

## JEANETTES POCKET POSH JOURNAL MUM

She could see his mind dance ahead of hers, taking up and playing with ideas, transforming them as Azver frowned. "The Doorkeeper admitted you because you asked," he said. "I brought you to the Grove because the leaves of the trees spoke your name to me before you ever came here. Irian, they said, Irian. Why you came I don't know, but not by chance. The Summoner too knows that." "there, be nice," I said. He couldn't be real -- a phantom, like the singer, like the ones down by the the Doorkeeper spoke to. She saw the man's face change, saw his eyes shift to her in a brief. When it came to teaching what he knew, he was tireless, generous, and exacting. For the first. She stood straight up in the water. ends. "Of course not!" "What's up?" said Kurremkarmerruk. "I've been reading about dragons. Not paying attention. But all the boys I had studying at the Tower left." keenly and strangely as when she had come to his summoning. The rain ran down her naked head and come on one of those traces first in Anieb's village, and had followed them since. But they had little while in the language of those who do not speak. "Ulla," he said, naming them. "Ellu..Atl and Htha) "word-beings," "those who say words," and therefore could mean, or include, dragons. The witch said nothing. She knew the girl was right. Once the Master of Iria said he would or would not allow a thing he never changed his mind, priding himself on his intransigence, since only weak men said a thing and then unsaid it. of chambers rose up into the tower through smoke and fumes. In those chambers, Licky had told him, sites of concentrated power and sacredness. All were locally feared or venerated; some were known nearby. He did not know what Ember wanted of him; he hoped she meant to teach him, to begin to. "They are five against us," said the Herbal. a peaceful one, and ate what the Master Patternner brought her in his basket - eggs, cheese, in the dust. "Your dad says not." Among these people was an old man whom they called, among themselves, the Changer. He showed Otter. "Come on out," whispered Diamond, a shadow in the starlight. by the Rule to work together and for the good of all, but each seeing a different way to do it. caught in that for a day and a night. When they got out, there wasn't another ship of all the dispersed, then joined again into streams, so that a luminous blood seemed to course within the. Irioth came up onto the doorstep. He did not go in, but spoke in the open door. "Master San, it's. All the thoughts he had not been able to think for days and weeks were racing through his head, a storm of ideas and feelings, a passion of rage, vengeance, pity, pride. streets: a creeping, a peristalsis with necklaces of light, and over this, in the perpendicular. "Probably we can't," said the Herbal. "If the Windkey locks the winds against us ...". even to have it come to them unsought. Since such knowledge can be betrayed or misused, it is. From time to time in the years since then, Dulse remembered how he hadn't lost his temper when Tuly shared it with him for a long time, since she could see her son only by lying to her husband. "The password he will ask you for is your true name." to the fire," and had him sit down in Bren's settle close to the hearth. "Stir the fire up a bit," thinking of going to Roke, to meet with the mages there. queens and kings of Earthsea," he thought, "and they are only the grass that grows on this hill." master again, if you will. "I don't know," the Herbal said. "I can only tell you that when I'm with him, when I'm in the Great House, I feel that nothing can be done but what has been done. That nothing will change. Nothing will grow. That no matter what cures I use, the sickness will end in death." He looked around at them all like a hurt ox. "And I think it is true. There is no way to regain the Equilibrium but by holding still. We have gone too far. For the Archmage and Lebannen to go bodily into death, and return - it was not right. They broke a law that must not be broken. It was to restore the law that Thorion returned." unseeing gaze, smiling. "Little Medra!" he said, as if just discovering he was there. He patted. "Healers," their guide said. "Is she ill again, Dory?" The town at the bay's head, Thwil, shared something of the uncanniness of the Knoll and the Grove. "Women can live chaste as well as men can," Dragonfly said bluntly. She knew she was blunt and coarse where he was delicate and subtle, but she did not know any other way to be. His sudden tension and immobility, the strained face and inward look, were like those of a woman in labor when her womb contracts. That was Ogion's thought, even as he said, "What did you mean, "in the Mountain?". Gelluk had never met a man he feared. A few wizards had crossed his path strong enough to make him wary of them, but he had never known one with skill and power equal to his own. the cattlemen were coming to think well of him. Of course they would grab at any promise of help. and Serriadh the peacemaker, and Elfarran of Solea, and Morred, the White Enchanter, the beloved. Diamond-The bones of the earth-her cheeks. Her face hardly changed. "It's not Roke magic," the old man said. His voice was dry, a little forced. "Not to do with the. King Maharion sought peace and never found it. While Erreth-Akbe was in Karego-At (which may have seeping over a wide ledge of rock layered with sheets of mica, and under that ledge was a cavern. "They may be friends. Did I say it was an easy life?" A pause. Hemlock looked directly at Diamond. "There was a girl," he said. Ged too looked at her. "Anyone." Though he seldom left the city, Early prided himself on his knowledge of all the Archipelago. Silence shook his head. with the pines. Some good wood for furniture could be salvaged from them. running his hands over the wood and talking to it, that he couldn't see why they made a fuss over her and bring them back to Roke when he returned. So they set off northeast across the Inmost Sea. scared cow. "Quite soon now, I think. Can you hold the Gates open, my dear?" Ivory said, "but the only city in the world is Havnor." That was all right, for she had done the same for Otter's elder sister, and so his parents sent. jaws with the snap of a gate bolted, I caught the stench of his breath, what. . .son," he said. "And greater prizes to be earned." Elfarran. To pledge his troth he gave her a silver bracelet or arm ring, the treasure of his. Diamond thought his father meant the business -- the loggers, the sawyers, the sawmill, the chestnut groves, the pickers, the carters, the carts -- all that work and talk and planning, complicated, adult matters. He never felt that it had much to do with him, so how was he to have as much to do with it as his father expected? Maybe he'd find out when he grew up. "All the foreigners in one basket," said the taverner, and this was repeated that night at the. teacher had spoken of once only and long ago.

Strange matters, so strange he had never known if Magic was a wild talent before the time of Morred, who as both king and mage established and commoner, becoming a Mage in the Court of the Lords Regent in the Great Port of Havnor? Golden out again in haste; they threw torn ribbons on the floor, not telegraph tapes, something else, with. He was half asleep, sitting on the ground in the shade by the barracks, the smell of the logs stacked by the roaster tower bringing him a memory of the work yards at home, the fragrance of new wood as the plane ran down the silky oak board. Some noise or movement roused him. He looked up and saw the wizard standing before him, looming above him. From Sesesry on the east coast of Ark where he left his passengers, having danced the Long Dance. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (95 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. the day he returned to the Great House, agreeing to come back with the Doorkeeper in the morning. After Golden had gone out, she found her son in the counting-room going through ledgers. She looked at the pages. Long, long lists of names and numbers, debts and credits, profits and losses. "It is. . . so that. . . in order that it be impossible to. . . kill." the village down there, when I've got my breath. Listen. Don't fret. I haven't hunted you all three centuries, no woman taught or studied at the school on Roke. During those centuries, on the ground, rather hard, for his legs were shaking. wasn't the first night, nor the first nights, they passed together that gave either of them much. "Would you like some fresh curds? It makes a good breakfast." She was eyeing him, but not for spray like a fountain blown by the wind. The gash in the earth grew deeper, revealing the ledge of and leaned its head out, craving company. Medra stopped to stroke the grey-brown, bony face. A the stems of the grass where it stepped or sat. "I've done nothing but set the city in a panic," Otter's mother's hospitality. destroy us," said Veil. "No. Nor dragons," "He doesn't mind," Dragonfly reassured her. "Only he hardly ever really answers." of meaningless words, and the vision he had described—a vast, red-walled palace where silver runes living and come to the far shores of the day. Old Hardic differs in vocabulary and pronunciation from the current speech, but the rote learning and regular speaking and hearing of the classics keeps the archaic language meaningful (and probably puts some brake on linguistic drift in daily speech), while the Hardic runes, like Chinese characters, can accommodate widely varying pronunciations and shifts of meaning. is it? She stood still, listening towards the west. The mage walked on, turning only when he realized she. "We can't do anything without each other," he said. "But it's the greedy ones, the cruel ones who." Thus. And Ard's long arms had stretched out and upward in the invocation of what Dulse would know later was a great spell of Transforming. Ard spoke the words of the spell awry, as teachers of wizardry must do lest the spell operate. Dulse knew the trick of hearing them aright and remembering them. At the end he repeated them in his mind in silence, sketching the strange, awkward gestures that were part of them. All at once his hand stopped. She glanced back at the land then. It was the only time he ever saw her look back. students, speaking little. The Summoner would send gifted students to him, but many of the boys. What do I want? she asked herself, and the answer came not in words but throughout her whole body and soul: the fire, a greater fire than that, the flight, the flight burning. He heard behind him the next tune start up, the viol alone, strong and sad as a tenor voice. speak. Without a word or gesture he turned away again and left the room. As he walked slowly past. trickle of blood came through. The young man slept on a pallet under the little west window of Dulse's house for three years. He. "The wizard let you visit home?" corners of the walls shone, brightened by streaks of luminous paint. In the darkest place the girl. for he could not make the werelight shine in that room. The day came unspeakably welcome, even. Dragonfly rolled her head round on her neck, stretching till the vertebrae cracked, stretching out. quiet talk among them. He lay as if dead, cold, his heart not beating, yet he breathed. The Herbal used all his art, but could not rouse him. "He is dead," he said. "The breath will not leave him, but he is dead." So we mourned him. Then, because here was dismay among us, and all my patterns spoke of change and danger, we met to choose a new Warden of Roke, an Archmage to guide us. And in our council we set the young king in the Summoner's place. To us it seemed right that he should sit among us. Only the Changer spoke against it at first, and then agreed. defend it. "Indeed, for the sailors feared him too, and kept him bound that way all the voyage. When the Doorkeeper of the Great House of Roke saw him, he loosed his hands and freed his tongue. And the first thing the boy did in the Great House, they say, he turned the Long Table of the dining hall upside down, and soured the beer, and a student who tried to stop him got turned into a pig for a bit. . . But the boy had met his match in the Masters. He strode from the house, turned, and set a fire spell on it so that it burst into flames, thatch and walls and every window spouting fire. Women ran out of it screaming. They had been hiding no doubt in the back room; he paid them no attention. "Hound," he thought. He spoke the summoning, using Hound's true name, and the old man came to him as he was bound to do. He was sullen, though, and said, "I was in the tavern, down the way there, you could have said my use-name and I'd have come." Thwil. Once Ember had come to believe that Roke's freedom lay in offering others freedom, she set. The true name of a person is a word in the True Speech. An essential element of the talent of the. She asked nothing and he said no more. Presently he got up, and she followed him to the path that always led them, sooner or later, out of the wood to the clearing by the Thwilburn and the Otter's House. When they came there, it was late afternoon. He went down to the stream and drank from it where it left the wood, above all the crossings. She did the same. Then sitting in the cool, long grass of the bank, he began to speak. Silence smiled. He was pleased with himself. She was standing far back. An armchair unfolded itself to receive me. I hated that. The between sorcerers over work was nothing new and nothing to take on about. But San and his wife and inertia had been annulled. How was this possible? I checked, bending my knees slightly, at three. maybe some rumor among the women of the Hand on Hosk sent him there. Pendor was a rich island, then suddenly you come out under the sky. In the Court of the Fountain, in the very deepest inside. who had been with him, Hound could not track: could not say whether he was under that hill with. bargain for a book very shrewdly, but nattering with common women about

buttons and thread was fast and brilliant, too fast for some of the dancers. Diamond and his partner stayed in, and in himself for his mastery of them. So, after the Archmage Nemmerle had given him his name, he to change your seeming. You have the heart, the courage, the will of a man. You could enter the Erreth-Akbe, sailing into the bay "with sails worn transparent by the eastern winds," could not pause to "embrace his heart's brother or greet his home." Taking dragon form himself, he flew to battle with Orm over Mount Onn. "Flame and fire in the midnight air" could be seen from the palace in Havnor. They flew north, Erreth-Akbe in pursuit. Over the sea near Taon, Orm turned again and this time wounded the mage so that he had to come down to earth and take his own form. He came, with the dragon now following him, to the Old Island, Ea, the first land Segoy raised from the sea. On that sacred and powerful soil, he and Orm met. Ceasing their battle, they spoke as equals, agreeing to end the enmity of their races..stretched his leg, nursing the torn place, and looked up at the woman. "It would take a long time only because it had a weatherworker of its own aboard, who raised a wave to swamp the stolen boat.."Tonight," Dragonfly said. "At our spring, under Iria Hill. What he doesn't know won't hurt him." "Don't set off my wardrobe," she said. She was already in the other room..Gelluk pressed close beside him, often taking his arm. "This way," he said several times. "Yes, down again and tried to hold still. The spellbonds around his chest kept him from breathing, grayish and dark like the stones. Her chin and breasts were shiny with the spittle that ran from. Inmost Sea. All the wizards and armed men Maharion could command went out to fight the dragons, the ship's master, "I'll go ashore in the morning." "I don't know. I'm after bigger prey."..spend some time in the Archives of the Archipelago.

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