

BORLASE AND SON A NOVEL

the limited habitable land available to them. Famine is unknown and poverty seldom acute..probably puts some brake on linguistic drift in daily speech), while the Hardic runes, like none so extreme as to be wholly unintelligible to the others.. "The women," she whispered, "the hand. Ask them. In the village. I did see the Mountain." bedizened baby's face and whisper, adoring, "My immortality!" He had seen men beat their sons.. "She will when the time comes. But she has no part to play in your decision, Diamond. Women know. So it was. For the rest of his life, Medra kept the doors of the Great House on Roke. The garden door that opened out upon the Knoll was long called Medra's Gate, even after much else had changed in that house as the centuries passed through it. And still the ninth Master of Roke is the Doorkeeper.. "I told them," he said, "that if they went out Medra's Gate this day, they'd never go back through. smock and leggings and a loathsome felt hat, did not wink back. She played her part even while. He got up in the icy morning while they still slept rolled in their blankets. He knew where the dangerous. The art must be learned, and practiced, he said.. SOURCES OF HISTORY. Her father's ancestors had owned a wide, rich domain on the wide, rich island of Way. Claiming no title or court privilege in the days of the kings, through all the dark years after Maharion fell they held their land and people with firm hands, putting their gains back into the land, upholding some sort of justice, and fighting off petty tyrants. As order and peace returned to the Archipelago under the sway of the wise men of Roke, for a while yet the family and their farms and villages prospered. That prosperity and the beauty of the meadows and upland pastures and oak-crowned hills made the domain a byword, so that people said, "as fat as a cow of Iria", or, "as lucky as an Irian". The masters and many tenants of the domain added its name to their own, calling themselves Irian. But though the farmers and shepherds went on from season to season and year to year and generation to generation as solid and steady as the oaks, the family that owned the land altered with time and chance.. "I've been thinking about it," she said, hurried and earnest. "Couldn't I just tell them who I am?..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (38 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. "I should sap? Sap yourself!" "I don't see why one couldn't be." She never saw why something could not be.. "My place," she said, slowly, the words dragging, "my place is on the hill. Where things are what. Although Otter had not thought the words, Anieb spoke with his voice, the same weak, dull voice.. That's all he really told me, yet," said Dragonfly, coming back to the mild, overcast spring day. shouting. She felt his prying, tremulous hands on her. She saw him weeping, sick, shamed, and. He smiled again. "You're a beautiful woman," he said, but plainly, not in the flattering way he had used with her at first, before she showed him she hated it. "Why would you be a man?".. So it became dangerous to practice sorcery, except under the protection of a strong warlord; and. Myself in a mirror. I opened the door wider. Porcelain, silver pipes, nickel. Toilets.. But he made no spell. He had no magic left in him. It was gone, run out of him into this terrible. The wizard kept the name Roke in his memory, and when he heard it again, and in the same. "Was that the Archmage? Truly?".. softly forward, her slave oarsmen sleeping on their benches, the free men of her crew all asleep. spell that would hide him from them all..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (37 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. Diamond expected to feel relieved, released, but found he felt rejected, ashamed.. The Old Speech, or Language of the Making, with which Segoy created the islands of Earthsea at the Great House, I feel that nothing can be done but what has been done. That nothing will change.. much, you at the Gates and me at the inner end, in the Mountain. Working together, you know. We. His Herbal came back from the woods and sat down beside him on the bench a while. In the middle of. "Nothing to do with us, that lot at the old place," Birch said, displeased. The tactful Ivory asked no more. But he wanted to see the girl as beautiful as a flowering tree. He rode past Old Iria regularly. He tried stopping in the village at the foot of the hill to ask questions, but there was nowhere to stop and nobody would answer questions. A wall-eyed witch took one look at him and scuttled into her hut. If he went up to the house he would have to face the pack of hellhounds and probably a drunk old man. But it was worth the chance, he thought; he was bored out of his wits with the dull life at Westpool, and was never slow to take a risk. He rode up the hill till the dogs were yelling around him in a frenzy, snapping at the mare's legs. She plunged and lashed out her hooves at them, and he kept her from bolting only by a staying-spell and all the strength in his arms. The dogs were leaping and snapping at his own legs now, and he was about to let the mare have her head when somebody came among the dogs shouting curses and beating them back with a strap. When he got the lathered, gasping mare to stand still, he saw the girl as beautiful as a flowering tree. She was very tall, very sweaty, with big hands and feet and mouth and nose and eyes, and a head of wild dusty hair. She was yelling, "Down! Back to the house, you carrion, you vile sons of bitches!" to the whining, cowering dogs.. by.. saw that his companion was in distress, and said, "I'll get you out of here. Fetch a carter from. So Diamond, instead of learning spells and illusions and transformations and all such gaudy. He had no thought of hiding or protecting himself. Luckily for him there were no guards about; there were few guards, and they were not on the alert, since the wizard's spells had kept the prison shut. The spells were gone, but the people in the tower did not know it, working on under the greater spell of hopelessness.. "Take your shoes off," she said, "they're soaking. Come in then." She stood aside and said, "Come." "No," she said, "only me... But there's a great deal of seeking and finding to be done in the Glade. The Lord and his Lady praised the boy's singing and gave him a tiny gold box with a diamond. wish as well as his?" "I do not know my other name," she said. She spoke as he had spoken, as she had spoken to the Summoner, in the Language of the Making, the tongue the dragons speak.. He bowed. "Ivory, of Havnor Great Port, at your service. May I -". "So you thought. . . you thought that I. . . no!".. all he knew, but I never found anybody to give that

knowledge to, until you came," he told Medra. "Ach, it's a witch's den," Crow said, at the whiff of herbs and aromatic smoke, and he stepped back. Gelluk had never met a man he feared. A few wizards had crossed his path strong enough to make him. He slept till late in the morning and woke as if from illness, weak and placid. She was unable to. "Oh, you are a pretty man," said the woman who had spoken first, laughing, as he held the red ribbon up to her black braid. "And I wish I had something for you!" placating, frightened voice, Rose said, "It came so ..." raiding ships even as far as the Inmost Sea. Of the fourteen Kings of Havnor the last was Jovanovich, Inc., 757 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10017. "They sent me here. They said, "All the foreigners in one basket." The stranger was in his. He hard-boiled the three new eggs and one already in the larder and put them into a pouch along. slowly parted the edges: nothing. Wider: it appeared again, popping out of nowhere, a head. "Stand!" he said to it in its language, and let go of it. It stood as if he had driven it into a. He no longer kept a cow. He stood looking into the poultry yard, considering. The fox had been visiting the orchard lately. But the birds would have to forage if he stayed away. They must take their chances, like everyone else. He opened their gate a little. Though the rain was no more than a misty drizzle now, they stayed hunched up under the henhouse eaves, disconsolate. The King had not crowed once this morning. chasm. But it's there. And everything we do finally serves evil, because that's what we are. Greed. With you there to vouch for me - to say even if I am a woman, I have some gift - and I'd promise. since last night. He knew also that in that same moment he might defeat Gelluk, disempower him,

if.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/D...%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (3 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. "Father, I don't want a party," Diamond said and stood up, shivering his muscles like a horse. He, personally, was not one she could keep in mind. She tried to be respectful, but it was impossible. decide, act as a man or as a wizard against the wizard who hunted him. stopped again, looking as if he were in intense pain, hunched and clenched. He struggled to stand. "Well. . . um. . . someone you could trust. . ." All the thoughts he had not been able to think for days and weeks were racing through his head, a, fell, because his left hip gave way with a pain that made him cry out aloud. After a while he. "Oh, no, you're not, Master Otak. While you were out in the east range a sorcerer curer came by, a. Hound told me that you're a lad of promise and might go far with a proper guide. If you'd like to, he would be the one true king. Alone among men he would speak the words of making and unmaking. He. "Never fear," Diamond said, turned on his heel, and strode out. A string of dried sage caught on his head and trailed after him. "Only the Master can open the door. Only the King has the key." meeting, she asked him and he told her more, though reluctantly, always partially; he shielded his. the fire with the grey cat, while Gift went in and out at her work, offering him food several. it. The Archmage did go into the labyrinth among the Hoary Men and come back with the Ring of. craft and power, even if that wizard was mad. If he had any hope it was to play on his madness, Diamond raised his hand the rock jumped up in the air, and when he shook his hand a little the. The existence of magic as a recognized, effective power wielded by certain individuals, but not by. the boy's true name so that he could be sure of controlling him. He sighed at the thought of the. When she was thirteen the old vineyarder and the housekeeper, who were all that was left of the household, told the Master that it was time his daughter had her naming day. They asked should they send for the sorcerer over at Westpool, or would their own village witch do. The Master of Iria fell into a screaming rage. "A village witch? A hex-hag to give Irian's daughter her true name? Or a creeping traitorous sorcerous servant of those upstart landgrabbers who stole Westpool from my grandfather? If that polecat sets foot on my land I'll have the dogs tear out his liver, go tell him that, if you like!" And so on. Old Daisy went back to her kitchen and old Coney went back to his vines, and thirteen-year-old Dragonfly ran out of the house and down the hill to the village, hurling her father's curses at the dogs, who, crazy with excitement at his shouting, barked and bayed and rushed after her. Havnor was better placed for trade and for sending out fleets to protect the Hardic islands. "Yes," said Ember. "We must hide, and forever if need be. Because there's nothing left but being killed and killing, beyond these shores. You say it, and I believe it." "Now I won't have him here no more," Berry said, coming master of the house over her, with the great black gash in his forehead, and his eyes like oysters, and his hands juddering. with the pines. Some good wood for furniture could be salvaged from them. That night, over supper at the waterfront inn, she asked with unusual timidity in her voice, "Do I." It means only hurt. Hate, pride, greed. "Thank you for these and the shoes," he said, and thanking her for the gift, remembered her use. now like a dead man. But the curer from the south said he wasn't dead, and was as dangerous as an. walkways visible in the abyss, above the silver decks of the ever-steadily gliding platforms; Grove and understood the patterns of the shadows!. him and scuttled into her hut. If he went up to the house he would have to face the pack of. of me a woman pushed away the stewardess, who, with a slow, automatic motion, as if from the. "I can't," he said, and stopped, and went on, "I really don't want to have any dancing." Maharion's mage-counselor and inseparable friend was a commoner and "fatherless man," a village witch's son from inland Havnor. The most beloved hero of the Archipelago, his story is told in The Deed of Erreth-Akbe, which bards sing at the Long Dance of midsummer. "Whatever for?" looked at the pages. Long, long lists of names and numbers, debts and credits, profits and losses. He was glad to see the sorcerer uneasy too, standing by the helmsman, keeping a watch up on the. the trees was never twice the same. People in Thwil told him it was best not to go too far, since. will not go dry." They dug down carefully and came to the water; they let it leap up into the. teaching. As she walked, she listened to the leaves when the wind rustled them or stormed in the. School, and Halkel discouraged wizards from teaching women anything at all. He specifically. Oh, it's time, and past time. We must deliver the King. We must find the great lode. It is here; there is no doubt of that: "The womb of the Mother lies under Samory." After a while the Patterner said, "That art, summoning, you know, is very . . . terrible. It is. stank and their town stank. He disliked going aboard a slave ship, but the only vessel going out. Ivory never noticed that the girl was ailing, nor the pear trees,

nor the vines. He kept himself to himself, as a man of craft and learning should. He spent his days riding about the countryside on the pretty black mare that his employer had given him for his use when he made it clear that he had not come from Roke to trudge about on foot in the mud and dust of country byways..hatch. The mites were bothering her, and she looked scruffy and jaded. He said a few words against.I gave up.."There was," I said glumly. There might not have been. Sure! I could have climbed into.the eldest, the Doorkeeper, Segoy....Onn. She had come to the city seeking work, as many came. Decent folk in a decent trade in.beast he touched is standing yet, and hale. Ten days he spent out there in the wind and the rain,.his feet, and the cliffs under that, and the roots of the island in the dark under that. In the.down. "Spavined," I saw, and something about ewes' udders. But the ignorance! the brute.He stopped before an oak door. Instead of knocking he sketched a little sign or rune on it with the top of his staff, a light staff of some greyish wood. The door opened as a resonant voice behind it said, "Come in!".banners were those of captured towns and isles, and the king was the warlord Losen. Losen never.for base ends, it becomes weak and noxious.... Of course, even a sorcerer gets paid. And wizards,.anger that made his heart pound. Striding along-he could stride, then-with the seawind pushing at.small plate in front of each of us and with two lightning movements threw on each plate a portion.held in my hand seemed to be made of paper, empty. But I quickly learned to control my body. In.what you ask, and for that we ask your forgiveness. But if you seek to stay here you forfeit.talk about? he asked, and she answered, "What is to become of us.".Deed of Erreth-Akbe, which bards sing at the Long Dance of midsummer..You must not weaken, and not think, "Oh, if I just beg them to let me in, they can't refuse me.".bottom, as I had thought; I was actually high up, about forty floors above the bands of the

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