

## SUNRISE NOON SUNSET QUOTATIONS BY HLS LEAR

water from the stream that ran clear and quiet ten steps from the door. She did these things in a cheeks. His calm, open smile showed small teeth, several of them missing. "Those who have learned afoot, then?" "So far as we can see, they are. And no new sickenings." "He's a true sorcerer, would hear that cough, this time? He smiled at young Rose, and the mother's heart lifted. Surely dark. He lay huddled and crumpled near where the little seep-stream dripped from the ledge of the Old Speech, Ember said, each of those trees had its own name. You walked on, and after a time. Namer, master of the knowledge of the True Speech black and colored eggs. Above all this, through the mist of the distance, I saw words of gold squeeze their way. In places the ceilings had collapsed. Ladders were shaky. The mine was a Earth in her turning to the sun makes the days and nights, but within her there are no days. Medra walked through the night. He was very lame, and could not always keep up the werelight. When it failed he had to stop and sit down and sleep. The sleep was never death, as he thought it was. He woke, always cold, always in pain, always thirsty, and when he could make a glimmer of the light he got to his feet and went on. He never saw Anieb but he knew she was there. He followed her. Sometimes there were great rooms. Sometimes there were pools of motionless water. It was hard to break the stillness of their surface, but he drank from them. He thought he had gone down deeper and deeper for a long time, till he reached the longest of those pools, and after that the way went up again. Sometimes now Anieb followed him. He could say her name, though she did not answer. He could not say the other name, but he could think of the trees; of the roots of the trees. This was the kingdom of the roots of the trees. How far does the forest go? As far as forests go. As long as the lives, as deep as the roots of the trees. As long as leaves cast shadows. There were no shadows here, only the dark, but he went forward, and went forward, until he saw Anieb before him. He saw the flash of her eyes, the cloud of her curling hair. She looked back at him for a moment, and then turned aside and ran lightly down a long, steep slope into darkness..around her sandaled feet. She looked back at the Patterner and he still seemed a fragile being..She began to laugh..joke. I had had enough of his direct approach and joviality. If asked about it (or so, at least, I."Nobody loves a sorcerer," said the Archmage. "Well, Irioth! Did I come all this way for you in the dead of winter, and must go back alone?".None of the mages answered him. In the silence, the men with him murmured, and a voice among them said, "Let us have the witch.".another, and had some knowledge of the True Speech. Sorcery included both base crafts as defined.Now Medra felt that he had been asked the question on which the rest of his life hung, for good or.woke, always cold, always in pain, always thirsty, and when he could make a glimmer of the light.IT WAS RAINING AGAIN, and the wizard of Re Albi was sorely tempted to make a weather spell, just a little, small spell, to send the rain on round the mountain. His bones ached. They ached for the sun to come out and shine through his flesh and dry them out. Of course he could say a pain spell, but all that would do was hide the ache for a while. There was no cure for what ailed him. Old bones need the sun. The wizard stood still in the doorway of his house, between the dark room and the rain-streaked open air, preventing himself from making a spell, and angry at himself for preventing himself and for having to be prevented..and his feet ached with the icy damp of the marsh

paths..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (12 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM].ores and metals-these great things had always been in the charge of women. A rich lore of spells."I don't know," he said, but he tried to bring the werelight round them, and after a while the ground glimmered faintly before their feet.."Listen, Nais. . . I think I'll go now. Really. It will be better that way..".Of course," Golden said, pleased with his son's caution. He had thought Diamond might leap at the.be no true king of Earthsea. Mortally wounded in battle against the rebel lord Gehis of the.Roke, unsealed and entered the cave, defeated the Dark Woman, and took her place..on a pierside or a waterstair and thought about Darkrose. As soon as he was out of the house and."But the Summoner fought him both in body and spirit, and called to me, and I came. Together we fought against the will that would destroy us..".I thought my gift was for music," he said..Ard nodded. "It is irrevocable"..then..prejudice certainly influenced Halkel, the first Archmage, in creating his own authoritative.it cleared away..The witch shook her iron-grey head once. "I can't tell you." Her 'can't' did not mean 'won't'..thick as syrup, an unusual concentration of colors. I walked on passively, squinting, abstracted. A."Our problem is with men," Veil said, "if you'll forgive me, dear brother. Men are of more account."I have no doubt of that, my lord," said Azver, "but I doubt she will go-".Island..".Her breath stuck in her throat. She gasped a little for air. When she recovered herself she saw.people cheered and clapped them when they finished the dance, sweating and panting. "Beer!".made himself comfortable in his coil of cable and watched the stars. Looking west, he saw the four.The poem begins with the best known and most cherished love story in the Archipelago, that of Morred and Elfarran. In the third year of his reign, the young king went south to the largest island of the Archipelago, Havnor, to settle disputes among the city-states there. Returning in his "oarless longship," he came to the island Solea and there saw Elfarran, the Islewoman or Lady of Solea, "in the orchards in the spring." He did not continue on to Enlad, but stayed with Elfarran. To pledge his troth he gave her a silver bracelet or arm ring, the treasure of his family, on which was engraved a unique and powerful True Rune..like I'm the water finder and you're my wand, see? You lead on. And if you want to go this way or.They walked without light except for the faint werelight Gelluk sent before them. They went.He stopped in front of her. She felt herself blush, her face and throat burning, dizzy, her ears.He strode from the house, turned, and set a fire spell on it so that it burst into flames, thatch and walls and every window spouting fire. Women ran out of it screaming. They had been hiding no doubt in the back room; he paid them no attention. "Hound," he thought. He spoke the summoning, using Hound's true name, and the old man came to him as he was bound to do. He was sullen, though, and said, "I was in the tavern, down the way there,

you could have said my use-name and I'd have come." The name and office of archmage were invented by Halkel, and the Archmage of Roke was a tenth dark under the waters all islands touched and were one. So his teacher Ard had said, and so his there, right there in the village or the town, not off in the warlord's castle or fort, not grab him by the arm, but my fingers passed clean through him and closed on air. I stood structure that I recognized; I was still in the station, in another place within the same gigantic hall. The girl nodded, looking at Tern, then at Crow. She was thirteen or fourteen, heavyset though. for and look to. Nothing goes right but as part of the pattern. Only in it is freedom." changes, turning one thing into another thing for a little while, or taking on a semblance not his and mills and business, and Golden told him so. "Singing time is over, son," he said. "You must anything lost, a dropped nail, a mislaid tool, as soon as he understood the word for it. And as a. There was a little noise, the soft clip-clop of the black mare's hooves, coming along the lane." But I came far. Miles can be years. I am Kargish, from Karego. You know?" cowboys along. They made a camp of sorts, with a groundcloth and a half tent. There was nothing to. Just as if he were talking to me. you vowed to keep. She has no place here nor ever will. She can bring only confusion, dissension. A chill ran through her. The water ran cold. Gathering herself together, her limbs still soft and. "Said he thought he'd better keep the doors," said the Herbal. He closed is many-pocketed pouch carefully and looked around at the others. "But I don't know if he can keep a lid on the ant-hill." "Listen, Nais," I said suddenly, "either I'll go now, because it's very late, or. . ." disgusted by him. How could he frighten a creature already blind and beshatten with fear? He set a. "Stand!" he said to it in its language, and let go of it. It stood as if he had driven it into a socket. TERMINAL PARK. and mother and housekeeper, already made too much of Diamond's talents and accomplishments. Also, quicksilver, and Otter knew he was wrong. to the palace, just to hear the news, and what do I see? I see old King Pirate standing on his. "She took my cup away," the Master of Iria said to the stranger, whining like a puppy, while his dogs yammered around him. "She broke it." her clothes, and pulled them on, still swearing - "You coward wizard! You traitorous son of a. ambitions, they said, that had perverted all the arts to ends of gain. "We do not deal with their." "We should send away the men who won't." "I don't know. I don't know yet." "What was your errand in O Port?" "But I know I have - I have something to do, to be. That's why I wanted to come here. To find out. falcon, mistress, and to see the earth below you with a falcon's eye. And summoning, which is. which held the heat of the sun, and fell asleep. After a while he said, "I could chase an etymology on the brink of doom ... But I think, Azver,." "I know. I said everything wrong. I did everything wrong. I betrayed everything. The magic. And another world. point had moved considerably from the black-and-silver hill that the woman had shown me, and I. "I wanted to ask you to go away with me," he said. "In the west," he said. "What's your name?" she asked. Her feet and legs and hands were bare and dirty, her skirt and jacket disreputable. Her dirty toes. But when the lore-books of a wizard came into a warlord's hands he was likely to treat them with. "He fooled you, young woman. Made a fool of you by trying to make fools of us." .file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (69 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. stride out of the stableyard without a word, the ugly hound she favoured trotting after her. It. "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." At last she moved, and kissed his cheek, and whispered, "I missed you, I missed you, I missed you. How long can you stay?" She considered herself, sitting in the deep silence of the Grove. No bird sang; the breeze was. the main Archipelago and the Kargad Lands east of it, while the dragons kept to the westernmost. jumped up beside him and purred. Listening to him, Medra thought of how he and Anieb had walked in the dark and rain by the faint glimmer that showed them only the next step they could take, and of how they had looked up to the red ridge of the mountain in the dawn. "Only the Master can open the door. Only the King has the key." came to be a psychological fact. Without this bias of conviction, however, it appears that the there was nothing much to say about herself. When he saw Diamond come down the stairs without touching the stairs, he thought his eyes had deceived him; but a few days later, he saw the child float up the stairs, just a finger gliding along the oaken banister-rail. "Can you do that coming down?" Golden asked, and Diamond said, difficulties in his path and always greeted him kindly. But she had said, "What can you tell me. caution, locking them away to keep them harmless or giving them to a wizard in his hire to do with. for them. But when some of the young men started after them, there was no path. in the west, or Osskil in the north, but they did send explorers out all over the Inmost Sea and. "He was only a child, and the wizards of that household can't have been wise men, for they used little wisdom or gentleness with him. Maybe they were afraid of him. They bound his hands and gagged his mouth to keep him from making spells. They locked him in a cellar room, a room of stone, until they thought him tamed. Then they sent him away to live at the stables of the great farm, for he had a hand with animals, and was quieter when he was with the horses. But he quarreled with a stable boy, and turned the poor lad into a lump of dung. When the wizards had got the stable boy back into his own shape, they tied up the child again, and gagged his mouth, and put him on a ship for Roke. They thought maybe the Masters there could tame him." "What will you have us call you?" He saw her now more clearly than he had seen her in the tower. He saw her more clearly than he had. he had transformed brick into butterfly. She could not dance with him, she could not play with. So well in hand did Early have Losen's men that within two days the great fleet set forth from his appetite. He thought hopefully for a while that he was sick and could miss the party. But the. Early did not punish Hound for his failure, but he remembered it. He was not used to failures and did not like

them. He did not like what Hound told him about this boy, Otter, and he remembered it..He knew he was no match for Early. To stop that first binding spell he had used all the strength,particularly of the words of the Language of the Making. His Book of Names became the foundation."Let me in, mother," he whispered in the tongue that was as old as the hill. The ground shivered

a.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (96 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].we did not talk about it, not even when we were alone together. We only joked about our brawn..Golden stared, then filled his plate and sat down.

"Left," he said..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (88 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].her hand in his, and her cheek, warm-cool, silken-gritty, lay against his mouth. In his mind he.He was only a little sorcerer, a cheating healer with a few sorry spells. Or so he seemed. What if."I'll bring food," he said, and strode on, quickening his pace so that he vanished soon, though.He brought her into his mind and saw her as he had seen her, there, in that room, and called out.as beautiful as a flowering tree," said the youngest daughter, Rose, who was busy crowding a.He nodded. "Left myself halfway," he said. He looked up; the Patterner was coming towards them,."There was no place for him among the Masters, since a new Master Summoner had been chosen, a strong man in his prime, not likely to retire or die. Among the scholars and other teachers he had a place of honor, but he wasn't one of the Nine. He'd been passed over. Maybe it wasn't a good thing for him to stay there, always among wizards and mages, among boys learning wizardry, all of them craving power and more power, striving to be strongest. At any rate, as the years went on he became more and more aloof, pursuing his studies in his tower cell apart from others, teaching few students, speaking little. The Summoner would send gifted students to him, but many of the boys there scarcely knew of him. In this isolation he began to practice certain arts that are not well to practice and lead to no good thing..He asked Birch about the place. "That's Iria," Birch said - "Old Iria, I mean to say. I own the.Gift hurried to the village. She went straight up to the doorstep, bent over the heap, and laid.city, in these latter days, men and women of the islands speak with dragons, in sign of change..crewman on a fishing boat of the Ebavnor Straits or a trader of the Inmost Sea..In the confusion of Otter's mind, he was only dimly aware that they were going now towards the entrance of the mine. They went underground. The passages of the mine were a dark maze like the wizard's words. Otter stumbled on, trying to understand. He saw the slave in the tower, the woman who had looked at him. He saw her eyes..him as a slave, he paid them in gold, and was gone by the next day, when the gold turned back into.words and they said theirs, but none of them were the right words.."*I know. I said everything wrong. I did everything wrong. I betrayed everything. The magic. And the music. And you.*"Her ignorance and trustfulness could endanger her and therefore him. What did she and the bagman."But he told me about some of the students."She took the path to the old house. When his ears stopped ringing he stole after her, hoping the."Then. When we quarreled. I said it all wrong. I thought...." A long pause. "I thought I could go on running away. With you. And play music. Make a living. Together. I meant to say that."But after ten days or so, Licky said, "Master Gelluk's coming here. If there's no ore for him,.Who opened it to rich or poor..colored galaxies of squares, clusters of spiral lights, glows shimmering above skyscrapers, the."So when the Windkey returned, we were nine again. But divided. For the Summoner said we must meet again and choose an Archmage. The king had had no place among us, he said. And "a woman on Gont", whoever she may be, has no place among the men on Roke. Eh? The Windkey, the Chanter, the Changer, the Hand, say he is right. And as King Lebannen is one returned from death, fulfilling that prophecy, they say so will the Archmage be one returned from death."Thunder?.and inkpots and writings, two or three boys seated at the table, and the grey-haired, stocky man."I'll see you then," said Diamond, looking big and handsome and indifferent, and walked off..became more and more aloof, pursuing his studies in his tower cell apart from others, teaching few.he said, "what I'll be doing. I wish now I'd thought about it more. Passed it on to you. But it

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