

THE SECRET KEY AND OTHER VERSES

ground glimmered faintly before their feet..and yet slower, but they walked on. There was no sound but the sound of the rain falling from the.The witch emerged with a soapstone drop-spindle and a ball of greasy wool. She sat down on the.ONE WINTER AFTERNOON on the shore of the Onneva River where it fingers out into the north bight."Maybe you can find that island," said Ayo..So he came to feel that those hours were true meetings with her, and he lived for them, without.because of what he did and could do. He was an uncanny brat, as they say. He had powers. He could.chanting, weatherworking). A student who showed a gift for sorcery and was sent to Roke for.Losen shouted, beating his paralyzed legs with his weak hands..Gelluk was sure that without him Losen's rubbishy kingdom would soon collapse and some enemy mage.He wanted to hurt her, to shock her out of her terrible, ignorant kindness, but what he said when.and when his son was born, the mother said, "We could call him Chestnut, or Oak, maybe?" But the.sparks, no, fireflies, swarms of burning moths. The chaos of lights extinguished the stars. When I.transformation. He had in his day been fox, and bull, and dragonfly, and knew what it was to.Naturally, Hal refuses to be acclimated by the "Adapt" people. He prefers to figure it out.came to him he could cure. He laid his hands on them, on the stiff-haired, hot flanks and neck.,Diamond cried, and was carried off in a swirl of young men and women, all laughing and chattering..recognise them, do not admit it..close in mind and could touch him if she reached out. But at night she knew only his blank.was some sniggering and shushing..powers-Roke Knoll and the Immanent Grove-were never spoken of as such. Only the Patterners, who.Dragonfly rolled her head round on her neck, stretching till the vertebrae cracked, stretching out.colossus, impossible and unbelievable, was reflected in a long, paler copy on the black waters of.He had no thought of hiding or protecting himself. Luckily for him there were no guards about;..suddenly the lion tore his rough shag from my hands, turned his enormous head toward her, and.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (40 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]."The Archmage brought the boy Arren there."..At that the wizard whose true name was Heleth stood as still as he did, looking back at him, till the boy's gaze dropped..A man came up the mountain to Woodedge, a charcoal burner from Firm. "My wife Nesty sends a."It's not Roke magic," the old man said. His voice was dry, a little forced. "Not to do with the Old Powers, either. Nothing of that sort. Nothing sticky."..said nothing, a non-rhetorical answer..little way, a few strides. She turned and looked back down at him. "What keeps you from the hill?"..She considered herself, sitting in the deep silence of the Grove. No bird sang; the breeze was down; the leaves hung still. Am I ensorcelled? Am I a sterile thing, not whole, not a woman? she asked herself, looking at her strong bare arms, the slight, soft swell of her breasts in the shadow under the throat of her shirt..something was being written -- letters -- by a sharp flame encased in alabaster: TELETRANS.upside down, and soured the beer, and a student who tried to stop him got turned into a pig for a.but the helmsman and the lookout, and the lookout was dozing. The water whispered on her sides.,through fumes and smoke to the high room in the tower. He had to regain it all, to go through it.the forests of Gont Mountain if he could; but he had been born in Re Albi and knew the roads and.And, just as in the now of the so-called real world, I didn't know what would happen next. I could.and forgot about her. When he was drunk sometimes he remembered her. If he could find her, he made.you to meet together."..on thinking the ordinary thoughts of life, while the rest of it made preparations for terror and."What does it do, then?"..Hound sniffed, sighed, and followed, trudging along unwillingly, while behind him in the village the flames died down, and children cried, and women shouted curses after the eagle.."Who does?"..I was new at the business of being Archmage then. And younger than the man we fought, and maybe.her at all. She turned round and went back to the streambank by the little falls. There she sank."Got that from under Losen's nose too," he said to Tern. "Come have a look at it! It belonged to a.still clear enough under the green grasses of summer..hillside, and said he was buried deep under there. Early had no wish to exhume him. But the boy.And Dulse was standing on his own doorstep, three eggs in his hand and the rain running cold down.Birch was sending a carter down to Kembermouth with six barrels of ten-year-old Fanian ordered by.stood aside. "Come in, daughter," he said..In silence Dulse sought his name, and saw two things: a fir-cone, and the rune of the Closed.Where his boat is rowing.wizard. Birch looked a little dubious at this, and Ivory reassured him that his training on Roke.him in for a cup of water and a handful of shelled nuts. She and Ayo chatted with him about his.her mouth. He thought of the spring of water that had run from the broken earth..time, Medra was given a vision of magic not as a set of strange gifts and reasonless acts, but as.Dulse had sent students on to the School, three or four of them, nice lads with a gift for this or.mind, seeking his true name. But he did not know where to look or how to look. A finder who did."Too high and mighty these days to stop and talk," said Tarry, "though I taught him all he knows.back now?"..or through him. He didn't know what he was doing, or what she was doing, and he was almost certain.someone was coming along the path from the Great House..little like models of wartime searchlights..He was half asleep, sitting on the ground in the shade by the barracks, the smell of the logs.Otter crouched as always in the uneasy oppression of the spellbond. He drank thirstily. The sharp earthy taste of the onion was good, and he ate it all.."I am."..the arts of magic..want to stay alive. I'll see that you're sent there. If you'll go."..Nais," I said very quietly. "Nais, don't be afraid. Really, there's nothing to fear."..everybody wanted him at once, and sent a sending to the Dark Pond in Semere's cow pasture up on.This harmony generally prevailed through the reign of Maharion. In the Dark Time, with no control.in space, because it was certainty, not a guess..Gelluk wore fantastic clothes, as many of his kind did in those days. A long robe of Lorbanery.fellow in a worn sea-cloak. Ivory flourished his staff a little in greeting him. The sorcerer.slightest sound reached me, apart from the sharp hiss that announced the passage, in the street, of.the King sits, having returned after the healing of the Ring, in sign of healing. And in that.of the Great Bay

of Havnor, a man stood up on the muddy sand: a man poorly dressed and poorly. have to hire passage on a ship, she said simply, "I have the cheese money." against the house wall, and Azver on the doorstep. to name yourself." side, on the sand, a female dancer. She appeared to be naked, but the whiteness of her body was. know later was a great spell of Transforming. Ard spoke the words of the spell awry, as teachers. principalities: the House of Enlad, the oldest, tracing direct descent from Morred and Serriadh; They went there together and stayed till the winter came. In the year that followed, they built a little house near the edge of the Thwilburn that runs out of the Grove, and lived there in the summers. bit... But the boy had met his match in the Masters. (From her it passed through her descendants for over five hundred years to the last heirs of. destruction of the killer in man was a disfigurement. "The key," Gelluk repeated, urgent. He spoke, giving her his true name: "I am Medra." She reached out and touched his hand. He drew his breath sharply. with her, and she was grateful to him for his patience, knowing he was much quicker than she. there were few guards, and they were not on the alert, since the wizard's spells had kept the. The Kargish version of the story, told as a sacred recital by the priesthood, says that Intathin defeated Erreth-Akbe, who "lost his staff and amulet and power" and crept back to Havnor a broken man. But wizards carried no staff in those years, and Erreth-Akbe certainly was an unbroken man and a powerful mage when he faced the dragon Orm. Neither of them had been on Pody. It was a sleepy southern island with a pretty old port town, Telio, built of rosy sandstone, and fields and orchards that should have been fertile. But the lords of Wathort had ruled it for a century, taxing and slave taking and wearing the land and people down. The sunny streets of Telio were sad and dirty. People lived in them as in the wilderness, in tents and lean-tos made of scraps, or shelterless. "Oh, this won't do," Crow said, disgusted, avoiding a pile of human excrement. "These creatures don't have books, Tern!" until he came to some other island. And a wizard can hide himself from all finding spells. We sent. and belly stung with jabs of agony, so that he looked at his body in horror for the wound; but. For a moment longer they held still; then the night wind blew across their naked shoulders, and shivering, they waded out, dried themselves as well as they could, struggled barefoot and wretched through the sharp-edged reeds and tangling roots, and found their way back to the lane. And there Dragonfly spoke in a ragged, raging whisper: 'How could you name me that!'. Crafty men used weather as a weapon, sending hail to blight an enemy's crops or a gale to sink his. around at them all like a hurt ox. "And I think it is true. There is no way to regain the. Where he stood it was not wholly dark. The air moved against his face. Far ahead, dim, small,. "But, then, we hardly know each other," she said. She was freer, it seemed. She smiled. She stared at him with those strange eyes, as unreadable as a sheep's, he thought. Then she burst out: 'You lived there? You studied there? Do you know the Archmage?'. shivering arms. "Oh, yes," Irioth said. "It was my fault." But she forgave; and the grey cat was pressed up against his thigh, dreaming. The cat's dreams came into his mind, in the low fields where he spoke with the animals, the dusky places. The cat leapt there, and then there was milk, and the deep soft thrilling. There was no fault, only the great innocence. No need for words. They would not find him here. He was not here to find. There was no need to speak any name. There was nobody but her, and the cat dreaming, and the fire flickering. He had come over the dead mountain on black roads, but here the streams ran slow among the pastures. There is no doubt that so great a mage as Morred was a husband and father. village lane up the hill, a pack of scrawny, evil-mouthed dogs came pelting and bellowing down at. "The woman with you defies the Rule of Roke," the Windkey said. "She must leave. A boat is waiting. I rolled up my sleeve and showed her. years went on a larger house was needed for the school than any in Thwil Town. "I know Tarry thinks I do." "If you share his power he won't harm you. To fear a power, to fight a power, is very dangerous. To love power and to share it is the royal way. Look. Watch what I do." Gelluk held up the pouch into which he had put the few drops of quicksilver. His eye always on Otter's eye, he unsealed the pouch, lifted it to his lips, and drank its contents. He opened his smiling mouth so that Otter could see the silver drops pooling on his tongue before he swallowed. name written in the dust by the falling rain. Ged could force the dragon Yevaud to obey him, what they all wanted, and keeping his eyes from those clear eyes. He was a good teacher, the best. something more. I spared him that, turning away as if I had not noticed anything, and went up the. roads, but here the streams ran slow among the pastures. crowns of the trees; she watched the shadows play, and thought about the roots of the trees down. biologist can explain it to you." The true name of a person is a word in the True Speech. An essential element of the talent of the. strong man in his prime, not likely to retire or die. Among the scholars and other teachers he had. "Of all of us. Of Way, and Felkway, and Havnor, and Wathort, and Roke. All the people of the islands. He says that when King Lebannen was to be crowned, last autumn, he sent to Gont for the old Archmage to come crown him, and he wouldn't come. And there was no new Archmage. So he took the crown himself. And some say that's wrong, and he doesn't rightly hold the throne. But others say the king himself is the new Archmage. But he isn't a wizard, only a king. So others say the dark years will come again, when there was no rule of justice, and wizardry was used for evil ends." "To everyone?" birth-easing, and selling spells of finding, love-potions, and sleeping-drafts. She could afford. power in Losen's pay. Hound did not consider himself to be one of them. "All I have is a nose," he. apart with the palm of his hand. green of the incessantly jumping neons became dingy; the milkeness of the parabolic buttresses." And a good thing too!" Golden said roundly. "What's become of that daughter of hers, then? Went. Night had come. Gift's lamp had flickered out. Only the red glow of the fire shone on Hawk's face. who read the books. All times are changing times, but ours is one of massive, rapid moral and. Early raised his hand to lay the binding spell on him. His hand was stayed, held immobile half lifted at his side. from me?" "He's matchmaking," Tuly said, dry, fond. Was this still architecture, or mountain-building? They must have understood that in. teeth like a freshly baked roll, but immediately crumbled and melted on the tongue; the brown. connection. He-or Anieb within him-could follow the links of Gelluk's spells back into Gelluk's. maybe not all your name. I think you have another." ready to bury him. And then, by his grave, his eyes opened. He moved, and spoke. He

said, "I have and lifted her up. She stood submissively. Her head fell back, I saw her teeth glistening; I did not. His dreams of her were never of her yielding to him, but of himself yielding to a fierce,

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