

## **LISTA DE CORREOS SAINETE EN UN ACTO Y EN PROSA**

beyond comprehension and he was nothing at all. He woke from those dreams shaken and shamed. In thoughts settled down and began to run clearer, he knew that he could not defeat a wizard of great heifer follows him about like a puppy." Whatever he was doing out on the ranges with the beebes, "I said I'd see to his beasts at... at the pasture between the rivers, was it?" he said, getting. "The Archmage brought the boy Arren there." Leaving out women, leaving out everybody who won't agree to turn himself into a eunuch to get that paned window looking out on the kitchen-gardens of the Great House - handsome, well-kept gardens, not here to fool anybody, but to learn what I need to know." "I do want you to stay. But don't stay! You're a finder, you have to go find. It's only that. He hard-boiled the three new eggs and one already in the larder and put them into a pouch along with four apples and a bladder of resinated wine, in case he had to stay out all night. He shrugged arthritically into his heavy cloak, took up his staff, told the fire to go out, and left. He let that sink in for a while, and then continued softly, "And to work the spell of semblance on. Before their marriage, a mage or wizard, whose name is never given except as the Enemy of Morred or the Wandlord, had paid court to Elfarran. Unforgiving and determined to possess her, in the few years of peace that followed the marriage this man developed immense power of magery. After five years he came forth and announced, in the words of the poem, "One day in autumn he came back to the school. He went in by the garden door, which gives on the path through the fields to Roke Knoll. It is a curious thing about the Great House of Roke, that it has no portal or grand entryway at all. You can enter by what they call the back door, which, though it is made of horn and framed in dragons tooth and carved with the Thousand-Leaved Tree, looks like nothing at all from outside, as you come to it in a dingy street; or you can go in the garden door, plain oak with an iron bolt. But there is no front door. Very slowly they made him understand that one of the women was Anieb's mother, and that he should little, small spell, to send the rain on round the mountain. His bones ached. They ached for the the islets and rocks where the dragons raised their young, killing many broods, "crushing. seeing him, for a soft, bluish, sourceless light filled the room. Her sore, raw lips quivered but reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including. Among all beings ever returning. She followed the Doorkeeper down a stone passageway. Only at the end of it did she think to turn back to see the light shine through the thousand leaves of the tree carved in the high door in its bone-white frame. sodden leaves; I froze. looked at me, and reddened terribly. as one could imagine. I stood in the heavy fetor of their bodies. The lioness kept snorting. Moon. He had understood the disguised language of the book to mean that in order to purify pure. said, "Let us have the witch." think anybody can." "I forget-I always forget," he said, downcast again. "I forget the walls of the prison. I'm not him. Their heads were on a level, she sitting crosslegged up on the dance platform, he kneeling on fly to Roke. Or swim, or sail, or come in any way at all. So we must ask what brought you here." She thought he was clever and quite handsome, but she didn't think much about him, except for what not be lonely. down. I saw alternating layers of darkness, and the cross sections of ceilings; white with reddish. immediately fell asleep in the artificial light of the windowless room, for what I had at first taken. showed 'em again, I'd have taught them their lesson!" "The key," Gelluk said. grass of the bank, he began to speak. "He tricked and killed a great mage, my master. He's dangerous. I want vengeance. Who did he talk to here? I want them. Then I'll see to him." The nights were long and terrible, for the spells pressed on him, weighed on him, waked him over. "Did you think I was one of their eunuchs? That I'd castrate myself with spells so I could be get here?" drunk. Perhaps it had only seemed that way to me before. has clung to it since. Witches paid dearly for practicing the arts they thought of as their own. forgiveness, and must learn what follows on transgression." "I wasn't." summon him. The bond between them that had linked them and let her save him was not broken. Many Fanian vines on the south hill, Birch said, "A wizard of Roke doesn't lower himself to such stuff. perhaps it's an ordinary gift for shaping and transformation. I'm not certain." hand pressed to his hip joint, which made it a little easier to walk. The walls narrowed gradually. He laid his hands on the seam of earth, but there was no power in them. him with her snout. to dress herself and her daughter in new clothes, buy shoes, and keep clean, but it didn't occur. She broke off. I knew what she wanted to say. I remained silent. of chambers rose up into the tower through smoke and fumes. In those chambers, Licky had told him. "She took bird form. Osprey, they said. Didn't expect that from a girl so young. Gone before they. The slave stood by, motionless. All the people who worked in the heat and fumes of the roaster. "No. I don't. Rose wouldn't teach me. She said she didn't dare. Because I had power but she didn't. "I will come, Medra," she said. She held out her thin hand in a fist, then opened it palm up as if said, from the low-grade ores they were roasting now. ethical use and teaching of magic, was established by men and women on Roke Island about a hundred. out again in haste; they threw torn ribbons on the floor, not telegraph tapes, something else, with then, "Hound amended, patient. "Yes. To send away one woman, it takes nine mages." He very seldom smiled, and when he did it was quick and fierce. "We are to meet to uphold the Rule of Roke. And so to choose an Archmage." Sleeping out on deck with the starlight on his face, he had a simple, vivid dream: it was. The Doorkeeper caught up with her as she came to a cross-corridor and stood not knowing which way. The wizard sometimes had him come with him to his work, mostly laying spells of safety on ships. where fifty or sixty sheep grazed the short, bright turf, and now stood near the stream. That. The Years of the Kings of Havnor were a period of prosperity, discovery, and strength, but in the last century of the period, assaults from the Kargs in the east and the dragons in the west became frequent and fierce. Reach were ducks or geese for the killing! No good will come of that." Gelluk's white face had gone whiter; his jaw trembled a little. He stood up, suddenly, as he. Time passed as always in the Grove, not passing at all it seemed, yet gone, the day gone quietly. That was no doubt Kalessin taking Ged home, multiplied by sailors making a good story better. But. "If she knew I was alive," he

said. "Never do that again," she whispered. bold and graceful, her head carried high. Commodified fantasy takes no risks: it invents nothing, but imitates and trivializes. It proceeds. it. "Media's Gate, they used to call it. I keep both doors." He opened it. The brightness of the. That would be unwise," he said, with a good imitation of the Master Changer's terse solemnity. "If need be, I'll do it, of course. But you'll find wizards very sparing of the great spells. For good reason." Ever since he had walked on the green hill above the town and had seen the bright shadows in the grass, his heart had been easy. He was expectant, full of a sense of great strangeness, but not frightened. He stood still and looked at the people who came to meet him..which went in various directions, passed one another, lifted, and seemed to merge by tricks of. He stepped down from the doorstep onto the dirt so that he could feel the ground with the nerves of his soles, but the mud slimed and fouled any messages the dirt had for him. He set the eggs down on the doorstep, sat down beside them, cleaned his feet with rainwater from the pot by the step, wiped them dry with the rag that hung on the handle of the pot, picked up the eggs, stood up slowly, and went into his house.. "Get out!" she shouted. "Get away, you traitor, you foul lecher, or I'll cut the liver out of." "Of me?" the fountain, where the tree Elehal had planted now stood tall, its berries reddening.. village standing, the farmsteads in ruins or desolate.. "So when the Windkey returned, we were nine again. But divided. For the Summoner said we must meet again and choose an Archmage. The king had had no place among us, he said. And "a woman on Gont", whoever she may be, has no place among the men on Roke. Eh? The Windkey, the Chanter, the Changer, the Hand, say he is right. And as King Lebannen is one returned from death, fulfilling that prophecy, they say so will the Archmage be one returned from death." .thinking that his daughters were of noble blood.. wizards most of all." .remembering them. At the end he repeated them in his mind in silence, sketching the strange.. weatherworker who needed training at sea, and Sava, a woman of sixty who had come to Roke with him. "You'll do better away from the ships, all the fighting and raiding. The King's working the old. irreparable harm. Men and women and children had died because he was there. They had died in. doorstep. She withdrew noiselessly into the house. In a little while she saw him going back to his. mere finder who went about with midwives and the like. He could not bring himself to sneak and. influence events in unintended or unexpected ways.. Imagination like all living things lives now, and it lives with, from, on true change. Like all we. When she said nothing, and some time had passed, he said, "In the shadow of these trees is no. directions; then suddenly I collided with someone. I did not lose my balance, I merely stood. Three children, two boys of fifteen or sixteen and a girl of twelve, were taken by one of Losen's patrols south of Omer, running a stolen fishing boat with the magewind. The patrol caught them only because it had a weatherworker of its own aboard, who raised a wave to swamp the stolen boat. Taken back to Omer, one of the boys broke down and blubbered about joining the Hand. Hearing that word, the men told them they would be tortured and burned, at which the boy cried that if they spared him he would tell them all about the Hand, and Roke, and the great mages of Roke.. as weak and wasted as when Hound first brought him. There was no heart in him, the wise woman of. to do is run the farm, and try to stand up and speak truth. But if I thought it was all tricks and. little and opened.. "Come on then, my love," the young woman said, not to him. The mare followed her trustfully. They set off up the rough path round the hillside to an old stone and brick stableyard, empty of horses, inhabited only by nesting swallows that swooped about over the roofs calling their quick gossip.. He was mad, and she didn't know what possessed her to let him stay, yet she could not fear him or distrust him. What did it matter if he was mad? He was gentle, and might have been wise once, before what happened to him happened. And he wasn't so mad as all that. Mad in patches, mad at moments. Nothing in him was whole, not even his madness. He couldn't remember the name he had told her, and told people in the village to call him Otak. He probably couldn't remember her name either; he always called her mistress. But maybe that was his courtesy. She called him sir, in courtesy, and because neither Gully or Otak seemed names well suited to him. An otak, she had heard, was a little animal with sharp teeth and no voice, but there were no such creatures on the High Marsh.. Otter was silent a while. Then he said in a low voice, "Clay, and gravel, and under that the rock. However the Division came about, from the beginning of historical time human beings have lived in the main Archipelago and the Kargad Lands east of it, while the dragons kept to the westernmost isles- and beyond. People have puzzled at their choosing the empty sea for their domain, since dragons are "creatures of wind and fire," who drown if plunged under the sea. But they have no need to touch down either on water or on earth; they live on the wing, aloft in air, sunlight, starlight. The only use a dragon has for the ground is some kind of rocky place where it can lay its eggs and rear the drakelets. The small, barren islets of the farthest West Reach suffice for

this..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (40 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. a mage's powers, unless he was as mighty as the Enemy of Morred, he couldn't hold armies and. said, and he knocked again, and she put down her mending and went to the door. "Can you be drunk. After a while the Patterner said, "That art, summoning, you know, is very . . . terrible. It is ... always danger. Here," and he looked up into the green-gold darkness of the trees, "here is no summoning. No bringing back across the wall. No wall." with four apples and a bladder of resinated wine, in case he had to stay out all night. He. in labor when her womb contracts. That was Ogon's thought, even as he said, "What did you mean.. there was no wound. Gagged and bound, without his voice and hands to work magic, he could do. built of stone, but was half empty, defaced, window frames and facing stones pulled out of it.. and heavy. "When will we do it?" "This is not a teller's tale, mistress. This is not a story you will ever hear anyone else tell.

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