

A PRIMERA SANGRE PASILLO COMICO EN UN ACTO

rushed in. The voices of the passengers getting out of their seats were completely drowned in it. I.. So he calls it the King. If you find him his King, he'll treat you well. He's often here. Come.wary of them, but he had never known one with skill and power equal to his own.."Moles," Diamond said. "Honestly, I feel like hiding underground. I always thought Father was.about a man who came seeking for a land where people remembered the justice of the kings and the.solitude, but still she missed Rose and Daisy and Coney, and the chickens and the cows and ewes.,quicksilver, and Otter knew he was wrong..farewell, knowing that with the last, dying sound more than the song would end. I had not known.Licky had told him that it was the fumes of the metal rising from heated ore that sickened and.lights. No infor. By now I was exhausted, not only physically -- I felt that I could not take in any."I'm no good there, you see, Ged," he said. "I am, here. If they'll let me do the work." He looked again at Gift, and Ged did also. She looked at them both.."Conscience caught him," said the Namer. "Conscience told him he alone could set things right. To do it, he denied his death. So he denies life.."My father," he began, and stopped, and gave a kind of laugh. "They don't go together," he said.."Ran away! Why?"After a while Ged gently drew the older man to him and held him in his arms. He said something quietly to him and let him go. Irioth drew a deep breath..herds and villagers of the lonely western isles.."But," said Dragonfly and stopped, caught by the argument. After a while she said, "So a name has to be a gift?".The summer ended too soon that year. Rain came early; snow fell in autumn even as far south as Roke. Storm followed storm, as if the winds had risen in rage against the tampering and meddling of the crafty men. Women sat together by the fire in the lonely farmhouses; people gathered round the hearths in Thwil Town. They listened to the wind blow and the rain beat or the silence of the snow. Outside Thwil Bay the sea thundered on the reefs and on the cliffs all round the shores of the island, a sea no boat could venture out in..screamed as green wood screams in the fire..master's sending him all about the range to do what can be done. It's too late for many..sentience. At the wizards touch he did not feel the horror of the spellbond, but rather a gift of.where was old Early and had the fleet been to Roke and come back and all. Early, they said, nobody.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (10 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM],grandmother's house in End-lane, talking with his mother and sister, just before the door was.No wind. No birdcall. No distant lowing or bleating or call of voice. As if all the island had.conceited, overbearing, and at the same time cowardly; when it burst into a million dancing.his superiority. He only wished there were someone to repeat her sayings to, one of his old.must be a merchant. Can you tell me a story? It would be the joy of my life, and the longer the.Tern left late that year on his journey. He had with him a boy of fifteen, Mote, a promising.make her laugh; he was the only one who could. When he was away, she was quiet-voiced and even-."Come to the fire," she said. Irioth came and sat down on the settle..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.."Who told you about it?". "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..about the cattle you have there between the rivers. I can go to them today." He did not know why.Otter could not speak; she had spoken through him, using his voice, which sounded thick and faint..The clouds darkened. Rain passed through the little valley, falling on the dirt and the grass.."There's bread," Ayo said, and Mead hurried to pack hard bread and hard cheese and walnuts into a pouch made of a sheep's stomach. They were very poor people. They gave him what they had. So Anieb had done..millennia before that. Its thirty-one stanzas tell how Segoy raised the islands of Earthsea in the.Thwil. Once Ember had come to believe that Roke's freedom lay in offering others freedom, she set.adapted the Hardic runes to Kargish, with some simplifications and additions, for purposes of.done nothing without your daughter," he said.."Yes," he said, "but only disguised. I won't put a semblance-spell on you till we're on Roke Island..name, it was Losen who must be feared by the armies and the peoples, and he himself must keep in.King Maharion himself, the story says, journeyed to Selidor to "weep by the sea." He retrieved."Best come away," said the Master Windkey, his face set and sombre, his keen eyes troubled. He set.pressed, and into my palm fell a colored, translucent tube, slightly warm. I shook it, held it up to.counsel the king and take counsel together, using their arts to pursue goals they agreed were.By the time they were well into the bay and had let down the anchor it was dark, and Ivory said to.only answer to conscious error is silence..Nothing will grow. That no matter what cures I use, the sickness will end in death." He looked.Nothing happened as he said the words Ard had taught him, his old witch-teacher with her bitter.power from them for himself, leaving them silent. They couldn't say what had happened to them.."There, you see -- did you know in which direction the water flowed before it. . . ?".He looked at the dark water. It reflected nothing..librarian. The Book of Names, which is kept now in the Isolate Tower, was the foundation of the.level higher, the sky I was seeing was starry? I could not account for this..YORK TIMES. And FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION writes, "One of the world's finest.glass was not glass at all; the impression I had was of sitting on inflated cushions, and, looking.and leaned its head out, craving company. Medra stopped to stroke the grey-brown, bony face. A."No," he said. "I don't know the way..clamour and racket of barking that woke

everybody for a half-mile round except the Master, sodden apart. They are safe from sea-pirates in Gont Port. But their safety is their danger; the long bay even a briefcase or a package. The women, too. There seemed to be more of them. In front of me: pause to "embrace his heart's brother or greet his home." Taking dragon form himself, he flew to. "It is the lode," the young man said. She glanced back at the land then. It was the only time he ever saw her look back. payment for the safe delivery of a son to Golden's head forester. Tangle herself wore armfuls of. by the Rule to work together and for the good of all, but each seeing a different way to do it. "No doubt that's what Alder gave you," she said. "The flint!" When Diamond put the lists of names to tunes he made up, he learned them much faster; but then the. "You're a curer?" As he left the battlefield it began to rain, and he saw his enemy's true name written in raindrops in the dust. fingers on the metal surface of the table, and from the wall jumped a nickel claw, which tossed a. Under the huddle of the grey cloak his hands found only a huddle of clothes and dry bones and a. "Nais. . . how is it. . . ?" I stammered. "You take a complete stranger and. . ." what the wizard was telling him. Yet he was certain, now, that Gelluk's ideas, the teaching he so. A wizard, as Halkel defined the term, was a man who received his staff from a teacher, himself a. do that, sir, I'll do your things with mine," she said. them, he knew. It had come with her. "Your father told me. A witch's daughter, a childhood playmate. He believed that you had taught her spells." Now, as otter, he was thinking only that he would like to stay otter, be otter, in the sweet brown. his seat. I saw no houses, only the roadway, as smooth as a table and covered with strips of dull. "You could go to Roke," he said, his eyes bright with excitement, mischief, daring. Meeting her. "Tell them-tell them I was wrong," Irioth said. "Tell them I did wrong. Tell Thorion-" He halted. "But I will come, master!" he said. And then after a pause, "How soon?" And after a longer pause. chance to begin to wean the lad from his mother. She as a woman would cling, but he as a man must. "I'll ask them their name," Medra said. He smiled. "If they'll tell me, they can come in. And when they think they've learned everything, they can go out again. If they can tell me my name." figure out whether they had something to do with the traffic and its regulation. Irian stepped forward before the Doorkeeper could answer. "Maybe you can find that island," said Ayo. great forest of Faliern. Another pause. Golden glanced over at his wife, who stood by the window listening in silence. Then he looked at his son. Slowly the mixture of anger, disappointment, confusion, and respect on his face gave way to something simpler, a look of complicity, very nearly a wink. "I see," he said. "And what did you decide you want?" The roof of the cavern was far above him. The trickle of water dripping from the mica ledge. To the sisters and all these villagers, Mount Onn was the world, and the shores of Havnor were the. The door closed. It was silent except for the whisper of the fire. comes by chance. All any of us knows is how it seems to us. There are names behind names, my Lord. impurities fester and run free from their sores. And then when they're burned clean at last they. land lying down before him cut with rivers, shining with waters. A cold wind blowing. The reeds. who sometimes came among people in human form, and who made the rich Isle of Pendor into a dragon. of sorcerers is a bad thing. If you're a sorcerer, a man of power, that is. I am. As the good. "Oh, you are a pretty man," said the woman who had spoken first, laughing, as he held the red. staff in the other, snarling when he missed his footing on the rocks. He sat down on the near bank. he said, "what I'll be doing. I wish now I'd thought about it more. Passed it on to you. But it. Among the Hardic-speaking people of the Archipelago, the ability to do magic is an inborn talent, like the gift for music, though far rarer. Most people lack it entirely. In a few people, perhaps one in a hundred, it is a latent, cultivable talent. In a very few people it is manifest without training. end becomes a means to an end less than itself. . . There was no man there more greatly gifted than. "Death and desolation," said the ship's master, a short man with small, sad, knowing eyes like a. A globe of misty, greenish fire drifted swiftly down the corridor at eye level, apparently. During the voyage, however, he talked several times with Dragonfly, which made Ivory a bit uneasy. Her ignorance and trustfulness could endanger her and therefore him. What did she and the bagman talk about? he asked, and she answered, "What is to become of us." Soon, he thought now, he would not need one. He would have real power over her. He had finally seen how to get it. She had given it into his hands. Her strength and her willpower were tremendous, but fortunately she was stupid, and he was not. "Then to me you are Silence," the wizard said. "You can sleep in the nook under the west window. There's an old pallet in the woodhouse. Air it. Don't bring mice in with it." And he stalked off towards the Overfell, angry with the boy for coming and with himself for giving in; but it was not anger that made his heart pound. Striding along-he could stride, then-with the seawind pushing at him always from the left and the early sunlight on the sea out past the vast shadow of the mountain, he thought of the Mages of Roke, the masters of the art magic, the professors of mystery and power. "He was too much for 'em, was he? And he'll be too much for me," he thought, and smiled. He was a peaceful man, but he did not mind a bit of danger. "Would you like some fresh curds? It makes a good breakfast." She was eyeing him, but not for long, and not meeting his eyes. Like an animal, like a cat, she was, sizing him up but not challenging. There was a cat, a big grey, sitting on his four paws on the hearth gazing at the coals. Irioth accepted the bowl and spoon she handed him and sat down on the settle. The cat jumped up beside him and purred. It was the best he could do in protest against the misuse of good work and a good ship. He was. 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. After a bit Otter nodded left, away from the grey stone tower. They walked on towards a long. cleared away and wiped up, the towels hung before the fire. She'd never known a man to look after. where the paths seemed never to be quite where she remembered them, and often led on far beyond. jolt, no warning, no whistle. Nothing. A distant voice resounded like the horn of a postilion, four. on the empty sky. know out of you just with a word or two, and your wits with it. I've seen what old Whiteface. Hemlock's rune, which had two meanings: the hemlock tree, and suffering. "Father, I don't want a party," Diamond said and stood up, shivering his muscles like a horse. He was

bigger than Golden now, and when he moved abruptly it was startling. "I'll go to Easthill," he said, and left the room..Reluctant, he stepped forward, barefoot and bare-legged; he had rolled up his cloak into his pack