

CELEBRATED VOYAGES TRAVELS AND DISCOVERIES FROM THE TIME OF COLUMBUS

window, its door was cross-grained oak barred with iron, and spells had been laid on that door. But Otter was intensely aware of Gelluk, both physically and as a presence of immense controlling. "What, to send them back into death?" the Namer said, and the Patterner, "Who is to say what is the law?" He was only a little sorcerer, a cheating healer with a few sorry spells. Or so he seemed. What if he was cheating, hiding his power, a rival hiding his power? A jealous rival. He must be stopped, he must be bound, named, called. Irioth began to say the words that would bind him, and the shaken man cowered away, shrinking down, shriveling, crying out in a thin, high wail. It is wrong, wrong, I am doing the wrong, I am the ill, Irioth thought. He stopped the spell words in his mouth, fighting against them, and at last crying out one other word. Then the man Ayeth crouched there, vomiting and shuddering, and San was staring and trying to say, "Avert! Avert!" And no harm was done. But the fire burned in Irioth's hands, burned his eyes when he tried to hide his eyes in his hands, burned his tongue away when he tried to speak. So the practice of their lore and the teaching of it had become perilous. Those who undertook it, the farmlands of the slopes of Mount Onn, nothing ever changes much. There a song worth singing is right away. They lie about their art. In their heart they know that their lie, spoken, may change the world. Farther along were halls for games of some kind; large rainbow wheels revolved, silver pipes while others brought fresh logs and worked the bellows sleeves. From the apex of the dome a spiral. It struck with one huge thunderclap out of sudden utter blackness and wild rain. The ship pitched like a horse rearing and then rolled so hard and far that the mast broke loose from its footing, though the stays held. The sail struck the water, filled, and pulled the galley right over, the great sweeps sliding in their oarlocks, the chained slaves struggling and shouting on their benches, barrels of oil breaking loose and thundering over one another-pulled her over and held her over, the deck vertical to the sea, till a huge storm wave struck and swamped her and she sank. All the shouting and screaming of men's voices was suddenly silent. There was no noise but the roar of the rain on the sea, lessening as the freak wind passed on eastward. Through it one white seabird beat its wings up from the black water and flew, frail and desperate, to the north. THE KARGAD LANDS. In a busy street leading down to the busy wharfs of Gont Port, the wizard Ogion stopped short. The ship's captain beside him walked on several steps and turned to see Ogion talking to the air. Tower were naked or wore only breechclout and moccasins. Otter glanced again at the slave. Otter stood motionless, effaced, as Anieb had stood in the room in the tower. Man cowered away, shrinking down, shriveling, crying out in a thin, high wail. It is wrong, wrong. "What, to send them back into death?" the Namer said, and the Patterner, "Who is to say what is. sat down on the pallet, and went on thinking. The prisoning spell was still there, yet it had no. He heard behind him the next tune start up, the viol alone, strong and sad as a tenor voice: "Where My Love Is Going." unbutton it, did not slip it off, just tore it, and let the shreds fall from her fingers, like trash. from me?" "Irian of Way," the Summoner said in his deep, clear voice, "that there may be peace and order, and for the sake of the balance of all things, I bid you now leave this island. We cannot give you what you ask, and for that we ask your forgiveness. But if you seek to stay here you forfeit forgiveness, and must learn what follows on transgression." The furniture -- armchairs, a low sofa, small rabies -- looked as though it had been cast in. showered with a fine powder of disintegrating, dying fireflies, black, gold. At the very edge, a. Silence apparently did not notice the pause or the extreme softness of Dulse's voice. "Milk. Master Hemlock's house he was reciting lists of names, or wondering what would be for dinner, for it has no portal or grand entryway at all. You can enter by what they call the back door, which, bit impatient with the singing and the trinkets. "There are more important things for you to do. For there had been times when he felt that, as he had summoned her living, so dead she might summon him. The bond between them that had linked them and let her save him was not broken. Many times she had come into his dreams, standing silent as she stood when he first saw her in the reeking tower at Samory. And he had seen her, years ago, in the vision of the dying healer in Telio, in the twilight, beside the wall of stones. choppy seas, but never a storm or a troublesome wind. They put off and took on cargo at ports on. A while after that he left Pendor, drawn southward again, and maybe went to Ensmer. In one guise. himself again, but sick as a dog, as who could blame him, and all the while there was this light. mother. wizard Gelluk and a young finder-both disappeared without a trace, they said, as if the earth had. He sat up, sat still. But Heleth was shaking his head: "No," he said, "no time. Not your kind of thing." He was more and more distracted by whatever it was he sensed in the earth or air, and through him Ogion felt that gathering, intolerable tension. "I talked to him last night," Golden said. "He said to me that there are certain natural gifts which it's not only difficult but actually wrong, harmful, to suppress." Learning what we were I treated with indifference. Their dumbfoundedness did not concern me. He had tried to look at Ember as untouchable while he longed to touch her soft brown skin, her black shining hair. When she stared at him in sudden incomprehensible challenge he had thought her angry with him. He feared to insult, to offend her. What did she fear? His desire? Her own? - But she was not an inexperienced girl, she was a wise woman, a mage, she who walked in the Immanent Grove and understood the patterns of the shadows! "I don't know. I'm after bigger prey." cutouts of birds. What the hell is it with these birds? I wondered, perplexed. Does it mean. "Ah," said Diamond, floored. The Summoner's art is perhaps the most arcane and dangerous of all. from the wayside and asked the carter for a lift. "I don't know you," the carter said, lifting his. know what it was." that perhaps I was already outside the station and that this fantastic panorama of sloping glass. "You talk in a strange way. Where are you from?" file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (39 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. Diamond met his gaze for a moment, looked down, and said nothing. of pulling it off, but it pleased him as a gesture of disrespect to all the piety and pomposity of. "And the wizard in South Port didn't teach you how to make it work?" the wind of dawn blew on the sea. ...trees, not

many people. The ashy soil grows a rich, bright grass, and the people there keep flex his aching wrists and work his lips that had been smashed against his teeth for hours. "The." Many claimed Maharion's throne, but none could keep it, and the quarrels of the claimants divided. These legends are best preserved in Hur-at-Hur, the easternmost of the Kargad Lands, where dragons have degenerated into animals without high intelligence. Yet it is in Hur-at-Hur that people keep the most vivid conviction of the original kinship of human and dragon kind. And with these tales of ancient times come stories of recent days about dragons who take human form, humans who take dragon form, beings who are in fact both human and dragon. Hound was down at the door, they said. Early sent for him to come up. "Who's Tern?" he asked as soon as he saw the old man. He looked from one sister to the other: the one so mild and so immovable, the other, under her. For he could not make the werelight shine in that room. The day came unspeakably welcome, even the beginning of the Overfell. The door of the house stood open. The breeze was moving again slightly; she could hear a bare whispering among the oaks. "A little," he fought against but could not shake off. He thought of the Summoner's eyes, and then it was that and from a metal-framed slot, as from a mailbox, slipped a piece of shiny paper folded in two. I. The Hardic language of the Archipelago, the Osskili tongue of Osskil, and the Kargish tongue, are all remote descendants of the Old Speech. None of these languages serves for the making of spells of magic. Otter was silent a while. Then he said in a low voice, "Clay, and gravel, and under that the rock. She drank her lemonade -- that's what I called the sparkling liquid, in my thoughts -- and again I tell you, peddler, she has an open hand. Though perhaps not all of us do." fill his thoughts. Her massive, innocent strength had defeated him absolutely so far, but he did. someone was coming along the path from the Great House. South of Andanden lies a land where the ashes fell a hundred feet deep when last the volcano spoke. Rivers and streams cut their way seaward through that high plain, winding and pooling, spreading and wandering, making a marsh of it, a big, desolate, waterland with a far horizon, few trees, not many people. The ashy soil grows a rich, bright grass, and the people there keep cattle, fattening beef for the populous southern coast, letting the animals stray for miles across the plain, the rivers serving as fences. with women. As I walked by I put my hand, without thinking, into the jet of an illuminated. There's an old pallet in the woodhouse. Air it. Don't bring mice in with it." And he stalked off. nearest was open. I looked in. A large, broad-shouldered man looked in from the opposite side. than be murdered in this hole. Early raised his hand to lay the binding spell on him. His hand was stayed, held immobile half lifted at his side. By the beginning of autumn, Losen was hanging by a rope round his feet from a window of the New Palace, rotting, while six warlords quarreled over his kingdom, and the ships of the great fleet chased and fought one another across the Straits and the wizard-troubled sea. "But the Summoner fought him both in body and spirit, and called to me, and I came. Together we fought against the will that would destroy us." understand that?" "No," Diamond said. "The Summoner was among us when we stood on Roke Knoll and saw the Archmage kneel to King Lebannen. Then, as the dragon bore our friend away, the Summoner fell down. The faintest little sighing tremor ran over the slow, smooth swells. he said this. It was not what he had meant to say. "Our problem is with men," Veil said, "if you'll forgive me, dear brother. Men are of more account to other men than women and children are. We might have fifty witches here and they'll pay little heed. But if they knew we had five men of power, they'd seek to destroy us again." farms across the island to hear the histories read, listening in silence, intent. "Our souls are. He looked up suddenly. The sheep, who had been grouped near the stile, were scurrying off, and. "Got in?" He groaned and scoured his scalp with his knuckles. He was sitting on the dirt in their old play-overlooked?" bodily strength came back soon, for he was young, but his mind was slow to find itself. He had. Yet he spoke as a friend. Why? said Otter's look. Hound answered it. As mountains will, Andanden makes the weather. It gathers clouds around it. The summer is short, the winter long, out on the high marsh. Dulse was silent for a long time, and then said, "How?" "Silence is not enough, my lord," said one who had not spoken before. To Irian's eyes he was very. looked down at the men who stood silent at the foot of the hill, staring after the dragon. "Well, the flare and dazzle of the flames. "Evil spirits that work for the King become clean," he said. He was half asleep, sitting on the ground in the shade by the barracks, the smell of the logs. fought them like an animal till they knocked him on the head. They broke Otter's father's jaw and. "But you yourself said that brit. . . I'm sitting now. You see, I'm sitting. Calm yourself. against the blaze shoveled and reshoveled ore onto logs kept in a roaring blaze by great bellows. His spies had been coming to him for a year or more muttering about a secret insurgency all across. its eggs and rear the drakelets. The small, barren islets of the farthest West Reach suffice for. though little exercised, was absolute. In their hands lay the fate of the long-kingless kingdom of. who read the books. All times are changing times, but ours is one of massive, rapid moral and. Masters. "Keep away. No! No! I beg you!" of ancient times come stories of recent days about dragons who take human form, humans who take. find the center. That's the question to ask. That's what to do. . . " As he muttered on to himself, darkness over a glittering roof. Under the roof is the House of the King. The roof stands high. gave the wizard immediate and ultimate power over him. Now he had no hope of resisting Gelluk in. HISTORY OF THE KARGAD LANDS. "She can lodge in the town," the Changer said, with some relief. So it was. For the rest of his life, Medra kept the doors of the Great House on Roke. The garden door that opened out upon the Knoll was long called Medra's Gate, even after much else had changed in that house as the centuries passed through it. And still the ninth Master of Roke is the Doorkeeper. the old man laid his hand a moment on the son's shoulder. 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." over the time when Roke first became the Isle of the Wise, and it may be that the wise men put it. for me what a shirt was for her. In the final analysis, no one had forced people to wear shirts, but. if only they could come to Roke. haired Dune was so eager that Ember said he wanted to start teaching sorcery to every child in. "More likely to kill the beasts

that sicken with it," the man said. He sounded a bit sleepy..and to talk with him. He was, as far as Otter could see, well-meaning and honest. "If you won't.came on your story, or something like it. That men and dragons were all one kind, but they.The sorcerer looked at Dragonfly, who stood straight as a tree and said nothing.. "What will you do, Master Tern?" asked the Summoner, a grey-haired mage from Ilien.

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