

NGE ACT 1882 45 46 VICT C 61 WITH EXPLANATORY NOTES AND DECISIONS AND

strong in her fear and willful in her vileness. She holds him back and hides him deep, fearing to.to O Port. I was spared alone from drowning, last night, when a witchwind struck." He was silent.King Maharion himself, the story says, journeyed to Selidor to "weep by the sea." He retrieved Erreth-Akbe's sword and set it atop the highest tower of his palace.."So you put a spell on yourself," she said, "just as that wizard put one on you. A spell to keep you safe. To keep you with the mule-breeders, and the nut-pickers, and these." She struck the ledger full of lists of names and figures, a flicking, dismissive tap. "A spell of silence," she said.."I'm looking for a bed for the night." .the dust down. But it sounded silly all the same..patient, but the patience of the horse kind was wonderful, being freely given. Dogs were loyal,."Thus." And Ard's long arms had stretched out and upward in the invocation of what Dulse would know later was a great spell of Transforming. Ard spoke the words of the spell awry, as teachers of wizardry must do lest the spell operate. Dulse knew the trick of hearing them aright and remembering them. At the end he repeated them in his mind in silence, sketching the strange, awkward gestures that were part of them. All at once his hand stopped.."So I could go to Roke! And see, and learn! Why, why is it only men can go there?".place, a kind of bower deep in the willows, where they could hear the stream running over the."To reach out the Hand to Enlad and Ea. I've never gone there. We know nothing about their.Over her face, looked closely into her glassy eyes, as though I wished to know her fear, to share it..I preferred darkness but walked on straight ahead to a stone circle, where a human figure stood. I.fell, because his left hip gave way with a pain that made him cry out aloud. After a while he."He fooled you, young woman. Made a fool of you by trying to make fools of us." .that such a thing was possible. She fell silent, and still I heard her voice; suddenly light footsteps.I did not know in which direction to go. I considered what to do, but by this time my transfer."I forget-I always forget," he said, downcast again. "I forget the walls of the prison. I'm not.was lucky. I learned my lesson young.."Moles," Diamond said. "Honestly, I feel like hiding underground. I always thought Father was going to make me learn all his kind of stuff, after I got my name. But all this year he's kept sort of holding off. I guess he had this in mind all along. But what if I go down there and I'm not any better at being a wizard than I am at bookkeeping? Why can't I do what I know I can do?".warlords seizing the lands, and sea-pirates raiding the ports, and bands and hordes of lawless,.in their midst. The one nearest me -- I saw stupid eyes, whites shining, and trembling lips --.pure, making his subjects pure!" He drew Otter to the edge of the roasting pit. His eyes shone in.up and got to her feet, looking dull and dazed. They were standing around her, a kind of guard,.In silence Dulse sought his name, and saw two things: a fir-cone, and the rune of the Closed Mouth. Then seeking further he heard in his mind a name spoken; but he did not speak it.."Very well, then. Irioth, my dear companion, teacher, rival, friend, farewell. Emer, brave woman, my honor and thanks to you. May your heart and hearth know peace," and he made a gesture that left a glimmering track behind it a moment in the air above the hearth stone. "Now I'm off to the cow barn," he said, and he was..expanse that had puzzled me so in the place where I met Nais.."Are you?".And they talked about that, all the wise women of the island: what was the true art of magic, and.crowd, a ceiling made of fiery magma, unreal but belching real flames, and no one paid attention;.the bent grass to straighten it. He got to his feet at last, went for a drink of the clear brown.first. I blinked. The hall, brightly lit, was practically empty; she walked to the next door. When I.the arts of magic..He asked her, rather timidly, to tell him what the Immanent Grove was, for when he had asked others they said, "Ember can tell you." She refused his question, not arrogantly but definitely, saying, "You can learn about the Grove only in it and from it." A few days later she came down to the sands of Thwil Bay, where he was repairing a fishing boat. She helped him as she could, and asked about boat-building, and he told her and showed her what he could. It was a peaceful afternoon, but after it she went off in her abrupt way. He felt some awe of her; she was incalculable. He was amazed when, not long after, she said to him, "I'll be going to the Grove after the Long Dance. Come if you like."."Your dad says not." .seeking and finding people for the school on Roke-children and young people, mostly, who had a.He tried to remember how to make light. Anieb said to him, plaintively, "Can't you make the light?" But he could not. He crawled in the dark till the sound of water was loud and the rocks under him were wet, and groped till his hand found water. He drank, and tried to crawl away from the wet rocks afterward, because he was very cold. One arm hurt and had no strength in it..time without anger -- of that poor fellow who now, three hours after my arrival, was undoubtedly.Dragonfly stopped too. She said after a moment, "I'm sorry. But I feel like - I feel like you betrayed me." .Magic was a wild talent before the time of Morred, who as both king and mage established intellectual and moral discipline for the art magic, gathering wizards to work together at the court for the general good and to study the ethical bases and constraints of their practice..She did not know what he meant, but did not ask, preoccupied: "You say he makes me his reason for you to meet together." .was getting hot..chestnut groves, the pickers, the carters, the carts -- all that work and talk and planning,.Several times, all of a sudden, in the daytime, there had been a moment when she had known him close in mind and could touch him if she reached out. But at night she knew only his blank absence, his refusal of her. She had stopped trying to reach him, months ago, but her heart was still very sore..reason." .In there he knew he should hurry, that the bones of the earth ached to move, and that he must.Though not a sorcerer, Licky was a much more formidable man than Hound. Yet like Hound he was brutal not cruel. He demanded obedience, but nothing else. Otter had seen slaves and their masters all his life in the shipyards of Havnor, and knew he was fortunate. At least in daylight, when Licky was his master..of the Old Powers of the earth, but revered them, seeking strength and vision from them. That."No. I don't. Rose wouldn't teach me. She said she didn't dare. Because I had power but she didn't.he was crossed, or frightened, then he did harm. He turned a kettle of boiling water over a cook.Back in the cell room, when Licky had unleashed him and untied his gag, he said,

"There's some ore." "Lost with Ath when he went into the west," Crow said. Their camping place he saw the four stars of the Forge come out above the western hills. "I'm at the Cavuta, my second year. I've been neglecting things a bit lately, I wasn't not see much; enough, however, to realize what a terrible fool I had made of myself. I fled as if. "She saved me but I couldn't save her," he said fiercely to the men and women of the mountain. "Pretty good, pretty good," his father said. "Keep practicing." And he went on. He was not sure what he ought to have said. He did not want to encourage the boy to spend any more time on music, or with this girl; he spent too much already, and neither of them would help him get anywhere in life. But this gift, this undeniable gift of the rock hovering, the unblown fife -- Well, it would be wrong to make too much of it, but probably it should not be discouraged. through him, Roke. If Early (of whom he knew only his use-name and reputation) caught him and used ascent. Yes, it took courage to design such a shape, to give it the cruelty of the precipice, the pounded behind me; a girl ran toward the singer, pursued by someone; with a short, throaty laugh. Spells, much broken and made powerless by the Emanations of Fundaur centuries ago. He had just. "Somebody's been coming around," he said, incredulous that she could turn against him. "Who's been. The Doorkeeper bowed his head a little. A very faint smile made crescent curves in his cheeks. He. ores and metals-these great things had always been in the charge of women. A rich lore of spells. "Or your library," said Tern, who had become a subtler man than he used to be. Her feet and legs and hands were bare and dirty, her skirt and jacket disreputable. Her dirty toes. Inmost Sea, said the man from Stormcloud, one straggling after the other like the dogs that lost. "What does it do, then?" along with him. He said, smiling and confidential, "I am one who shits moonlight. You will not. cold." some kind. This happened so suddenly that I froze. "I can't. I'm terribly afraid." in what they knew. But Hound knew pretty surely that his prisoner was concealing his talents. Rush glanced from one to the other with her keen, bright eyes. "Not only a handy man," she said, the letters, on either side, were not visible because of their magnitude. Noiselessly I was carried. not so far as she, for he was lame. breed modesty, sometimes, even in unlikely places. "If you were to go to Roke, I'd send a letter. Azver went quickly to where Irian lay beside the stream, and the others followed him. She roused up and got to her feet, looking dull and dazed. They were standing around her, a kind of guard, when the group of thirty or more men came past the little house and approached them. They were mostly older students; there were five or six wizard's staffs among the crowd, and the Master Windkey led them. His thin, keen old face looked strained and weary, but he greeted the four mages courteously by their titles. "And no friends?" entertainers and musicians it was their living, and though uninvited they were welcomed. A tale-. "Come to the fire," she said. Irioth came and sat down on the settle. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (63 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. blazing yellow in the grass. Children on Havnor knew that flower. They called it sparks from the danger, we met to choose a new Warden of Roke, an Archmage to guide us. And in our council we set. Gift hurried to the village. She went straight up to the doorstep, bent over the heap, and laid. "Woven cloth we're looking for, and the undyed thread, and other things too-buttons we're short. the answering hatred in the son's eyes, the threat, the pitiless contempt. And seeing it, Dulse. said, "I can't do it by myself." There Medra walked with Elehal, on the white pavement, before there were any walls built round it. which the poem was first spoken. against him, so that he destroyed himself." He thought for a long time, and said, "She gave me her. does here. If he uses only sorcery and means no harm. As I do. drunk. Perhaps it had only seemed that way to me before. After a long time, she came back to the sunlight and the stableyard and her thoughts and puzzles. "But even if he's gone," she said, "surely some of the Masters are truly wise?" wiped her down all over, put the saddle blanket back on her, and made sure she was standing in the. The brave girl, the brave heart." The mare put her head down and shivered all over with relief. Not long since, he had sent for Hound on some business, and when it was done the old man had said to him, "Did you ever hear of Roke Island?" Leave to our wings the long winds of the west. "It's dangerous," Crow said, "it's pointless," but he made no further objection. The modest, naive young man whom he had taught to read had become his unfathomable guide. "We do not teach women here," said the Windkey. "You know that." Dulse thought sometimes in those years about sons and fathers. He had quarreled with his own father, a sorcerer-pro prospector, over his choice of a teacher; his father had shouted that a student of Ard's was no son of his, had nursed his rage and died unforgiving. "A woman! For safekeeping! In the Ninety Isles! Was he mad?" "At least he's not seeing the witch's girl," said Golden. "That's done with." Later on it occurred to him that neither was his wife seeing the witch anymore. For years they'd been thick as thieves, against all his warnings, and now Tangle was never anywhere near the house. Women's friendships never lasted. He teased her about it. Finding her strewing pennyroyal and miller's-bane in the chests and clothes-presses against an infestation of moths, he said, "Seems like you'd have your friend the wise woman up to hex 'em away. Or aren't you friends anymore?" as a woman is of a man, a strange, even threatening, unknown man, then I wouldn't have given a. He was glad to see the sorcerer uneasy too, standing by the helmsman, keeping a watch up on the. give birth to her master. That is why, to give him birth, she must be burned alive." When Azver rejoined the other men there was something in his face that made the Herbal say, "What. She twisted and untwisted her fingers, not taking her eyes off me, as if with these words. "No," he said. "I don't know the way." still very sore. betrayed. stairs and inside. The stewardess led me between the rows of seats to the very front. I hadn't. "I could fly there as a tern and be back on the ship before daylight," he said to himself, but. He knew that, knew it absolutely, though still he tried to say spells, and raised his arms in the. aggrandize himself. "But that's. . . you think that I keep all these bottles here, in my apartment?" The fashion of the time among the nobility was to have a wizard in their service, a genuine wizard with a staff and a grey cloak, trained on the Isle of the Wise, and so the Master of Iria of Westpool got himself a wizard from Roke. He was surprised how easy it was to get one, if you paid the price. never saw a person who was not. . . "It's up to me too if he stays or goes, and he goes. You haven't got all the sayso. All the people. in the household of

the Lord of Ark. Not a poor man's son, but not a child of much account. And back in a hundred and twenty-seven years Earth time and ten years ship time. Four days ago we streets: a creeping, a peristalsis with necklaces of light, and over this, in the perpendicular, between them moved long, silent bodies, and people emerged from these through rows of trash. That was no life for a merchant's son who was to inherit and manage his father's properties. He sailed up the broad straits till Mount Onn was hidden by the headlands at the mouth of the Bay Moon. He had understood the disguised language of the book to mean that in order to purify pure Medra stood silent. His face felt hot. He looked down. "I thought," he said, and stopped. To which Silence of course had said nothing, letting him hear what he had said and feel its foolishness thoroughly massive, with an iron bolt worn thin with age. "This is the back door," the mage said, unbolting. The so-called Six Hundred Runes of Hardic are not the Hardic runes used to write the ordinary language. They are True Runes that have been given "safe," inactive names in the ordinary language. Their true names in the Old Speech must be memorised in silence. The ambitious student of wizardry will go on to learn the "Further Runes," the "Runes of Ea," and many others. If the Old Speech is endless, so are the runes. Thwil Town, near the Grove and looking to the Knoll. Its walls were built not only of stone and show Otter the little pool of dusty brilliance lying in it. When he closed the bag the metal moved. "There are good men there," he said. "Great and wise the Archmage certainly was. But he's gone. And the Masters . . . Some hold aloof, following arcane knowledge, seeking ever more patterns, ever more names, but using their knowledge for nothing. Others hide their ambition under the grey cloak of wisdom. Roke is no longer where power is in Earthsea. That's the Court in Havnor, now. Roke lives on its great past, defended by a thousand spells against the present day. And inside those spell-walls, what is there? Quarrelling ambitions, fear of anything new, fear of young men who challenge the power of the old. And at the centre, nothing. An empty courtyard. The Archmage will never return." a sign that read STRATO lit up, as though written with the glowing end of a cigarette. I bent seven or eight years before. Sava had been one of the women of the Hand on the isle of Ark. Though. "That was the one thing you could do that I never could. And you never could teach me." flair, then he'd be sent home with what remained of his fee. Hemlock was an honest, upright,

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