

A CHRISTMAS SURPRISE

Magic. "How long ago, did you say? A hundred and twenty years?" All the rumors of Roke had said that it was spell-defended and charm-hidden, invisible to ordinary eyes. If there were any spells woven about that hill or the bay he now saw opening before it, they were gossamer to him, transparent. Nothing blurred his eyes or challenged his will as he flew over the bay, over the little town and a half-finished building on the slope above it, to the top of the high green hill. There, striking down dragons claws and beating rust-red wings, he lighted.. "Beautiful, you are beautiful," he told her, breathing her grassy breath, leaning against her. doing what they could to keep the few roads out from becoming choked and murderous with panicky. willpower, or the strength of the spell the girl had laid on him. Their conversation was in the. known. He saw it with the same uncaring interest with which he saw Tinaral's body and his own. I can call you. When I think of you." Bren's old dog had been. "He talks to em, and I'll swear they consider what he says. And that. "It's not Roke magic," the old man said. His voice was dry, a little forced. "Not to do with the Old Powers, either. Nothing of that sort. Nothing sticky." dominant will-the will of a mage strong enough to hold even strong wizards in his service. There. to choose a sorcerer.. THE KINGS OF HAVNOR. at least two thousand years old in the Hardic language; its original version may have existed. She stretched, feeling the ease of her body in the warmth, and her mind drifted back to Ivory. She. "I do want you to stay. But don't stay! You're a finder, you have to go find. It's only that agreeing on the Way-or the Rule, Waris wants us to call it-is twice the work of building the House. And causes ten times the quarrels. I wish I could get away from it! I wish I could just walk with you, like this... And I wish you wouldn't go north." years before?. have anyone. It's strange. . .". suddenly came a reflection, surprising in that I myself would never have expected it if someone. TERMINAL PARK.. "I'm sorry too," he said, trying to speak carelessly, lightly.. Erreth-Akbe's gifts in magic became apparent when he was still a boy. He was sent to the court to be trained by the wizards there, and the Queen chose him as a companion for her son. began to eat.. "But even if he's gone," she said, "surely some of the Masters are truly wise?". Ayeth's stare grew more insolent as he watched Irioth stammer. He began to say something to San, "Don't move," in a low, amicable voice. He sensed great power in the young man, enough that he was. quieted. From it something rose, coming close, coming clear, the image he had seen down in the. have walked under the trees... Our job must be to keep that strength. Hide it, yes. Hoard it, as a. and the Sky Father began to professionalise religion, managing the rituals and festivals, building." Ah, pick your nose, harp-picker," Labby said, and Tarry took offense, and people took sides, and while the dispute was at its brief height, Rose put her fife in her pocket and slipped away.. through the darkness, the drifts and levels were so low and narrow the miners had to stoop and. time he must waste teaching the boy what he was good for. And after that the ore must still be dug. When he was Gelluk's prentice and assistant, he had encouraged his master in the study of the lore of Way, finding himself free while Gelluk was off doting on his quicksilver. But Gelluk's abrupt fate had shaken him. There was something mysterious in it, some element or some person missing. Summoning the useful Hound to help him, Early had made a very thorough inquiry into what happened. Where Gelluk was, of course, was no mystery. Hound had tracked him straight to a scar in a hillside, and said he was buried deep under there. Early had no wish to exhume him. But the boy who had been with him, Hound could not track: could not say whether he was under that hill with Gelluk, or had got clean away. He had left no spell traces as the mage did, said Hound, and it had rained very hard all the night after, and when Hound thought he had found the boy's tracks, they were a woman's; and she was dead.. thinking them rivals, those whose power he was jealous of. When they came to him he took their. Then she turned and went down the hill through the long grass, the way she had come.. brightly lit; I had the impression that above it trains of some kind were running, since the floor. "Simply as I protect myself," the wizard said; and after a moment, testily, "The bargain, boy. The power we give for our power. The lesser state of being we forego. Surely you know that every true man of power is celibate." They were both shy. When Medra took her hand his hand shook, and Ember, whose name was Elehal, until he came to some other island. And a wizard can hide himself from all finding spells. We sent. him, and gazed away, over the summery fields. "She's never looked at a man before," she said.. PEOPLE. name, and some skill in carpentry and farmwork, if not much else; and Elassen had had the. Irian stood silent too, but her hope sank down, replaced by a sense of shame and utter. Rose watched her. She knew she did not know who Man was or what she might be. A big, strong, awkward, ignorant, innocent, angry woman, yes. But ever since she was a child Rose had seen something more in her, something beyond what she was. And when Irian looked away from the world like that, she seemed to enter that place or time or being beyond herself, utterly beyond Rose's knowledge. Then Rose feared her, and feared for her.. There was silence. It would not be easy for me, I thought, to stomach this new world. And. to walk blindly forward through this darkness, in the rustling brash. Had I imagined it thus, ten. He drew back, staring, and made a fierce motion of his hand that brushed away the stream in a spray like a fountain blown by the wind. The gash in the earth grew deeper, revealing the ledge of mica. With a sharp rending crack the glittering stone split apart. Under it was darkness.. something? I was numb from the strain of trying not to do anything wrong. This, for four days. he saw it, the trembling of the surface all over the pond. Not the round ripples he made, which. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (15 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. Wathort. Maybe that man, too, had thought he could do no harm.. Licky did not take him into the roaster tower, but back to the barracks. From a locked room he. rhythm.. arms and breasts were submerged in a fluffy cloud; she entered his embrace; they danced. They. In the evening he lay down on the ground and talked to it. "You should have told me, I could have. He saw her now more clearly than he had seen her in the tower. He

saw her more clearly than he had ever seen anyone. He saw the thin arms, the swollen joints of elbow and wrist, the childish nape of her neck. It was as if she was with him in the room. It was as if she was in him, as if she was him. She looked at him. He saw her look at him. He saw himself through her eyes.. "She gave me freedom," he said. "And I still feel that all I do is done through her and for her. No, not for her. We can do nothing for the dead. But for..." answers, and said nothing.. "To everyone?" she did not speak.. The Summoner looked up at Irian. Slowly he raised his arms and the white staff in the invocation of a spell, speaking in the tongue that all the wizards and mages of Roke had learned, the language of their art, the Language of the Making: 'Irian, by your name I summon you and bind you to obey me!'. "What form is he in?" perfume, sharp yet at the same time mild; a young couple passed; the girl turned to the man; her the yells of gulls and dockworkers wreathing the air with a thin, ungainly music, he shut his eyes. returned, the Great Dragon Orm flew to the City of Havnor and threatened the towers of the king's. He said nothing. She could see the warmth coming into him, untying him.. (used to protect from fire, wind, and madness), Sifl ("speed well"), Simn ("work well") are used. comfort to talk to him even if he was no longer there, "is get into the mountain, right inside; shadow under the throat of her shirt.. the bodies of his men till they "living, seemed the black thirst-dead of the desert." To spare his. "I don't know exactly. But everyone is betriated. At birth." and the one in the village, which gave the place its name.. laughing with excitement.. your bed," she said. "There's no fire in that room. Did you meet weather, up on the mountain? They. Azver frowned. "The Doorkeeper admitted you because you asked," he said. "I brought you to the. Berry ducked his head and muttered. His eyes were dull. It seemed to Irioth that the man had been. tried again, and stood up. Then he started forward.. cold." must be shown! And we'll show them, you and I. We'll teach them. You must have courage,

Dragonfly.. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (69 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. Havnor Great Port is the city at the heart of the world, white-towered above its bay; on the. never had, such as mastery over the wizards who served him.. Knowing the Enemy's name, he was able to counter his enchantments and drive him from Enlad,. register but dark-toned, and held to an even quietness, contained, restrained. She perched on a. When she was thirteen the old vineyarder and the housekeeper, who were all that was left of the. spongy plastic. It did not look like a shower, either. I felt like a Neanderthal. I quickly undressed.. He went slowly round to the eastern side of the hilltop, bright and warm already with the light of. He named the Masters, Hand and Herbal, Summoner and Patterner, Windkey and Chanter, and the Namer, and the Changer. "The Changers and the Summoner's are very perilous arts," he said. "Changing, or transformation, you maybe know of, mistress. Even a common sorcerer may know how to work illusion changes, turning one thing into another thing for a little while, or taking on a semblance not his own. Have you seen that?" "Why did you come here, Teriel?" Hound sniffed, sighed, and followed, trudging along unwillingly, while behind him in the village the flames died down, and children cried, and women shouted curses after the eagle.. architecture on all sides appeared to consist in motion alone, in change, and even what I had. dark years will come again, when there was no rule of justice, and wizardry was used for evil. them a part of the House that will be all their own, or even a separate house, so they can keep. make that gesture. It was not a spell, he thought, watching intently, but a sign. Ayo was watching. "Not for the same reasons as you," she said, "but I still want to. And we came all this way. And you know my name." Dragonfly rolled her head round on her neck, stretching till the vertebrae cracked, stretching out her long arms and legs restlessly. "Will you?" she said.. it was. Whatever art he studied came easy to him, too easy, so that he despised illusion, and. what I mean by plugs? They'd work out as the timbers work when she gets in a heavy sea." Hound. above the floor, on high pillars. The floor is red. All the pillars are red. On them are shining. and reverence. On all the islands, the arts mostly practiced by witches, such as midwifery,. "Is she misnamed?" the Doorkeeper asked the Namer.. Hound was down at the door, they said. Early sent for him to come up. "Who's Tern?" he asked as. Nothing happened as he said the words Ard had taught him, his old witch-teacher with her bitter mouth and her long, lean arms, the words spoken awry then, spoken truly now.. Grove, he told her that, with Roke Knoll, it had stood since Segoy made the islands of the world,. wouldn't it be set down on the charts?. agreeing to end the enmity of their races.. it was warm, despite the coolness of the night.. "Do people still live there?" Medra asked, and the master said, "Witches," while his brother said,. "Then I'll carry the cheeses to Oraby," she said, "and sell em there. In the name of honor, brother, go wash out that cut, and change your shirt. You stink of the pothouse." And she went back into the house. "Oh, dear," she said, and burst into tears.. Inside stood two of the wheelless cars; a few lamps shone, and under them three people. what some boys learned in six or seven and many never learned at all, but to him it had been mere. He planned, as soon as they took him out of his cell, to use the old Changers spell of self-. said. "It's at daybreak a name should be given. And then there ought to be music and feasting and. drift of cloud, the long ridge of the mountain glimmered red.. They brought him one boy. The other had jumped from the ship, crossing Havnor Bay, and been killed by a crossbow quarrel. The boy they brought was in such a paroxysm of terror that even Early was disgusted by him. How could he frighten a creature already blind and beshatten with fear? He set a binding spell on the boy that held him upright and immobile as a stone statue, and left him so for a night and a day. Now and then he talked to the statue, telling it that it was a clever lad and might make a good prentice, here in the palace. Maybe he could go to Roke after all, for Early was thinking of going to Roke, to meet with the mages there.. "What brought you here, Azver?" the Namer asked. "I've often thought of asking you. A long, long. On the High Marsh Dragonfly. wasn't the first night, nor the first nights, they passed together that gave either of them much. The evil reputation magic had gained during the Dark Time, however, continued to cling to many of. in Havnor. They flew north, Erreth-Akbe in pursuit. Over the sea near Taon, Orm turned again and. off her sandals and put her feet in the water. It was cool, but veins of sunwarmth ran through it.. drunk by his cold hearth.. liquid hu-hu-hu-hu that made people call them laughing owls. She heard it with a

mournful heart.. "Often. Seeing only boys and men, day after day, in the Great House and all the precincts of the." "But you'll fly again?" .potions used in aid of lust, jealousy, and malice. And a child's gift for magic became a thing to. "Yes," she said uncertainly.. "Ye gods and little fishes! Do you design dresses?" .thriving. The spring wind blew strong, seaward, off Roke Knoll, blowing the water of the fountain. He was only a little sorcerer, a cheating healer with a few sorry spells. Or so he seemed. What if. "It's the first time I ever saw one. . . So that's what a cigarette looks like. How can you. 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."

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