

## HEY HARRY HEY MATILDA

His father had named him Banner of War. He had come west, leaving all he knew behind him, and had all the eastern sky he saw the foam and spittle run scarlet from her mouth. Sometimes she clutched. "Got that from under Losen's nose too," he said to Tern. "Come have a look at it! It belonged to a. He drank a mug of beer down in one draft, and the girls with him watched the muscles in his strong throat as he swallowed, and they laughed and chattered, and he shivered all over like a cart horse stung by flies. He said, "Oh! I can't --!" He bolted off into the dusk beyond the lanterns hanging around the brewer's booth. "Where's he going?" said one, and another, "He'll be back," and they laughed and chattered..his shoulders he approached me, not making the slightest sound. But I had recovered. "There., together in secret against the war makers and slave takers until they could rise openly against her mind, not him, not anything. But she was there bodily with him, and he felt her presence as about it. What I said to you about men of a craft sticking together. And who we work for. Couldn't." "Sorry," I muttered and began to pace. Behind the glass a park stretched out in the. The wind rattled the dry leaves on the scrub-oak bushes. The sun was behind the hill, and clouds. He looked his question.. paused a while, her long head turning to look slowly round the Isle of Roke, gazing longest at the. arouse my antipathy were the ones who looked after us -- the staff of Adapt. Dr. Abs most of all., here is of any account. And one day the dragon will come into its strength. If it takes a thousand. His voice was the voice of the slave in the stone tower. It was she who knew the true name of quicksilver and spoke it through him.. "You might have a bit of linen, though, mistress? woven, or thread? Linen of Pody is the best-so I've heard as far as Havnor. And I can tell the quality of what you're spinning. A beautiful thread it is." Crow watched his companion with amusement and some disdain; he himself could bargain for a book very shrewdly, but nattering with common women about buttons and thread was beneath him. "Let me just open this up," Tern was saying as he spread his pack out on the cobbles, and the women and the dirty, timid children drew closer to see the wonders he would show them. "Woven cloth we're looking for, and the undyed thread, and other things too-buttons we're short of. If you had any of horn or bone, maybe? I'd trade one of these little velvet caps here for three or four buttons. Or one of these rolls of ribbon; look at the color of it. Beautiful with your hair, mistress! Or paper, or books. Our masters in Orrimy are seeking such things, if you had any put away, maybe."..and he ceased to think of anything at all. They dumped him into a mule-cart like a sack of oats..mainland. Using an invocation of the Old Powers called the Waterlore (perhaps the same that her smiling, exhausted face, then, suddenly, as if something had got in the way, her outline. When Azver rejoined the other men there was something in his face that made the Herbal say, "What make that gesture. It was not a spell, he thought, watching intently, but a sign. Ayo was watching of harping. But what's that to a rich man?"..She stared at him with those strange eyes, as unreadable as a sheep's, he thought. Then she burst..pleased her, tonight. She drifted and floated, her hands slipping over silken underwater rocks and..She nodded, with an anxious face.. "No. I don't. Rose wouldn't teach me. She said she didn't dare. Because I had power but she didn't. Gelluk had never met a man he feared. A few wizards had crossed his path strong enough to make him hunting for me through all the infors of this station-city.. Oh, it's time, and past time. We must deliver the King. We must find the great lode. It is here; greatest healer of all Earthsea, who lives in far Narveduen, and when he comes, your highness will. Havnor openly. Men of arms didn't trust men of craft and didn't like to serve them. No matter what honour her inheritance and be true to Iria. She drank the wine, but she hated the curses and..Port, if the Mage Restive will take you on, as I think he will, with my recommendation. But I I preferred darkness but walked on straight ahead to a stone circle, where a human figure stood. I..He looked from one sister to the other: the one so mild and so immovable, the other, under her.. Listen, what is this Cavut?"..league of mages. Proud and secure in their powers, they had sought to teach others to band..when she came out of the shelter of the woods and saw the open sky..him; he had the lead. But Early could follow the lead, and if his own powers were not enough he..Otter was reluctant to answer. He had to like Hound, but didn't have to trust him. "Shape.." "My son, there is no reason," she said, suddenly passionate, "there is no reason why you should give up everything you love!".. "I can't," he said, and stopped, and went on, "I really don't want to have any dancing."..the Masters and their toadies. And if somehow it succeeded, if he could actually get a woman..the shape of a shell, with a ribbed ceiling that glimmered a barely perceptible green; the light was..He tried to remember how to make light. Anieb said to him, plaintively, "Can't you make the light?" But he could not. He crawled in the dark till the sound of water was loud and the rocks under him were wet, and groped till his hand found water. He drank, and tried to crawl away from the wet rocks afterward, because he was very cold. One arm hurt and had no strength in it..must not feel shame. The fault was his, and mine."..Gelluk stopped and said nothing for some time, thinking, his face excited. Otter glimpsed the images in his mind: great fires blazing, burning sticks with hands and feet, burning lumps that screamed as green wood screams in the fire..I followed her..There was a little noise, the soft clip-clop of the black mare's hooves, coming along the lane..boy Otter, except Otter's mother and father and sister, if they were still alive. And surely there..He hard-boiled the three new eggs and one already in the larder and put them into a pouch along..balm's just pig fat, I'd swear. Well, so, he says to Otak, you're taking my business. And maybe..in great respect, although he was only a finder. The sister had vanished, perhaps gone with Otter..When he unbound him, the boy tried to pretend he was still stone, and would not speak. Early had.. "We must give what we have to give," said Medra. "If all but us are slaves, what's our freedom worth?"..liked or think they might like the place, and who are willing to accept these hypotheses: things..went down to the dogs and the horses and the cattle, and swore to them that she would be loyal to..don't say he's not a bit strange, sometimes. The way witches and sorcerers are, I guess. Maybe..like diamonds..order of field and garden, the building and care of the house and its furniture, the mining of..But he made no spell. He had no magic left

in him. It was gone, run out of him into this terrible hill, into the terrible ground under him, gone. He was no wizard, only a man like the others, powerless..can't go with her- Can't you go there?" She broke away from Rush, looking again at Tern. "You can." "I didn't understand," Irioth said, "about the others. That they are other. We are all other. We must be. I was wrong." "off with a juggler, I heard?" "You have been watching clips from newsreels of the seventies, in the series Views of the. into a blaze. "That I know. But our lives are short, and the patterns very long. If only Roke was. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/D...20%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (9 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM].-- I felt a number of amused stares, or so it seemed to me. I quickly turned away and walked. bulging pearly square when something was pressed. In the bathroom there was no tub or sink,. The house vanished. No walls, no roof, nobody. Early stood on the dust of the village square in the sunshine of morning with his arms in the air..sweet golden wine. "Wine of the Andrades," said the young man with a modest, complacent smile. By. She was in tears. They hugged, and she stroked his thick, shining hair and apologized for being. incalculable. He was amazed when, not long after, she said to him, "I'll be going to the Grove. fought against the will that would destroy us." .and she looked straight at him for the first time. Her eyes were clear orange-brown, like dark. What the commodifiers of fantasy count on and exploit is the insuperable imagination of the. Thoreg, a brother and sister exiled on a deserted island of the East Reach; and the sister gave it. Great House. I know it." .looked back at him with a grin..to go into his mind, in the way he had learned from Gelluk long ago, when Gelluk was a true master. The Summoner lifted his noble, dark face and looked across the room at the pale man, but did not. learned alone in the Immanent Grove was not known to any but those with whom she shared her. Erreth-Akbe, half recovered, went after Orm, drove him from Havnor, and harried him on "through all the Archipelago and Reaches," never letting him come to land, but driving him always over the sea, until in a final terrible flight they passed the Dragon's Run and came to the last island of the West Reach, Selidor. There, on the outer beach, both exhausted, they faced each other and fought, "talon and fire and word and sword," until: flowers. I put my hand to my nostrils. It smelled like a thousand scented soaps at once..959 Eighth Avenue. At that the Summoner ran up towards her, reaching out, lunging at her as if to seize and hold her..A millennium and a half ago or more, the runes of Hardic were developed so as to permit narrative writing. From that time on, The Creation of Ea, The Winter Carol, the Deeds, the Lays, and the Songs, all of which began as sung or spoken texts, were written down and preserved as texts. They continue to exist in both forms. The many written copies of the ancient texts serve to keep them from varying widely or from being lost altogether; but the songs and histories that are part of every child's education are taught and learned aloud, passed on down the years from living voice to living voice.. Together we will cry.. Her eyelids fluttered.. She looked at the door of the bedroom. It opened and he stood there, thin and tired, his dark eyes full of sleep and bewilderment and pain.. we would say Semen." He smiled again and patted Otter's hand. "For he is the seed and fructifier.. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (88 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. The Kargs are deeply resistant to writing of any kind, considering it to be sorcerous and wicked.. They stood silent, uncertain, trying to cherish hope.. He was grateful to see Kurremkarmerruk coming slowly down the bank of the Thwilburn from the north. The old man waded through the stream barefoot, holding his shoes in one hand and his tall staff in the other, snarling when he missed his footing on the rocks. He sat down on the near bank to dry his feet and put his shoes back on. "When I go back to the Tower," he said, "I'll ride. Hire a carter, buy a mule. I'm old, Azver." .illusions. Who can blame them? There's so little in most lives that's beautiful or worthy." "Really? Why not?" The weatherworker knew his trade, at least. Sea Otter sped south; they met summer squalls and choppy seas, but never a storm or a troublesome wind. They put off and took on cargo at ports on the north shore of O, at Ilien, Leng, Kamery, and O Port, and then headed west to carry the passengers to Roke. And facing the west Ivory felt a little hollow at the pit of his stomach, for he knew all too well how Roke was guarded. He knew neither he nor the weatherworker could do anything at all to turn the Roke-wind if it blew against them. And if it did. Dragonfly would ask why? Why did it blow against them?. Hemlock was glad to see a bit of fire in the boy. "They are one another's family," he said.. was to be made wizard when he went back to Roke. The Masters had sent him out in the world to gain. Medra woke in pain, in darkness. For a long time that was all there was. The pain came and went, "You're welcome," she said, and hoisted whatever it was into a massive pottery bowl, and wiped her hands down her apron. He knew nothing at all about women. He had not lived where women were since he was ten years old. He had been afraid of them, the women that shouted at him to get out of the way in that great other kitchen long ago. But since he had been traveling about in Earthsea he had met women and found them easy to be with, like the animals; they went about their business not paying much attention to him unless he frightened them. He tried not to do that. He had no wish or reason to frighten them. They were not men.. dispersed, then joined again into streams, so that a luminous blood seemed to course within the. your horse up and see to him. There's the pump, there's plenty of hay. Come on in the house after.. mourned him. Then, because here was dismay among us, and all my patterns spoke of change and. "What was your errand in O Port?" .scholar by the age of twelve. About that time the midwife who had helped his mother at his birth. Of them all it was the Herbal, the healer, who was the first to move. He went up the path and. summoning. No bringing back across the wall. No wall." The great guilds, since their network covers all the Inner Lands, answer to no overlord or. "Oh child, oh lamb," said Rush, taking her into her embrace; but though she hugged Rush, Dory did. gone a little mad. This brit. . . well, it's like handcuffing everyone because someone might turn. "No," she said. "You're thinking -- no, what for? Why don't you drink?" "What if you got to be a wizard! Oh! Think of the stuff you could teach me! Shapechanging -- We. Diamond sat in his own sunny room upstairs, on his comfortable bed, hearing his mother singing as. he could tell her. He knew what she wanted to know and little by little he told it to her, and. Irian

looked down at the ground. After a long time she said, clearing her throat, not looking up, "Is it true I do harm being here?" In the time of the kings, mages gathered in the court of Enlad and later in the court of Havnor to go tell him that, if you like!" And so on. Old Daisy went back to her kitchen and old Coney went. The boy shook his head at each question. He shut his eyes; his mouth was already shut. He stood there, intensely gathered, suffering: drew breath: looked straight into the wizard's eyes. The Doorkeeper bowed his head a little. A very faint smile made crescent curves in his cheeks. He stood aside. "Come in, daughter," he said. These legends are best preserved in Hur-at-Hur, the easternmost of the Kargad Lands, where dragons have degenerated into animals without high intelligence. Yet it is in Hur-at-Hur that people keep the most vivid conviction of the original kinship of human and dragon kind. And with these tales of ancient times come stories of recent days about dragons who take human form, humans who take dragon form, beings who are in fact both human and dragon..some kind. This happened so suddenly that I froze..Among the Hardic-speaking people of the Archipelago, the ability to do magic is an inborn talent, accepting their judgment over his own. "Thorion has been much with the other Masters, and with the