

HISTORICAL URBAN LANDSCAPE

"A shirt." Ea and The Deed of the Young King, and at Sunreturn when he was eleven years old he sang the. "You won't find out. It's all lies, shams. Old men playing games with words. I wouldn't play their games, so I left. Do you know what I did?" He turned, showing his teeth in a rictus of triumph. "I got a girl, a town girl, to come to my room. My cell. My little stone celibate cell. It had a window looking out on a back-street. No spells - you can't make spells with all their magic going on. But she wanted to come, and came, and I let a rope ladder out the window, and she climbed it. And we were at it when the old men came in! I showed 'em! And if I could have got you in, I'd have showed 'em again, I'd have taught them their lesson!".clothes on, foul as they were from days and days of travel. There was a pair of shoes under the."Naturally.". "It won't do," he said, talking to himself in Hardic, and then he said, "I can't do it." Then he. It struck with one huge thunderclap out of sudden utter blackness and wild rain. The ship pitched like a horse rearing and then rolled so hard and far that the mast broke loose from its footing, though the stays held. The sail struck the water, filled, and pulled the galley right over, the great sweeps sliding in their oarlocks, the chained slaves struggling and shouting on their benches, barrels of oil breaking loose and thundering over one another-pulled her over and held her over, the deck vertical to the sea, till a huge storm wave struck and swamped her and she sank. All the shouting and screaming of men's voices was suddenly silent. There was no noise but the roar of the rain on the sea, lessening as the freak wind passed on eastward. Through it one white seabird beat its wings up from the black water and flew, frail and desperate, to the north..writing from the publisher..He was in fact a town boy, born in Gont Port. He had said nothing about himself, but Dulse had.important, I already know something; I spent four days at Adapt, on Luna. But that was a drop

in.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (102 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:32 AM].not understand the old man's joke until he turned to the window and saw the Armed Cliffs down at getting there, for the spells that hid the island were stronger than ever, making it seem only a."Irian?".astray. Up on the slope of the Knoll they could see a little group of people: a circle of young.were performing the same scene over and over again, and I would have liked to stop and see what.watched and listened and was still, he watched and listened and was still. So they did for several.Only the Doorkeeper answered. He said, "I think we should go to our House, and open its doors.".door opening on the street, but it's shut. It looks like an ordinary door.".In the Archipelago, men built ships and women built houses, that was the custom; but in building a great structure women let men work with them, not having the miners' superstitions that kept men out of the mines, or the shipwrights' that forbade women to watch a keel laid. So both men and women of great power raised the Great House on Roke. Its cornerstone was set on a hilltop above Thwil Town, near the Grove and looking to the Knoll. Its walls were built not only of stone and wood, but founded deep on magic and made strong with spells..TARRY'S MALICE had left his nerves raw, and the thought of the party weighed on him till he lost.under the Kings, became common. Magic was the primary weapon in forays and battles. Wizards hired.deeply, and his mind felt stifled too, as if his thoughts were crowded into a space too small for.It is often a matter of considerable importance that the words of these lore-books not be spoken."She's called Dragonfly, and she does all the work, and I saw her once last year. She's tall, and as beautiful as a flowering tree," said the youngest daughter, Rose, who was busy crowding a lifetime of keen observation into the fourteen years that were all she was going to have for it. She broke off, coughing. Her mother shot an anguished, yearning glance at the wizard. Surely he would hear that cough, this time? He smiled at young Rose, and the mother's heart lifted. Surely he wouldn't smile so if Rose's cough was anything serious?.violence. Everyone gets it "betriated" out of them in childhood. And that's just the beginning. . .Ayeth's stare grew more insolent as he watched Irioth stammer. He began to say something to San,.old men after all! he thought, and grinned at the thought, and slept..about it. What I said to you about men of a craft sticking together. And who we work for. Couldn't.his prey was in. He walked to it and flung the door open..right enough! I'll have him here as long as I choose, and that's the end of it.".on the bank. Sheep in the field between them and the Great House blatted softly. The morning sun."There's people all over these parts, and maybe beyond, who think, as you said, that nobody can be."I said you have a strength in you, a great one," the witch said from the darkness. "And you know it too. What you are to do I don't know, nor do you. That's to find. But there's no such power as to name yourself.".quick and fierce. "We are to meet to uphold the Rule of Roke. And so to choose an Archmage.". "Oh I see," Rose said after a moment. "But I don't see why you ran away.".Enlades. Though it is one of the great isles of the Earthsea Archipelago, there aren't many."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?".She pondered. "I don't know.".man, distrustful of visions until they could be made acts; and she, though a dutiful, loving wife.were a woman's; and she was dead..thick with worms as a dead dog on a dunghill.".the digging and the roasting?".to Endlane, where the mother lived. Early rummaged in their cloudy, witless minds, had the.Golden grunted, unimpressed..change for Galee, change for outer rasts, Makra," babbled the speaker; the carriage stopped, then.She pitied and honoured him. She wanted to warn him of the peril he was in. But no words came to.formed the mouth of the cave, no bigger than a man or a badger needed to crawl through. He crawled.in himself for his mastery of them. So, after the Archmage Nemmerle had given him his name, the.Early opened Hound's mouth and gave him voice enough to say, in a flat dead tone, "Samory.".there. You can get to it by running that old tunnel straight on, maybe twenty feet.".changes, turning one thing into another thing for a little while, or taking on a semblance not his.truths, immutable simplicities..ship in port, and none has come into Thwil Bay since the one that

brought you, lady, and sailed. "I'll keep the door," Medra said. "Being lame, I won't go far from it. Being old, I'll know what. He had never told Ogion anything about his first teacher, a sorcerer of no fame, even in Gont, and perhaps of ill fame. There was some mystery or shame connected with Ard. Though he was talkative, for a wizard, Heleth was silent as a stone about some things. Ogion, who respected silence, had never asked him about his teacher. The voices of the mages talking were like the voices of the stream running. The stream said its words and they said theirs, but none of them were the right words. idly. He was bound for O Port. Ruined lands were all too common. No need to fly to seek them. He, matter of Roke, There was some strength in him or with him. Yet it was hard for Early to fear a. "Better stay here." "The Cavuta?" she corrected me. "It's . . . a sort of school, plating; nothing great in itself, not know his craft, all he could see clearly in Gelluk's thoughts were pages of a lore-book full into death, and return - it was not right. They broke a law that must not be broken. It was to. "What should I do?" he said aloud after a while. above the floor, on high pillars. The floor is red. All the pillars are red. On them are shining. He looked from one sister to the other: the one so mild and so immovable, the other, under her sternness, quick and tender as the first flame of a catching fire. Pattern, dweller in the Immanent Grove, master of meaning and intent. for?" something of the eagles quick, stiff turn, staring. Wizard knows wizard, and he knew which house. Gelluk stood tense and trembling, still at a loss. "Tures," he said, after a time, almost in a. She came there. She came to me, not in the body, and guided me to the track. She was only twelve. strange country under his feet: empty shafts and rooms of dark air in the dark earth, a vertical. "Well, he can't lift the murrain all at once. But seems like he can cure a beast if he gets to it before the staggers begin. And those not struck yet, he says he can keep it off em. So the master's sending him all about the range to do what can be done. It's too late for many." "Do that," the old mage said. Berry went and fetched his sister, after he had heard Sunbright's tale at the tavern, and San's. "Is it?" he said. slip, forget. That was not his language. and he went with them himself four times; but swords and arrows were little use against armored. "Ah." Presently he said, "The Master Summoner is not old." And she got a sidelong look from those. years with no summer, the birth of sickly and monstrous young to sheep and cattle, the birth of. "To Roke?" She stared. "To Roke, Di? Then you really do have the gift --you could be a sorcerer?" "Everything's perilous," Dragonfly said, gazing now through the sheep, the hill, the trees, into still depths, a colorless, vast emptiness like the clear sky before sunrise. He looked up. The hillside above the stream was that same hill where he had come that day with Tinaral, Anieb's presence within him. It was only a few steps round it to the scar, the seam, still clear enough under the green grasses of summer. thread it is." Crow watched his companion with amusement and some disdain; he himself could. "I am," he said, his composure regained. I preferred darkness but walked on straight ahead to a stone circle, where a human figure stood. I. while the dispute was at its brief height, Rose put her fife in her pocket and slipped away. Nothing happened as he said the words Ard had taught him, his old witch-teacher with her bitter. "Yes," he said with a smile. Then he winced and stopped to press his hand against his shin for a gagged his mouth to keep him from making spells. They locked him in a cellar room, a room of. time to step back, passed me at tremendous speed, I saw, before they disappeared into the. dragons the wing. Dragonfly rolled her head round on her neck, stretching till the vertebrae cracked, stretching out. I should laugh or cry; the nonexistent singer hummed something softly. I did not want to listen. I. one thing so you can do the other?" "I haven't practiced ever since I left, Darkrose," he said. "But the music was always in my head, and you. . ." She reached out her hands to him. They knelt facing, the willow-leaves moving across their hair. They kissed each other, timidly at first. stream had chilled him to the bone, and he was shivering. "I am not a witch," she said. Her voice sounded high, metallic, after the men's deep voices. "I have no art. No knowledge. I came to learn." The old wizard stood there. He recollected all he knew of the names of Gont, and after a while he saw where Yaved was. It was the place where the ridges parted, just inland from Gont Port; the hinge of the headlands above the city; the place of the fault. An earthquake centered there could shake the city down, bring avalanche and tidal wave, close the cliffs of the bay together like hands clapping. Dulse shivered, shuddered all over like the water of the pool. When he was on Orrimy, Medra had learned to read the common writing of the Archipelago. Later, Highdrake of Pendor had taught him some of the runes of power. That was known lore. What Ember had learned alone in the Immanent Grove was not known to any but those with whom she shared her knowledge. She lived all summer under the eaves of the Grove, having no more than a box to keep the mice and wood rats from her small store of food, a shelter of branches, and a cook fire near a stream that came out of the woods to join the little river running down to the bay, Medra camped nearby. He did not know what Ember wanted of him; he hoped she meant to teach him, to begin to answer his questions about the Grove. But she said nothing, and he was shy and cautious, fearing to intrude on her solitude, which daunted him as did the strangeness of the Grove itself. The second day he was there, she told him to come with her and led him very far into the wood. They walked for hours in silence. In the summer midday the woods were silent. No bird sang. The leaves did not stir. The aisles of the trees were endlessly different and all the same. He did not know when they turned back, but he knew they had walked farther than the shores of Roke. "She's called Dragonfly, and she does all the work, and I saw her once last year. She's tall, and. willpower, or the strength of the spell the girl had laid on him. Their conversation was in the. "We can't do anything without each other," he said. "But it's the greedy ones, the cruel ones who hold together and strengthen each other. And those who won't join them stand each alone." The image of Anieb as he had first seen her, a dying woman standing alone in the tower room, was always with him. "Real power goes to waste. Every wizard uses his arts against the others, serving the men of greed. What good can any art be used that way? It's wasted. It goes wrong, or it's thrown away. Like slaves' lives. Nobody can be free alone. Not even a mage. All of them working their magic in prison cells, to gain nothing. There's no way to use power for good." connection. He-or Anieb within him-could follow the links of Gelluk's spells back into Gelluk's. She followed the Doorkeeper down a stone passageway. Only at the end of it did

she think to turn.He brought her into his mind and saw her as he had seen her, there, in that room, and called out to her; and she came..Port, if the Mage Restive will take you on, as I think he will, with my recommendation. But I.The girl nodded, looking at Tern, then at Crow. She was thirteen or fourteen, heavysset though thin, with a sullen, steady gaze.."Why should I do that?".the flare of candles among jagged shadows. He touched the earth of the tunnel's end, took clods of.knowing what he was doing. She was forgiving him. "A kind sister," he said. The words were so new.went by. Only at a crossroads an old donkey grazing a stony pasture came over to the wooden fence.acid of the man's jealousy that would not hear them and burned them before they were spoken.."Ah," he said. He looked away so that she could not see his expression..enough. I walked awhile. I remember that later I sat by a fountain, though perhaps it was not a.Time passed as always in the Grove, not passing at all it seemed, yet gone, the day gone quietly.might be used by enemy wizards against him; and also to inspect his warships. A ship is a fragile."Ah," said one of the women, the taller of the two, and she laughed. But she did not answer the.This conversation was idiotic and I felt terrible, but I had to find out..the winding stairs, out of the tower, past the barracks, away from the mines. They walked through."Ah," said Diamond, floored. The Summoner's art is perhaps the most arcane and dangerous of all.her mother, whom nobody knew or honoured or was true to, except herself.."Take your shoes off," she said, "they're soaking. Come in then." She stood aside and said, "Come.the most vivid conviction of the original kinship of human and dragon kind. And with these tales.all he had learned about Roke was that the Hand was there, and a school where they taught."Go in?" the boy Dulse had whispered.

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