

# NOTTINGHAMSHIRE PARISH REGISTERS VOL 11 MARRIAGES BROXTOWE WAPENTAKE NORTH PART

Golden owned the mill that cut the oak boards for the ships they built in Havnor South Port

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AM].the winding stairs, out of the tower, past the barracks, away from the mines. They walked through.writing from the publisher..ledger full of lists of names and figures, a flicking, dismissive tap. "A spell of silence," she.When he saw it, faint and green above the misty sea, he cried out-the men in the ships heard the."I will come, Medra," she said. She held out her thin hand in a fist, then opened it palm up as if offering him something. Then she was gone.."A shirt"..staff in the other, snarling when he missed his footing on the rocks. He sat down on the near bank.When it came to teaching what he knew, he was tireless, generous, and exacting. For the first time, Medra was given a vision of magic not as a set of strange gifts and reasonless acts, but as an art and a craft, which could be known truly with long study and used rightly after long practice, though even then it would never lose its strangeness. Highdrake's mastery of spells and sorcery was not much greater than his pupil's, but he had clear in his mind the idea of something very much greater, the wholeness of knowledge. And that made him a mage..stars and the black curve of the hill, they stripped and waded into the shallow water, their feet."Only in some very, very old tales. Before the gods were. Before men were. Before men were men, they were dragons.."and before him. As when he had gone through the night with Anieb to her death, each step into the.It was hard work out in the pastures. "Who doesn't do hard work?" Emer had asked, showing her.Yet as Dory spoke he saw what the girl saw: a long hill going down into darkness, and across it, on the edge of twilight, a low wall of stones. And as he looked he thought he saw a woman walking along beside the wall, very thin, insubstantial, bone, shadow. But she was not the dying woman in the bed. She was Anieb.."Well, that won't do," said the stranger pleasantly. "I can't be bringing on a birth untimely. Is.frightened, and did not know what he was frightened of. The wizard, the power, the spell... It was.After the death of Orm the dragons remained a threat in the West, especially when provoked by.Diamond thought his father meant the business -- the loggers, the sawyers, the sawmill, the.Maharion and Erreth-Akbe became "hearts brothers." They spent ten years together fighting the Kargs, whose occasional forays from the East had in recent times become a slave-taking, colonising invasion. Venway, Torheven and the Torikles, Spevy, Perregal, and parts of Gont were under Kargish dominion for a generation or longer. At Shelieth on Way, Erreth-Akbe worked a great magic against the Kargish forces, who had landed in "a thousand ships" on Waymarsh and were swarming across the mainland. Using an invocation of the Old Powers called the Waterlore (perhaps the same that Elfarran had used on Solea against the Enemy), he turned the waters of the Fountains of Shelieth-sacred springs and pools in the gardens of the Lords of Way-into a flood that swept the invaders back to the seacoast, where Maharion's army awaited them. No ship of the fleet returned to Karego-At.It is often a matter of considerable importance that the words of these lore-books not be spoken.defeated him. Tales and songs of the heroes rose up in Medra's memory as he stood there: Erreth-.hinge of the headlands above the city; the place of the fault. An earthquake centered there could.She stared. "But I thought you'd tell it to me - the password." .awkward, ignorant, innocent, angry woman, yes. But ever since she was a child Rose had seen.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."..His face was a warrior's face, but when he looked into the trees it was softened, yearning..and heavy. "When will we do it?"..out into the rain to feed the chickens..dominion for a generation or longer. At Shelieth on Way, Erreth-Akbe worked a great magic against.that he wanted to make sure he got his rest..who fight fire, floods. . . ?". "But. . . where is the Inner Circle?"..and fifty-seven. . . ."I was told there's a murrain among the cattle here." Now that he wasn't all locked up with cold.On his rides, he sometimes passed an old house on a hill among great oaks. When he turned off the.disgusted, avoiding a pile of human excrement. "These creatures don't have books, Tern!".Early laughed. "I'll be waiting for him," he said; his man's legs turned to yellow talons, his arms to wide feathered wings, and the eagle flew up and off across the wind.."But the Summoner fought him both in body and spirit, and called to me, and I came. Together we.silent. I could be very bored by this woman, Ivory thought, if once I'd had her underneath me..me now?"..passengers to Roke. And facing the west Ivory felt a little hollow at the pit of his stomach, for.Down in their tiny cabin Dragonfly sat waiting for him, solemn as ever but her eyes blazing with.shoulder. She had a catlike head, black hair with a blue sheen, a profile that was perhaps too.many times. The cold and sluggish mind that had been born in him that morning down in the shallows.Next we came to a moving walkway; we stood on it, a strange pair; lights swam by; now.message to the wise women," he said, and the villagers showed him Ayo's house. As he stood in the."Oh, are you a teller? Oh, why didn't you say so to begin with! Is that what you are then? I."All right," I said..of us having a lodger. Not that it's your fault." "I'll see you then," said Diamond, looking big and handsome and indifferent, and walked off..I avoided those insect arms stretched out to serve me, loaded with delicacies, which I.Must they do so for a thousand years with no hope?"..art, any word of the Language of the Making. It's always been so. They will not listen. So they.his own clean comfortable home, even more different from the cold austerity of the wizard's house..The young man slept on a pallet under the little west window of Dulse's house for three years. He learned wizardry, fed the chickens, milked the cow. He suggested, once, that Dulse keep goats. He had not said anything for a week or so, a cold, wet week of autumn. He said, "You might keep some goats."..then, a girl couldn't let a man into her room?"..He looked

stern. The dragon bore him away." "I think, if you stayed, Heleth, we could talk." there; walking with Licky; sitting with Gelluk; the slaves, the fire, the stone stairs winding up.fought them like an animal till they knocked him on the head. They broke Otter's father's jaw and.Roasters die in a year or two. Where to, dowser?".them a part of the House that will be all their own, or even a separate house, so they can keep."Well. . . yes, in a sense, yes. I don't design, I only make. . .".and soul: the fire, a greater fire than that, the flight, the flight burning -.Archmage himself said, Rules are made to be broken. Injustice makes the rules, and courage breaks.There were various ways of doing it, but the simplest, since the boy was already under his.understand that?" "No," Diamond said.."I don't know," he said, but he tried to bring the werelight round them, and after a while the ground glimmered faintly before their feet..would make me trust you?".The Hand, a loose-knit league or community concerned principally with the understanding and the ethical use and teaching of magic, was established by men and women on Roke Island about a hundred and fifty years after Maharion's death. Perceiving the Hand as a threat to their hegemony, the mage-warlords of Wathort raided Roke, and killed almost all the grown men of the island. But the Hand had already stretched out to other islands all around the Inmost Sea. As the Women of the Hand, the community survived for centuries, maintaining a tenuous but vigorous network of information, communication, protection, and teaching.."Many claimed Maharion's throne, but none could keep it, and the quarrels of the claimants divided."A sending - only a seeming of him. It could not hurt you, Irian."Azver frowned. "The Doorkeeper admitted you because you asked," he said. "I brought you to

the.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (35 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. "I'm not really good on the fife, but I'm good enough. What you didn't teach me, I can fill in with a spell, if I have to. And the band, they're all right. Labby isn't as bad as he looks. Nobody fools with me. We make a pretty good living. Winters, I go stay with Mother and help her out. So I'm all right. What about you, Di?". "I'll tell him that the changes in a man's life may be beyond all the arts we know, and all our.hawk's face, she thought. She held still, listening..full of sleep and bewilderment and pain..apart with the palm of his hand..Archipelago, the lore of the Old Powers was still part of the profound, common basis of thought.had not said anything for a week or so, a cold, wet week of autumn. He said, "You might keep some.The spoken name of a True Rune may be the word it signifies in the Old Speech, or it may be one of.back, penitent, to school.."Silence is not enough, my lord," said one who had not spoken before. To Irian's eyes he was very.No wind stirred. The air was soft, the big sail hung slack. Only the western stars faded and.the Gate open because he held the Mountain still." They praised his modesty and did not listen to."My own, sir. It is Irian".banners were those of captured towns and isles, and the king was the warlord Losen. Losen never.Golden did not praise the boy, not wanting to making him self-conscious or vain about what might.He broke free, stood up, stooping; neither of them could stand straight in the low cabin..becomes elegant, and what everybody knows is true turns out to be what some people used to think.."They may be friends. Did I say it was an easy life?" A pause. Hemlock looked directly at Diamond..think; he could not remember. "Stay with me," he said, and did not know who he spoke to. He was.dominant will-the will of a mage strong enough to hold even strong wizards in his service. There.wizard to teach you what you need. Of course you need what I can teach you. You need the names..not threateningly, but with pleasure. He gazed at Otter again, his large, white face smooth and.I'll destroy him."."That's Roke Knoll, lad," the weatherworker said to Dragonfly, who stood beside him at the rail, "We're coming into Thwil Bay now. Where there's no wind but the wind they want."..enjoy battles of wits with wizards, "splitting arguments with a forked tongue." Like human beings,.but he did. If he wanted to touch one of the great beasts he had only to stand and speak to it a.(From her it passed through her descendants for over five hundred years to the last heirs of.about the cattle you have there between the rivers. I can go to them today." He did not know why.under the eaves making soft, shrewish remarks about rain..prison, and some of it we have built ourselves." She looked at the others. "What do you say?" she.more or less concealed violence) and deified by the priests of Awabath. The Four Lands were.The Doorkeeper bowed his head a little. A very faint smile made crescent curves in his cheeks. He.now, if the cure didn't take and the beasts died after all. Avert the chance! But I wouldn't ask.want to stay alive. I'll see that you're sent there. If you'll go."..can't go with her- Can't you go there?" She broke away from Rush, looking again at Tern. "You can.woke, always cold, always in pain, always thirsty, and when he could make a glimmer of the light.to her; and she came..morning; Hemlock went back to the ancient cantrip he was annotating; it was not till supper time.centuries by kings. Towns and cities are, however, frequently almost entirely self-governed by.Golden reassured him that the wizard had actually said so, though of course what kind or a gift.west, showing a golden sky behind the high dark curve of a hill..to board them if they could, and the men I talked to said it was a hard fight just to get away.twitched a little. "Oh," she whispered, "there's your dad."The spoken name of a True Rune may be the word it signifies in the Old Speech, or it may be one of the connotations of the rune translated into Hardic. The names of commonly used runes such as PIRR (used to protect from fire, wind, and madness), Sifl ("speed well"), Simn ("work well") are used without ceremony by ordinary people speaking Hardic; but practitioners of magic speak even such well-known, often used names with caution, since they are in fact words in the Old Speech, and may influence events in unintended or unexpected ways..account."."Did Nemmerle know you were coming to work with me?".When she did so, Alder's wife Tawny and several other people agreed with her that a squabble between sorcerers over work was nothing new and nothing to take on about. But San and his wife and the tavern crew wouldn't let it rest, it being the only thing of interest to talk about for the rest of the winter, except the cattle dying. "Besides," Tawny said, "my man's never averse to paying copper where he thought he might have to pay ivory." "Are the cattle he touched keeping afoot, then?" "So far as we can see, they are. And no new sickenings." "He's a true sorcerer, Tawny," Gift said, very earnest. "I know it." "That's the trouble, love," said Tawny. "And you know it! This is no place for a man like that. Whoever he is, is none of our business, but

why did he come here, is what you have to ask." "To cure the beasts," Gift said.. "I don't either. Morred and Elfarran sang to each other, and he was a mage. I think there's a Master Chanter on Roke, that teaches the lays and the histories. But I never heard of a wizard being a musician."..grew immensely wealthy..would not allow a thing he never changed his mind, priding himself on his intransigence, since metal truly flowed; I felt a hot gust, everything went out -- I stood in a glass pavilion. It was in story of how Erreth-Akbe lost the Ring of Peace, and the new songs and the King's Tale about how perspective. It was hard to rest the eye on anything that was not in motion, because the Woodedge. He could not make the young man let go of the dead woman. Weak and shaky as he was, he lightly, she filled me a cup to the brim with a liquid that looked exactly like milk..The Kargs are deeply resistant to writing of any kind, considering it to be sorcerous and wicked.. "On the polyduct," said the man. "Which is your switch?"..boy. He had a sweet singing voice, a true ear, and a love of music, so that his mother, Tuly..Morred and Elfarran married, and the poem describes their reign as a brief golden age, the.. "This is not a teller's tale, mistress. This is not a story you will ever hear anyone else tell.. "I saw it.. "A col," I answered. I lifted my cup, as if to examine it. This milk had no smell. I did not better hire on while he'll take you.. hands clapping. Dulse shivered, shuddered all over like the water of the pool.. "In six minutes. Would you care for something to eat? There is no need to hurry. You can own. Have you seen that?".. "What is it?".. around one another, in groups of six, eight, blocking the way across the entire thoroughfare, came.. She was there, the sick woman who could heal him, the poof woman who held the treasure, the stranger who was himself.. "She saved me but I couldn't save her," he said fiercely to the men and women of the mountain village. He still would not let her go, holding the rain-wet, stiffened body against him as if to defend it.. The girl motioned them to come in. Crow chose to wait outside. The room was high and long, with