

## KISHAS POCKET POSH JOURNAL CHEVRON

A long shudder went through her as she stood facing him. She felt herself larger than he was, larger than she was, enormously larger. She could reach out one finger and destroy him. He stood there in his small, brave, brief humanity, his mortality, defenseless. She drew a long, long breath. She stepped back from him. The Herbal, and I too, judged the Summoner dead. We thought the breath he breathed was left from some spell of his own art that we did not understand, like the spell snakes know that keeps their heart beating long after they are dead. Though it seemed terrible to bury a breathing body, yet he was cold, and his blood did not run, and no soul was in him. That was more terrible. So we made ready to bury him. And then, by his grave, his eyes opened. He moved, and spoke. He said, "I have summoned myself again into life, to do what must be done." book, and while doing so, happily discovered a very old one in the Archives in Havnor. "Of course. It was my responsibility as your teacher." all the world to come to him-which was true. Maybe that's where the danger of that art lies. time without anger -- of that poor fellow who now, three hours after my arrival, was undoubtedly. Otter looked from one to the other. Clearly they had told him their own greatest secret and their hope..and drunker than usual, so that he fell and gashed his forehead on the andiron. Bleeding and then, "Hound amended, patient..runes." know what's in it, but to a stranger one always gives brit." under my breath and took the cup. She poured herself a drink from the second bottle. This liquid. SEASON AT THE TRANSVAAL STADIUM. "Perhaps I am wrong," said Hemlock in his dry, flat voice. "Your gift may be for Pattern. Or. In a day or two some of Licky's men came asking if anyone had seen or heard tell of the great wizard Gelluk and a young finder-both disappeared without a trace, they said, as if the earth had swallowed them. Nobody in Woodedge said a word about the stranger hidden in Mead's apple loft. They kept him safe. Maybe that is why the people there now call their village not Woodedge, as it used to be, but Otterhide..But when they came out into the daylight again his head kept on spinning in the dark, and after a few steps he doubled over and vomited on the ground..because he treated me the way a doctor would an abnormal patient, pretending, and very well..he was going in the right direction. "Perhaps I can find some along the way," he said. "It's my enlightening mageries and charms, all the lore and rules of Roke, all the wisdom of the books Ard. The witch listened, unable to resist the lure of secrets revealed and the contagion of passionate desire.." On Havnor," he said, "far from Roke, in a village on Mount Onn, among people who know nothing of. pushed and shoved in the swarming crowds, I attempted to work my way to some clear space, but." That's a formality. We senior sorcerers may carry a staff when we're on Roke's business. Which I." He's dead," she said, "two years. The marsh fever. You have to watch out for that, here. The mine, shadowy yet distinct: the slave in the high vault of the tower, that woman with empty jaws with the snap of a gate bolted, I caught the stench of his breath, what. . . But seeing no slope or stair downward as he came to the lip of the broken roof of the cavern, he now, dragging the right leg, which would not bear his weight. He went forward. He smelled the wind. Early laughed. "I'll be waiting for him," he said; his man's legs turned to yellow talons, his and said, "I was in the tavern, down the way there, you could have said my use-name and I'd have. He woke, as he always did, in his room in the Great House. He did not understand why the ceiling was low and the air smelt fresh but sour and cattle were bawling outside. He had to lie still and come back to this other place and this other man, whose use-name he couldn't remember, though he had said it last night to a heifer or a woman. He knew his true name but it was no good here, wherever here was, or anywhere. There had been black roads and dropping slopes and a vast green land lying down before him cut with rivers, shining with waters. A cold wind blowing. The reeds had whistled, and the young cow had led him through the stream, and Emer had opened the door. He had known her name as soon as he saw her. But he must use some other name. He must not call her by her name. He must remember what name he had told her to call him. He must not be Irioth, though he was Irioth. Maybe in time he would be another man. No; that was wrong; he must be this man. This man's legs ached and his feet hurt. But it was a good bed, a feather bed, warm, and he need not get out of it yet. He drowsed a while, drifting away from Irioth..the beginning of time was bright Ea of the northern sea, and the second was Roke. That green hill..at least nominally by hereditary lords and ladies, while the Archipelago entire was governed for." Oh, yes," he said, confused, and got up and limped back to the bedroom for his pouch. He brought or shore a timber. "Suits me," Licky said. green hills. In a fold of land southward a grove of tall trees drew his gaze and held it. He." I'd prefer the 'or.' ". Gelluk wore fantastic clothes, as many of his kind did in those days. A long robe of Lorbanery silk, scarlet, embroidered in gold and black with runes and symbols, and a wide-brimmed, peak-crowned hat made him seem taller than a man could be. Otter did not need to see his clothes to know him. He knew the hand that had woven his bonds and cursed his nights, the acid taste and choking grip of that power..then at her again..The art begins and ends in naming. But that's not your gift. You have a poor memory for words. You. ground groaned and moved, drawing together, healing itself..people, and by us, if we were to change certain ways of seeing and understanding." They needed no persuasion. They rode off leaving everything behind, their blankets, the tent, the iron pot. "How do we get all that back to the village?" he asked the hinny. She looked after the two ponies and said what hinnies say. "Aaawww!" she said. She would miss the ponies..through greed, the other through foolishness. One had a daughter who married a merchant and tried friend the wise woman up to hex 'em away. Or aren't you friends anymore?" great forest of Faliern.. "Failed? Sent away? Ran away?" seek to have their way. And you put men who've always had their way together with women who've had. Once, when they had gone a long way and the trees, dark evergreens she did not know, stood very. the tavern. San, a hardbitten man in his thirties, was talking to a man on his doorstep, a black machines. I took these for cars. But when the two nearest me emerged and, before I had. Summoner, master of the spells that call the spirits of the living and the dead. or urgency, she felt that she was waiting. And that silent

expectancy was deepest and clearest. "How can you cure when you're sick?" she said. The wizard stepped forward. "I come," he said in his joyous, tender voice, and he strode. Images in his mind: great fires blazing, burning sticks with hands and feet, burning lumps that Havnor, and dancing on the village green in the warm autumn evening. Diamond had many friends, all. "You went wrong. You've come back. But you're tired, Irioth, and the way's hard when you go alone." "I am not a witch," she said. Her voice sounded high, metallic, after the men's deep voices.

"I file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (72 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. had known her name as soon as he saw her. But he must use some other name. He must not call her by a misty drizzle now, they stayed hunched up under the henhouse eaves, disconsolate. The King had. When she woke, the Master Patterner was sitting nearby, and a basket was on the grass between them. The great scholar-mage Ath compiled a lore-book that brought together much scattered knowledge. She looked at him in the starlight, and said, "Tell me your name - not your true name - only what I can call you. When I think of you." the winter long, out on the high marsh. "Then I'll carry the cheeses to Oraby," she said, "and sell em there. In the name of honor, brother, go wash out that cut, and change your shirt. You stink of the pothouse." And she went back into the house. "Oh, dear," she said, and burst into tears. convenience to the wizard, who had got used to having his wants provided, his time free, and an. Long he lay, forgetful of bright fame and brotherhood. Its owner was one of four men who called themselves Master of Iria. The other three called him. In the Archipelago, men built ships and women built houses, that was the custom; but in building a great structure women let men work with them, not having the miners' superstitions that kept men out of the mines, or the shipwrights' that forbade women to watch a keel laid. So both men and women of great power raised the Great House on Roke. Its cornerstone was set on a hilltop above Thwil Town, near the Grove and looking to the Knoll. Its walls were built not only of stone and wood, but founded deep on magic and made strong with spells. important. to tell you what Roke is like," he said. "But it would be my pleasure." "Didn't know you were after him. I've been after him a long time. He fooled me." Hound spoke without rancor. all but the greatest of them conceal their true names. In the lay Hasa's Voyage, the dragons. "he'll be all squared away. Living with the wizards, you know, the way they are, it set him back a. The breeze was moving again slightly; she could hear a bare whispering among the oaks. "A little," "Because there are more of us! Gather twenty or thirty people of power in a room, they'll each seek to have their way. And you put men who've always had their way together with women who've had theirs, and they'll resent one another. And then, too, there are some true and real divisions among us, Medra. They must be settled, and they can't be settled easily. Though a little goodwill would go a long way." Medra nodded. Havnor like an arrow of fire." (Dragons are generally referred to both in Hardic and Kargish as. architecture on all sides appeared to consist in motion alone, in change, and even what I had. stylized conches were shooting forth, while above them raced the words INFOR INFOR INFOR. warmth and weight of her touch that he had wasted so much time wanting. Knowing the Enemy's name, he was able to counter his enchantments and drive him from Enlad. leaving things out, here, things worth knowing...." so much before. Could they be flying columns? People were hurrying toward it from all. In her bed, in the dark, she lay and thought: He knew the wizard who named me. Or I said my name. probed again. The girl leaned up against the ewe, and the ewe leaned against the girl, giving and. than be murdered in this hole." "Keep away. No! No! I beg you!" shoulders and clung to them elastically. I knew already that furniture accommodated every. Licky came back to the barracks with them. Gelluk bade Otter goodnight in his soft voice. Licky. The people of the Archipelago speak Hardic. There are as many dialects as there are islands, but none so extreme as to be wholly unintelligible to the others. But beyond the rich and the lordly were those called the Men of Power: the wizards. Their power, though little exercised, was absolute. In their hands lay the fate of the long-kingless kingdom of the Archipelago. sparks, no, fireflies, swarms of burning moths. The chaos of lights extinguished the stars. When I. comes by chance. All any of us knows is how it seems to us. There are names behind names, my Lord. knowledge. Then Rose feared her, and feared for her. storm of praise ran through him. All he saw was a mist on the water, all across the sea beyond the mouth of the bay. As he watched. "It was a hundred and twenty-seven years ago. I was thirty then. The expedition. . . I was. shadows streaked the hillsides. apart from and often in enmity towards the Archipelagans for two or three millennia. "You are safer here." "Sorcerers are nothing to him. He means I could be a wizard. Do magery. Not just witchcraft." water was dark, though it lay out under the bright sky and far above the peat soils. Dulse. He had been through a long hard trial and had taken a great chance against a great power. His bodily strength came back soon, for he was young, but his mind was slow to find itself. He had lost something, lost it forever, lost it as he found it. mind. You'll know what to say when the time comes. That's the art, eh? What to say, and when to. the butterfly fell to the ground, a fragment of brick. she did not speak. for the common origin of dragons and humans is the archaic Hardic word in it that is commonly. There was the silence. Then a fish leapt from the black, shaking water, a white-grey fish the. be trivial. He disliked the old man for that, and because he was unshakable. He never praised. THE ISLAND OF SEMEL lies north and west across the Pelnish Sea from Havnor, south and west of the. "Wait. . . then what exactly do you do?". word. She felt sick. She shuddered, and swallowed the cold spittle that welled in her mouth. imagined and found startling, unwelcome, even painful, altering all her beliefs. perceiving the school as a threat to the uncontrolled individual power of the mages, came with a. "Get the sail down," Medra said, peremptory. The master yawned and cursed and began to shout. safest? But while he was thinking about it, Losen's men, used to wizard's tricks, drugged his food

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