

THE ONONDAGAN VOL 9 OF 93

"Irian," said Azver the Patterner, "will you come back to us?" A quarrel between brothers over their inheritance divided them. One heir mismanaged his estate through greed, the other through foolishness. One had a daughter who married a merchant and tried to run her estate from the city, the other had a son whose sons quarrelled again, redividing the divided land. By the time the girl called Dragonfly was born, the domain of Iria, though still one of the loveliest regions of hill and field and meadow in all Earthsea, was a battleground of feuds and litigations. Farmlands went to weeds, farmsteads went unroofed, milking sheds stood unused, and shepherds followed their flocks over the mountain to better pastures. The old house that had been the centre of the domain was half in ruins on its hill among the oaks. . . image of Anieb as he had first seen her, a dying woman standing alone in the tower room, was like an old shoe. "I'll join you this evening." And he was gone. "Why can't we build fishing boats, the way we used to?" he asked, and his father said, "Because. Only the Master can go there." . . . inside. . . . And Dulse was standing on his own doorstep, three eggs in his hand and the rain running cold down his back. . . variations. The Raft People of the far South West Reach retain the great annual celebrations, but they had little trust in men. A man had betrayed them. Men had attacked them. It was men's ambitions, they said, that had perverted all the arts to ends of gain. "We do not deal with their governments," said tall Veil in her mild voice. . . I avoided those insect arms stretched out to serve me, loaded with delicacies, which I. "Right over there." She pointed to an unoccupied elevation with black-and-silver-striped. "In the west," he said. "I can be that, if you insist." The funny thing is, it's the truth, I thought. . . file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/. . . 0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (25 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. "What is?" A man with a deep, clear voice spoke: "It's not our judgment that prevails, but the Rule of Roke, which we are sworn to follow." "Bring the boys, then," Early said with deadly patience. . . in spells of protection, endurance, peace. They saw the Rule of Roke established, though never so. She looked at him in the starlight, and said, "Tell me your name - not your true name - only what I can call you. When I think of you." "Of course not!" . . leaves behind when he asks questions. Listen, can you work with the wind at all?" . . of waiting for the destroying wave that only Morred might have stilled, she made the song called. When he was done Veil was silent a long time and then said, "That was what you meant, when you. servant now. Yet she herself was untaught, and so enslaved. If wizardry is ill taught by the best, . . "Di thought it up," Rose said. . . lifelong. . . Sometimes there were great rooms. Sometimes there were pools of motionless water. It was hard to. surface on which we stood close together began to move upward and I saw below, in the distance, . . went on wandering about with itinerant musicians, ballad-singers and such, learning all their. Ard nodded. "It is irrevocable" . . I must be going now, I told them voicelessly, with my lips only. I began to back off in the. "Send him on out to the dairy," said one of Alder's cowboys. "Gift's taking whatever comes." There. should take. . . went by. Only at a crossroads an old donkey grazing a stony pasture came over to the wooden fence. sparkle. His family had praised him for the trick and made him show it off to visitors; and then. Deeds, lays, songs, and popular ballads are still composed as oral performances, mostly by. Neither spoke for a while. She could just make out the bulk of him in the leafy shadows. "You're. Interesting," she said. . the King, and the Allking, and the Body of the Moon." His gaze, benevolent and inquisitive, passed. When she was thirteen the old vineyarder and the housekeeper, who were all that was left of the household, told the Master that it was time his daughter had her naming day. They asked should they send for the sorcerer over at Westpool, or would their own village witch do. The Master of Iria fell into a screaming rage. "A village witch? A hex-hag to give Irian's daughter her true name? Or a creeping traitorous sorcerous servant of those upstart landgrabbers who stole Westpool from my grandfather? If that polecat sets foot on my land I'll have the dogs tear out his liver, go tell him that, if you like!" And so on. Old Daisy went back to her kitchen and old Coney went back to his vines, and thirteen-year-old Dragonfly ran out of the house and down the hill to the village, hurling her father's curses at the dogs, who, crazy with excitement at his shouting, barked and bayed and rushed after her. . . she said. "Will you have a bit of soup? It's still hot." . . "You won't bring her into the Council Room?" the Changer said in disbelief. . left the Book of Names with a woman in the Ninety Isles for safekeeping." . . So these are reports of my explorations and discoveries: tales from Earthsea for those who have. circulating fires; beneath the window, at my approach, a chair emerged from nothing, slid under. under them, and he would know that under the roots of the grass a stream crept through dark earth, . . "And we're out of buttons," Tern said. He was cheerful; as soon as he had thought of Pody he knew he was going in the right direction. "Perhaps I can find some along the way," he said. "It's my gift, you know." . . "I was born in Havnor and trained as a shipwright and a sorcerer. I was on a ship bound from Geath. In the young dowsing he recognized a power, untaught and inept, which he could use. He needed much. cloak of wisdom. Roke is no longer where power is in Earthsea. That's the Court in Havnor, now. . . Several times, all of a sudden, in the daytime, there had been a moment when she had known him. By that time there were many people of the Hand who knew what was afoot on Roke. Young people came there sent by them. Men and women came to be taught and to teach. Many of these had a hard time getting there, for the spells that hid the island were stronger than ever, making it seem only a cloud, or a reef among the breakers; and the Roke wind blew, which kept any ship from Thwil Bay unless there was a sorcerer aboard who knew how to turn that wind. Still they came, and as the years went on a larger house was needed for the school than any in Thwil Town. . . They came out again among the ploughlands and pastures in the warm evening. As they walked back to their camping place he saw the four stars of the Forge come out above the western hills. . . Banners still flew from the towers of the City of Havnor, and a king still ruled there; the banners were those of captured towns and isles, and the king was the warlord Losen. Losen never left the marble palace where he sat all day, served by slaves, seeing the

shadow of the sword of Erreth-Akbe slip like the shadow of a great sundial across the roofs below. He gave orders, and the slaves said, "It is done, your majesty." He held audiences, and old men came and said, "We obey, your majesty." He summoned his wizards, and the mage Early came, bowing low. "Make me walk!" Losen shouted, beating his paralyzed legs with his weak hands..green, lilac, purple -- a veritable masked ball. Then they were gone. I stood up. Mechanically.me there. I decided not to go." defend the heaps of stones and earth they had piled over their dead..something more. I spared him that, turning away as if I had not noticed anything, and went up the..she must have noticed it..Diamond's head and sang themselves over and over: knowledge, or-der, and contro-----.....through greed, the other through foolishness. One had a daughter who married a merchant and tried.flames flickered between their knees, and at the bottom lay the unbroken black surface of an.father, a sorcerer-prospecter, over his choice of a teacher; his father had shouted that a student.Not much mixing of the Kargish and Archipelagan skin-color types has taken place except on Osskil,.could not find it now. Since most of the people around me were stepping onto an upward ramp, I.She came there. She came to me, not in the body, and guided me to the track. She was only twelve.and she put her hand on his forehead. He opened his eyes, looking straight into hers without.opening of the spell, which he had known for sixty years; then when he thought he had it, he began.collided with another, then thinned out; everyone was getting into an open carriage; no, it was."Gully," he named himself after a pause, and she thought it was a name he had made up to call himself. It did not fit him. Nothing about him fit together, made a whole. Yet she felt no distrust of him. She was easy with him. He meant no harm to her. She thought there was kindness in him, the way he spoke of the animals. He would have a way with them, she thought. He was like an animal himself, a silent, damaged creature that needed protection but couldn't ask for it..thing for him to stay there, always among wizards and mages, among boys learning wizardry, all of.And Tuly smiled and stroked his hand..When she woke, the Master Patterner was sitting nearby, and a basket was on the grass between them.."I won't be so bold as to ask for a kiss," said Medra, "but an open hand, maybe?". "It won't do," he said, talking to himself in Hardic, and then he said, "I can't do it." Then he."To keep you." .Telio, in the twilight, beside the wall of stones.."A summoner grows used to bidding spirits and shadows to come at his will and go at his word. Maybe this man began to think, Who's to forbid me to do the same with the living? Why have I the power if I cannot use it? So he began to call the living to him, those at Roke whom he feared, thinking them rivals, those whose power he was jealous of. When they came to him he took their power from them for himself, leaving them silent. They couldn't say what had happened to them, what had become of their power. They didn't know..So they talked, that long winter, and others talked with them. Slowly their talk turned from.the Thwilburn and walked across the fields to Roke Knoll, which stood up before them in a high."Oh, you are a pretty man," said the woman who had spoken first, laughing, as he held the red."What for?".After a while, searching for words, he went on: "Dirt. Rocks. It's a dirty magic. Old. Very old..In these four great islands to the northeast of the main Archipelago, the predominant skin color.bedsheet, had it done and hung out one sunny day before she knew what he was doing. "You needn't.That truly floored her. For the first time she looked at me as if I were a creature from."It hasn't been changed," he said, but he knew that was not what she meant. "I'm sorry," he said..his appetite. He thought hopefully for a while that he was sick and could miss the party. But the.and mills and business, and Golden told him so. "Singing time is over, son," he said. "You must.This conversation was idiotic and I felt terrible, but I had to find out..He sailed up the broad straits till Mount Onn was hidden by the headlands at the mouth of the Bay.Irian, I'll give you that. My name is Etaudis."."Go on now," said Mead.."Best come away," said the Master Windkey, his face set and sombre, his keen eyes troubled. He set."Practice," Rose said, rather sourly. "I know." She flicked a pebble at Diamond. It turned into a..She did not wait for an answer. "I'll walk her up," she said, standing up, and put out her hand.out." She wanted to be sure that he stayed indoors out of harm's way, and that nobody came.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (64 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].stank and their town stank. He disliked going aboard a slave ship, but the only vessel going out.probed again. The girl leaned up against the ewe, and the ewe leaned against the girl, giving and.barked and bayed and rushed after her..set in the lid, which seemed a kind and pretty gift to Diamond and his mother. But Golden was a.you again I'd do you a favor, if I could. As one finder to the other, see?". "I am hungry now," said the mage. He took a hardboiled egg from the basket, cracked, shelled, and ate it..And it was in these discussions that the school on Roke began..thriving. The spring wind blew strong, seaward, off Roke Knoll, blowing the water of the fountain.959 Eighth Avenue.expanses that had puzzled me so in the place where I met Nais..next morning Golden told his son again that he must think about being a man..Where the two paths met and joined to wind up to the heights of the Knoll, Thorion stopped and."Yes, sir. I decided that I don't want to be a wizard."."We have inhabited both the actual and the imaginary realms for a long time. But we don't live in.Ea and The Deed of the Young King, and at Sunreturn when he was eleven years old he sang the."Your name is beautiful, Emer," he said. "I will speak it when you tell me to."."Well, well, well," he said to his wife, frequently, "all rosy again, eh? Got the apple of your eye back home, eh? No more moping, eh?".know later was a great spell of Transforming. Ard spoke the words of the spell awry, as teachers."But she was only a girl like the others, too," Mead said, and hid her face. "A good girl," she.across the glade..The Herbal still hesitated. "This lady is not of our council," he said at last..Her eyes were shining and attentive..a peaceful one, and ate what the Master Patterner brought her in his basket - eggs, cheese.."What's that all about?" Golden said to his wife, a rhetorical question. She looked at him and said nothing, a non-rhetorical answer..So Diamond, instead of learning spells and illusions and transformations and all such gaudy tricks, as Hemlock called them, sat in a narrow room at the back of the wizard's narrow house on a narrow back street of the old city, memorizing long, long lists of words, words of power in the Language of the Making. Plants and parts of plants and animals and parts of animals

and islands and parts of islands, parts of ships, parts of the human body. The words never made sense, never made sentences, only lists. Long, long lists..of thirty usually have children. And there were. . . other considerations."by this wild scheme, now she was embarked on it. There was no telling. She was solemnly, heavily.an illuminated walkway. I took it. Above me the whitish spans of structures sailed by; somewhere.Where my love is going.And they talked about that, all the wise women of the island: what was the true art of magic, and."I think, if you stayed, Heleth, we could talk."their great lights out; at some, where craft were arriving, the lights were on. But those rockets or.woke, always cold, always in pain, always thirsty, and when he could make a glimmer of the light.The Years of the Kings of Havnor were a period of prosperity, discovery, and strength, but in the.for them. But when some of the young men started after them, there was no path..down the path. He had not been standing there until the other mage said 'Ah." Irian stared from.She stopped and stared at him..building by a conveyor belt set against the wall. The girl entered this loggia, and I, my eyes now.be afraid of him. She found that he had no memory at all of what had happened in the village, of.No, not for her. We can do nothing for the dead. But for..."So when the Windkey returned, we were nine again. But divided. For the Summoner said we must meet."I heard -" she said, and could not say what she had heard.."I don't see why one couldn't be." She never saw why something could not be..that he could come among them in a herd, instead of going to them one by one as they scattered out."Beginnings," said Tern..He treasured her rustic sayings of that kind. Sometimes she frightened him, and he resented it..Back Cover:"Every reason," said the Summoner.

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