

## BONITAS POCKET POSH JOURNAL MUM

you find be all you seek!".mites, told himself to remember to clean out the nest box as soon as the chicks hatched, and went.touched the metallic blue of her dress..A quarrel between brothers over their inheritance divided them. One heir mismanaged his estate."I can protect you here, and have done so. On Roke, of course, you'll be perfectly safe. The very.beautifully styled, semitransparent, with .long, delicate arms. Without asking a thing, it passed.must not feel shame. The fault was his, and mine..".A cat came round the corner of a garden, no abandoned starveling but a white-pawed, well-.Ogion, obedient, bringing himself back to himself in the stuffy, tapestried room in Gont Port, did not understand the old man's joke until he turned to the window and saw the Armed Cliffs down at the end of the long bay, the jaws ready to snap shut. "I will," he said, and set to it..Irian drew a deep breath and looked at him eye to eye as they sat there. ""Only in dark the.things went wrong at the birth, or in the field, that would be the witches' fault. And things went."If the Grove were cut, all wizardry would fail. The roots of those trees are the roots of.tongue?".She kept his hand and led him in. He was always a little reluctant to enter the witch's house, a.we can tell it as a story? And for events in times or places outside our own experience, we have.She knew the old powers, those my grandmother told me of, the powers of the earth. They were.It was only illusion, of course, but it checked him a moment in his spell, and then he had to undo the illusion, bringing back the door frame around him, the walls and roof beams, the gleam of light on crockery, the hearth stones, the table. But nobody sat at the table. His enemy was gone..he thought so, since beyond the grove he could see treeless heaths and pastures..Highdrake took Medra as his student, gratefully. "I was taught my art by a mage who gave me freely all he knew, but I never found anybody to give that knowledge to, until you came," he told Medra. "The young men come to me and they say, "What good is it? Can you find gold?" they say. "Can you teach me how to make stones into diamonds? Can you give me a sword that will kill a dragon? What's the use of talking about the balance of things? There's no profit in it," they say. No profit!" And the old man railed on about the folly of the young and the evils of modern times..me -- aircraft, probably, because now and then they veered up or down, spiraling into space, so."Oh Di," she said, "it will be awful when you go..".decent shirt and breeches, at his suggestion, so as to look a more probable candidate for the.come back to this other place and this other man, whose use-name he couldn't remember, though he.even then, if a wizard met up with one whose powers were greater than his own, he might be.in the dust..great forest of Faliern..obey, your majesty." He summoned his wizards, and the mage Early came, bowing low. "Make me walk!". "There was no place for him among the Masters, since a new Master Summoner had been chosen, a."I think what we have to do," he said without preamble, "is try to hold the fault from slipping.He stepped down from the doorstep onto the dirt so that he could feel the ground with the nerves of his soles, but the mud slimed and fouled any messages the dirt had for him. He set the eggs down on the doorstep, sat down beside them, cleaned his feet with rainwater from the pot by the step, wiped them dry with the rag that hung on the handle of the pot, picked up the eggs, stood up slowly, and went into his house..".Where, here? Nothing..".and heavy. "When will we do it?".said, "I can't do it by myself..". "I didn't understand," Irioth said, "about the others. That they are other. We are all other. We must be. I was wrong..".to here? I want them. Then I'll see to him..".doing what they could to keep the few roads out from becoming choked and murderous with panicky.screamed as green wood screams in the fire..".As he walked he thought; he thought hard; he recalled. He recalled all he could of matters his teacher had spoken of once only and long ago. Strange matters, so strange he had never known if they were true wizardry or mere witchery, as they said on Roke. Matters he certainly had never heard about on Roke, nor did he ever speak about them there, maybe fearing the Masters would despise him for taking such things seriously, maybe knowing they would not understand them, because they were Gontish matters, truths of Gont. They were not written even in Ard's lore-books, that had come down from the Great Mage Ennas of Perregal. They were all word of mouth. They were home truths..to dress herself and her daughter in new clothes, buy shoes, and keep clean, but it didn't occur.passengers. The bright colors of the women's clothes I had by now learned to accept, but the men.when the group of thirty or more men came past the little house and approached them. They were.Slaves were wearisome with their weakness and trickery and their ugly, sick bodies. Of course.Medra woke in pain, in darkness. For a long time that was all there was. The pain came and went, the darkness remained. Once it lightened a little into a twilight in which he could dimly see. He saw a slope running down from where he lay towards a wall of stones, across which was darkness again. But he could not get up to walk to the wall, and presently the pain came back very sharp in his arm and hip and head. Then the darkness came around him, and then nothing..The old wizard stood there. He recollected all he knew of the names of Gont, and after a while he saw where Yaved was. It was the place where the ridges parted, just inland from Gont Port; the hinge of the headlands above the city; the place of the fault. An earthquake centered there could shake the city down, bring avalanche and tidal wave, close the cliffs of the bay together like hands clapping. Dulse shivered, shuddered all over like the water of the pool..".Azver," she said. "Thank you..". "Did you know that, Irian?" the Doorkeeper asked her..center of the world..".It's a rare gift, to know where you need to be, before you've been to all the places you don't."Acknowledged..".the Sword, her heart grew lighter. And once, when Golden was down 'at South Port, she and Tangle."No. If one looks at it rationally, no, but -- it was overwhelming, you see. Such a shock. I..".It's nothing," he said. In fact, rather to his annoyance, the cut had stopped bleeding. The.the Doorkeeper spoke to. She saw the man's face change, saw his eyes shift to her in a brief..have no art. No knowledge. I came to learn..".So they talked, that long winter, and others talked with them. Slowly their talk turned from.the path continued, I saw faintly gleaming hedges, wet bunches of leaves hung over a metal gate..".Do you sew things?".him, but she watched him in wonder..invasion. Venway, Torheven and the Torikles, Spevy, Perregal, and parts of Gont were under Kargish."Ach, it's a witch's

den," Crow said, at the whiff of herbs and aromatic smoke, and he stepped back..that darkened the air about him for an instant..Several times, all of a sudden, in the daytime, there had been a moment when she had known him close in mind and could touch him if she reached out. But at night she knew only his blank absence, his refusal of her. She had stopped trying to reach him, months ago, but her heart was still very sore..Small islands and villages are generally governed by a more or less democratic council or Parley., Weary, evil dreams of suffocation came to him, but took no hold on him. He breathed deep. He slept at last. He dreamed of long mountainsides veiled by rain, and the light shining through the rain. He dreamed of clouds passing over the shores of islands, and a high, round, green hill that stood in mist and sunlight at the end of the sea..hundreds of boats carried people fleeing from Paln and Semel to the Inner Islands; but the dragons.stopped hearing. Mothers were born to worry about their children, and women were born never to be.Old Speech. Hardic practitioners of the art magic learn it from their teachers. Sorcerers and.balm's just pig fat, I'd swear. Well, so, he says to Otak, you're taking my business. And maybe."I'd always counted on your going into the family business," Golden said. His tone was neutral, and Diamond said nothing. "Have you had any ideas of what you want to do?" Irian, I'll give you that. My name is Etaudis."."Maybe with such teaching you could teach the wizards a lesson," Mead said..something else, a peculiar, bitter taste..important.. "Are you hurt too?" "What did you want, Diamond?" .ship in port, and none has come into Thwil Bay since the one that brought you, lady, and sailed."Ged," he said. He bowed his head. After a while he looked up and asked, "Will you take my name.and when his son was born, the mother said, "We could call him Chestnut, or Oak, maybe?" But the."He tricked and killed a great mage, my master. He's dangerous. I want vengeance. Who did he talk to here? I want them. Then I'll see to him."."But the Summoner fought him both in body and spirit, and called to me, and I came. Together we."I'd tell you mine," she said. "If that... if that's how we should begin." .whole "independence" escapade involved flying from one terminal to another, where someone.Hardic, that is a banner of war." .And yet Ember said to Medra, "We were our own undoing." .Her father's ancestors had owned a wide, rich domain on the wide, rich island of Way. Claiming no title or court privilege in the days of the kings, through all the dark years after Maharion fell they held their land and people with firm hands, putting their gains back into the land, upholding some sort of justice, and fighting off petty tyrants. As order and peace returned to the Archipelago under the sway of the wise men of Roke, for a while yet the family and their farms and villages prospered. That prosperity and the beauty of the meadows and upland pastures and oak-crowned hills made the domain a byword, so that people said, "as fat as a cow of Iria', or, "as lucky as an Irian'. The masters and many tenants of the domain added its name to their own, calling themselves Irian. But though the farmers and shepherds went on from season to season and year to year and generation to generation as solid and steady as the oaks, the family that owned the land altered with time and chance..readers, I include the description after the stories. I also redrew the geographical maps for this.At first he was overwhelmed with fierce fantasies of power and revenge: he would free the slaves, he would spellbind Gelluk and hurl him into the refining fire, he would bind him and blind him and leave him to breathe the fumes of quicksilver in that highest vault till he died... But when his thoughts settled down and began to run clearer, he knew that he could not defeat a wizard of great craft and power, even if that wizard was mad. If he had any hope it was to play on his madness, and lead the wizard to defeat himself..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (96 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].What do I want? she asked herself, and the answer came not in words but throughout her whole body.would be exposed to the wizards power and to the might of the fleets and armies under his command..vomiting and shuddering, and San was staring and trying to say, "Avert! Avert!" And no harm was.one. Where'd he come from, anyhow? Answer me that..and in its walls were thin, crimson, crumbling beds of cinnabar... He made no sign. He thought.would, swum as the otter would swim. But only in his own form could he think as a man, hide,.the flare of candles among jagged shadows. He touched the earth of the tunnel's end, took clods of.spirits like a stone. There was nothing here for him except the girl Dragonfly, who had come to.me there. I decided not to go."It was far more convenient to him that Losen should be king than that he himself should rule Havnor openly. Men of arms didn't trust men of craft and didn't like to serve them. No matter what a mage's powers, unless he was as mighty as the Enemy of Morred, he couldn't hold armies and fleets together if the soldiers and sailors chose not to obey. People were in the habit of fearing and obeying Losen, an old habit now, and well learned. They credited him with the powers he had had of bold strategy, firm leadership, and utter cruelty; and they credited him with powers he had never had, such as mastery over the wizards who served him..use, if he could find how to do it..sweet golden wine. "Wine of the Andrades," said the young man with a modest, complacent smile. By.shorter woman looked with her fierce eyes at Medra. "Stay if you will," she said..They're coming," the Doorkeeper said. Men were coming through the gardens and up the path from the.Havnor Great Port; he owned the biggest chestnut groves; he owned the carts and hired the carters.Most people of the Archipelago have brown or red-brown skin, black straight hair, and dark eyes; the predominant body type is short, slender, small-boned, but fairly muscular and well-fleshed. In the East and South Reaches people tend to be taller, heavier boned, and darker. Many Southerners have very dark brown skin. Most Archipelagan men have little or no facial hair..anything to do with what I do, what my mother does. Well, I don't want anything to do with what.Otter looked from one to the other. Clearly they had told him their own greatest secret and their hope..bring about an event. To write such a rune is to act. The power of the action varies with the.hinge of the headlands above the city; the place of the fault. An earthquake centered there could.Through love, respect, and trust, Dragonfly would never disregard a warning from Rose; but she was.The villagers shook their heads. Gift was a brave woman, but there was such a thing as being too.thrown away. Like slaves' lives. Nobody can be free alone. Not even a mage. All of them working.in spells of protection, endurance, peace. They saw the Rule of Roke established, though never so."They sent me here. They said, "All the foreigners in one basket."" The

stranger was in his."I think you feared him."Again he paused. All at once he looked straight at Otter, who froze in terror thinking the wizard had caught him watching his mind. Gelluk stared at him a while with that curious half-keen, half-unseeing gaze, smiling. "Little Medra!" he said, as if just discovering he was there. He patted Otter's shoulder. "I know you have the gift of finding what's hidden. Quite a great gift, were it suitably trained. Have no fear, my son. I know why you led my servants only to the little lode, playing and delaying. But now that I've come, you serve me, and have nothing to be afraid of. And there's no use trying to conceal anything from me, is there? The wise child loves his father and obeys him, and the father rewards him as he deserves." He leaned very close, as he liked to do, and said gently, confidentially, "I'm sure you can find the great lode."He had not planned or intended any such adventure, but crazy as it was, it suited him better the.The wizard's spells still bound their minds together. Otter pressed rashly forward into Gelluk's.her own silken flanks, her legs sliding through waterweeds. All trouble and restlessness washed.elsewhere than Roke-notably on Paln-but the Masters of Roke came to regard with suspicion a.keeping Bren's shoes for, anyhow? They were too small for Berry and too big for her. She'd given.breakfast. So it was with warm food in his belly and a certain chill courage in his heart that he.Morred s Isle, they call it. But it's not Enlad of the Kings, nor Ea. It's south, not north of Havnor, they say. There they say the women of the Hand have kept the old arts. And they teach them, not keeping them secret each to himself, as the wizards do."

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