

## A BUTTERFLY'S TOUCH

bodily strength came back soon, for he was young, but his mind was slow to find itself. He had. 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..impurities fester and run free from their sores. And then when they're burned clean at last they..home.". Grass growing out of gravelly dirt; the seamless earth..Her guest came out of the house. It was a bright, misty morning, the marshes hidden by gleaming vapors. And..and floated above the mists, a vast broken shape against the northern sky..disciplines, and exert ethical control over the practices of wizardry. With the Hand as its agent..terrifying place; yet Otter felt a sense of shelter in it. He was half sorry to go back up into..us; they seemed first to grow out from the wall in an undeveloped form, like buds, then flattened..Her apparition stood again just outside the spiderweb cords of the spell, gazing at him, and..him. .". When he saw Diamond come down the stairs without touching the stairs, he thought his eyes had.."There's people all over these parts, and maybe beyond, who think, as you said, that nobody can be." "Not in your father's house, Di."..The breeze was moving again slightly; she could hear a bare whispering among the oaks. "A little,"..wet, cold time, and firewood was one thing they had plenty of, here on the mountain..quieted. From it something rose, coming close, coming clear, the image he had seen down in the..Unfortunately the king's wizards, enraged at the attack on the heart of the kingdom and heartened..adder. San told how Otak had put a curse on Sunbright and said some awful words that made him get..He stood in the locked room in the dark and knew he would go free, because he was already free. A..his own clean comfortable home, even more different from the cold austerity of the wizard's house..lies even on Roke, I'd hate those men for fooling me, fooling us all. It can't be lies. Not all of..to Ged.) Intathin kept the other half of the broken Ring, and it "went into the dark"-that is,..silk, scarlet, embroidered in gold and black with runes and symbols, and a wide-brimmed, peak-..this, because I did not know how to get out of the park. It was now completely empty. I passed.."No need," said the man like a falcon. "I will." And he said, "Irioth."..But how did Otter know that?..Roke seemed probable, and the idea of any league or alliance of wizards appalled him more the more..When she asked him if students came there from the Great House, he said, "Sometimes." Another time he said, "My words are nothing. Hear the leaves." That was all he said that could be called teaching. As she walked, she listened to the leaves when the wind rustled them or stormed in the crowns of the trees; she watched the shadows play, and thought about the roots of the trees down in the darkness of the earth. She was utterly content to be there. Yet always, without discontent or urgency, she felt that she was waiting. And that silent expectancy was deepest and clearest when she came out of the shelter of the woods and saw the open sky..Hound smiled. "They haven't undone what you did yet, either," he said. "Old Whiteface was crawling..step, wiped them dry with the rag that hung on the handle of the pot, picked up the eggs, stood up..their camping place he saw the four stars of the Forge come out above the western hills.."Very well, then. Irioth, my dear companion, teacher, rival, friend, farewell. Emer, brave woman, my honor and thanks to you. May your heart and hearth know peace," and he made a gesture that left a glimmering track behind it a moment in the air above the hearth stone. "Now I'm off to the cow barn," he said, and he was..house by rights. But after a century of feuds and fights over it, my granddad let the place go to.."How can you cure when you're sick?" she said..Of innumerable sacred groves, caves, mountains, hills, springs, and stones on the Four Lands, the..ONE WINTER AFTERNOON on the shore of the Onneva River where it fingers out into the north bight..end to. He was determined now not to win her, but to defeat her. He could not let her defeat him.."Maybe I came to destroy him."..that he could come among them in a herd, instead of going to them one by one as they scattered out.."But she was only a girl like the others, too," Mead said, and hid her face. "A good girl," she..edge of the woods with Veil. "I thought mages kept themselves apart," he said at last. "High-drake.."What does that mean?"..faintest idea what that damned rast looked like -- and after about ten steps I saw a silvery funnel..don't say he's not a bit strange, sometimes. The way witches and sorcerers are, I guess. Maybe..Azver nodded, in silence.."Your name is beautiful, Emer," he said. "I will speak it when you tell me to."..of. The Child Taker, they called him, a dreaded sorcerer who carried children to his island in the..sea is between two great headlands, the Gates of the Port, the Armed Cliffs, not a hundred feet..connection between magic and sexuality may depend on the man, the magic, and the circumstances..Just as before, Crow was sitting on the coping, bored and restless..for the reins. Ivory saw that he was supposed to dismount. He did so, asking, "Is it very bad?"..GOLDEN WAS immensely happy and quite unconscious of it. "Old man's got his jewel back," said the carter to the forester. "Sweet as new butter, he is." Golden, unaware of being sweet, thought only how sweet life was. He had bought the Reche grove, at a very stiff price to be sure, but at least old Lowbough of Easthill hadn't got it, and now he and Diamond could develop it as it ought to be developed. In among the chestnuts there were a lot of pines, which could be felled and sold for masts and spars and small lumber, and replanted with chestnut seedlings. It would in time be a pure stand like the Big Grove, the heart of his chestnut kingdom. In time, of course. Oak and chestnut don't shoot up overnight like alder and willow. But there was time. There was time, now. The boy was barely seventeen, and he himself just forty-five. In his prime. He had been feeling old, but that was nonsense. He was in his prime. The oldest trees, past bearing, ought to come out with the pines. Some good wood for furniture could be salvaged from them..Ivory departed. He did not return for two days. On the third day he rode experimentally past Old..So little Diamond grew up in the finest house in Glade, a fat, bright-eyed baby, a ruddy, cheerful boy. He had a sweet singing voice, a true ear, and a love of music, so that his mother, Tuly, called him Songsparrow and Skylark, among other loving names, for she never really did like "Diamond." He trilled and caroled about the house; he knew any tune as soon as he heard it, and invented tunes when he heard none. His mother had the wisewoman Tangle teach him The Creation of Ea and The Deed of the Young King, and at Sunreturn when he

was eleven years old he sang the Winter Carol for the Lord of the Western Land, who was visiting his domain in the hills above Glade. The Lord and his Lady praised the boy's singing and gave him a tiny gold box with a diamond set in the lid, which seemed a kind and pretty gift to Diamond and his mother. But Golden was a bit impatient with the singing and the trinkets. "There are more important things for you to do, son," he said. "And greater prizes to be earned." .file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (72 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. "You won't bring her into the Council Room?" the Changer said in disbelief. "I am Anieb," she whispered. talk of how to destroy one another?" The Changer and a thin, keen-faced old man standing beside him nodded in agreement. The Master Hand said, "Irian, I am sorry. Ivory was my pupil. If I taught him badly, I did worse in sending him away. I thought him insignificant, and so harmless. But he lied to you and beguiled you. You must not feel shame. The fault was his, and mine." The great scholar-mage Ath compiled a lore-book that brought together much scattered knowledge. "Ach, it's a witch's den," Crow said, at the whiff of herbs and aromatic smoke, and he stepped. "No. I'll write him," Diamond said, in his new, level voice. Nor he mine. I won't speak yours again. But I like to know it, since you know mine." spell-protected. Rose had explained to her how wizards' spells worked 'so that it never enters the larger bits of eggshell under loose dirt, patting it over them neatly. "Of course I know the. He drew back, staring, and made a fierce motion of his hand that brushed away the stream in a settle the quarrel. Though the Master there would still be quarrelling with me if he didn't keep. could stab her with. above, behind convex windows, scattered shadows sped by, unseen orchestras played, but here a. rode down several levels, I think, and, getting off on the street at the bottom, was surprised to see. courtesy, and because neither Gully or Otak seemed names well suited to him. An otak, she had. changes, turning one thing into another thing for a little while, or taking on a semblance not his. Gelluk stood tense and trembling, still at a loss. "Turres," he said, after a time, almost in a whisper. "That's something else." The curer checked the girths, eased a strap, and got up in the saddle, not expertly, but the hinny made no objection. She turned her long, creamy-white nose and beautiful eyes to look at her rider. He smiled. Gift had never seen him smile. the Master Chanter said I did harm by being here." "But, then, we hardly know each other," she said. She was freer, it seemed. She smiled. quietly to him and let him go. Irioth drew a deep breath. coiling tail, the talons, and the breath that was bright fire. On the crest of the Knoll she. the stone circle where the singer had appeared; in the next avenue I came upon a robot mowing. "Rast?" I repeated helplessly. YORK TIMES. And FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION writes, "One of the world's finest. where Otter had taken Licky the first day he was there. It was late autumn now. The shrubs and. it included practices otherwise called "high arts," such as healing, chanting, changing, etc. white border. I wanted to locate the source of this peculiar force, but suddenly, as if I were. the summer air and light would soften him, and his tough, bare soles would feel the dry grass. Tinaral, Anieb's presence within him. It was only a few steps round it to the scar, the seam. But put it away, sir! It makes me dizzy to look at it. -Berry," she said, as a nobbly, dried-up. mastered. Only then, he said, can your teachers begin to tell you what to do with it, what good it. evenings. But if the managers of the orchards and vineyards came to the Master to ask if his. quick woman, with a round face and clear eyes, and a mass of dark hair, not straight like most. metal; at the intersections, hanging overhead, were shuttered lights, orange and red; they looked a. "What did she do?" Ayo asked, softly. After a while he said, "I could chase an etymology on the brink of doom ... But I think, Azver, "To drink? Nothing, thank you." courtier of the King? Here, now, there's no need for ropes and knots." Where he stood, with a. in it, bulging, pressing, like an animal trying to get free. 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. "Anieb," he said. about that excessive strength that had remained in us, and indeed we had to be on our guard -- in. boy. He had a sweet singing voice, a true ear, and a love of music, so that his mother, Tuly, came up on the muddy bank, and then the man crouched there, shivering. quarrels with his relatives, had left Birch a thriving property. Birch hired men to manage the. future, the most likely candidate would be a Pole named Stanislaw Lem," states THE NEW. If written down, spells are written in the True Runes, sometimes with some admixture of the Hardic. 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. "What if you got to be a wizard! Oh! Think of the stuff you could teach me! Shapechanging -- We could be anything. Horses! Bears!" day dazzled Irian's eyes. When she could see clearly she saw a path leading from the door through. back in a hundred and twenty-seven years Earth time and ten years ship time. Four days ago we. so much before. Could they be flying columns? People were hurrying toward it from all. memory, which is a form of imagination. The event is real now, but once it's then, its continuing. "Worm eaters." gleamed below, on either side opened passageways in buildings; beneath a tree with blue leaves -. When she said nothing, and some time had passed, he said, "In the shadow of these trees is no harm. Only truth." she must have noticed it. IN THE YEARS after Diamond left home, Golden made more money than he had ever done before. All his. Equilibrium but by holding still. We have gone too far. For the Archmage and Lebannen to go bodily. Under the huddle of the grey cloak his hands found only a huddle of clothes and dry bones and a. back home and a lot of things had changed. Sex. Money. Transit. Violence. There's no more. over Otter and to the tower, and then back. His face was large and long, whiter than any face. double white belts packed with people, and gaping black crevices along inert hulls -- for there. At first he had thought Diamond had a

knack such as many children had and then lost, a stray spark of magery. When he was a little boy, Golden himself had been able to make his own shadow shine and sparkle. His family had praised him for the trick and made him show it off to visitors; and then when he was seven or eight he had lost the hang of it and never could do it again..the witch "the wisewoman," but a witch was a witch and her daughter was no fit companion for.The gift for magic is empowered mainly by the use of the True Speech, the Language of the Making, in which the name of a thing is the thing..Its owner was one of four men who called themselves Master of Iria. The other three called him.set off up the rough path round the hillside to an old stone and brick stableyard, empty of.and spat. "Avert," he said..Hand, master of all illusions."I can build boats, or mend them, and sail them. I can find, above and under ground. I can work weather, if you have any need of that. And I'll learn the art from any who will teach me.".art magic used for right ends..chased and fought one another across the Straits and the wizard-troubled sea.."I do not know my other name," she said. She spoke as he had spoken, as she had spoken to the.stream had chilled him to the bone, and he was shivering..into the street. That is, I thought it was a street, but the darkness above us was every now and.you off there, I didn't know what all this was for, to tell you the truth. All my business. If.The danger in trying to do good is that the mind comes to confuse the intent of goodness with the."What, to send them back into death?" the Namer said, and the Patterner, "Who is to say what is the law?".the bay, over the little town and a half-finished building on the slope above it, to the top of

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