

# AL RECORDS OF ABINGTON MASSACHUSETTS TO THE YEAR 1850 VOLUME 1 BIR

"Yes, sir. I decided that I don't want to be a wizard." the eyes on her dress actually opened and closed. The walkway, on which I stood behind the two. "There's no harm in him but the drink, but there's not much left of him but the drink. It's eaten. The heap moved, and roused up slowly. They saw it was the curer, just as he had been, no fires or shadows, though looking very ill. "Come on," Gift said, and got him on his feet, and walked slowly up the street with him. flames flickered between their knees, and at the bottom lay the unbroken black surface of an. Patterner. "Until -" He made a quick gesture of reversal with his open hands, down going up and up. decision that he had taken his own form, but that in touching this ground, this hill, he had. Sunbright, come up to deal with the murrain. He's cured beasts for me before, the hoof rot and. women. Wizard knows wizard, and Medra knew they were women of power. Among the Hardic-speaking people of the Archipelago, the ability to do magic is an inborn talent, like the gift for music, though far rarer. Most people lack it entirely. In a few people, perhaps one in a hundred, it is a latent, cultivable talent. In a very few people it is manifest without training. (chanting, weatherworking). A student who showed a gift for sorcery and was sent to Roke for. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (103 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:32 AM]. The summer ended too soon that year. Rain came early; snow fell in autumn even as far south as. the last high note. "I haven't got it right yet," Diamond said, vexed and embarrassed. "I can build boats, or mend them, and sail them. I can find, above and under ground. I can work. hull and the edge of the platform yawned a meter-wide crevice. Caught off balance, unprepared. They went on through darkness, seeing only the track before them in the dim silvery glow of. bit... But the boy had met his match in the Masters. One morning one of Alder's cowboys turned up in the front yard riding a horse and leading a saddled mule. "Master Alder says Master Otak can ride her, it being a ten-twelve miles out to the East Fields," the young man said. were people of the Hand in the Great Port. Though he had not known of them as a boy, he should. "Ah," said the Patterner. "Hard for the housekeeper to give up the keys when the owner comes. in Gont Port, and Dulse had sent Silence down instead, and there he had stayed. burning of Ilien, when the Firelord attacked the islands, and Erreth-Akbe fought with him and. talked to some men off her. They said there was nothing but fog and reefs all round where Roke was. She pondered - conversation with her was often a slow business - and said, "Rose always said I had. man's legs ached and his feet hurt. But it was a good bed, a feather bed, warm, and he need not. the Language of the Making. But this may not be so, since the dragons do not use them, and if they. When he looked up and spoke it was with a hint of a melancholy smile. "All the mystery and wisdom. All the rumors of Roke had said that it was spell-defended and charm-hidden, invisible to ordinary. Archmage Sparrowhawk had gone among the Hoary Men and come back with that ring -. He checked the henhouse, finding three eggs. Red Bucca was setting. Her eggs were about due to. "Stop destroying your head," Rose told him. "Will it control the earth itself?" stand there, drained and blank, for a while. Then there would be another one, big, curious, shyly. "I didn't say anything wrong," I defended myself. "I only wanted to know. . . Why are you. right enough! I'll have him here as long as I choose, and that's the end of it." He said nothing. She could see the warmth coming into him, untying him. shouting. She felt his prying, tremulous hands on her. She saw him weeping, sick, shamed, and. ground groaned and moved, drawing together, healing itself. Rose was very dark-skinned, with a cloud of crinkled hair, a thin mouth, an intent, serious face. Her feet and legs and hands were bare and dirty, her skirt and jacket disreputable. Her dirty toes and fingers were delicate and elegant, and a necklace of amethysts gleamed under the torn, buttonless jacket. Her mother, Tangle, made a good living by curing and healing, bone-knitting and birth-easing, and selling spells of finding, love-potions, and sleeping-drafts. She could afford to dress herself and her daughter in new clothes, buy shoes, and keep clean, but it didn't occur to her to do so. Nor was housekeeping one of her interests. She and Rose lived mostly on boiled chicken and fried eggs, as she was often paid in poultry. The yard of their two-room house was a wilderness of cats and hens. She liked cats, toads, and jewels. The amethyst necklace had been payment for the safe delivery of a son to Golden's head forester. Tangle herself wore armfuls of bracelets and bangles that flashed and crashed when she flicked out an impatient spell. At times she wore a kitten on her shoulder. She was not an attentive mother. Rose had demanded, at seven years old, "Why did you have me if you didn't want me?" file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (36 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. her hand on it. Everybody gasped and muttered, "Avert! Avert!" except Tawny's youngest daughter. He groaned and scoured his scalp with his knuckles. He was sitting on the dirt in their old play-place, a kind of bower deep in the willows, where they could hear the stream running over the stones nearby and the clang-clang of the smithy further off. The girl sat down facing him. "I could teach you how to do that for yourself," the wizard said, smiling, watching Otter rub and flex his aching wrists and work his lips that had been smashed against his teeth for hours. "The Hound told me that you're a lad of promise and might go far with a proper guide. If you'd like to visit the Court of the King, I can take you there. But maybe you don't know the King I'm talking of?" went off into the darkness with a numb face, like a child who has been shown the falseness of a. hard red wine from his last vineyard and walking his boundaries with a troop of ill-treated, years old, "Why did you have me if you didn't want me?" left the Book of Names with a woman in the Ninety Isles for safekeeping. "But you can't hide true power," Medra said. "Not for long. It dies in hiding, unshared." make that gesture. It was not a spell, he thought, watching intently, but a sign. Ayo was watching. Erreth-Akbe, sailing into the bay "with sails worn transparent by the eastern winds," could not. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (102 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:32

AM].all by himself, be a stranger in a strange land, draw his own conclusions. And he does..quicksilver, and Otter knew he was wrong..learned or had discovered for himself. The book convinced him that all of them were only shadows.The tune ended. "Darkrose," he said, behind her in the dark. She turned her head and looked at.Diamond sat in his own sunny room upstairs, on his comfortable bed, hearing his mother singing as.He got up in the icy morning while they still slept rolled in their blankets. He knew where the cattle were nearby, and went to them. The sickness was very familiar to him now. He felt it in his hands as a burning, and a queasiness if it was much advanced. Approaching one steer that was lying down, he found himself dizzy and retching. He came no closer, but said words that might ease the dying, and went on..who had been with him, Hound could not track: could not say whether he was under that hill with.images in his mind: great fires blazing, burning sticks with hands and feet, burning lumps that."Yes. Because. . . brit. . . doesn't work without that. Don't move!".foreleg. Her hands came away covered with blood-streaked horse sweat. "There, there," she said..He treasured her rustic sayings of that kind. Sometimes she frightened him, and he resented it. His dreams of her were never of her yielding to him, but of himself yielding to a fierce, destroying sweetness, sinking into an annihilating embrace, dreams in which she was something beyond comprehension and he was nothing at all. He woke from those dreams shaken and shamed. In daylight, when he saw her big, dirty hands, when she talked like a yokel, a simpleton, he regained his superiority. He only wished there were someone to repeat her sayings to, one of his old friends in the Great Port who would find them amusing. ""I have the cheese money,"" he repeated to himself, riding back to Westpool, and laughed. "I do indeed," he said aloud. The black mare nicked her ear..Her brother came in. "Come on out," he said to her as soon as he saw the curer dozing on the."So it was ordained by the first Archmage, centuries ago," said Ivory. "But ... I too have.north. The old man waded through the stream barefoot, holding his shoes in one hand and his tall.stride out of the stableyard without a word, the ugly hound she favoured trotting after her. It.noise. She wanted to cry but she had never been good at crying. She stood and watched the water,.breakfast. So it was with warm food in his belly and a certain chill courage in his heart that he.Never old. I can't teach you. I can take you into the Grove." After a minute he stood up. "Yes?".could not rouse him. "He is dead," he said. "The breath will not leave him, but he is dead." So we.As he came down the last slope of the mountain, he had seen houses here and there out in the.were passages concerning the true refiner's fire. Having long studied these, Gelluk knew that once.So the school on Roke got its first student from across the sea, together with its first librarian. The Book of Names, which is kept now in the Isolate Tower, was the foundation of the knowledge and method of Naming, which is the foundation of the magic of Roke. The girl Dory, who as they said taught her teachers, became the mistress of all healing arts and the science of herbals, and established that mastery in high honor at Roke.- but possibly it was not a real tree -- I saw people standing; I approached them, then walked.There was a silence. The fire whispered..over that..benches, barrels of oil breaking loose and thundering over one another-pulled her over and held.Tern..He traveled far in the Archipelago, even out into the East Reach. He never went to the same town or island twice without years between, letting his trail grow cold. Even so he began to be spoken of. The Child Taker, they called him, a dreaded sorcerer who carried children to his island in the icy north and there sucked their blood. In villages on Way and Feikway they still tell children about the Child Taker, as an encouragement to distrust strangers..He drank a mug of beer down in one draft, and the girls with him watched the muscles in his strong throat as he swallowed, and they laughed and chattered, and he shivered all over like a cart horse stung by flies. He said, "Oh! I can't --!" He bolted off into the dusk beyond the lanterns hanging around the brewer's booth. "Where's he going?" said one, and another, "He'll be back," and they laughed and chattered..her bright eyes on Tern, and he nodded.. "We could find no trace of him. No doubt he changed himself to a bird or a fish when he left Roke,.He watched the staff that stood on the shining floor. In a little while he saw it quiver very slightly, a shiver, a tremble..- the statues?.we need to know." The Doorkeeper's tone was equally sober, and his smile was gone. "I think this.Dragons are born knowing the True Speech, or, as Ged put it, "the dragon and the speech of the dragon are one." If human beings originally shared that innate knowledge or identity, they lost it as they lost their dragon nature..which the poem was first spoken..earthy taste of the onion was good, and he ate it

all..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (33 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. "Dirt's easier to keep clean," he said, knowing the struggle already lost. It was true that all you had to do with a good hard-packed clay floor was sweep it and now and then sprinkle it to keep the dust down. But it sounded silly all the same..This will end badly, I thought. I was defenseless, and the lions were as alive, as authentic,.know that the Moon is the Earth's father? Yes, yes; and he lay with her, as is the father's right.."The great lode?" Gelluk looked straight at him, their faces not a hand's breadth apart. The light in his bluish eyes was like the soft, crazy shift of quicksilver. "The womb?".Dulse wandered about a bit before he found what he took to be the Dark Pond. It was small, half mud and reeds, with one vague, boggy path to the water, and no track on that but goat-hoofs. The water was dark, though it lay out under the bright sky and far above the peat soils. Dulse followed the goat-tracks, growling when his foot slipped in the mud and he wrenched his ankle to keep from falling. At the brink of the water he stood still. He stooped to rub his ankle. He listened..restore the law that Thorion returned."..him. He saw the flash of her eyes, the cloud of her curling hair. She looked back at him for a.uncaring, disembodied eye. He could see only what the flicker of werelight showed just around him.In the lore-book from Way, which he brought with him in a spell-sealed box whenever he traveled,.Songs and stories indicate that dragons existed before any other living creature. The Old Hardic kennings or euphemisms for the word dragon are Firstborn, Eldest, Elder Children. (The words for the firstborn child of a family in Osskilian, akhad, and in Kargish, gadda, are derived from the word haath, "dragon," in the Old Speech.) "What is that?".because after all they had been friends, companions, and he had done all this for her. "Courage!". "Acknowledged.".few

steps he doubled over and vomited on the ground..It would be Berry at the door, though why he knocked she didn't know. "Come in, you fool!" she..So it became dangerous to practice sorcery, except under the protection of a strong warlord; and his hand in his mind only, as when he played the mental harp, then indeed he touched her. He felt

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