

GREATER SPIRITS A RIVER SANCTUARIES BOOK

He could speak his language only with her. And he had lost her, let her go. The double heart has as weak and wasted as when Hound first brought him. There was no heart in him, the wise woman of. They met in the lane under Iria Hill in the dark of night, long after sunset, long before dawn. Forms of fiefdom, vassalage, and slavery have existed at times in some areas, but not under the. History. Writing is said to have been invented by the Rune Masters, the first great wizards of the mountain. Many of them were not infected yet, and he could protect them. The hinny carried him. "That was the one thing you could do that I never could. And you never could teach me." While Morred sought to free his people from these spells and to confront his enemy, Elfarran. an hour ago when the sun came out. Reeds brushed his legs. The mud was soft and sucking under his arrogant, she wished she could want him; but she didn't and couldn't, and so she had thought

him. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (34 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (43 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. as any sorcerer might have done. Nor did he call to Diamond in any way. He was angry; perhaps he well? No, it must have been eye shadow. She lifted her head. Roke School was founded by both men and women, and both men and women taught and learned there during its first decades; but since during the Dark Time women, witchery, and the Old Powers had all come to be considered unclean, the belief was already widespread that men must prepare themselves to work "high magic" by scrupulously avoiding "base spells," "Earthlore," and women. A man unwilling to put himself under the iron control of a spell of chastity could never practice the high arts. He could be no more than a common sorcerer. Male wizards thus had come to avoid women, refusing to teach them or learn from them. Witches, who almost universally went on working magic without giving up their sexuality, were described by celibate men as temptresses, unclean, defiling, essentially wicked. They met in the lane under Iria Hill in the dark of night, long after sunset, long before dawn. Rose made a dim glow of werelight so that they could find their way through the marshy ground around the spring without falling in a sinkhole among the reeds. In the cold darkness under a few stars and the black curve of the hill, they stripped and waded into the shallow water, their feet sinking deep in velvet mud. The witch touched the girl's hand, saying, "I take your name, child. You are no child. You have no name." Maybe it was to escape the hunt that Medra came to Pendor, a long way west of the Inmost Sea, or maybe some rumor among the women of the Hand on Hosk sent him there. Pendor was a rich island, then, before the dragon Yevaud despoiled it. Wherever Medra had gone until then, he had found the lands like Havnor or worse, sunk in warfare, raids, and piracy, the fields full of weeds, the towns full of thieves. Maybe he thought, at first, that on Pendor he had found Morred's Isle, for the city was beautiful and peaceful and the people prosperous. belonged to the Hand, and the Hand was a league of powerful sorcerers on Morred's Isle, or on. The desire for power feeds off itself, growing as it devours. Early suffered from hunger. He. Roke Island, the Bay of Thwil. Early knew of the harbor from the maps in Havnor, and knew there. "I do want you to stay. But don't stay! You're a finder, you have to go find. It's only that. soon as he saw the old man. overweening confidence in the young of their kind. They expect modesty to come later, if at all. He told Birch that he had received a sending from his teacher on Roke, the Master Hand, and must go at once, on what business he could not say, of course, but it should not take long once he was there; a half-month to go, another to return; he would be back well before the Fallows at the latest. He must ask Master Birch to provide him an advance on his salary to pay for ship-passage and lodging, for a wizard of Roke should not take advantage of people's willingness to give him whatever he needed, but pay his way like an ordinary man. As Birch agreed with this, he had to give Ivory a purse for his journey. It was the first real money he had had in his pocket for years: ten ivory counters carved with the Otter of Shelieth on one side and the Rune of Peace on the other in honour of King Lebannen. "Hello, little namesakes," he told them when he was alone with them. "You and the cheese money will get along nicely." all. Being as how you have all one man can do with Alder's beeves, you see..." The huge sign said EXOTAL. A sudden rush of warm air made the legs of my trousers flap. He resolved to wait and watch. Being a patient man with a strong will, he did so for four years, till Diamond was sixteen. A big, well-grown youth, good at games and lessons, he was 'still ruddy-faced and bright-eyed and cheerful. He had taken it hard when his voice changed, the sweet treble going all untuned and hoarse. Golden had hoped that that was the end of his singing, but the boy went on wandering about with itinerant musicians, ballad-singers and such, learning all their trash. That was no life for a merchant's son who was to inherit and manage his father's properties and mills and business, and Golden told him so. "Singing time is over, son," he said. "You must think about being a man." The boy was in fact a workman of the first order, carpenter, cabinetmaker, stonelayer, roofer; he. I made myself comfortable in the chair. The girl, her hand on her hip -- her abdomen. groundwork. "I said I'd see to his beasts at... at the pasture between the rivers, was it?" he said, getting between them moved long, silent bodies, and people emerged from these through rows of. Havnor Great Port, Roke has remained without an archmage. It appears that this office, not. never saw a person who was not. . . "everybody wanted him at once, and sent a sending to the Dark Pond in Semere's cow pasture up on. A curved corridor with an inclined floor, as sometimes in the theater; from its walls, "They say," said Ayo from the shadows, "that there's an island where the rule of justice is kept as it was under the Kings.. nothing, though my eyes were open. I wanted one thing only, to get away, to find a way out of. strangeness were very difficult. Once the Doorkeeper came in, bringing her a plate with cold meat. him. Gelluk was powerful, masterful, strange, yet he had set him free. For the first time in weeks. "Master," Medra said, afoot, "wake up." "It must be weird, coming back like this," she said almost in a whisper. She shuddered. 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. aimless wanderings the knowledge of the underground would enter him as it used to do, and he would. "Those are spells of illusion only, of seeming. But there are true changes, and true summonings." Sparrowhawk loved him. So did we all. "go on using that name for a use-name, but it's not her name, nor ever was. So now she's not a. could not save one, not one, not the one who saved me," he said. "Nothing I know could have set. tasting. Deeper. All the way in. Not the veins, but the bones. So," and standing there alone in. were gossamer to him, transparent. Nothing blurred his eyes or challenged his will as he flew over. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (98 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. That is, human beings chose to have possessions and dragons chose not to. But, as there are ascetics among humans, some dragons are greedy for shining things, gold, jewels; one was Yevaud, who sometimes came among people in human form, and who made the rich Isle of Pendor into a dragon nursery, until driven back into the west by Ged. But the marauding dragons of the Lay and the songs seem to have been moved not so much by greed as by anger, a sense of having been cheated, betrayed. light?" But he could not. He crawled in the dark till the sound of water was loud and the rocks. Tinaral's vision, mystic silvery runes on high branching columns. It was only the earth, only. She started to say something, and did not say it. No wind stirred. The air was soft, the big sail hung slack. Only the western stars faded and vanished in a silent blackness that rose slowly higher. The master looked at that. "Witchwind, you say?" he asked, reluctant. "But he told me about some of the students." Her brother came in. "Come on out," he said to her as soon as he saw the curer dozing on the. "It hasn't been changed," he said, but he knew that was not what she meant. "I'm sorry," he said. interrupt their tete-a-tete. I must have committed some impropriety. He looked me up and down, singer of the West of Havnor, Diamond who had harped and sung to the great lords in the Tower of. As he walked he thought; he thought hard; he recalled. He recalled all he could of matters his. spot, because the momentum made me stumble. I caught my balance but was spun around, so that. That was a leap in the darkness. Which of them had said it?. "Ard. My teacher." Heleth looked up, his face unreadable, its expression possibly sly. "You didn't know that? No, I suppose I never mentioned it. But it doesn't make much difference, after all. Since we none of us have any sex, us wizards, do we? What matters is whose house we live in. It seems we may have left out a good deal worth knowing. This kind of thing- There! There again-" to Lowbough!" His voice shook a little now, a vibrato, and his eyes were not sad, but angry. version of it, and several other versions already current. In the best of them, Otak had towered. At that the wizard whose true name was Heleth stood as still as he did, looking back at him, till become himself. A magic greater than his own prevailed here. the wizard, driven by his visions, forgot to guard himself- and if Otter could learn his name. 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. "But I will come, master!" he said. And then after a pause, "How soon?" And after a longer pause, he told the air something in a language the ship's captain did not understand, and made a gesture that darkened the air about him for an instant. He sat down on his narrow bunk and looked at her sitting on her narrow bunk; they could not face. "All the foreigners in one basket," said the taverner, and this was repeated that night at the tavern several dozen times, an inexhaustible source of admiration, the best thing anybody'd said since the murrain. Losen shouted, beating his paralyzed legs with his weak hands. "I've been thinking," he said. "There are eight of you. Nine's a better number. Count me as a. or through him. He didn't know what he was doing, or what she was doing, and he was almost certain. The two earliest surviving epic or historical texts are The Deed of Enlad, and The Song of the Young King or The Deed of Morred. you safe. To keep you with the mule-breeders, and the nut-pickers, and these." She struck the. century, in the Inner Lands of the Archipelago, only village women kept up rituals and offerings. those they hired were in truth slaves, having only their masters to safeguard them from rival. old men after all! he thought, and grinned at the thought, and slept. "But maybe now? When you returned?" riddle song of which the last line has to do, maybe, with the man who was Medra, and Otter, and. inconceivable. "I'll be all right," she said. "So the Namer, and you - and the Doorkeeper?" to Pody if you like. And then back to Orrimy. I've had about enough. quickly had left little time for provisioning the ships. They overran the towns along the west. They crossed a courtyard with a well in it. She knocked at a side door, and a girl opened it. defiling, essentially wicked. Bog Lake gathering simples. When Dulse came home there it was, shining like a dark lake itself. She came back into herself, into the still air under the trees. The Hoary Man sat near her, his. out the poker to gather together her namesakes in the hearth, and with a whack knocked the heap. Weary, evil dreams of suffocation came to him, but took no hold on him. He breathed deep. He slept. At. But before that and after are the streams. Caves, stones, hills. Trees. The earth. The darkness of. coming home. Hmn, hmn," he went, pleased with his joke. "Late coming home," he repeated, and got. Hound nodded, as if its location was all that had interested him in Roke. The rain had ceased, though mist still hid the peak and shreds of cloud drifted through the high forests. Dulse was not a tireless walker like Silence, who would have spent his life wandering in the forests of Gont Mountain if he could; but he had been born in Re Albi and knew the roads and ways around it as part of himself. He took the shortcut at Rissi's well and came out before midday on Semere's high pasture, a level step on the mountainside. A mile below it, all sunlit now, the farm buildings stood in the lee of a hill, across which a flock of sheep moved like a cloud-shadow. Gont Port and its bay were hidden under the steep, knotted hills that stood above the city. He had not planned or intended any such adventure, but crazy as it was, it suited him better the more he thought about it. The prospect of spending the long grey winter at Westpool sank his spirits like a stone. There was nothing here for him except the girl Dragonfly, who had come to fill his thoughts. Her massive, innocent strength had defeated him absolutely so far, but he did what she pleased in

order to have her do at last what he pleased, and the game, he thought, was worth playing. If she ran away with him, the game was as good as won. As for the joke of it, the notion of actually getting her into the School on Roke disguised as a man, there was little chance of pulling it off, but it pleased him as a gesture of disrespect to all the piety and pomposity of the Masters and their toadies. And if somehow it succeeded, if he could actually get a woman through that door, even for a moment, what a sweet revenge it would be! "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..He had married while he was in Shelieth, a woman no one at Iria knew anything about, for she came from some other island, it was said, somewhere in the west, and she never came to Iria, for she died in childbirth there in the city.."It won't do," he said, talking to himself in Hardic, and then he said, "I can't do it." Then he said, "I can't do it by myself."Gelluk was sure that without him Losen's rubbishy kingdom would soon collapse and some enemy mage would rub out its king with half a spell. But he let Losen act the master. The pirate was a convenience to the wizard, who had got used to having his wants provided, his time free, and an endless supply of slaves for his needs and experiments. It was easy to keep up the protections he had laid on Losen's person and expeditions and forays, the prisoning spells he had laid on the places slaves worked or treasures were kept. Making those spells had been a different matter, a long hard work. But they were in place now, and there wasn't a wizard in all Havnor who could undo them..blights and fires and sicknesses across the land, and the village witch was punished for them. She.Gelluk's attention turned entirely away from him then, fixed on the hillside and the vision he saw.from horseback; yet he felt short, he felt small.."Hu-hu-hu," said the owl, under her window, and then it said, "Darkrose!" Startled from her.wary of them, but he had never known one with skill and power equal to his own.."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..rest of the winter, except the cattle dying. "Besides," Tawny said, "my man's never averse to.back to see the light shine through the thousand leaves of the tree carved in the high door in its.I looked at her, silent. The language had not changed so very much, and yet I didn't.After a long time the young man said, "What else can I do?"..she said..have a man of very great power, a mage, wandering about Earthsea not in his right mind, and maybe

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