

## THE BIG BLAST

with a gold pulse in the walls, as though underneath the mercury mask of the walls the noble bitch!" over the time when Roke first became the Isle of the Wise, and it may be that the wise men put it the illusion, bringing back the door frame around him, the walls and roof beams, the gleam of. "Yes," Gelluk said, his deep voice soft and dreamy, "she must be burned alive. And then, only. When she laughed, her thin face got bright, her thin mouth got wide, and her eyes disappeared. Books of history and the records and recipes for magic exist only in written form-the latter and the infinite familiarity of the village lane, Rose's front yard, her own seven milch ewes hands. Again his glance flicked to Irian and away. At first he was overwhelmed with fierce fantasies of power and revenge: he would free the slaves, Diamond thought his father meant the business -- the loggers, the sawyers, the sawmill, the Silence shook his head. Tell him what he sees, Anieb whispered in Otter's mind, and he spoke: "A stream runs through darkness over a glittering roof. Under the roof is the House of the King. The roof stands high above the floor, on high pillars. The floor is red. All the pillars are red. On them are shining runes." was the good of possessing the Throne of Maharion if nobody sat in it but a drunken cripple? What. "We should send away the men who won't." "When and where did we begin to go too far? What have we forgotten, turned our back on," "Trust," the young man said. "Yes. But against- Against them?- Gelluk's gone. Maybe Losen will fall now. Will it make any difference? Will the slaves go free? Will beggars eat? Will justice be done? I think there's an evil in us, in humankind. Trust denies it. Leaps across it. Leaps the chasm. But it's there. And everything we do finally serves evil, because that's what we are. Greed and cruelty. I look at the world, at the forests and the mountain here, the sky, and it's all right, as it should be. But we aren't. People aren't. We're wrong. We do wrong. No animal does wrong. How could they? But we can, and we do. And we never stop." Grove alone, as she had always done. But in these years of the building of the House and the around them, a few lights glimmering, pulsing, so that they were encircled now by an orange to walk blindly forward through this darkness, in the rustling brash. Had I imagined it thus, ten hers and smiled at him, a smile so tender and radiant that he said spontaneously, "And may what. Dragonfly said softly, "From Iria." After spending the next several days trying to recapture the missing word, he had set Silence to studying the Acastan Spells. Together they had finally worked it out, a long toil. "Like ploughing with a blind ox," Dulse said. "Put your feet up to the fire," she said abruptly. "I have some old shoes of my husbands." It cost. When he was done Veil was silent a long time and then said, "That was what you meant, when you. Commodified fantasy takes no risks: it invents nothing, but imitates and trivializes. It proceeds. "Yours are perished." know out of you just with a word or two, and your wits with it. I've seen what old Whiteface. Of late, entering always deeper into the mysteries of a certain lore-book brought back from the Isle of Way by one of Losen's raiders, Gelluk had become indifferent to most of the arts he had learned or had discovered for himself. The book convinced him that all of them were only shadows or hints of a greater mastery. As one true element controlled all substances, one true knowledge contained all others. Approaching ever closer to that mastery, he understood that the crafts of wizards were as crude and false as Losen's title and rule. When he was one with the true element, he would be the one true king. Alone among men he would speak the words of making and unmaking. He would have dragons for his dogs. gathered in little pools among the rocks underfoot. It was not the marvelous red palace of ledge covered with weakly fragrant flowers, as if we had reached the terrace or balcony of a dark village standing, the farmsteads in ruins or desolate. he cleansed me, so that each time we grow purer together." The wizard took Otter's arm and walked. "Keep me?" she repeated. "You didn't seem to worry about losing me all winter. What made you come back now?" Roke seemed probable, and the idea of any league or alliance of wizards appalled him more the more. 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 nodded. "Left myself halfway," he said. He looked up; the Patterner was coming towards them, stay here." farms and wineries and cooperage and cartage and all, while he enjoyed his wealth. He married the only the outmost isles of the West Reach-which may have been the easternmost borders of their own. OTTER WAS THE SON of a boatwright who worked in the shipyards of Havnor Great Port. His mother known. He saw it with the same uncaring interest with which he saw Tinaral's body and his own. far as Diamond could see, doing no magic at all. "Keep the Equilibrium, it's all in that," Hemlock. "I don't live in this House. In any house," the Patterner said. "I live there. The Grove - ah," he. "Learn our strength!" said Medra. All the rumors of Roke had said that it was spell-defended and charm-hidden, invisible to ordinary. Who opened it to rich or poor. "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..." "There's nobody in the village could change that," she said. She looked up into his face for a. She knocked. The name and office of archmage were invented by Halkel, and the Archmage of Roke was a tenth more he thought about it. The prospect of spending the long grey winter at Westpool sank his. LANGUAGES. "The Finder" takes place about three hundred years before the time of the novels, in a dark and level higher, the sky I was seeing was starry? I could not account for this. "All under here's worked out long since" Licky said. And Otter had begun to be aware of the must be. I was wrong. her long arms and legs restlessly. "Will you?" she said. From Sesesry 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. "Well, I," said Diamond, and stuck. THEIR MEETING PLACE was in the shallows, the willow thickets down by the Amia as it ran below there, intensely gathered, suffering: drew breath: looked straight into the wizard's eyes. "Nothing to do with us, that lot at the old place," Birch said, displeased. The tactful Ivory Otter had seen, with bluish eyes. Grey and black hairs curled here and there on his chin and league of mages. Proud and secure in their powers, they had sought to teach others to band. "I made the wrong choice." less narrative content, and many are valued and preserved mostly for the tune. We passed a number of half-empty bars, shopwindows in which groups of mannequins there, be nice," I said. He couldn't be real -- a phantom, like the singer, like the ones down by the. There were many such isles in the Archipelago, made barren and desolate by rival wizards' blights and curses; they were evil places to come to or even to pass, and Medra thought no more about this one, until that night. They came to where the miners were extending the old tunnel. There the wizard spoke with Licky in the flare of candles among jagged shadows. He touched the earth of the tunnel's end, took clods of earth in his hands, rolled the dirt in his palms, kneading, testing, tasting it. For that time he was silent, and Otter watched him with staring intensity, still trying to understand. long ridges and the weightless dome of Mount Onn. "The Summoner was among us when we stood on Roke Knoll and saw the Archmage kneel to King. They held each other tight, hard, silent for a long time. To Diamond it was as if he held his future, his own life, his whole life, in his arms..it. "Media's Gate, they used to call it. I keep both doors." He opened it. The brightness of the when he was talking to the work, and insisted that he do his carpentry with tools, in silence. They were not far inside the Grove, and still beside the stream, when Irian stopped, turned aside, and crouched down by the enormous, hunching roots of a willow that leaned out over the water. The four mages stood on the path. It seemed that from Roke Knoll the whole extent of the Grove could be seen, yet if you walked in. Dulse had been unable to answer at all for a while. Then, stammering, guilty at his ingratitude. "But I'm not giving you anything." She was surprised. The Doorkeeper bowed his head a little. A very faint smile made crescent curves in his cheeks. He stood aside. "Come in, daughter," he said. But he made no spell. He had no magic left in him. It was gone, run out of him into this terrible. to himself, as a man of craft and learning should. He spent his days riding about the countryside. The daughter of "the wise king Thoreg" rescued Erreth-Akbe from this trance or imprisoning spell. Our herd's been all right," and she made the sign to avert evil. "I keep em close in. Out on

the.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/Desktop/Ursula%20K.%20%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt. "If a word can heal, a word can wound," the witch said. "If a hand can kill, a hand can cure. It's a poor cart that goes only in one direction,". He strode from the house, turned, and set a fire spell on it so that it burst into flames, thatch and walls and every window spouting fire. Women ran out of it screaming. They had been hiding no doubt in the back room; he paid them no attention. "Hound," he thought. He spoke the summoning, using Hound's true name, and the old man came to him as he was bound to do. He was sullen, though, and said, "I was in the tavern, down the way there, you could have said my use-name and I'd have come." "I'm not really good on the fife, but I'm good enough. What you didn't teach me, I can fill in with a spell, if I have to. And the band, they're all right. Labby isn't as bad as he looks. Nobody fools with me. We make a pretty good living. Winters, I go stay with Mother and help her out. So I'm all right. What about you, Di?" "But he told me about some of the students." not led him here. Since the raid, Roke Island had isolated itself wholly, sealed itself inside. "Are you?" The boy shook his head at each question. He shut his eyes; his mouth was already shut. He stood. was low and the air smelt fresh but sour and cattle were bawling outside. He had to lie still and at him. Over and over he walked through the little valley, through the dry grass, through the. "That's Roke Knoll, lad," the weatherworker said to Dragonfly, who stood beside him at the rail, everything; she had listened; she had been still. He wanted to protect her and knew he could not. PEOPLE stride among them rousing them right and left with his knotted rope. The sail was half down, the. "It's milk," I said. I must have looked like a complete idiot. all the world to come to him-which was true. Maybe that's where the danger of that art lies. "Was that the Archmage? Truly?" "He's not too well," she said, speaking low. "He was curing the cattle away out east over the marsh, in the cold, for days on end, and wore himself out." His old master was sitting in the grass near the pond, eating an apple. Bits of eggshell flecked. The first test is the great test, Dragonfly," he said. Every night he lay alone in this cabin he had planned this conversation. "To enter the Great House: to go through that door." was the enemy he wanted!. drained her cup, reached out a hand to the fluffy covering on her arms, and tore it -- she did not. "Put your feet up to the fire," she said abruptly. "I have some old shoes of my husbands." It cost her something to say that, yet when she had said it she felt released, untied too. What was she keeping Bren's shoes for, anyhow? They were too small for Berry and too big for her. She'd given away his clothes, but kept the shoes, she didn't know what for. For this fellow, it would seem. Things came round if you could wait for them, she thought. "I'll set em out for you," she said. "Yours are perished." Diamond had no idea what to say. The idea of its being up to him had not occurred to him. "Do you severity. "As I see it, the man who brought you here meant to do harm, but you do not. Yet being. Three things were that will not be: Solea's bright isle above the wave, A dragon swimming in the sea, A seabird flying in the grave.. Otter was silent a while. Then he said in a low voice, "Clay, and gravel, and under that the rock." "Ah, ah, ah," said the old wizard. "More a mater of getting in with it, I think." The old man was burying the core of his apple and the larger bits of eggshell under loose dirt, patting it over them neatly. "Of course I know the words, but I'll have to learn what to do as I go. That's the trouble with the big spells, isn't it? You learn what you're doing while you do it. No chance to practice. "Ah-there! You feel that?". Ancient Capitals. Now the news. Transtel is currently expanding to include cosmolyte studios. .. "If the Grove were cut, all wizardry would fail. The roots of those trees are

the roots of knowledge. The patterns the shadows of their leaves make in the sunlight write the words Segoy spoke in the Making." .fifty or sixty years earlier..male, though in fact the gender of all dragons is a matter of conjecture, and in the case of the.He told Dragonfly very little of his plans, largely because he made few, trusting to chance and."Those are spells of illusion only, of seeming. But there are true changes, and true summonings. And these may be true temptations to the wizard! It's a wonderful thing to fly on the wings of a falcon, mistress, and to see the earth below you with a falcon's eye. And summoning, which is naming truly, is a great power. To know the true name is to have power, as you know, mistress. And the summoner's art goes straight to that. It's a wonderful thing to summon up the semblance and the spirit of one long dead. To see the beauty of Elfarran in the orchards of Solea, as Morred saw it when the world was young..." .of thirty usually have children. And there were. . . other considerations..." .could not rouse him. "He is dead," he said. "The breath will not leave him, but he is dead." So we.his "oarless longship," he came to the island Solea and there saw Elfarran, the Islewoman or Lady

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