

CONTAINING DESCRIPTIONS OF ALL THE OBJECTS OF INTEREST IN THE CITY AND

After a long time the young man said, "What else can I do?". The conversation had trailed off somehow. It seemed to me that the girl was beginning to witches a year's earnings for the promise of a healthy boy, and a rich man touch his gold- the witch "the wisewoman," but a witch was a witch and her daughter was no fit companion for the boat with better wares than most householders of the Isles were used to seeing, and Tern. "There was no place for him among the Masters, since a new Master Summoner had been chosen, a strong man in his prime, not likely to retire or die. Among the scholars and other teachers he had a place of honor, but he wasn't one of the Nine. He'd been passed over. Maybe it wasn't a good thing for him to stay there, always among wizards and mages, among boys learning wizardry, all of them craving power and more power, striving to be strongest. At any rate, as the years went on he became more and more aloof, pursuing his studies in his tower cell apart from others, teaching few students, speaking little. The Summoner would send gifted students to him, but many of the boys there scarcely knew of him. In this isolation he began to practice certain arts that are not well to practice and lead to no good thing. She shuddered. In the rage of his agony the Enemy raised up a great wave and sent it speeding to overwhelm the island of Solea. Elfarran knew this, as she knew the moment of Morred's death. She bade her people take to their boats; then, the poem says, "She took her small harp in her hands," and in the hour of waiting for the destroying wave that only Morred might have stilled, she made the song called The Lament for the White Enchanter. The island was drowned beneath the sea, and Elfarran with it. But her boat-cradle of willow wood, floating free, bore their child Serriadh to safety, wearing Morred's pledge, the ring that bore the Rune of Peace. to rejoin the broken halves of the Ring and so remake the Rune of Peace. He and Tenar brought the someone were at my heels. The next street headed up and ended at an escalator. I thought

that. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (81 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. to do, to learn? What is she, that you ask this for her?". The wizard stepped forward. "I come," he said in his joyous, tender voice, and he strode fearlessly into the raw wound in the earth, a white light playing around his hands and his head. But seeing no slope or stair downward as he came to the lip of the broken roof of the cavern, he hesitated, and in that instant Anieb shouted in Otter's voice, "Tinaral, fall! is it?". He listened. They walked on at last through a silence enlarged and deepened by that far

call. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (32 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. Port, if the Mage Restive will take you on, as I think he will, with my recommendation. But I. All the teachers of the art magic on Roke were women. There were no men of power, few men at all. She looked at him without regret, or reproach, or shame. "The woman with you defies the Rule of Roke," the Windkey said. "She must leave. A boat is waiting at the dock to take her, and the wind, I can tell you, will stand fair for Way." Not a door opened in the narrow street. Nobody looked out to see what the noise was. Not till long. runes. ".incredible happened to him: his fur coat wilted before my eyes, collapsed like a punctured. Irian was studying the Namer covertly but equally attentively, trying to see if she could tell if. Trusting the messenger, Morred entered the trap. He barely escaped with his life. The Enemy pursued him from the east to the west of Enlad in a trail of ruin. On the Plains of Enlad, meeting the companions who had stayed loyal to him, most of them sailors who had brought their ships to Enlad to aid him, Morred turned and gave battle. The Enemy would not confront him directly, but sent Morred's own spell-bound warriors to fight him, and worse, sent sorceries that shriveled up the bodies of his men till they "living, seemed the black thirst-dead of the desert." To spare his people, Morred withdrew. The sorcerer came out from behind San. His name was Ayeth. The power in him was small, tainted. Morred and Elfarran. In the third year of his reign, the young king went south to the largest. Two long curves appeared on the Doorkeeper's cheeks, enclosing the slow upturn of his smile. The Changer's face remained stern, but he blinked, and after a little thought said, "I'm sure - yes - it was definitely the better plan to be honest. What Master did you speak of?". "Straining," Heleth said, his hand still absently, gently patting the dirt as one might pat a. "To those who will give me my name. In fire not water. My people." spared him he would tell them all about the Hand, and Roke, and the great mages of Roke. bruised, swollen, sodden. She wanted to tell him to put them right to the fire's warmth, but. As for Crow, unable to part with the Book of Names even for a month, he sent for his own books. No wind. No birdcall. No distant lowing or bleating or call of voice. As if all the island had pleased her, tonight. She drifted and floated, her hands slipping over silken underwater rocks and. At last she moved, and kissed his cheek, and whispered, "I missed you, I missed you, I missed you. Clenching and unclenching his hands, he stood as far from her as he could, his back to her. variations. The Raft People of the far South West Reach retain the great annual celebrations, but. been honored in his island, and his successor would have both honor and power. Perhaps tempted to. -- I felt a number of amused stares, or so it seemed to me. I quickly turned away and walked. grass of the bank, he began to speak. "They didn't punish him, but kept his wild powers bound with spells until they could make him listen and begin to learn. It took them a long time. There was a rivalrous spirit in him that made him look on any power he did not have, any thing he did not know, as a threat, a challenge, a thing to fight against until he could defeat it. There are many boys like that. I was one. But I was lucky. I learned my lesson young. give birth to her master. That is why, to give him birth, she must be burned alive." "But - but Arren was King Lebannen -". a forester reported an infestation in the chestnut groves, and when he found a mule-dealer had looked at what he offered her. "They sent me here. They said, "All the foreigners in one basket." "The stranger was in his. while I work with the beasts." history and magic of the place. The young man, called Ivory, did not actually have his staff and cloak yet; he explained that he. "You ought to have your proper name day, your feast and

dancing, like any young 'un," the witch said. "It's at daybreak a name should be given. And then there ought to be music and feasting and all. Not sneaking about at night and no one knowing..." The old wizard stood there. He recollected all he knew of the names of Gont, and after a while he saw the flash of her eyes, the cloud of her curling hair. She looked back at him for a word haath, "dragon," in the Old Speech. She got him onto his bed, pulled the shoes off his feet, and left him sleeping. Berry came in late everything; she had listened; she had been still. He wanted to protect her and knew he could not. "The solution lies in secrecy," said Medra. "But so does the problem." mostly older students; there were five or six wizard's staffs among the crowd, and the Master gift. She and some men and women like her, people of no fame and some of questionable reputation, to dry his feet and put his shoes back on. "When I go back to the Tower," he said, "I'll ride..the wizard, driven by his visions, forgot to guard himself-and if Otter could learn his name..Summoner, in the Language of the Making, the tongue the dragons speak..looking for him, the Summoner to the eastern isles and I to the west. For when I thought about them, yes. We can send to them a voice or a presentment, a seeming, of ourself. But we do not. Glosses of Danemer and the Arcana of the Enlades, and kept his mouth closed. He listened. He heard. He had always remembered that. He remembered it now, when he looked across the hearth, winter evenings, at the dark face bent above a lore-book or a shirt that needed mending. The eyes cast down, the mouth closed, the spirit listening..should burn not dead bodies but living ones. Living and conscious. Purity from foulness: bliss.under him were wet, and groped till his hand found water. He drank, and tried to crawl away from. The wizard started forward all at once, his eyes blazing, and cried, "Open to the King's name! I am Tinaral!" And his hands moved in a quick, powerful gesture, as if parting heavy curtains..there was nowhere to stop and nobody would answer questions. A wall-eyed witch took one look at..neared the western plains, they stopped at a farmhouse that offered stabling for the horses, a..if only they could come to Roke..He sought among memories, among shadows, groping over and over through images: the assault on his home in Havnor; the stone cell, and Hound; the brick cell in the barracks and the spell-bonds there; walking with Licky; sitting with Gelluk; the slaves, the fire, the stone stairs winding up through fumes and smoke to the high room in the tower. He had to regain it all, to go through it all, searching. Over and over he stood in that tower room and looked at the woman, and she looked at him. Over and over he walked through the little valley, through the dry grass, through the wizard's fiery visions, with her. Over and over he saw the wizard fall, saw the earth close. He saw the red ridge of the mountain in the dawn. Anieb died while he held her, her ruined face against his arm. He asked her who she was, and what they had done, and how they had done it, but she could not answer him..killed the people who worked in the tower. Otter had never entered it nor seen Licky enter it. He..since that was the source and center of his power. There was no use trying to get there before. "What I have to do, you see," the old wizard said, still talking to Silence because it was a comfort to talk to him even if he was no longer there, "is get into the mountain, right inside; but not the way a sorcerer-prospecter does; not just slipping about between things and looking and tasting. Deeper. All the way in. Not the veins, but the bones. So," and standing there alone in the high pasture, in the noon light, Heleth opened his arms wide in the gesture of invocation that opens all the greater spells; and he spoke..Gelluk watched him with his inquisitive, affectionate look, and when Otter stood up, wincing and gasping, the wizard asked gently, "Are you afraid of the King?"..holy? Why do you think I don't have a staff? Why do you think I'm not at the School? Did you." Many claimed Maharion's throne, but none could keep it, and the quarrels of the claimants divided..her hand on it. Everybody gasped and muttered, "Avert! Avert!" except Tawny's youngest daughter, feeling was agreeable. There must have been a number of people in the park: I heard whispers..These kings and queens had some knowledge of the Old Speech and of magery. Some of them were certainly wizards, or had wizards to advise or help them. But magic in The Deed of Enlad is an erratic force, not to be relied on. Morred was the first man, and the first king, to be called Mage..a pilot on the expedition to Fomalhaut. That's twenty-three light years away. We flew there and..BACK TODAY GLENIANIA ROON WITH HER MIMORPHIC REAL RECORDING PAYS TRIBUTE. The idea of a school for wizards made him laugh. A school for wild boars, he thought, a college for dragons! But that there was some kind of scheming and gathering together of men of power on Roke seemed probable, and the idea of any league or alliance of wizards appalled him more the more he thought of it. It was unnatural, and could exist only under great force, the pressure of a dominant will-the will of a mage strong enough to hold even strong wizards in his service. There was the enemy he wanted!. All rights reserved, which includes the right to reproduce this book or..It was peaceful here with the woman and the cat. He had come to a good house..true as he said it. Perhaps he wanted to spite them. Perhaps he wanted to get rid of them..Lovers? Acquaintances? Abs was right after all when he said that I wouldn't be able to manage..highly comical way; this melee of forms, although devoid of faces, heads, arms, legs, was very..master again, if you will."..altogether. . . I was just going when you sat down."..deals were profitable. It was as if good fortune stuck to him and he could not shake it off. He..But Heleth was shaking his head: "No," he said, "no time. Not your kind of thing." He was more and..his back.. "No, nothing. And if a girl visits a man, what then?"..from an early age; and this was one of the reasons Diamond loved her. With her, he knew what..lashed out her hooves at them, and he kept her from bolting only by a staying-spell and all the..pardon," she said.. "Ach, it's a witch's den," Crow said, at the whiff of herbs and aromatic smoke, and he stepped..aimless wanderings the knowledge of the underground would enter him as it used to do, and he would. "Hungry? Eat," he said..spreading and wandering, making a marsh of it, a big, desolate, waterland with a far horizon, few..because they were Gontish matters, truths of Gont. They were not written even in Ard's lore-books, "I wasn't."..lifted at his side..it. "My mastery is here," the boy had said, but it went deeper than mastery. That, perhaps, was..He came up on deck again. It was clearing, and as the sun set the clouds broke all across the west, showing a golden sky behind the high dark curve of a hill..Otter looked from one to the other. Clearly they had told him their own greatest secret and their..and saw his love so clear, so close, that he

reached out his hand to touch her. If he reached out.how to do it. And she had no share in their wisdom, no part in their decisions. She drew away from.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (15 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM].shoots and the long, falling leaves.."Just a minute while I finish this," and then turning saw a stranger and nearly dropped the pan..Of them all it was the Herbal, the healer, who was the first to move. He went up the path and.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..within a century or so conquered or absorbed most of the other Kargad kingdoms, of which there had.She had never seen where he lived. He slept wherever he chose to, she imagined, in these warm.a wrong turning somewhere. Tall reeds rose up close beside the paths, so that if a light shone.grazing on Iria Hill, the bronze crowns of the oaks. "He's very careful how he talks about the."I should sap? Sap yourself!".Thwil. Dragonfly had gradually become silent and sullen. She ceased asking her endless questions.for a young man, very difficult -- a test of a will that has not yet been steeled, a mind that has."Tell us who you are," the white-haired man said, courteously enough, but without greeting or welcome. "Tell us how you came here.".Tenar of the Ring is there," said Azver.."Ah," said the Patterner. "Hard for the housekeeper to give up the keys when the owner comes.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.".Early laughed. "I'll be waiting for him," he said; his man's legs turned to yellow talons, his.was the pale-haired man with narrow eyes..she wore a kitten on her shoulder. She was not an attentive mother. Rose had demanded, at seven.shoes off his feet, and left him sleeping. She went to look at the other one. He looked feverish,.got to his feet and shuffled, lame and unsteady, back down the valley.."I can protect you here, and have done so. On Roke, of course, you'll be perfectly safe. The very walls, there...But if you go home, you must be willing to protect yourself. It's a difficult thing for a young man, very difficult -- a test of a will that has not yet been steeled, a mind that has not yet seen its true goal. I very strongly advise that you not take that risk. Write your parents, and go to the Great Port, or to Roke. Half your year's fee, which I'll return to you, will see to your first expenses.".fought, "talon and fire and word and sword," until:.then.".file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (100 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:32 AM]. "In the Inmost Sea, on the Isle of the Wise, on Roke Island, where all magery is taught, there are.Grove they were all of one kind, which grew nowhere else, yet had no name in Hardic but "tree" In.drained her cup, reached out a hand to the fluffy covering on her arms, and tore it -- she did not.ten days starving in the cold to cure his beasts! San's got nothing but copper, but Alder can pay.Again he paused. All at once he looked straight at Otter, who froze in terror thinking the wizard.This conversation was idiotic and I felt terrible, but I had to find out..appreciation. Living with the pirate king, he was sick of boasts and threats, of boasters and

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