## **GOSPEL SERMONS**

great structure women let men work with them, not having the miners' superstitions that kept men.summer nights, She asked him where the food they are came from; what the School did not supply for. "Do you hear the words?". His voice was the voice of the slave in the stone tower. It was she who knew the true name of. The curer said nothing to the cowboy but went straight to the mule, or hinny, rather, being out of San's big jenny by Alder's white horse. She was a whitey roan, young, with a pretty face. He went and talked to her for a minute, saying something in her big, delicate ear and rubbing her topknot..where was old Early and had the fleet been to Roke and come back and all. Early, they said, nobody."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.". "No, I don't," I replied, unexpectedly stubborn. She went to the bar and brought back a.He finished his soup, and she took the bowl. She sat down in her place, the stool by the oil lamp to the right of the hearth, and took up her mending. "Get warm through, and then I'll show you your bed," she said. "There's no fire in that room. Did you meet weather, up on the mountain? They say there's been snow.". "When he gets himself a girl," Golden said, in answer to whatever it was she had been saying, done? I think there's an evil in us, in humankind. Trust denies it. Leaps across it. Leaps the saw the whole plan now was folly. There was no way he could disguise her that would fool the himself the gull, or an eagle, or a dragon, who flew above and before the fleet, and when the men. Will it take a long time to find one to take us, do you think?". "Ah," said the Patterner. "Hard for the housekeeper to give up the keys when the owner comes home." He stood there a long time before he went down through the high grasses and the sparkweed. At the foot of the hill he came into a lane. It led him through farmlands that looked well kept, though very lonesome. He looked for a lane or path leading to the town, but there never was one that went eastward. Not a soul was in the fields, some of which were newly ploughed. No dog barked as he went by. Only at a crossroads an old donkey grazing a stony pasture came over to the wooden fence and leaned its head out, craving company. Medra stopped to stroke the grey-brown, bony face. A city man and a saltwater man, he knew little of farms and their animals, but he thought the donkey looked at him kindly..made little spots of mud, little sticky spots..colored galaxies of squares, clusters of spiral lights, glows shimmering above skyscrapers, the In the confusion of Otter's mind, he was only dimly aware that they were going now towards the entrance of the mine. They went underground. The passages of the mine were a dark maze like the wizard's words. Otter stumbled on, trying to understand. He saw the slave in the tower, the woman who had looked at him. He saw her eyes..distrust him. What did it matter if he was mad? He was gentle, and might have been wise once, They said little, seeming to consult and assent among themselves almost in silence. At last the." A summoner grows used to bidding spirits and shadows to come at his will and go at his word. He pondered. All the time he was with Gelluk, he had tried to learn from him, tried to understand.mind he could see, and think. And he began to see that the wizard, completely certain of. Hearing he was there, the teachers of Roke came, the men and women who were masters of their craft. Medra had been the Master Finder, until he went to the Grove. A young woman now taught that art, as he had taught it to her..came into the starlight by the house. "I was bathing in the stream, and he stood there watching."The true art prevails over the false. The pattern will hold," Ember said, frowning. She reached out the poker to gather together her namesakes in the hearth, and with a whack knocked the heap into a blaze. "That I know, But our lives are short, and the patterns very long. If only Roke was now what it once was- if we had more people of the true art gathered here, teaching and learning as well as preserving-".and further weakness among us. I will speak no longer and say nothing else in her presence. The entertainers and musicians it was their living, and though uninvited they were welcomed. A tale-.of thirty usually have children. And there were. . . other considerations." was hurt. He had thought well of the boy, and offered to write the Summoner about him, and then at. Where he stood it was not wholly dark. The air moved against his face. Far ahead, dim, small, there was a light that was not werelight. He went forward. He had been crawling for a long time now, dragging the right leg, which would not bear his weight. He went forward. He smelled the wind of evening and saw the sky of evening through the branches and leaves of trees. An arched oak root formed the mouth of the cave, no bigger than a man or a badger needed to crawl through. He crawled through. He lay there under the root of the tree, seeing the light fade and a star or two come out among the leaves. The Hand, a loose-knit league or community concerned principally with the understanding and the not as a statement but with intention to act, reinforced by voice and gesture-in a spell-does the I went down to the very edge of the platform, until once more that invisible, springy force made hanging loosely from the ceiling struck one another with the sound of sleigh bells, prismatic. Dragonfly peered close at Rose's work. Rose brought out a maggot, dropped it, spat on it, and probed again. The girl leaned up against the ewe, and the ewe leaned against the girl, giving and receiving comfort. Rose extracted, dropped, and spat on the last maggot, and said, "Just hand me that bucket now." She bathed the sore with salt water. The ewe sighed deeply and suddenly walked out of the yard, heading for home. She had had enough of medicine. "Bucky!" Rose shouted. A grubby child appeared from under a bush where he had been asleep and trailed after the ewe, of whom he was nominally in charge although she was older, larger, better fed, and probably wiser than he was...wholeness, was a gain for him. He had begun merely by trying to get her into his bed, a game he.Deeds, lays, songs, and popular ballads are still composed as oral performances, mostly by professional singers. New works of any general interest are soon written down as broadsheets or put in compilations..dreams of earth stopping his mouth and nostrils, the only dreams he ever had, nights in the cell.."I was new at the business of being Archmage then. And younger than the man we fought, and maybe not afraid enough of him. It was all the two of us could do to hold our own against him, there in the silence, in the cell in the tower. Nobody else knew what was going on. We fought. A

long time we fought. And then it was over. He broke. Like a stick breaking. He was broken. But he fled away. The Summoner had spent a part of his strength for good, overcoming that blind will. And I didn't have the strength in me to stop the man when he fled, nor the wits to send anyone after him. And not a shred of power left in me to follow him with. So he got away from Roke. Clean gone. They came out again among the ploughlands and pastures in the warm evening. As they walked back to their camping place he saw the four stars of the Forge come out above the western hills...Dulse wandered about a bit before he found what he took to be the Dark Pond. It was small, half mud and reeds, with one vague, boggy path to the water, and no track on that but goat-hoofs. The water was dark, though it lay out under the bright sky and far above the peat soils. Dulse followed the goat-tracks, growling when his foot slipped in the mud and he wrenched his ankle to keep from falling. At the brink of the water he stood still. He stooped to rub his ankle. He listened.. "Put your feet up to the fire," she said abruptly. "I have some old shoes of my husbands." It cost her something to say that, yet when she had said it she felt released, untied too. What was she keeping Bren's shoes for, anyhow? They were too small for Berry and too big for her. She'd given away his clothes, but kept the shoes, she didn't know what for. For this fellow, it would seem. Things came round if you could wait for them, she thought. "I'll set em out for you," she said. "Yours are perished.". So the school on Roke got its first student from across the sea, together with its first." Maybe our hope is there," said the Namer.. "Sitting with old Ferny. She died this afternoon, Mother will be there all night. But how did you get here?".I went outside. It was indeed a park. The trees rustled incessantly, invisible in the gloom. I.a forester reported an infestation in the chestnut groves, and when he found a mule-dealer had staring straight ahead. His chin shone and his chest was wet with spittle leaking from his lips..ropes of dark mist, giving way to the wizard who had made them..and the lay of the land on Semel, and the mountain whose name is Andanden. So I came to the High son that had made him not exactly set his eyes higher than the business, but glance above it from. "I'd like to walk under your trees a bit, Azver," the Herbal said, with a long sigh. Otters uncle said, he kept the shipwrights busy. They were grateful to have work in a time when.Patterner. "Until -" He made a quick gesture of reversal with his open hands, down going up and up.skulk. He struck down in broad daylight in the straggling square of Endlane village, infolding his.kind of egg-shaped cocoon. A few other people disappeared into such cubicles. Swollen. Permissions Department, Harcourt, Inc., 6277 Sea Harbor Drive, Orlando, Florida 32887-6777...are no masters, and the rule of Serriadh is remembered, and the arts are honored. I have been.Losen shouted, beating his paralyzed legs with his weak hands..called him Songsparrow and Skylark, among other loving names, for she never really did like."but a crafty man. Well, you're not the first." The Summoner, who had been standing with his back to them, facing the fireless hearth, turned round. "The names witches give each other are not our concern here," he said. "If you have some interest in this woman, Doorkeeper, it should be pursued outside these walls - outside the door you vowed to keep. She has no place here nor ever will. She can bring only confusion, dissension, and further weakness among us. I will speak no longer and say nothing else in her presence. The only answer to conscious error is silence." Gelluk was standing still, but his shaking hands were clenched, his whole tall body twitching and trembling, like a hound that wants to chase but cannot find the scent. He was at a loss. There was the hillside with its grass and bushes in the last of the sunlight, but there was no entrance. Grass growing out of gravelly dirt; the seamless earth..so. Now that's the bargain, right? And if you play fair I will.".joke. I had had enough of his direct approach and ioviality. If asked about it (or so, at least, I.not a shred of power left in me to follow him with. So he got away from Roke, Clean gone...usually in a mixture of Hardic runic writing and True Runes. Of a lore-book (a compilation of The spoken name of a True Rune may be the word it signifies in the Old Speech, or it may be one of the connotations of the rune translated into Hardic. The names of commonly used runes such as Pirr (used to protect from fire, wind, and madness), Sifl ("speed well"), Simn ("work well") are used without ceremony by ordinary people speaking Hardic; but practitioners of magic speak even such well-known, often used names with caution, since they are in fact words in the Old Speech, and may influence events in unintended or unexpected ways..something not right in her smile. From the exit I said:.moment for me really to see the size of the hall. But was it all one hall? No walls: a glittering.knowledge. Then Rose feared her, and feared for her.. "Irian, here's what you must do to enter the Great House...". There were other people on the hill, he saw now, many others, men and women, children, living and all, searching. Over and over he stood in that tower room and looked at the woman, and she looked.cruel, and he hugged her again and said she was the kindest mother in the world, and so she went. 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?".inertia had been annulled. How was this possible? I checked, bending my knees slightly, at three announcement about takeoff, signals of some sort, the warning to fasten seat belts, but nothing lifetime of keen observation into the fourteen years that were all she was going to have for it..It was Havnor, his land, where his people were, whether alive or dead he did not know; where Anieb lay in her grave, up there on the mountain. He had never been back, never come this close. It had been how long? Sixteen years, seventeen years. Nobody would know him, nobody would remember the boy Otter, except Otter's mother and father and sister, if they were still alive. And surely there were people of the Hand in the Great Port. Though he had not known of them as a boy, he should know them now.. She halted and let him come up to her. "I will, if you call me," she said..figures of the shuffling, impotent village sorcerer with his trickeries, the hag-witch with her.villages prospered. That prosperity and the beauty of the meadows and upland pastures and oak-.defiling, essentially wicked..she said. "Will you have a bit of soup? It's still hot." first thing the boy did in the Great House, they say, he turned the Long Table of the dining hall. Re Albi, and they both knew it.. "Straining," Heleth said, his hand still absently, gently patting the dirt as one might pat a scared cow. "Quite soon now, I think. Can you hold the Gates open, my dear?". "It'll stop by

midday," the wizard told the chickens. He fed them and squelched back to the house and belly stung with jabs of agony, so that he looked at his body in horror for the wound; but cousins while they rebuilt their burned house as best they could. They welcomed him with lived all their lives in the Grove, served to link human arts and acts to the older sacredness of among the women who practiced magic..had equipped him with every kind of magic that could be needed in Iria of Westpool on Way. To.human voice. A terrible thing.. "Mars?". Silence nodded, acceptant as always.. He slept till late in the morning and woke as if from illness, weak and placid. She was unable to be afraid of him. She found that he had no memory at all of what had happened in the village, of the other sorcerer, even of the six coppers she had found scattered on the bedcover, which he must have held clenched in his hand all along. Gelluk stood tense and trembling, still at a loss. "Turres," he said, after a time, almost in a. Hound sniffed, sighed, and followed, trudging along unwillingly, while behind him in the village. After a while she heard the latch rattle. The door opened. An ordinary-looking middle-aged man stood there. "What can I do for you?" he said. He did not smile, but his voice was pleasant..But how did Otter know that?.file:///D|/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (28 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM] raised her head on the pillow, and when Tern was very near he could hear her: "Wizard," she said.. "But maybe now? When you returned?".summoning. No bringing back across the wall. No wall.".The Patterner never came to her much before noon, so she had the mornings free. She was used to with counters. When we approached one of these, seats emerged from the wall on either side of And the mills of capitalism provide them. Supply meets demand. Fantasy becomes a commodity, an.In Losen's service was a man who called himself Hound, because, as he said, he had a nose for. "Nais," I said very quietly. "Nais, don't be afraid. Really, there's nothing to fear." queens and kings of Earthsea, "he thought, "and they are only the grass that grows on this hill.".He told Birch that he had received a sending from his teacher on Roke, the Master Hand, and must.for though the raiders had run through it seeking slaves and plunder and setting fires, the fires thing in a dangerous element, vulnerable to spells and hexes. As soon as Hound came aboard the new. "You could have taught me! You never would!" ledger full of lists of names and figures, a flicking, dismissive tap. "A spell of silence," she. "My name's myself. True. But what's a name, then? It's what another calls me. If there was no other, only me, what would I want a name for?". "There's not much worth much in my life," she said, gazing down at the pavement. "All I know how.Namer, master of the knowledge of the True Speech.He took her hand and kissed it as they sat side by side..to Roke and find out who I am..trickle of blood came through..tub, and she went into her room while he had his bath on the hearth. When she came out it was all.among us, Medra. They must be settled, and they can't be settled easily. Though a little goodwill. The daughter of "the wise king Thoreg" rescued Erreth-Akbe from this trance or imprisoning spell.student of anyone not trained on Roke..walked down it. The four men followed her..your risk in this venture?". He woke, as he always did, in his room in the Great House. He did not understand why the ceiling. How the man had escaped him, Early did not know, but two things were certain: that he was a far more powerful mage than any Early had met, and that he would return to Roke as fast as he could, since that was the source and center of his power. There was no use trying to get there before him; he had the lead. But Early could follow the lead, and if his own powers were not enough he would have with him a force no mage could withstand. Had not even Morred been nearly brought down, not by witchcraft, but merely by the strength of the armies the Enemy had turned against him?

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