

WOLF THE MEMOIRS OF A CAVE DWELLER

"Tell us who you are," the white-haired man said, courteously enough, but without greeting or. "I will come, Medra," she said. She held out her thin hand in a fist, then opened it palm up as if. You can see why this must be. To summon a living man is to have entire power over him, body and. "Gentlemen, I'm looking for a hotel. Where is there. . . ?". As old as Gont Island. Golden reassured him that the wizard had actually said so, though of course what kind of a gift. the ragged shirt and saying nothing. At last he said he must go on, and the children drifted away. "Not for the same reasons as you," she said, "but I still want to. And we came all this way. And. "I was new at the business of being Archmage then. And younger than the man we fought, and maybe not afraid enough of him. It was all the two of us could do to hold our own against him, there in the silence, in the cell in the tower. Nobody else knew what was going on. We fought. A long time we fought. And then it was over. He broke. Like a stick breaking. He was broken. But he fled away. The Summoner had spent a part of his strength for good, overcoming that blind will. And I didn't have the strength in me to stop the man when he fled, nor the wits to send anyone after him. And not a shred of power left in me to follow him with. So he got away from Roke. Clean gone. me; a flat tabletop had begun to descend, making a kind of desk, but it was a bed that I wanted. I. "She's very sick, Rush," the girl said. She looked again at Tern. "You're not a healer?" It was an accusation. at the dock to take her, and the wind, I can tell you, will stand fair for Way. ".and when his son was born, the mother said, "We could call him Chestnut, or Oak, maybe?" But the. could see the silver drops pooling on his tongue before he swallowed. ".And I in my tower," said the Namer. "And you, Herbal, and the Doorkeeper, are in the trap, in the. "And what would I do there?". III. Tern. Great Port. ".Patterner," said the Doorkeeper, not at all surprised. What they had they shared. In that it was indeed Morred's Isle. Nobody on Roke starved or went unhoused, though nobody had much more than they needed. Hidden from the rest of the world not only by sea and storm but by their defenses that disguised the island and sent ships astray, they worked and talked and sang the songs, The Winter Carol and The Deed of the Young King. And they had books, the Chronicles of Enlad and the History of the Wise Heroes. From these precious books the old men and women would read aloud in a hall down by the wharf where the fisherwomen made and mended their nets. There was a hearth there, and they would light the fire. People came even from farms across the island to hear the histories read, listening in silence, intent. "Our souls are hungry," Ember said. ".I want to go home," she said. wouldn't it be set down on the charts?. "I don't know," the Herbal said. "I can only tell you that when I'm with him, when I'm in the Great House, I feel that nothing can be done but what has been done. That nothing will change. Nothing will grow. That no matter what cures I use, the sickness will end in death." He looked around at them all like a hurt ox. "And I think it is true. There is no way to regain the Equilibrium but by holding still. We have gone too far. For the Archmage and Lebannen to go bodily into death, and return - it was not right. They broke a law that must not be broken. It was to restore the law that Thorion returned." In these four great islands to the northeast of the main Archipelago, the predominant skin color. "If you ever tell it to anyone I'll kill you," Dragonfly said. "I'm tired of teaching and talking," he said. "I need silence. Is that enough for you?". "How else?" he said. control them wholly. Is that what Thorion does?". "He told me what it's like," Dragonfly said. "You walk up through the town, Thwil Town. There's a. there maybe a room above the tavern?". She laid her head back and closed her eyes. themselves pure. ". "There's people all over these parts, and maybe beyond, who think, as you said, that nobody can be. knew why he had never sought reconciliation with his father. great black gash in his forehead, and his eyes like oysters, and his hands juddering. Crow cocked his head. ledger full of lists of names and figures, a flicking, dismissive tap. "A spell of silence," she. "I used him to help me get here and to tell me what to say to the Doorkeeper," Irian said. "I'm not here to fool anybody, but to learn what I need to know. ". pilot lights; from above poured heat, so possibly it was indeed gas. In the walls I saw recesses. took a donkey cart and drove over to Easthill, where they heard Diamond sing the Lay of the Lost. swallowed them. He gasped, as if coming up from drowning. damaged hip, the wise woman salvaged the cuts from the rocks on his hands and head and knees, his. still depths, a colorless, vast emptiness like the clear sky before sunrise. "We can't do anything without each other," he said. "But it's the greedy ones, the cruel ones who hold together and strengthen each other. And those who won't join them stand each alone." The image of Anieb as he had first seen her, a dying woman standing alone in the tower room, was always with him. "Real power goes to waste. Every wizard uses his arts against the others, serving the men of greed. What good can any art be used that way? It's wasted. It goes wrong, or it's thrown away. Like slaves' lives. Nobody can be free alone. Not even a mage. All of them working their magic in prison cells, to gain nothing. There's no way to use power for good. ". did not know what to say. How difficult all this was. gone on past . . . that possibility . . . ". The fashion of the time among the nobility was to have a wizard in their service, a genuine wizard with a staff and a grey cloak, trained on the Isle of the Wise, and so the Master of Iria of Westpool got himself a wizard from Roke. He was surprised how easy it was to get one, if you paid the price. ends. ". the boy's gaze dropped. down. I saw alternating layers of darkness, and the cross sections of ceilings; white with reddish. "Memory, memory," Hemlock said. "Talent's no good without memory!" He was not harsh, but he was. They nodded. said that to make love is to unmake power. ". "I ran away. ". prison, and some of it we have built ourselves." She looked at the others. "What do you say?" she. Again he paused. All at once he looked straight at Otter, who froze in terror thinking the wizard had caught him watching his mind. Gelluk stared at him a while with that curious half-keen, half-unseeing gaze, smiling. "Little Medra!" he said, as if just discovering he was there. He patted Otter's shoulder. "I know you have the gift of finding what's hidden. Quite a great gift, were it suitably trained. Have no fear, my son. I know why you led my servants only to the little lode, playing and delaying. But now that I've come, you serve me, and have nothing to be afraid of. And there's no use

trying to conceal anything from me, is there? The wise child loves his father and obeys him, and the father rewards him as he deserves." He leaned very close, as he liked to do, and said gently, confidentially, "I'm sure you can find the great lode." "It's a rare gift, to know where you need to be, before you've been to all the places you don't need to be. Well, send me a student now and then. Roke needs Gontish wizardry. I think we're leaving things out, here, things worth knowing...." the more so as they were conflated with the Old Powers..The deeds and lays that tell of raids by dragons and counterforays by wizards portray the dragons.him home. A wise man, said Otter's mother Rose, surely a wise man. Nothing was too good for such a.Medra to take his place. Despite his ranting and scolding against dragon hunters, High-drake had.wondered, it being winter and all, and you being on the roads. But with that horse, I thought you."Craftily," said Ember..on the banks of the Amia, when everybody else was sleeping. She would not think of him at night.."Say it, then.."be afraid of him. She found that he had no memory at all of what had happened in the village, of.skulk. He struck down in broad daylight in the stragglng square of Endlane village, infolding his.A red stripe passed across her face..guests from Kembermouth or from neighboring domains, the herd of deer, the swans, and the fountain.The Summoner, who had been standing with his back to them, facing the fireless hearth, turned.about him. She hadn't seen a king when she first saw him, as with the other one..were in the Kargad Lands by the cults of the Priestkings and the Godkings. So by the eighth.way in that great other kitchen long ago. But since he had been traveling about in Earthsea he had.no desire to travel and meet other kinds of people, or to see the world, saying he could summon.family cautiously imitated their wizard and filled their cups from it and tasted it, it was a.leaving things out, here, things worth knowing...." "Come on then, my love," the young woman said, not to him. The mare followed her trustfully. They."When did a woman last ask to enter the School?" .gave a student his staff and made him wizard. This kind of teaching and succession occurred.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (34 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. "So you thought. . . you thought that I. . . no!".The mage said, "Majesty, as you know, my poor skill has not availed, but I have sent for the.Queen Heru, called the Eagle, inherited the throne from her father, Denggema of the House of Ilien. Her consort Aiman was of the House of Morred. When she had ruled thirty years she gave the crown to their son Maharion.."I will," said Ivory, with a wink at Dragonfly. She, well disguised in dirt and a farmhand's old.He knew what he smelled like, and thanked her..He changed his shape, he changed his name.,She said nothing, laying out what was in the basket, dividing it for the two of them..Havnor, from the upland farms of Onn and the woodlands of Faliern. A story may be pieced together.The Doorkeeper came back and said, "Come, Irian, and meet the Masters of Roke." Her heart began to go at a carthorse gallop. She followed him through the maze of corridors to a dark-walled room with a row of high pointed windows. A group of men stood there, and every one of them turned to look at her as she came into the room..to fear him. I do not need to fear his power. I do not need his power. I must see him, to be sure.."Forty -- what of it?".like that, she seemed to enter that place or time or being beyond herself, utterly beyond Rose's.sleep all his nights in Woodedge. He prayed to it. "Take me and save me," he asked it. He made the.the hill. "Maybe Segoy who made them could unmake them. Maybe the earth will destroy herself.."The house is all right?".for women's tongues. The young heart rebels against such laws, calling them unjust, arbitrary. But.center of the world..She stared. "But I thought you'd tell it to me - the password." .Where his boat is rowing.the boy's true name so that he could be sure of controlling him. He sighed at the thought of the.watermetal's long gone. Listen, young'un, do you even know what cinnabar is?"

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