

## ANGELIC VOLUME 1 HEIRS GRACES

"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. "Every reason," said the Summoner. In all his flood of talk the only word Gelluk had spoken in the Old Tongue, the language of which people, and by us, if we were to change certain ways of seeing and understanding. took a donkey cart and drove over to Easthill, where they heard Diamond sing the Lay of the Lost. THE KARGAD LANDS. Otter, sitting by the fire shelling walnuts, held still. Mead thanked the messenger and brought to take. "This way," he said, falling into step beside her, and after a while, "This way," and so you. But I can't bear to see you unhappy, without pride! I don't know. Maybe you're right. Maybe be no true king of Earthsea. Mortally wounded in battle against the rebel lord Gehis of the "The one," Rose said. As suddenly as the ewe had walked off, she went into her house. Dragonfly followed her, but only to the door. Nobody entered a witch's house uninvited. "Got you," the old man said, looking down at the muddy, lax body. He added, "Too late," regretfully. He stooped to see if he could pick him up or drag him, and felt the faint warmth of life. "You're tough," he said. "Here, wake up. Come on. Otter, wake up." She stopped and stared at him. At that, the witch stopped walking. She hissed like a cat. "Tell anyone?" there is no doubt of that: The womb of the Mother lies under Samory. her eyes with her apron. "Was that what broke you," she said, "the drink?" whole "independence" escapade involved flying from one terminal to another, where someone money. And the voice not bad, if you'd worked on it. Otter had been struggling with tears; he hid his face. "Yes," he said, "thanks." who brought us hope. A promise was made, made through me, I spoke it - "A woman on Gont" - I will. He had made a little heap of bits of eggshell on the ground by his knee. He arranged the white fragments into a curve, then closed it into a circle. "Yes," he said, studying his eggshells, then, scratching up the earth a bit, he neatly and delicately buried them. He dusted off his hands. Again his glance flicked to Irian and away.. astray. Up on the slope of the Knoll they could see a little group of people: a circle of young. "He lay as if dead, cold, his heart not beating, yet he breathed. The Herbal used all his art, but sound. She adjusted the back of it, gave me a smile, and left. I sat down. The cushions were another world.. gossip. San's wife screeched when she heard there was a stranger at the door, crying that if San let. His humble teachers had taught him all the words they knew of the Language of the Making. Among him. Later when he tried to repeat the word, he stood dumb.. Azver frowned. "The Doorkeeper admitted you because you asked," he said. "I brought you to the Grove because the leaves of the trees spoke your name to me before you ever came here. Irian, they said, Irian. Why you came I don't know, but not by chance. The Summoner too knows that." insubstantial, but she thought he was not there, and when he stepped into the slanting sunlight. what they all wanted, and keeping his eyes from those clear eyes. He was a good teacher, the best. "I don't see why one couldn't be." She never saw why something could not be.. very much greater, the wholeness of knowledge. And that made him a mage.. about him. She hadn't seen a king when she first saw him, as with the other one.. how to do it. And she had no share in their wisdom, no part in their decisions. She drew away from. King needed some diversions.. possibility. . the fact that there is one who. . . when he was down on the docks thinking of her, he was alive. He never felt entirely alive in. we would say Semen." He smiled again and patted Otter's hand. "For he is the seed and fructifier.. could see the silver drops pooling on his tongue before he swallowed.. So it proved. Indeed, to Golden's amazement, Master Hemlock sent back a scrupulous two-fifths of. Medra woke in pain, in darkness. For a long time that was all there was. The pain came and went., file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (111 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:32 AM]. was empty, clear. She stood still and her soul seemed to go into that sky and be gone, gone out of. He nodded. "Left myself halfway," he said. He looked up; the Pattern was coming towards them.. Then he was back in himself, with the fierce hurt in his arm and hip and head, sick and dizzy in the blind blackness. When he moved, he whimpered; but he sat up. I have to live, he thought. I have to remember how to live. How to make light. I have to remember. I have to remember the shadows of the leaves.. She turned away from him and them and went on up the hill in the gathering darkness. As she went farther from them they saw her then, all of them, the great gold-mailed flanks, the spiked, coiling tail, the talons, and the breath that was bright fire. On the crest of the Knoll she paused a while, her long head turning to look slowly round the Isle of Roke, gazing longest at the Grove, only a blur of darkness in darkness now. Then with a rattle like the shaking of sheets of brass the wide, vaned wings opened and the dragon sprang up into the air, circled Roke Knoll once, and flew.. "I am," he said, his composure regained.. were passages concerning the true refiner's fire. Having long studied these, Gelluk knew that once born. A good deal about Earthsea, about wizards, about Roke Island, about dragons, had begun to. "The problem is the music," his mother said at last.. all. Being as how you have all one man can do with Alder's beeves, you see..". listening. Another wizard, not Roke-trained but with the healer's gift, looked after the sick and. Hemlock was 10th to practice any of the lesser arts of magic. He did not put out a finding spell.. And they study there just to get richer. Or to get power.. the dark.. The wizard kept the name Roke in his memory, and when he heard it again, and in the same liquid. She leaned still closer. I could smell her breath. If she was drunk, it was not on alcohol.. magic without giving up their sexuality, were described by celibate men as temptresses, unclean.. the beginning of the Overfell. The door of the house stood open. "On Havnor," he said, "far from Roke, in a village on Mount Onn, among people who know nothing of the world, there are still women of the Hand. That net hasn't broken after so many years. How was it woven?". Copyright (c) 2001 by Ursula K. Le Guin All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be. were coming over in a low, grey mass.. "I learned it really quickly," Diamond said.. East Fields,"

the young man said..not recall how or when I entered a wide avenue; at an intersection I slackened my pace, lifted my. That was no doubt Kalessin taking Ged home, multiplied by sailors making a good story better. But."He wanted me to go to the College on Roke to study with the Master Summoner. He was going to send."My mastery is here, on Gont," he said, still speaking hardly above a whisper. "My master is."But then came the dragon, Kalessin, bearing him living..magnified in white sweeping surfaces. I made for the edge of the geometrically perfect."Do people still live there?" Medra asked, and the master said, "Witches," while his brother said, "Worm eaters."He had given her a little warmth when she was cold. He had nothing else to give her. Where she ago, the rich man of that town was a merchant called Golden..around the spring without falling in a sinkhole among the reeds. In the cold darkness under a few."When I said that. . .".spot, because the momentum made me stumble. I caught my balance but was spun around, so that."She asked to," said the Doorkeeper.."Patterner," said the Doorkeeper, not at all surprised..They needed no persuasion. They rode off leaving everything behind, their blankets, the tent, the."I forget-I always forget," he said, downcast again. "I forget the walls of the prison. I'm not.Its owner was one of four men who called themselves Master of Iria. The other three called him Master of Old Iria. He spent his youth and what remained of his inheritance in law courts and the anterooms of the Lords of Way in Shelieth, trying to prove his right to the whole domain as it had been a hundred years ago. He came back unsuccessful and embittered and spent his age drinking the hard red wine from his last vineyard and walking his boundaries with a troop of ill-treated, underfed dogs to keep interlopers off his land.."Irian," he said, "do you hear the leaves?"."But you yourself said that brit. . . I'm sitting now. You see, I'm sitting. Calm yourself..The young man, called Ivory, did not actually have his staff and cloak yet; he explained that he.buzzed. I followed suit. A tickling wind blew on my fingers, and when I withdrew them, they.Yaved, as Ogion's true name was Aihal. He walked about there all one day, as if seeking something..themselves out to warlords or sought power for themselves. Through the irresponsibility of these.She was silent.."By the grace of water, that carries no scent," Otter said, standing up. A litter of walnut shells.He saw the lines of the spells that held him, heavy cords of darkness, a tangled maze of lines all about him. There was a way out of the knot, if he turned around so, and then so, and parted the lines with his hands, so; and he was free..From Seseary 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..little wisdom or gentleness with him. Maybe they were afraid of him. They bound his hands and.dark years will come again, when there was no rule of justice, and wizardry was used for evil.gift untaught is a ship unguided," they said to Otter, and they taught him all they knew. It.and saw the wizard standing before him, looming above him..He had never told Ogion anything about his first teacher, a sorcerer of no fame, even in Gont, and perhaps of ill fame. There was some mystery or shame connected with Ard. Though he was talkative, for a wizard, Heleth was silent as a stone about some things. Ogion, who respected silence, had never asked him about his teacher..She stood up, almost as tall as he, and as straight. She said nothing for a minute and then spoke."Where are you going?".that that's where we are. We won't defeat him."The nights were long and terrible, for the spells pressed on him, weighed on him, waked him over.stableyard, off across the hill, on the path that went around it halfway up. One of the dogs, her.down, he found himself dizzy and retching. He came no closer, but said words that might ease the.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.."I don't know," he said, but he tried to bring the werelight round them, and after a while the."I'll ask them their name," Medra said. He smiled. "If they'll tell me, they can come in. And when they think they've learned everything, they can go out again. If they can tell me my name."..ethical use and teaching of magic, was established by men and women on Roke Island about a hundred.But ever the other will be the same..Knowledge of these places and powers was the heart of religion in the Kargad Realm. In the."You don't look like a man," he said. Her face fell. "Not to me. You'll never look like a man to.nothing, all the same. And she didn't give up anything for it. Having me didn't stop her. She had.wasn't much, but there were some beginnings of the great arts in it; and though he felt uneasy at.darkness of the trees a stream ran out, green-banked, with many brown trodden places where cattle.And there are songs, old lays and ballads from small islands and from the quiet uplands of Havnor.."Rose's spells work as well as ever," she said stoutly..singly or several at a time from their metal lairs and speeding away, always in the same direction..She looked him up and down. "Marks on it, sir," she said. And then, to Tern, in a different tone, "If you'd like to come with me, she lives this way. And though she's only a girl, and poor, I'll tell you, peddler, she has an open hand. Though perhaps not all of us do."..above its eyes and below its ears. When he did so, it flicked its long right ear. So when he.the ragged shirt and saying nothing. At last he said he must go on, and the children drifted away.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (78 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]."Oh, pretty man," said one of them with a smile, "don't even show us what you have in your pack.She drank her lemonade -- that's what I called the sparkling liquid, in my thoughts -- and again I.have no other language.."And who shall stand against him?" said the Patterner. "I can only hide in my woods."."But you have some knowledge."But for some decades the kings of Hupun had been in conflict with the high priest and his.hungry," Ember said..Many came there both small and great.The Kargs are deeply resistant to writing of any kind, considering it to be sorcerous and wicked. They keep complex accounts and records in weavings of different colors and weights of yarn, and are expert mathematicians, using base twelve; but only since the Godkings came to power have they employed any kind of symbolic writing, and that sparingly. Bureaucrats and tradesmen of the Empire adapted the Hardic runes to Kargish, with some simplifications and additions, for purposes of

business and diplomacy. But Kargish priests never learn writing; and many Kargs still write every Hardic rune with a light stroke through it, to cancel out the sorcery that lurks in it..It seemed that from Roke Knoll the whole extent of the Grove could be seen, yet if you walked in.holiest place was a cavern and standing stones in the desert of Atuan, called the Tombs. It was a.She was in tears. They hugged, and she stroked his thick, shining hair and apologized for being cruel, and he hugged her again and said she was the kindest mother in the world, and so she went off. But as she left she turned back a moment and said, "Let him have the party, Di. Let yourself have it." "Come on out," whispered Diamond, a shadow in the starlight..with rage. Tern hurried him back to the boat before he exploded..the winding stairs, out of the tower, past the barracks, away from the mines. They walked through.had taken to be a gardener, and the youngest-looking of them, a tall man with a stern, beautiful.had no strength against the strong. They gave me all they had to give, but it was little. It was.He recognized Hound, though he could not sit up and could barely speak. The old man put his own jacket around his shoulders and gave him water from his flask. Then he squatted beside him, his back against the immense trunk of the oak, and stared into the forest for a while. It was late morning, hot, the summer sunlight filtering through the leaves in a thousand shades of green. A squirrel scolded, far up in the oak, and a jay replied. Hound scratched his neck and sighed..another witch-man in the door her baby would be born dead twice over. Her screaming could be heard."There's nobody in the village could change that," she said. She looked up into his face for a."Moles," Diamond said. "Honestly, I feel like hiding underground. I always thought Father was going to make me learn all his kind of stuff, after I got my name. But all this year he's kept sort of holding off. I guess he had this in mind all along. But what if I go down there and I'm not any better at being a wizard than I am at bookkeeping? Why can't I do what I know I can do?".And Dulse was standing on his own doorstep, three eggs in his hand and the rain running cold down.thundered; she fell flat on the ground..and their history together into "A Description of Earthsea." Its function is like that of the

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