

SOMETHING ABOUT EMUS BININJ STORIES FROM WESTERN ARNHAM LAND

"I am not ashamed," Irian said. She looked at them all. She felt that she should thank them for their courtesy but the words would not come. She nodded stiffly to them, turned round, and strode out of the room. Inside stood two of the wheelless cars; a few lamps shone, and under them three people. Only in the syntax of the Old Speech, however, and only as spoken or written by a wizard. "Is she misnamed?" the Doorkeeper asked the Namer. *file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (52 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]*. "Do you hear the words?" listening in silence. "I don't see why one couldn't be." She never saw why something could not be. Often her mind here seemed empty of thought, full of the forest itself, but this day memories came to her, vivid. She thought about Ivory, thinking she would never see him again, wondering if he had found a ship to take him back to Havnor. He had told her he'd never go back to Westpool; the only place for him was the Great Port, the King's City, and for all he cared the island of Way could sink in the sea as deep as Solea. But she thought with love of the roads and fields of Way. She thought of Old Iria village, the marshy spring under Iria Hill, the old house on it. She thought about Daisy singing ballads in the kitchen, winter evenings, beating out the time with her wooden clogs; and old Coney in the vineyards with his razor-edge knife, showing her how to prune the vine "right down to the life in it"; and Rose, her Etaudis, whispering charms to ease the pain in a child's broken arm. I have known wise people, she thought. Her mind flinched away from remembering her father, but the motion of the leaves and shadows drew it on. She saw him drunk, shouting. She felt his prying, tremulous hands on her. She saw him weeping, sick, shamed, and grief rose up through her body and dissolved, like an ache that melts away in a long stretch. He was less to her than the mother she had not known. remembering her father, but the motion of the leaves and shadows drew it on. She saw him drunk, looked at the pages. Long, long lists of names and numbers, debts and credits, profits and losses. "Oh, no, you're not, Master Otak. While you were out in the east range a sorcerer curer came by, a fellow that's been here before, from the south coast, and so San hired him. You work for me and you'll be paid well. Better than copper, maybe, if the beasts fare well!". Of late, entering always deeper into the mysteries of a certain lore-book brought back from the. It seemed that from Roke Knoll the whole extent of the Grove could be seen, yet if you walked in. The dragons offered no threat during this period, and the Kargs had withdrawn into their own. Her apparition stood again just outside the spiderweb cords of the spell, gazing at him, and seeing him, for a soft, bluish, sourceless light filled the room. Her sore, raw lips quivered but she did not speak. "I'm sorry too," he said, trying to speak carelessly, lightly. butterfly in midair. He flicked a butterfly back at her, and the two flitted and flickered a. The Lament for the White Enchanter. The island was drowned beneath the sea, and Elfarran with it. He sat down on his narrow bunk and looked at her sitting on her narrow bunk; they could not face each other directly, as there was no room for their knees. At O Port she had bought herself a decent shirt and breeches, at his suggestion, so as to look a more probable candidate for the School. Her face was windburned and scrubbed clean. Her hair was braided and the braid clubbed, like Ivory's. She had got her hands clean, too, and they lay flat on her thighs, long strong hands, like a man's. "We have to let them go," he said. "You have told me," Veil said. he liked to answer a question with a question; but the answers to Rose's questions were always. Spring came late again that year, cold and stormy. Medra set to boat-building. By the time the peaches flowered, he had made a slender, sturdy deep-sea boat, built according to the style of Havnor. He called her Hopeful. Not long after that he sailed her out of Thwil Bay, taking no companion with him. "Look for me at the end of summer," he said to Ember. would, swum as the otter would swim. But only in his own form could he think as a man, hide, make that gesture. It was not a spell, he thought, watching intently, but a sign. Ayo was watching. She was in tears. They hugged, and she stroked his thick, shining hair and apologized for being. At first he had thought Diamond had a knack such as many children had and then lost, a stray spark of magery. When he was a little boy, Golden himself had been able to make his own shadow shine and sparkle. His family had praised him for the trick and made him show it off to visitors; and then when he was seven or eight he had lost the hang of it and never could do it again. "He's the Master here." so much before. Could they be flying columns? People were hurrying toward it from all. approach the wall opened. I felt a gust of hot air. The Song of the Young King, sung annually at Sunreturn, the festival of the winter solstice, tells. She stepped across the threshold of the Great House. compelled by him, but she was with me, and she was free. And so together we could turn his power. not bend. Imagination like all living things lives now, and it lives with, from, on true change. Like all we. "I have a neighbor," said the black-braided woman, "who might have some paper, if you're after. jumped up beside him and purred. black shining hair. When she stared at him in sudden incomprehensible challenge he had thought her. he said, and let her go. She walked up the street and stood before the door. She looked back then, his arm and hip and head. Then the darkness came around him, and then nothing. great folk don't look for women to work together. Or to have thoughts about such things as rule or. All he saw was a mist on the water, all across the sea beyond the mouth of the bay. As he watched it thickened and darkened, creeping out over the slow waves. The boy's drop-jawed stare irritated Hemlock, though he knew it shouldn't. Wizards are used to overweening confidence in the young of their kind. They expect modesty to come later, if at all. "I said Roke," Hemlock said in a tone that said he was unused to having to repeat himself. And then, because this boy, this soft-headed, spoiled, moony boy had endeared himself to Hemlock by his uncomplaining patience, he took pity on him and said, "You should either go to Roke or find a wizard to teach you what you need. Of course you need what I can teach you. You need the names. The art begins and ends in naming. But that's not your gift. You have a poor memory for words. You must train it diligently. However, it's clear that you do have capacities, and that they need cultivation and discipline, which another man can give you better than I can." So does modesty breed modesty,

sometimes, even in unlikely places. "If you were to go to Roke, I'd send a letter with you drawing you to the particular attention of the Master Summoner." of wizardry will go on to learn the "Further Runes," the "Runes of Ea," and many others. If the. The sense of huge strength was draining out of her. She turned her head a little and looked down, surprised to see her own brown arm, her rolled-up sleeve, the grass springing cool and green around her sandaled feet. She looked back at the Patterner and he still seemed a fragile being. She pitied and honoured him. She wanted to warn him of the peril he was in. But no words came to her at all. She turned round and went back to the streambank by the little falls. There she sank down on her haunches and hid her face in her arms, shutting him out, shutting the world out. one to the other in blank bewilderment. worth playing. If she ran away with him, the game was as good as won. As for the joke of it, the. and when his son was born, the mother said, "We could call him Chestnut, or Oak, maybe?" But the. hearth, skillfully making up the fire. The curer was in his room asleep. She looked in, and closed. "Well, that won't do," said the stranger pleasantly. "I can't be bringing on a birth untimely. Is there maybe a room above the tavern?" Heleth said. "I'm not sure." against the blaze shoveled and reshoveled ore onto logs kept in a roaring blaze by great bellows. That's all he really told me, yet," said Dragonfly, coming back to the mild, overcast spring day and the infinite familiarity of the village lane, Rose's front yard, her own seven milch ewes grazing on Iria Hill, the bronze crowns of the oaks. "He's very careful how he talks about the Masters." storm of praise ran through him. Night had come. Gift's lamp had flickered out. Only the red glow of the fire shone on Hawk's face. It was not the face she had thought it. It was worn, and hard, and scarred all down one side. The hawk's face, she thought. She held still, listening. pouch, lifted it to his lips, and drank its contents. He opened his smiling mouth so that Otter. the boys I had studying at the Tower left." They walked a half-mile or so. The Knoll rose up full in the western sun on their right. Behind. "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." house, which, like most witches' houses, stood somewhat apart from the village. "Well," she said. He quickened her base clay with the true seed. But she will not give birth to the King. She is. I had thought, upon entering, that the wall opposite the door was of glass, and that through. while others brought fresh logs and worked the bellows sleeves. From the apex of the dome a spiral. That is, human beings chose to have possessions and dragons chose not to. But, as there are. Her ignorance and trustfulness could endanger her and therefore him. What did she and the bagman. "Well, he ran out. Or. . . he could always lie." possibility. . . the fact that there is one who. . . "Animals, too?" Berry ducked his head and muttered. His eyes were dull. It seemed to Irioth that the man had been. "Oh, yes," Irioth said. "It was my fault." But she forgave; and the grey cat was pressed up. about Silence. I should send for him ... send to him ... No. What did Ard say? Find the center. He was in fact a town boy, born in Gont Port. He had said nothing about himself, but Dulse had asked around a bit. The father, a longshoreman, had died in the big earthquake, when Silence would have been seven or eight; the mother was a cook at a waterfront inn. At twelve the boy had got into some kind of trouble, probably messing about with magic, and his mother had managed to prentice him to Elassen, a respectable sorcerer in Valmouth. There the boy had picked up his true name, and some skill in carpentry and farmwork, if not much else; and Elassen had had the generosity, after three years, to pay his passage to Roke. That was all Dulse knew about him. "I didn't know what I was doing," he said. "Sometimes it worked, sometimes it didn't." file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (85 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. walked down to find an inn near the docks. Dragonfly looked about at the sights of the city in a. destruction of the killer in man was a disfigurement. to him, words he had never said or thought before, that he thought he had spoken them in the True. A wizard, as Halkel defined the term, was a man who received his staff from a teacher, himself a wizard, who had taken special responsibility for his training. It was usually the Archmage who gave a student his staff and made him wizard. This kind of teaching and succession occurred elsewhere than Roke-notably on Paln-but the Masters of Roke came to regard with suspicion a student of anyone not trained on Roke.. THIS IS THE FIRST PAGE of the Book of the Dark, written some six hundred years ago in Berila, on. "Well, he can't lift the murrain all at once. But seems like he can cure a beast if he gets to it. (From her it passed through her descendants for over five hundred years to the last heirs of. "There's nobody in the village could change that," she said. She looked up into his face for a. body understand his body, repeating that first, deep embrace that had held all the years of their. some spell of his own art that we did not understand, like the spell snakes know that keeps their. in the earliest days dragons and human beings were all one kind. Eventually these dragon-people. said nothing, a non-rhetorical answer. He helped her stand. He made no spell to protect or hide them. His strength had been used up. And though there was a great magery in her, which had brought her with him every step of that strange journey into the valley and tricked the wizard into saying his name, she knew no arts or spells, and had no strength left at all. 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. changing," he mumbled at last. "What will you do?" she asked quietly. isle of the Inmost Sea, away south and east from Semel. This child was the son of an under-steward. exerted considerable political power. On the whole this power was used benevolently. Maintaining. "And the ... the students?" The danger in trying to do good is that the mind comes to confuse the intent of goodness with the act of doing things well. They let him walk among them, wild as they were and having had nothing from men's hands but castration and butchery. He had a pleasure in their trust in him, a pride in it. He should not, but he did. If he wanted to touch one of the great beasts he had only to stand and speak to it a little while in the language of those who do not speak. "Ulla," he said, naming them. "Ellu. Ellua." They stood, big, indifferent; sometimes

one looked at him for a long time. Sometimes one came to him with its easy, loose, majestic tread, and breathed into his open palm. All those that came to him he could cure. He laid his hands on them, on the stiff-haired, hot flanks and neck, and sent the healing into his hands with the words of power spoken over and over. After a while the beast would give a shake, or toss its head a bit, or step on. And he would drop his hands and stand there, drained and blank, for a while. Then there would be another one, big, curious, shyly bold, muddy-coated, with the sickness in it like a prickling, a tingling, a hotness in his hands, a dizziness. "Ellu," he would say, and walk to the beast and lay his hands upon it until they felt cool, as if a mountain stream ran through them..of. The Child Taker, they called him, a dreaded sorcerer who carried children to his island in the.noise. She wanted to cry but she had never been good at crying. She stood and watched the water,.came by and said to his parents, "Let Otter come to me in the evenings after work. He should learn.Away from the lanterns of the party it was dark, but she knew the way in the dark. He was there. The willows had grown, these two years. There was only a little space to sit among the green shoots and the long, falling leaves..there-in time as well as in space..I'll destroy him."..may be a matter for talk among the nine of us."..Something happened. I heard raised voices. I leaned out of my seat. Several rows in front.And yet Ember said to Medra, "We were our own undoing."..him. Listening is a rare gift, and men will have their heroes.."How can we get free?".."Dark is bad," said the Patterner. "Eh?"..for dragons! But that there was some kind of scheming and gathering together of men of power on.soft thrilling. There was no fault, only the great innocence. No need for words. They would not.He let that sink in for a while, and then continued softly, "And to work the spell of semblance on you, to make it so complete and deep that the Masters of Roke will see you as a man and nothing else, to do that, I too must know your name." He paused again. As he talked it seemed to him that everything he said was true, and his voice was moved and gentle as he said, "I could have known it long ago. But I chose not to use those arts. I wanted you to trust me enough to tell me your name yourself."..the other in honour of King Lebannen. "Hello, little namesakes," he told them when he was alone.on running away. With you. And play music. Make a living. Together. I meant to say that."..away -- that mysterious, dangerous, incalculable power against which Golden's wealth and mastery.marshlands, a village not far away. He had thought he was on the way to the village, but had taken.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (104 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:32 AM].you know my name."..wanting a boy to work on his boat, or a girl to train in the weaving sheds, or he was buying.single heart."..Sleeping out on deck with the starlight on his face, he had a simple, vivid dream: it was daylight, clouds racing across a bright sky, and across the sea he saw the sunlit curve of a high green hill. He woke with the vision still clear in his mind, knowing he had seen it ten years before, in the spell-locked barracks room at the mines of Samory.."Will you come with me?" the Patterner said to Irian.."Something toxic, you understand. Strong. Alcohol. . . or don't they drink it any more?".."What? What milk? That's brit. . .".whip to warn the stranger off, but Ivory came round the wagon and said, "Let the lad ride, my good.barn," he said, and he was.."Interesting," she said..loved to play. The game had turned to a kind of contest he had not expected but could not put an.alone, I would have chosen this broad artery, because in the distance blazed the letters TO THE."Fragments," Crow said, dismissing his life's work. "Remnants!"..your bed," she said. "There's no fire in that room. Did you meet weather, up on the mountain? They.laughing with excitement..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."..him in for a cup of water and a handful of shelled nuts. She and Ayo chatted with him about his."Who doesn't? I like the cheese making. There's an interest to it. And I'm strong. All I fear is getting old, when I can't lift the buckets and the molds." She showed him her round, muscular arm, making a fist and smiling. "Pretty good for fifty years old!" she said. It was silly to boast, but she was proud of her strong arms, her energy and skill.

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