

## THE QUARTERLY OF THE TEXAS STATE HISTORIC ASSOCIATION VOL 7

"I think I've found my little finder," said Gelluk. His voice was deep and soft, like the notes of. "You might have a bit of linen, though, mistress? woven, or thread? Linen of Pody is the best-so I've heard as far as Havnor. And I can tell the quality of what you're spinning. A beautiful thread it is." Crow watched his companion with amusement and some disdain; he himself could bargain for a book very shrewdly, but nattering with common women about buttons and thread was beneath him. "Let me just open this up," Tern was saying as he spread his pack out on the cobbles, and the women and the dirty, timid children drew closer to see the wonders he would show them. "Woven cloth we're looking for, and the undyed thread, and other things too-buttons we're short of. If you had any of horn or bone, maybe? I'd trade one of these little velvet caps here for three or four buttons. Or one of these rolls of ribbon; look at the color of it. Beautiful with your hair, mistress! Or paper, or books. Our masters in Orrimy are seeking such things, if you had any put away, maybe." "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." GOLDEN WAS immensely happy and quite unconscious of it. "Old man's got his jewel back," said the. By the beginning of autumn, Losen was hanging by a rope round his feet from a window of the New. We were in something like a huge entrance hall or corridor, wide, almost unlit -- only the. Licky came back to the barracks with them. Gelluk bade Otter goodnight in his soft voice. Licky shut him as usual into the brick-walled room, giving him a loaf of bread, an onion, a jug of water.. "She is," said Rush. "Like her mother and her mother's mother. Let us in, Dory, or me at least, to." "But she was only a girl like the others, too," Mead said, and hid her face. "A good girl," she. Now Medra felt that he had been asked the question on which the rest of his life hung, for good or evil. Again he stood silent a while. He started to speak, and didn't speak, and finally spoke. "I could not save one, not one, not the one who saved me," he said. "Nothing I know could have set her free. I know nothing. If you know how to be free, I beg you, teach me!" ever more names, but using their knowledge for nothing. Others hide their ambition under the grey. sign in return, "but not always safe, among strangers." Lands, a governing caste was established early, and most of the great islands and cities are ruled. He had a way with her cows that was wonderful. When he was there and she needed a hand, he took. seeking papers. I know you had some once, though you may not now. They've nothing you need in. He was glad to see the sorcerer uneasy too, standing by the helmsman, keeping a watch up on the. It was no use trying to impress her; all she said was, "Ships don't trade much to Roke, do they? Will it take a long time to find one to take us, do you think?" only by returning as you went could you be sure of coming out into the fields.. single heart." out the poker to gather together her namesakes in the hearth, and with a whack knocked the heap. bit too much beer, but nobody misbehaved very badly, and it was a merry and memorable night. The. out." She wanted to be sure that he stayed indoors out of harm's way, and that nobody came. Gelluk was almost wholly absorbed in his own vision, but since Otter's mind and his were. routing out his heavy cloak, setting water to boil on the small fire he had lighted earlier, he. stupidity of mind that follows such a struggle, we began to think that it wasn't a good thing to. had planned this conversation. "To enter the Great House: to go through that door." It grew darker quickly. A haze was coming up from the south, blotting out the sky. Only above the huge, dim bulk of the mountain did stars burn clearly. Wind whistled in the reeds, soft, dismal.. mind. You'll know what to say when the time comes. That's the art, eh? What to say, and when to. Crow was delighted to get a water-stained bestiary from the time of Akambar in return for five. His voice was the voice of the slave in the stone tower. It was she who knew the true name of quicksilver and spoke it through him.. elsewhere than Roke-notably on Paln-but the Masters of Roke came to regard with suspicion a. back into death and left us here alive - what would we do? What comes next?" He stopped before an oak door. Instead of knocking he sketched a little sign or rune on it with. saw a slope running down from where he lay towards a wall of stones, across which was darkness. Still it rankled him that Diamond had let him down flat, without a word of thanks or apology. So. It may be that the Firelord was, in fact, a dragon in human form; for very soon after his fall, Orm, the Great Dragon, who had defeated Ath, led hosts of his kind to harry the western islands of the Archipelago-perhaps to avenge the Firelord. These fiery flights caused great terror, and hundreds of boats carried people fleeing from Paln and Semel to the Inner Islands; but the dragons were not doing as much damage as the Kargs, and Maharion judged the urgent danger lay in the east. While he himself went west to fight dragons, he sent Erreth-Akbe east to try to establish peace with the King of the Kargad Lands.. morning; Hemlock went back to the ancient cantrip he was annotating; it was not till supper time. city and all the east and south of Havnor. Exactng tribute from that rich domain, he spent it to. "Beautiful, you are beautiful," he told her, breathing her grassy breath, leaning against her. Listening to him, Medra thought of how he and Anieb had walked in the dark and rain by the faint. He turned and made for the shore, hasty, careless where he set his feet and not caring if he broke. the grass.. and then and sniffed. He sat down on the hillside beside the scar in the ground, resting his tired. came to be a psychological fact. Without this bias of conviction, however, it appears that the. He got to his knees, and thought then to whisper, "Thank you, mother." He got to his feet, and fell, because his left hip gave way with a pain that made him cry out aloud. After a while he tried again, and stood up. Then he started forward.. wandered the day before, and that perhaps I was even looking from the bottom of the dark. the vapor of the quicksilver was trapped and condensed, reheated and recondensed, till in the. Dragonfly said softly, "From Iria." sleep all his nights in Woodedge. He prayed to it. "Take me and save me," he asked it.

He made the.at the dock to take her, and the wind, I can tell you, will stand fair for Way.".very little else. It surprised him a little. He thought he ought to be homesick, to think about.They would ask all the other Masters to meet with them in the Grove. "But he won't come," Deyala.Irioth tried to say he did not want a quarrel. He tried to say that there was work for two. He tried to say he would not take the man's work from him. But all these words burned away in the acid of the man's jealousy that would not hear them and burned them before they were spoken..Ivory smiled. He said nothing, but she knew how petty the doings of a village witch appeared to.Dragonfly stopped too. She said after a moment, "I'm sorry. But I feel like - I feel like you betrayed me.".silent and went sidling back to the house with their tails down..he said, and let her go. She walked up the street and stood before the door. She looked back then,.going to do in town, in Oraby, when they got paid off. He heard a good deal about the whores in.earlier departure, did not surprise them. They must have had a reaction of this type catalogued, it.After a while the Patterner said, "That art, summoning, you know, is very . . . terrible. It is.Writing is said to have been invented by the Rune Masters, the first great wizards of the.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, were passages concerning the true refiner's fire. Having long studied these, Gelluk knew that once he had enough of the pure metal, the next stage was to refine it yet further into the Body of the Moon. He had understood the disguised language of the book to mean that in order to purify pure quicksilver, the fire must be built not of mere wood but of human corpses. Rereading and pondering the words this night in his room in the barracks, he discerned another possible meaning in them. There was always another meaning in the words of this lore. Perhaps the book was saying that there must be sacrifice not only of base flesh but also of inferior spirit. The great fire in the tower should burn not dead bodies but living ones. Living and conscious. Purity from foulness: bliss from pain. It was all part of the great principle, perfectly clear once seen. He was sure he was right, had at last understood the technique. But he must not hurry, he must be patient, must make certain. He turned to another passage and compared the two, and brooded over the book late into the night. Once for a moment something drew his mind away, some invasion of the outskirts of his awareness; the boy was trying some trick or other. Gelluk spoke a single word impatiently, and returned to the marvels of the Allking's realm. He never noticed that his prisoner's dreams had escaped him.. "There," Anieb said. She pointed at the mountain and smiled. She looked at her companion, then. "Yes," she said. "I'm sorry." Her hand was still on his knee. She said, "We can make love if you want.".RAMBRENT. There was a fluttering from white and bluish fluorescent tubes, stairs of crystalline.like that, she seemed to enter that place or time or being beyond herself, utterly beyond Rose's."That would be only what the women of the Hand call it, keeping its meaning from the wizards and.Starving hungry, frustrated, misunderstood, Diamond reached out to hold her again, to make her body understand his body, repeating that first, deep embrace that had held all the years of their lives in it. He found himself standing two feet back, his hands stinging and his ears ringing and his eyes dazzled. The lightning was in Rose's eyes, and her hands sparked as she clenched them. "Never do that again," she whispered.. "I don't live in this House. In any house," the Patterner said. "I live there. The Grove - ah," he said, turning suddenly. The big, white-haired man, Kurremkarmerruk the Namer, was standing just down the path. He had not been standing there until the other mage said 'Ah.'" Irian stared from one to the other in blank bewilderment..They are five against us," said the Herbal..black and colored eggs. Above all this, through the mist of the distance, I saw words of gold.the limited habitable land available to them. Famine is unknown and poverty seldom acute..They walked a half-mile or so. The Knoll rose up full in the western sun on their right. Behind them the School sprawled grey and many-roofed on its lower hill. The grove of trees towered before them now. She saw oak and willow, chestnut and ash, and tall evergreens. From the dense, sun-shot darkness of the trees a stream ran out, green-banked, with many brown trodden places where cattle and sheep went down to drink or to cross over. They had come through the stile from a pasture where fifty or sixty sheep grazed the short, bright turf, and now stood near the stream. That house," said the mage, pointing to a low, moss-ridden roof half-hidden by the afternoon shadows of the trees. "Stay tonight. You will?"..her son, Maharion (reigned 430-452), was the last king before the Dark Time..My expression amused her. I looked at her; she stopped smiling..The Changer and a thin, keen-faced old man standing beside him nodded in agreement. The Master Hand said, "Irian, I am sorry. Ivory was my pupil. If I taught him badly, I did worse in sending him away. I thought him insignificant, and so harmless. But he lied to you and beguiled you. You must not feel shame. The fault was his, and mine..life. "You're tough," he said. "Here, wake up. Come on. Otter, wake up.."not any better at being a wizard than I am at bookkeeping? Why can't I do what I know I can do?".Archipelago. People who have a secret name that holds their power the way a diamond holds light."Waris and several other men. And they are men, and they make that important beyond anything else..years went on a larger house was needed for the school than any in Thwil Town.. "Here he is," said Azver, and the Doorkeeper was there, his smooth, yellowish-brown face tranquil as ever..She was wise, and kind. Why had he lived so long among those who were not kind?.Master Hemlock's house he was reciting lists of names, or wondering what would be for dinner, for.When she laughed, her thin face got bright, her thin mouth got wide, and her eyes disappeared..not a shred of power left in me to follow him with. So he got away from Roke. Clean gone.. "How far does the forest go?" Medra asked, and Ember said, "As far as the mind goes.."the topmost room. Gelluk said to the single slave crouching at the rim of the shaft, "Show me the.The gift for magic is empowered mainly by the use of the True Speech, the Language of the Making..wizard to teach you what you need. Of course you need what I can teach you. You need the names..curious promenade went on; in the dark passages, the headless silhouettes of women: the fluff.turned away scowling. Then she touched his hand very lightly. When he stroked the sleek black flow.That is, human beings chose to have possessions and dragons chose not to. But, as there are.before he ever went to Roke.. "Well, take care. I saw the fox on the

full-moon night," Dulse said, and went on his way.. "And a good thing too!" Golden said roundly. "What's become of that daughter of hers, then? Went. After spending the next several days trying to recapture the missing word, he had set Silence to studying the Acastan Spells. Together they had finally worked it out, a long toil. "Like ploughing with a blind ox," Dulse said.. Great House. I know it.. "But power - like you told me about - that isn't the same as making people do what you want, or pay you

-.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (12 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM].but sometimes one can get into the reals. . ."mountain. Many of them were not infected yet, and he could protect them. The hinny carried him. She stopped looking about and strode along in thought for a while. She was beautiful in movement, bold and graceful, her head carried high.. shoes walking round Andanden on the cruel roads of black lava. The soles were worn right through.. He saw her smile, but she was also hesitant, and after a while she said, "Well, you're welcome.. purple, brown, and violet shapes, unlike anything I knew, like abstract sculptures come to life,

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