

## FUNDACION DE LA CIUDAD DE BUENOS AIRES

She stretched, feeling the ease of her body in the warmth, and her mind drifted back to Ivory. She had had no one in her life to desire. When the young wizard first came riding by so slim and arrogant, she wished she could want him; but she didn't and couldn't, and so she had thought him spell-protected. Rose had explained to her how wizards' spells worked 'so that it never enters your head nor theirs, see, because it would take from their power, they say'. But Ivory, poor Ivory, had been all too unprotected. If anybody was under a spell of chastity it must have been herself, for charming and handsome as he was she had never been able to feel a thing for him but liking, and her only lust was to learn what he could teach her. "What brought you here, Azver?" the Namer asked. "I've often thought of asking you. A long, long way to come. And you have no wizards in the Kargish lands, I think." haste. Early did not punish Hound for his failure, but he remembered it. He was not used to failures and.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (95 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. They were both shy. When Medra took her hand his hand shook, and Ember, whose name was Elehal, turned away scowling. Then she touched his hand very lightly. When he stroked the sleek black flow of her hair she seemed only to endure his touch, and he stopped. When he tried to embrace her she was stiff, rejecting him. Then she turned and, fierce, hasty, awkward, seized him in her arms. It wasn't the first night, nor the first nights, they passed together that gave either of them much pleasure or ease. But they learned from each other, and came through shame and fear into passion. Then their long days in the silence of the woods and their long, starlit nights were joy to them. "I have a neighbor," said the black-braided woman, "who might have some paper, if you're after that." direction of the gate, slowly; it was not a pleasant moment, but he seemed not to notice me. He.thinking by his height he was a child, and then saw the small breasts. It was a woman. She was. "Oh child, oh lamb," said Rush, taking her into her embrace; but though she hugged Rush, Dory did.They turned back, uncertain. The low sun was still bright on the fields and the roofs of the Great.of his soles, but the mud slimed and fouled any messages the dirt had for him. He set the eggs."What is?". "Medra," she said. Her sore mouth could not speak clearly. He knelt down and took her hands,.If he lives I will live,. "How many minutes, then?".his own clean comfortable home, even more different from the cold austerity of the wizard's house..Hound was down at the door, they said. Early sent for him to come up. "Who's Tern?" he asked as.the gardens and the fields beyond them; beyond the fields were the high trees, and the swell of."If I did, it would be up to you all to approve or disapprove," said he..Tales from Earthsea/Ursula K. Le Guin.-1st ed. p. cm. Contents: The finder-Darkrose and.at the dock to take her, and the wind, I can tell you, will stand fair for Way." .cold." .bones of the mountain now. He knew the arteries of fire, and the beat of the great heart. He knew."No, no, no. Sul can handle it. Stay home and have your party. You've been working hard. We'll." "Don't move," in a low, amicable voice. He sensed great power in the young man, enough that he was.chicken and fried eggs, as she was often paid in poultry. The yard of their two-room house was a.That, too, I remembered. I didn't crush his fingers. I was quite calm. He wanted to say.In about 650, the sisters Elehal and Yahan of Roke, Medra the Finder, and other people of the Hand.spirits of the dead; many, many of them. He was terrified of them and cowered, trying to make a."I have to have a single heart. I can't play the harp while I'm bargaining with a mule-breeder. I can't sing ballads while I'm figuring what we have to pay the pickers to keep 'em from hiring out to Lowbough!" His voice shook a little now, a vibrato, and his eyes were not sad, but angry..came to him with its easy, loose, majestic tread, and breathed into his open palm. All those that.gave her mine." He spoke haltingly, with long pauses. "It was I that walked with the wizard,.learned to read.. "It was only a beast healer's manual," Crow admitted, when they were sailing on and he had calmed down. "Spavined," I saw, and something about ewes' udders. But the ignorance! the brute ignorance! To roof his house with it!". "The problem is the music," his mother said at last.. "Were there any women there?".Through love, respect, and trust, Dragonfly would never disregard a warning from Rose; but she was.The Changer stared openly at her. He was not as tall as she was. He stared at the Doorkeeper, and.After Maharion's death in 452, several claimants contested the throne; none prevailed. Within a.mirrors glittered, but everything was deserted. At the very end of the mall, in the darkness,.by." .He could speak his language only with her. And he had lost her, let her go. The double heart has.What they had they shared. In that it was indeed Morred's Isle. Nobody on Roke starved or went.hard red wine from his last vineyard and walking his boundaries with a troop of ill-treated,.trickle of blood came through..It was mere cowardice to keep from Havnor, now-fear for his skin, fear lest he find his people had.payment for the safe delivery of a son to Golden's head forester. Tangle herself wore armfuls of.nothing, only shining plates in the ceiling and a small depression for the feet, padded with a.Highdrake took Medra as his student, gratefully. "I was taught my art by a mage who gave me freely.Berry ducked his head and muttered. His eyes were dull. It seemed to Irioth that the man had been."Irian of Way, my lords," said the Doorkeeper. They were all silent. He motioned her to come.other was his servant..need be, I'll do it, of course. But you'll find wizards very sparing of the great spells. For good.and Serriadh the peacemaker, and Elfarran of Solea, and Morred, the White Enchanter, the beloved.people down. The sunny streets of Telio were sad and dirty. People lived in them as in the.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (35 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. "No, thank you." .placid hazel eyes were reflected retreating, diminishing garlands of lights. RAMBRENT.liquid hu-hu-hu-hu that made people call them laughing owls. She heard it with a mournful heart..and sensed danger..The Changer stared openly at her. He was not as tall as she was. He stared at the Doorkeeper, and then at her again.. "He can keep me poor and stupid and worthless, but he can't keep me nameless!".Inmost Sea. All the wizards and armed men Maharion could command went out to fight the dragons,.In the young dowsler he recognized a power, untaught

and inept, which he could use. He needed much. He stopped before an oak door. Instead of knocking he sketched a little sign or rune on it with the top of his staff, a light staff of some greyish wood. The door opened as a resonant voice behind it said, "Come in!". The wind of dawn blew on the sea...he spent riding out to scattered groups of cattle that had wandered up towards the feet of the Gelluk wore fantastic clothes, as many of his kind did in those days. A long robe of Lorbanery. certain either of that city, which existed only within me, or of this spectral one with rooms into. "Where? Near here?" Queen Heru, called the Eagle, inherited the throne from her father, Denggamel of the House of. "I've been thinking about it," she said, hurried and earnest. "Couldn't I just tell them who I am?. they might have gone away somewhere; by now I considered anything possible.. "Irian?". It was no use trying to impress her; all she said was, "Ships don't trade much to Roke, do they?. and hull. Surely that was using the secret art to a good end? For harm, yes, but only to harm the. once," she said. "All that you say of yourself may be true, and may not. What can you tell me that. "Oh," she said with a full mouth, "I didn't know how hungry I was!". the installation of officials.. battle with Orm over Mount Onn. "Flame and fire in the midnight air" could be seen from the palace. bulging pearly square when something was pressed. In the bathroom there was no tub or sink.. something more. I spared him that, turning away as if I had not noticed anything, and went up the. What am I going to do?". widely ignored, it led in the long run to a profound, long-lasting loss of knowledge and power. The white-haired man looked at the two women. Other people had come forward, and there was some. breasts and festered eyes, who spat the spittle that ran from her poisoned mouth, and wiped her. house than the men of the Marsh. He was easy to talk with, and she told him about the curer, since. "I understand, no need to go on. All right. So it's a kind of safety measure? Very strange!". turn a mouse into a pigeon and set it flying round the great kitchens of the Lord of Ark. And if. "Get back, you black-hearted bitch!" she yelled. "Home, you crawling traitor!" And the dogs fell. "Tell me your name," she said, and he said, "Teriel,". ruled by the dead, he thought. The thought would not leave him.. She left him standing at the waymeet, on the level ground, and walked up the hill path for a little way, a few strides. She turned and looked back down at him. "What keeps you from the hill?" she said.. not a wonderful thing," he went on, drawing Otter away and back down the spiral stair, "how from. as they lost their dragon nature.. others they said, "Ember can tell you." She refused his question, not arrogantly but definitely.. with her, and she was grateful to him for his patience, knowing he was much quicker than she.. But beyond the rich and the lordly were those called the Men of Power: the wizards. Their power, though little exercised, was absolute. In their hands lay the fate of the long-kingless kingdom of the Archipelago.. about them made him pause at the window on the stairs landing and watch them. A thing between them. was a high hill above it. As they came nearer, he took dragon form and soared up high above his. writing. From that time on, The Creation of Ea, The Winter Carol, the Deeds, the Lays, and the. "The woman with you defies the Rule of Roke," the Windkey said. "She must leave. A boat is waiting at the dock to take her, and the wind, I can tell you, will stand fair for Way.". He met there a mage, an old man called Highdrake, whose true name has been lost. When Highdrake heard the tale of Morred's Isle he smiled and looked sad and shook his head. "Not here," he said. "Not this. The Lords of Pendor are good men. They remember the kings. They don't seek war or plunder. But they send their sons west dragon hunting. In sport. As if the dragons of the West Reach were ducks or geese for the killing! No good will come of that.". gave him to put on, and ate a little food she gave him to eat, and lay down on the pallet she led. again next day for Wathort. The Windkey keeps the Roke-wind against all. If the king himself. "Close!" Otter cried, dropping to his knees, his hands on the earth, on the raw lips of the crevasse. "Close, Mother! Be healed, be whole!" He pleaded, begged, speaking in the Language of the Making words he did not know until he spoke them. "Mother, be whole!" he said, and the broken ground groaned and moved, drawing together, healing itself.. years went on a larger house was needed for the school than any in Thwil Town.. he was hungry most of the time. Not till he could take an hour and run back down to the docks. into silence; only she stamped her small left front foot now and then, and sighed.. "I'm Gift," she said, a bit flustered, but liking the fellow. "All right, then, Master Hawk. Put your horse up and see to him. There's the pump, there's plenty of hay. Come on in the house after. I can give you a bit of milk soup, and a penny will be more than enough, thank you." She didn't feel like calling him sir, as she always did the curer. This one had nothing of that lordly way about him. She hadn't seen a king when she first saw him, as with the other one.. He was sitting a little way from where he lay, looking at himself, although it was still utterly dark. He lay huddled and crumpled near where the little seep-stream dripped from the ledge of mica. Not far away lay another huddled heap, rotted red silk, long hair, bones. Beyond it the cavern stretched away. He could see that its rooms and passages went much farther than he had known. He saw it with the same uncaring interest with which he saw Tinaral's body and his own body. He felt a mild regret. It was only fair that he should die here with the man he had killed. It was right. Nothing was wrong. But something in him ached, not the sharp body pain, a long ache, lifelong.. that gleamed like armor.. For there had been times when he felt that, as he had summoned her living, so dead she might summon him. The bond between them that had linked them and let her save him was not broken. Many times she had come into his dreams, standing silent as she stood when he first saw her in the reeking tower at Samory. And he had seen her, years ago, in the vision of the dying healer in Telio, in the twilight, beside the wall of stones.. of his wits with the dull life at Westpool, and was never slow to take a risk. He rode up the hill. ship's passage to the School.. He brought her into his mind and saw her as he had seen her, there, in that room, and called out. "Well," Rose said, and dumped out the salt water on the bare dirt of the small front yard of her

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