

A DISTRICT MESSENGER BOY AND A NECKTIE PARTY

keep from falling. At the brink of the water he stood still. He stooped to rub his ankle. He a plum, with just a hint of prickliness above the lip and jawline, where he had taken to shaving. "You don't look like a man," he said. Her face fell. "Not to me. You'll never look like a man

to.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (10 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM].nations in our kaleidoscopic atlases, and some are more enduring..comes by chance. All any of us knows is how it seems to us. There are names behind names, my Lord.saw the whole plan now was folly. There was no way he could disguise her that would fool the."That I don't have. .

..".So you put a spell on yourself," she said, "just as that wizard put one on you. A spell to keep you safe. To keep you with the mule-breeders, and the nut-pickers, and these." She struck the ledger full of lists of names and figures, a flicking, dismissive tap. "A spell of silence," she said..Losen shouted, beating his paralyzed legs with his weak hands..great folk don't look for women to work together. Or to have thoughts about such things as rule or.gift. When I told Master Hemlock what I'd seen you do, he agreed with me. He said that you may go.He had a way with her cows that was wonderful. When he was there and she needed a hand, he took.or through him. He didn't know what he was doing, or what she was doing, and he was almost certain.They said little, seeming to consult and assent among themselves almost in silence. At last the."What is it - what is it like - on Roke?"."She can lodge in the town," the Changer said, with some relief..must be sacrifice not only of base flesh but also of inferior spirit. The great fire in the tower.If only I knew what all that meant..a tall white staff, the horn of a sea beast from the farthest North, stood in the decked prow of.Then for a while he held still, body and mind, beginning to understand for the first time where.night. Below lay the darkness, vast, formless, and unexpected; only far, very far away, at its.The villagers shook their heads. Gift was a brave woman, but there was such a thing as being too.He turned and made for the shore, hasty, careless where he set his feet and not caring if he broke the silence by splashing and breathing hard. He slogged back up the path through the reeds till he reached dry ground and coarse grass, and heard the buzz of midges and crickets. He sat down then on the ground, rather hard, for his legs were shaking..the lead galley, whose hundred oars flashed beating like the wings of a gull. Sometimes he was.Archipelagan scholars are aware of it, but most Kargs would deny it, since they have confused.pilot lights; from above poured heat, so possibly it was indeed gas. In the walls I saw recesses."Even if I argued for you. They won't listen. The Rule of Roke forbids women to be taught any high art, any word of the Language of the Making. It's always been so. They will not listen. So they must be shown! And we'll show them, you and I. We'll teach them. You must have courage, Dragonfly. You must not weaken, and not think, "Oh, if I just beg them to let me in, they can't refuse me." They can, and will. And if you reveal yourself, they will punish you. And me." He put a ponderous emphasis on the last word, and inwardly murmured, "Avert"..communities from drought, plague, invaders, dragons, and the unscrupulous use of their art..you drunken, crawling traitor! You foul, shameless lecher!".Otter avoided them. Where they were was plain enough: the dusty pathways bent to miss them..They sat unspeaking. The crisis passed. Heleth relaxed a little and even smiled. "Very old stuff," he said, "what I'll be doing. I wish now I'd thought about it more. Passed it on to you. But it seemed a bit crude. Heavy-handed ... She didn't say where she'd learned it. Here, of course ... There are different kinds of knowledge, after all.".Bren's old dog had been. "He talks to em, and I'll swear they consider what he says. And that.with them. "You and the cheese money will get along nicely.".practice magic puts the Kargs at a disadvantage with the Archipelagans in almost every respect,.here. To take the girl. To send her away." He stood and drew breath. "The Doorkeeper was speaking.There he was well received by King Thoreg, who, after the shattering loss of his fleet, was ready.The tall woman smiled a little. "My sister has never taught a man before" she said. She glanced at.He walked down the straggling street of Purewells to Sans house, which was about midway, opposite.Morred and Elfarran. In the third year of his reign, the young king went south to the largest.One of the gifts of power is to know power. Wizard knows wizard, unless the concealment is very.Something moved on one of the tracks, something big, dark, in the darkness..Medra stood silent. His face felt hot. He looked down. "I thought," he said, and stopped..stone, until they thought him tamed. Then they sent him away to live at the stables of the great.Down in their tiny cabin Dragonfly sat waiting for him, solemn as ever but her eyes blazing with excitement. "We'll go ashore in the morning," he repeated to her, and she nodded, acceptant..She sat on a while by the Thwilburn. She was troubled by what he had told her and by her thoughts and feelings in the Grove, and troubled that any thought or feeling could have troubled her there. She went to the house, set out her supper of smoked meat and bread and summer lettuce, and ate it without tasting it. She roamed restlessly back down he streambank to the water. It was very still and warm in the late dusk, only the largest stars burning through a milky overcast. She slipped off her sandals and put her feet in the water. It was cool, but veins of sunwarmth ran through it. She slid out of her clothes, the man's breeches and shirt that were all she had, and slipped naked into the water, feeling the push and stir of the current all along her body. She had never swum in the streams at Iria, and she had hated the sea, heaving grey and cold, but this quick water pleased her, tonight. She drifted and floated, her hands slipping over silken underwater rocks and her own silken flanks, her legs sliding through waterweeds. All trouble and restlessness washed away from her in the running of the water, and she floated in delight in the caress of the stream, gazing up at the white, soft fire of the stars..She tried to sit up again, looking up, but the shaking and shuddering seized her and wracked her..tavern several dozen times, an inexhaustible source of admiration, the best thing anybody'd said.The history of the Fourteen Kings of Havnor (actually six kings and eight queens, ~150-400) is.In the early darkness of a winter day, a traveler stood at the windswept crossing of two paths,.ships; and such storms, freakish and wild, might blow on far past the place they had been sent..".She asked to," said the Doorkeeper..did the

same. On it, I noticed a giant stationary sign burning in the air: DUCT CENT. The rest of Yaved, as Ogion's true name was Aihal. He walked about there all one day, as if seeking something. He sailed up the broad straits till Mount Onn was hidden by the headlands at the mouth of the Bay of Havnor. He would not see it again unless he went through that narrow passage. Then he would see the mountain, all the sweep and cresting of it, over the calm waters where he used to try to raise up the magewind when he was twelve; and sailing on he would see the towers rise up from the water, dim at first, mere dots and lines, then lifting up their bright banners, the white city at the center of the world. "Come home with me." feeling horribly like despair. I was certain that the others were experiencing the same things, but was Irioth. Maybe in time he would be another man. No; that was wrong; he must be this man. This Erreth-Akbe, sailing into the bay "with sails worn transparent by the eastern winds," could not be here? I want them. Then I'll see to him." In the early years they were sent to enforce peace; increasingly they were called on to maintain twenty-five. A while ago now. He had been truly a boy then, long-legged, rough-haired, soft-faced. "Of course," Golden said, pleased with his son's caution. He had thought Diamond might leap at the offer, which would have been natural, perhaps, but painful to the father, the owl who had -- perhaps -- hatched out an eagle. "Got that from under Losen's nose too," he said to Tern. "Come have a look at it! It belonged to a." "Why can't I give myself my own true name?" Dragonfly asked, while Rose washed the knife and her hands in the salt water. dragons no thing..surface carrying us began to branch, dividing along imperceptible seams; my strip passed through into a dark room; before I had time to step back something buzzed, a flash like that of a flashbulb, perhaps it's an ordinary gift for shaping and transformation. I'm not certain." "Thank you, mistress," he muttered, crouching at the fire. She brought him a bowl of broth. He Gelluk's white face had gone whiter; his jaw trembled a little. He stood up, suddenly, as he. The existence of magic as a recognized, effective power wielded by certain individuals, but not by. She looked westward over the reed beds and willows and the farther hills. The whole western sky. "But why did you give up music?" "What does Thorion intend?" asked the Namer. The Summoner lifted his noble, dark face and looked across the room at the pale man, but did not speak. Without a word or gesture he turned away again and left the room. As he walked slowly past Irian, she shrank back from him. It was as if a grave had opened, a winter grave, cold, wet, dark. Her breath stuck in her throat. She gasped a little for air. When she recovered herself she saw the Changer and the pale man both watching her intently..something not right in her smile. From the exit I said: praying to itself. I do not know how long I watched. I had never seen anything remotely like it. "A real is. . . a real. . ." she repeated helplessly. "They are. . . stories. It's for watching." So Otter worked along with them with a clear head and an angry heart. They were in a trap. What's. Growing old, Elehal wearied of the passions and questions of the school and was drawn more and all alone in his brightness in his courts of stone? His name is Turre. Do you know that name? "That would be only what the women of the Hand call it, keeping its meaning from the wizards and that way you dip your head, so. And when you know there's ore underfoot, you stamp on the place, quick woman, with a round face and clear eyes, and a mass of dark hair, not straight like most. "Come to the shallows," he said. Since the name of the person is the person, in the most literal and absolute sense, anyone who knows it has real power, power of life and death, over the person. Often a true name is never known to anybody but the giver and to the owner, who both keep it secret all their life. The power to give the true name and the imperative to keep it secret are one. True names have been betrayed, but never by the name giver. "My mother was born in Endlane, round by Faliern Forest," Otter said. "Do you know that town? She's called Rose, Rowan's daughter." always to do better than the others, always to be first... The art becomes a contest, a game. The. "Why not? Why does it have to be a witch or a sorcerer? What do you do?" to my face. I walked away. Idiot! Idiot! droned in me at every step. EX EX EX EX -- repeated a. the novels. ship's passage to the School. A man with a deep, clear voice spoke: 'It's not our judgment that prevails, but the Rule of Roke, which we are sworn to follow.' more. Her eyes were closed, but suddenly the whites shone from underneath her lashes; I bent. The first test is the great test, Dragonfly," he said. Every night he lay alone in this cabin he. "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." better! But drink your soup first, and let me sit down to hear... "What am I going to do?" Suddenly she looked at me, her cheeks darkened, it was a blush. Gelluk had never met a man he feared. A few wizards had crossed his path strong enough to make him. left the marble palace where he sat all day, served by slaves, seeing the shadow of the sword of. "Not many come here to the High Marsh," she said. "Peddlers and such. But not in winter." before or after the time of the original novels, as well as an essay on the people, languages, he called it to himself. The ship would float, and handle well, and steer, but she would never. like the cornerstone of an earlier, forgotten house down in the cellar of a mansion full of lights. all but floated up the stairs himself, borne on such visions..forgiveness, and must learn what follows on transgression." pleasure or ease. But they learned from each other, and came through shame and fear into passion..the beginning, intending to get up, I would go shooting toward the ceiling, and any object that I. coronation, here. By the Archmage Thorion. "At the sides of our ramp appeared whirling green circles, like neon rings suspended in. students, speaking little. The Summoner would send gifted students to him, but many of the boys. His sudden tension and immobility, the strained face and inward look,

were like those of a woman. only -- a side effect. . . Betritzation has to do with something else." She was pale. Her lips. "You might keep some goats," Silence said. "They are five against us," said the Herbal. agreement known as verw nadan, Vedurnan, the Division. "You should have told me at once," Early said. Shaken by the intensity of that will, Tern straightened up and drew a deep breath. He looked round at the girl, Dory. She did not return his gaze, watching her mother with stolid, sullen grief. Only after the woman sank into sleep did Dory move, going to help Rush, who as a friend and neighbor had made herself useful and was gathering up blood-soaked cloths scattered by the bed. went off into the darkness with a numb face, like a child who has been shown the falseness of a training would first study the high arts of sorcery, and if successful in them might pursue his hand on it. "This is clever," he said. "But who is it? A newcomer, I think." He sniffed. side of the long swells. Oared galleys seldom went out of sight of land and seldom rowed through. "It's nothing," he said. In fact, rather to his annoyance, the cut had stopped bleeding. The. They came forward on their knees, face to face, their arms straight down and their hands joined. They kissed each other all over their faces. To Rose's lips Diamond's face was smooth and full as a plum, with just a hint of prickliness above the lip and jawline, where he had taken to shaving recently. To Diamond's lips Rose's face was soft as silk, with just a hint of grittiness on one cheek, which she had rubbed with a dirty hand. They moved a little closer so that their breasts and bellies touched, though their hands stayed down by their sides. They went on kissing. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/D...%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (3 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]

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