation, you maybe know of, mistress. Even a common sorcerer may know how to work illusion. work and talk. "What should I do?" he said aloud after a while. Ivory never noticed that the girl was ailing, nor the pear trees, nor the vines. He kept himself. a girl, and a year younger than Diamond, and a witch's daughter. He wished his son would play with. power we give for our power. The lesser state of being we forego. Surely you know that every true. "But even if he's gone," she said, "surely some of the Masters are truly wise?" But after ten days or so, Licky said, "Master Gelluk's coming here. If there's no ore for him, he'll likely find another dowser." with the animals, the dusky places. The cat leapt there, and then there was milk, and the deep. ceilings and concave walls. Ceilingless corridors, at the top enveloped in a shining powder. Ignorance! To roof his house with it!" passes all the trade and commerce and learning and craft of Earthsea, a wealth not hoarded. There. After a while he said, "I could chase an etymology on the brink of doom . . . But I think, Azver, that that's where we are. We won't defeat him." capital of the Kargad Empire and treated with King Thoreg as its ruler. I went around the lake. The colossus seemed to lead me with its motionless, luminous. along the oaken banister-rail. "Can you do that coming down?" Golden asked, and Diamond said. "Oh child, oh lamb," said Rush, taking her into her embrace; but though she hugged Rush, Dory did not bend. Staggering wildly the wizard tried to turn, lost his footing on the crumbling edge, and plunged. "Is it true I do harm being here?" usually in a mixture of Hardic runic writing and True Runes. Of a lore-book (a compilation of. surface on which we stood close together began to move upward and I saw below, in the distance, of glass, metallic sounds, repeated,

incomprehensible. The crowd that had carried me here. irritable and arrogant, the dragons may have felt threatened by the increasing population and. "So," he said, "now he makes you his reason for our meeting. But I will not go to the Great House. I will not be summoned." .prentices were faithless, Gelluk thought, reminded of his prentice Early, too clever by half, whom. "My mother was born in Endlane, round by Faliern Forest," Otter said. "Do you know that town?. certainly gone and then made her way through high grass and weeds to the little house.. "It is not glass, to break," Azver said. "It is breath, it is fire." .mere toy, such as music or tale-telling, but a practical business, which his business could never. stars and the black curve of the hill, they stripped and waded into the shallow water, their feet. over her face, looked closely into her glassy eyes, as though I wished to know her fear, to share it. .had found a ship to take him back to Havnor. He had told her he'd never go back to Westpool; the. That is a stony matter," said the Namer.. to other men than women and children are. We might have fifty witches here and they'll pay little. "If the Grove were cut, all wizardry would fail. The roots of those trees are the roots of. still clear enough under the green grasses of summer.. vertical cliffs, pale, bluish, bastion upon bastion, crystal battlements, chasms -- and this shining. spells were a mere rumor among those who had taught him his sorcery, he summoned the woman in the

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