

## FULL VALUE AND OTHER POEMS

convenience to the wizard, who had got used to having his wants provided, his time free, and an. "It does not know death," he said, but he spoke in his own language, and they did not understand. The house vanished. No walls, no roof, nobody. Early stood on the dust of the village square in. "No," his wife said in her soft, level voice, "we aren't." ascetics among humans, some dragons are greedy for shining things, gold, jewels; one was Yevaud, son that had made him not exactly set his eyes higher than the business, but glance above it from. Unfortunately the king's wizards, enraged at the attack on the heart of the kingdom and heartened by their victory in the Pelnish Sea, had taken the fleet on into the far West Reach and attacked the islets and rocks where the dragons raised their young, killing many broods, "crushing monstrous eggs with iron mauls." Hearing of this, Orm's dragon anger woke again, and he "leapt for Havnor like an arrow of fire." (Dragons are generally referred to both in Hardic and Kargish as male, though in fact the gender of all dragons is a matter of conjecture, and in the case of the oldest and greatest ones, a mystery.) "Well, he ran out. Or. . . he could always lie." Once there in the Grove she had no thought of earning, or deserving, or even of learning. To be there was enough, was all. back to his vines, and thirteen-year-old Dragonfly ran out of the house and down the hill to the barn," he said, and he was. "Yes. Because. . . brit. . . doesn't work without that. Don't move!" "She gave me freedom," he said. "And I still feel that all I do is done through her and for her..to see truly can see him as he is, the lord of all substances. The root of power lies in him. Do. He swept out the dust and leaves that had blown in the open door across the polished wood. He set. "Why did you break your Rule for me? Was it fair to me, who can never be what you are?" have no art. No knowledge. I came to learn." He did as he often did, made a little design out of whatever lay to hand: on the bit of sand on. for them. But when some of the young men started after them, there was no path. shadows of the leaves. round, strong arms, her hard, red hands. The cattleman Alder expected him to stay out in these. "You're in such a hurry. You still know nothing." and the lay of the land on Semel, and the mountain whose name is Andanden. So I came to the High School. Her face was windburned and scrubbed clean. Her hair was braided and the braid clubbed. "On the polyduct," said the man. "Which is your switch?" Ilien. Her consort Aiman was of the House of Morred. When she had ruled thirty years she gave the training would first study the high arts of sorcery, and if successful in them might pursue his. must train it diligently. However, it's clear that you do have capacities, and that they need. In return he told Veil and Ember about the mines of Samory, and the wizard Gelluk, and Anieb the incantation, and beat the air in fury. Then he looked eastward, straining his eyes for the. "But you do have a talent." Dulse paused. "He was my master. Would have been my friend, perhaps, if I'd stayed on Roke. Have wizards friends? No more than they have wives, or sons, some would say.... Once he said to me that in our trade it's a lucky man who finds someone to talk to. Keep that in mind. If you're lucky, one day you'll have to open your mouth." For there had been times when he felt that, as he had summoned her living, so dead she might. "What's up?" said Kurremkarmerruk. "I've been reading about dragons. Not paying attention. But all reason to frighten them. They were not men." It's a rare gift, to know where you need to be, before you've been to all the places you don't. man. But wizards carried no staff in those years, and Erreth-Akbe certainly was an unbroken man. what he saw. But he saw it, and went forward, word by word. sun to come out and shine through his flesh and dry them out. Of course he could say a pain spell. 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. "Mother," he said, on his knees there, "Mother, open to me." "And what is a real?" The first test is the great test, Dragonfly," he said. Every night he lay alone in this cabin he had planned this conversation. "To enter the Great House: to go through that door." sweet, familiar tune from the western coast, "Where My Love Is Going." him with her snout. "Worms," said the helmsman, the master's brother. "Catch fish anywhere near Roke, you'll find em thick with worms as a dead dog on a dunghill." the summoner's art goes straight to that. It's a wonderful thing to summon up the semblance and strange-looking, having pale reddish skin, long pale hair, and narrow eyes the colour of ice. His. III. Tern. perfume, sharp yet at the same time mild; a young couple passed; the girl turned to the man; her. to change your seeming. You have the heart, the courage, the will of a man. You could enter the. knelt by the loud-running water, but an otter slipped into it and was gone. in our trade it's a lucky man who finds someone to talk to. Keep that in mind. If you're lucky, leaving things out, here, things worth knowing.... "Will it take a long time to find one to take us, do you think?" "He knows that, sister," Mead told her. "Didn't he tell us he was a ship carpenter? But it's a. The heap moved, and roused up slowly. They saw it was the curer, just as he had been, no fires or shadows, though looking very ill. "Come on," Gift said, and got him on his feet, and walked slowly up the street with him. The Doorkeeper came back and said, "Come, Irian, and meet the Masters of Roke." Her heart began to. "Learn your place, woman," the mage said with cold passion. TWO. now, if the cure didn't take and the beasts died after all. Avert the chance! But I wouldn't ask. He left her at the corner of the street, a narrow, dull, somehow sly-looking street that slanted up. that darkened the air about him for an instant. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (86 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. but not the way a sorcerer-pro prospector does; not just slipping about between things and looking and. little, small spell, to send the rain on round

the mountain. His bones ached. They ached for the nothing, all the same. And she didn't give up anything for it. Having me didn't stop her. She had. He was only a little sorcerer, a cheating healer with a few sorry spells. Or so he seemed. What if, the word to say to him. "I was born in Havnor and trained as a shipwright and a sorcerer. I was on a ship bound from Geath to O Port. I was spared alone from drowning, last night, when a witchwind struck." He was silent then. The thought of the ship and the chained men in her swallowed his mind as the black sea had swallowed them. He gasped, as if coming up from drowning..women. Wizard knows wizard, and Medra knew they were women of power..saw that his companion was in distress, and said, "I'll get you out of here. Fetch a carter from THE HARDIC LANDS.the vine "right down to the life in it"; and Rose, her Etaudis, whispering charms to ease the pain.root cellar that night and the nights after. Neighbors who came at last to bury the rotting bodies."Why can't I give myself my own true name?" Dragonfly asked, while Rose washed the knife and her.bowing down before her, bowing slowly down to earth, and lying on it..The sorcerer looked at Dragonfly, who stood straight as a tree and said nothing..warmth and weight of her touch that he had wasted so much time wanting..originally part of the governance of the school or of the Archipelago, is no longer useful or."But we met, we sat, and we could not choose. We said this and said that, but no name was spoken. And then I..." He paused a while. There came on me what my people call the eduevanu, the other breath. Words came to me and I spoke them. I said, Hama Gondun! And Kurremkarmerruk told them this in Hardic: "A woman on Gont." But when I came back to my own wits, I could not tell them what that meant. And so we parted with no Archmage chosen.."Look at that," said the woman. "He's not friendly with most folk."equal, one greater. There was birth. When the Lord of the Western Land came to his domain near.invented tunes when he heard none. His mother had the wisewoman Tangle teach him The Creation of.accepting their judgment over his own. "Thorion has been much with the other Masters, and with the.speech was also strange, stiff and somehow deformed. "Silence is the answer to everything, and to.down on the doorstep, sat down beside them, cleaned his feet with rainwater from the pot by the.The takeoff came unexpectedly. There was no change at all in gravity, no sound reached.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..clear moment here and there, though all between those moments is darkness. They are like glimpses.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (31 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM].A good sign, thunder, Dulse thought. It would stop raining soon. He pulled up his hood and went out into the rain to feed the chickens.."Ah, ah, ah," said the old wizard..out into the rain to feed the chickens..And celibate." file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (18 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM].He asked her, rather timidly, to tell him what the Immanent Grove was, for when he had asked.and said, "I was in the tavern, down the way there, you could have said my use-name and I'd have.of glass, metallic sounds, repeated, incomprehensible. The crowd that had carried me here.So well in hand did Early have Losen's men that within two days the great fleet set forth from.gift. When I told Master Hemlock what I'd seen you do, he agreed with me. He said that you may go."I don't know," he said, but he tried to bring the werelight round them, and after a while the ground glimmered faintly before their feet.."But outside Roke," said Medra, "there are common people who slave and starve and die in misery. Must they do so for a thousand years with no hope?".juted boulders, one of which moved, increased in size; I looked into two pale flames of eyes. I.Gammer's ox-team; he laid the floor and polished it the next day, while the old wizard was up at.their blood ran mingled, making the sand red..The villagers shook their heads. Gift was a brave woman, but there was such a thing as being too brave. Or brave, they said around the tavern table, in the wrong way, or the wrong place, d'you see. Nobody should ought to meddle with sorcery that ain't born to it. Nor with sorcerers. You forget that. They seem the same as other folk. But they ain't like other folk. Seems there's no harm in a curer. Heal the foot rot, clear a caked udder. That's all fine. But cross one and there you are, fire and shadows and curses and falling down in fits. Uncanny. Always was uncanny, that one. Where'd he come from, anyhow? Answer me that..The Old Speech, or Language of the Making, with which Segoy created the islands of Earthsea at the."You can? Is it allowed?".He followed him down one of the principal streets and from it into a district of small houses, the old weavers' quarter. They grew flax on Pody, and there were stone retting houses, now mostly unused, and looms to be seen by the windows of some of the houses. In a little square where there was shade from the hot sun four or five women sat spinning by a well. Children played nearby, listless with the heat, scrawny, staring without much interest at the strangers. Tern had walked there unhesitating, as if he knew where he was going. Now he stopped and greeted the women..He was in fact a town boy, born in Gont Port. He had said nothing about himself, but Dulse had."I swear that . . ."Gelluk caught his breath. Presently he said, very softly, "Can you read the runes?".Morred s Isle, they call it. But it's not Enlad of the Kings, nor Ea. It's south, not north of.word or the rune fully release its power..study with him in South Port for a year, or perhaps longer".memory, which is a form of imagination. The event is real now, but once it's then, its continuing."Yes, sir. I decided that I don't want to be a wizard.". "Later? It varies. To some. . . you always give brit".generally come to distrust the ancient practices and made no appeal to the "Powers of the Mother.". "Gentlemen, I'm looking for a hotel. Where is there. . .?".her long arms and legs restlessly. "Will you?" she said..on thinking the ordinary thoughts of life, while the rest of it made preparations for terror and.man Tern to reappear, but he did not know his true name and had no hold of heart or mind on him..commoners. Horses were all lords. They agreed to collude. He remembered walking among the great,.the fishermen can't pay us".crewman on

a fishing boat of the Ebavnor Straits or a trader of the Inmost Sea..of Old Iria, asking her to come in by the back door and maybe make a poultice or sing a chant to.crevasse. "Close, Mother! Be healed, be whole!" He pleaded, begged, speaking in the Language of."Do it.".squeeze their way. In places the ceilings had collapsed. Ladders were shaky. The mine was a.spell the old Changer had taught him long ago, and said the word of transformation. Then no man.Hound told his master that they had the hexer in a safe place, and Losen said, "Who was he working.His conscience as a craftsman would not let him fault the carpentry of the ship in any way; but.Island was, they told him, the heart of Earthsea. The first land Segoy raised from the waters in.She looked at him without regret, or reproach, or shame..She kept his hand and led him in. He was always a little reluctant to enter the witch's house, a pungent, disorderly place thick with the mysteries of women and witchcraft, very different from his own clean comfortable home, even more different from the cold austerity of the wizard's house. He shivered like a horse as he stood there, too tall for the herb-festooned rafters. He was very highly strung, and worn out, having walked forty miles in sixteen hours without food..didn't want to make too much of mere childish play. But I believe you have a gift, perhaps a great

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