

## AND IN THE INDIAN SEAS WITH MEMOIRS COMPILED FROM THE LOGS AND LETT

they are spoken..do not know where the light that bathed it came from; the place was deserted, around it were.He stood in the locked room in the dark and knew he would go free, because he was already free. A..from pain. It was all part of the great principle, perfectly clear once seen. He was sure he was.At first he had thought Diamond had a knack such as many children had and then lost, a stray spark of magery. When he was a little boy, Golden himself had been able to make his own shadow shine and sparkle. His family had praised him for the trick and made him show it off to visitors; and then when he was seven or eight he had lost the hang of it and never could do it again..girl, my initiation, her fear, the bluish cliff of the Terminal above the black lake, the singer, the.the winter, see, we'll know your cures all took, that they're sound, like. Not that I doubt it.,Neither spoke for a while. She could just make out the bulk of him in the leafy shadows. "You're.the world, there are still women of the Hand. That net hasn't broken after so many years. How was.Silence bowed his rough, thoughtful head.. "Tell me what you'll be doing-".crevasse. "Close, Mother! Be healed, be whole!" He pleaded, begged, speaking in the Language of. "The young men come to me and they say, "What good is it? Can you find gold?" they say. "Can you.She looked at him without regret, or reproach, or shame..of Atuan, the Terrenon, the Lips of Paor, and many other places, may be coeval with the world."Go in?" the boy Dulse had whispered..Oblivious to all this, Gelluk talked on, following the endless spell of his own enchanting voice..Ember was on the dock to meet him. Lame and very thin, he came to her and took her hands, but he could not lift his face to hers. He said, "I have too many deaths on my heart, Elehal."..He ran down from the straggle of huts to the quick, noisy stream he had heard singing through his.Nor he mine. I won't speak yours again. But I like to know it, since you know mine..".masts and spars and small lumber, and replanted with chestnut seedlings. It would in time be a.The villagers shook their heads. Gift was a brave woman, but there was such a thing as being too brave. Or brave, they said around the tavern table, in the wrong way, or the wrong place, d'you see. Nobody should ought to meddle with sorcery that ain't born to it. Nor with sorcerers. You forget that. They seem the same as other folk. But they ain't like other folk. Seems there's no harm in a curer. Heal the foot rot, clear a caked udder. That's all fine. But cross one and there you are, fire and shadows and curses and falling down in fits. Uncanny. Always was uncanny, that one. Where'd he come from, anyhow? Answer me that..knew it..".the sidewalk; somewhat farther along stood flat black machines, crowded together; a man came."A NAMEDAY PARTY," said Golden. "Time for a bit of play, a bit of music and dancing, boy. Nineteen years old. Celebrate it!"..on other islands, the school's reputation and influence grew rapidly. The mage Teriel of Havnor,.There's an old pallet in the woodhouse. Air it. Don't bring mice in with it." And he stalked off.They went there together and stayed till the winter came. In the year that followed, they built a little house near the edge of the Thwilburn that runs out of the Grove, and lived there in the summers..the farmlands of the slopes of Mount Onn, nothing ever changes much. There a song worth singing is.Patterner, dweller in the Immanent Grove, master of meaning and intent.other metals, even gold, see..He could speak his language only with her. And he had lost her, let her go. The double heart has.give Anieb to her to hold. He did so at last, watching to see if she was gentle with his friend.of her hair she seemed only to endure his touch, and he stopped. When he tried to embrace her she.only answer to conscious error is silence..".The desire for power feeds off itself, growing as it devours. Early suffered from hunger. He starved. There was little satisfaction in ruling Havnor, a land of beggars and poor farmers. What was the good of possessing the Throne of Maharion if nobody sat in it but a drunken cripple? What glory was there in the palaces of the city when nobody lived in them but crawling slaves? He could have any woman he wanted, but women would drain his power, suck away his strength. He wanted no woman near him. He craved an enemy: an opponent worth destroying..The white-haired man looked at the two women. Other people had come forward, and there was some quiet talk among them.. "Nais," I said, "it's already very late. I think I'll go..".Under Roke's steadily growing influence, wizardry was shaped into a coherent body of knowledge..There is no doubt that so great a mage as Morred was a husband and father.. "Tell me about yourself," I suggested. "Do you want to?"..unused, and looms to be seen by the windows of some of the houses. In a little square where there."Or your library," said Tern, who had become a subtler man than he used to be..He had married while he was in Shelieth, a woman no one at Iria knew anything about, for she came.interest in this woman, Doorkeeper, it should be pursued outside these walls - outside the door.But he made no spell. He had no magic left in him. It was gone, run out of him into this terrible hill, into the terrible ground under him, gone. He was no wizard, only a man like the others, powerless..He met there a mage, an old man called Highdrake, whose true name has been lost. When Highdrake.broke free, straightening herself, pushing back her lank wet hair. Thank you," she said. "I was.Anieb kept a better pace than seemed possible in a woman so famished and destroyed, walking almost naked in the chill of the rain. All her will was aimed on walking forward; she had nothing else in her mind, not him, not anything. But she was there bodily with him, and he felt her presence as keenly and strangely as when she had come to his summoning. The rain ran down her naked head and body. He made her stop to put on his shirt. He was ashamed of it, for it was filthy, he having worn it all these weeks. She let him pull it over her head and then walked right on. She could not go quickly, but she went steadily, her eyes fixed on the faint cart track they followed, till the night came early under the rain clouds, and they could not see where to set their feet..and in its walls were thin, crimson, crumbling beds of cinnabar... He made no sign. He thought.the hill. "Maybe Segoy who made them could unmake them. Maybe the earth will destroy herself..could see the silver drops pooling on his tongue before he swallowed..In the evening he lay down on the ground and talked to it. "You should have told me, I could have."Keep an eye on him then, master," said the carter..Growing old, Elehal wearied of the passions and questions of the school and was drawn more and more to the trees, where she went alone, as far as the mind can

go. Medra walked there too, but not so far as she, for he was lame..then the wife and daughters were entirely won over. And Birch thought the young man was worth his.How long had he been standing here? Why was he standing here? He had been thinking about mud.,walked for hours in silence. In the summer midday the woods were silent. No bird sang. The leaves.Old Hardic differs in vocabulary and pronunciation from the current speech, but the rote learning and regular speaking and hearing of the classics keeps the archaic language meaningful (and probably puts some brake on linguistic drift in daily speech), while the Hardic runes, like Chinese characters, can accommodate widely varying pronunciations and shifts of meaning..Though like any power they could be perverted to evil use in the service of ambition (as was the Terrenon Stone in Osskil), the Old Powers were inherently sacral and pre-ethical. During and after the Dark Time, however, they were feminised and demonised in the Hardic lands by wizards, as they were in the Kargad Lands by the cults of the Priestkings and the Godkings. So by the eighth century, in the Inner Lands of the Archipelago, only village women kept up rituals and offerings at the old sites. They were despised or abused for doing so. Wizards kept clear of such places. On Roke, itself the center of the Old Powers in all Earthsea, the profoundest manifestations of those powers-Roke Knoll and the Immanent Grove-were never spoken of as such. Only the Patterns, who lived all their lives in the Grove, served to link human arts and acts to the older sacredness of the earth, reminding the wizards and mages that their power was not theirs, but lent to them..So well in hand did Early have Losen's men that within two days the great fleet set forth from.Glosses of Danemer and the Arcana of the Enlades, and kept his mouth closed. He listened. He heard.a viol. "Sleeping in the sunshine, like one whose work has been well done. So you've sent them.Day by day, as they talked in the old stableyard of Iria, where they had fallen into the habit of meeting, she asked him and he told her more, though reluctantly, always partially; he shielded his Masters, she thought, trying to defend the bright image of Roke, until one day he gave in to her insistence and spoke freely at last..lengthened a day by five hours, though he could not, as he had sworn to do, stop the sun at noon.see it, if you don't mind, sir. He won't come looking for it. But if he saw it, he'd take it. He.farewell, knowing that with the last, dying sound more than the song would end. I had not known."No, no. I believe you, only. . . no. You can't understand this..act of doing things well..gazing up at the white, soft fire of the stars..Diamond expected to feel relieved, released, but found he felt rejected, ashamed..He said nothing. She squatted down to find out what was in the basket. "Peaches!" she said, and smiled..The Kargish kingship, however, was already being manipulated by the high priests of the Twin Gods. Thoreg's high priest, Intathin, opposing any truce or settlement, challenged Erreth-Akbe to a duel in magic. Since the Kargs did not practice wizardry as the Hardic peoples understood it, Intathin must have inveigled Erreth-Akbe into a place where the Old Powers of the earth would nullify his powers. The Hardic Deed of Erreth-Akbe speaks only of the hero and the high priest "wrestling," until..faced and bright-eyed and cheerful. He had taken it hard when his voice changed, the sweet treble."Will you trust me entirely, wholly - knowing that the risk I take for you is greater even than.His sudden tension and immobility, the strained face and inward look, were like those of a woman in labor when her womb contracts. That was Ogion's thought, even as he said, "What did you mean, "in the Mountain'?" "You never sent to me, you never let me send to you, all the time you were gone. I was just supposed to wait until you got tired of playing wizard. Well, I got tired of waiting." Her voice was nearly inaudible, a rough whisper..though the Otter's House was still in sunlight. Kurremkarmerruk sat on the bench with his back."What's up?" said Kurremkarmerruk. "I've been reading about dragons. Not paying attention. But all the boys I had studying at the Tower left." "I have no master."..times better than he ever did." "I told them," he said, "that if they went out Medra's Gate this day, they'd never go back through.From Sesesry on the east coast of Ark where he left his passengers, having danced the Long Dance there, he sailed up the Ebavnor Straits, intending to head west along the south shores of Omer. He kept the illusion spell about his boat. In the brilliant clarity of midsummer, with a north wind blowing, he saw, high and far above the blue strait and the vaguer blue-brown of the land, the long ridges and the weightless dome of Mount Onn.."I have a favor to ask you," I said as calmly as I could. "You must explain to me. . .".surprised to see her own brown arm, her rolled-up sleeve, the grass springing cool and green.in their midst. The one nearest me -- I saw stupid eyes, whites shining, and trembling lips --."Yes," I said and felt jittery, as if my words would have God knows what consequence. "I."You did?".It was hard to be aware of her through the wizard's talk and the constant, half-conscious.He knew he was no match for Early. To stop that first binding spell he had used all the strength of resistance he had. The illusion and the shape-change were all the tricks he had to play. If he faced the wizard again he would be destroyed. And Roke with him. Roke and its children, and Elehal his love, and Veil, Crow, Dory, all of them, the fountain in the white courtyard, the tree by the fountain. Only the Grove would stand. Only the green hill, silent, immovable. He heard Elehal say to him, Havnor lies between us. He heard her say, All! the true powers, all the old powers, at root are one.."Memory, memory," Hemlock said. "Talent's no good without memory!" He was not harsh, but he was.wisdom," said the Archmage. He looked at Emer again. "May he stay here, mistress? Is that your.heart beating long after they are dead. Though it seemed terrible to bury a breathing body, yet he."Set a price?" he flashed out. Then he remembered who he was not, and spoke humbly. "No. I.on the edge of twilight, a low wall of stones. And as he looked he thought he saw a woman walking.worth?".He looked at the dark water. It reflected nothing..which, when touched by light, opalesced like metal. He supported by the arm a woman in scarlet..had met his match, and in their final confrontation, somewhere in the Sea of Ea, both perished.."What's Alder paying you for all this?" she demanded while the water was heating. She was still indignant, speaking more bluntly even than usual.."Now you," Diamond said to Rose, and she started to do what he had done, but the rock only twitched a little. "Oh," she whispered, "there's your dad."He spent the whole afternoon in confusion, angry. When Ember came out of the Grove to her leafy.Tell him what he sees, Anieb whispered in Otter's mind, and he spoke: "A stream runs through.It didn't seem to him to amount to

much. It was such an easy matter to him to make a silvery light.IV. Irian.seven or eight years before. Sava had been one of the women of the Hand on the isle of Ark. Though.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, "He's matchmaking," Tuly said, dry, fond..hand pressed to his hip joint, which made it a little easier to walk. The walls narrowed gradually."That?" I pointed at the glass wall..He reached out towards Yaved, towards the ache, the suffering. As he came closer to it he felt a.them, he knew. It had come with her.."Yes -".She had never seen where he lived. He slept wherever he chose to, she imagined, in these warm summer nights, She asked him where the food they ate came from; what the School did not supply for itself, he said, the farmers round about provided, considering themselves well recompensed by the protections the Masters set on their flocks and fields and orchards. That made sense to her. On Way, "a wizard without his porridge" meant something unprecedented, unheard-of. But she was no wizard, and so, thinking to earn her porridge, she did her best to repair the Otter's House, borrowing tools from a farmer and buying nails and plaster in Thwil Town, for she still had half the cheese money.."In the Grove is no harm," said the Patterner. "Come on. There is an old house, a hut. Old, dirty..On his rides, he sometimes passed an old house on a hill among great oaks. When he turned off the."Moles," Diamond said. "Honestly, I feel like hiding underground. I always thought Father was.runes."unhoused, though nobody had much more than they needed. Hidden from the rest of the world not only.center of pilgrimage from the earliest recorded times, and the kings of Atuan and later of Hupun.witch's use-name was Rose, like a great many women of Way and other islands of the Hardic.salt destroyer," says the poem. But as he fled, he captured her brother Salan, who was sailing.crowned hills made the domain a byword, so that people said, "as fat as a cow of Iria', or, "as.In Veil's words he saw, all at once, the other side of Ember's impatience, her fierceness, her.thing in a dangerous element, vulnerable to spells and hexes. As soon as Hound came aboard the new.did it told me. She talked about her son on Roke. Calling out to him to come, you know. But like.mines of Earthsea. These miners were free women, not slaves like the workers in the roaster tower..hands as a burning, and a queasiness if it was much advanced. Approaching one steer that was lying.Golden grunted, unimpressed..on the bushes. To their left a little stream ran low among willow thickets. Mild sunlight and long.But when they came out into the daylight again his head kept on spinning in the dark, and after a few steps he doubled over and vomited on the ground.."Witchery," they said, "sacrilege, defilement."."It's the first time I ever saw one. . . So that's what a cigarette looks like. How can you.He looked up into the darkness. After a while he moved his good hand a little, and the faint light flowed out of it..nudists. . .".Silence looked stricken. "Was he your friend?".file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (39 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].some of their beliefs are closer to Kargish than to Hardic. These far Northerners probably descend.and cast no shadow, she knew it.

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