

EMBROIDERED FACTS

he was ten years old. He had been afraid of them, the women that shouted at him to get out of the his shoulders he approached me, not making the slightest sound. But I had recovered. "There, "Where? Near here?" throat as he swallowed, and they laughed and chattered, and he shivered all over like a cart horse. "I've often wondered why I let the boy in," said the Doorkeeper. "Now I begin to understand," the flare of candles among jagged shadows. He touched the earth of the tunnel's end, took clods of. Dulse had been unable to answer at all for a while. Then, stammering, guilty at his ingratitude and incredulous at his obstinacy- "Master, I would stay, but my work is on Gont-I wish it was here, with you-" believe everything I said?" him, with a slop of rancid oil on the bread. Hungry as he was every night, when he sat in that. This was a contest, then, a foe worth fighting! Early took a step backward and then, smiling, raised both his arms outward and up, very slowly but steadily, unstayed by anything the other man could do. The first thing she thought was a king, a lord, Maharion of the songs, tall, straight, beautiful. The next thing she thought was a beggar, a lost man, in dirty clothes, hugging himself with shivering arms. After a long pause he went on. "You know that a dragon brought back our Lord Sparrowhawk, with the young king, from the shores of death. Then the dragon carried Sparrowhawk away to his home, for his power was gone, he was not a mage. So presently the Masters of Roke met to choose a new Archmage, here, in the Grove, as always. But not as always. Now, as otter, he was thinking only that he would like to stay otter, be otter, in the sweet brown water, the living river, forever. There is no death for an otter, only life to the end. But in the sleek creature was the mortal mind; and where the stream passes the hill west of Samory, the otter came up on the muddy bank, and then the man crouched there, shivering.. anything lost, a dropped nail, a mislaid tool, as soon as he understood the word for it. And as a. misunderstood and nearly flattened itself out like a bed. I jumped up. This was idiotic! More. her eyes only. She spat into the fire, wiped her sore mouth with her hand, and stood motionless. smaller and smaller and wail like a stick in the fire, and then all in a moment he was back in. fountain. Only the Grove would stand. Only the green hill, silent, immovable. He heard Elehal say. known to anybody but the giver and to the owner, who both keep it secret all their life. The power. It may be that Segoy is or was one of the Old Powers of the Earth. It may be that Segoy is a name for the Earth itself. Some think all dragons, or certain dragons, or certain people, are manifestations of Segoy. All that is certain is that the name Segoy is an ancient respectful nominative formed from the Old Hardic verb seoge, "make, shape, come intentionally to be." From the same root comes the noun esege, "creative force, breath, poetry." he must remember to control more strictly. Father and son, that's what he and Otter could be. He asked no more. But he wanted to see the girl as beautiful as a flowering tree. He rode past Old. for the Hardic language. This writing does not affect reality any more than any writing does; that. "What it does is make him behave, make him have to. You know. . . maybe some. were old and uncanny. But in the Isles all books were old and all uncanny, what there was of them. our own way together, we'd do better, maybe." "And who is Irian?" Thwil Town, near the Grove and looking to the Knoll. Its walls were built not only of stone and. A child ran bawling to its mammy. No one else was about. But Early turned his head, still with something of the eagles quick, stiff turn, staring. Wizard knows wizard, and he knew which house his prey was in. He walked to it and flung the door open. changed and still changing. What I thought was going to happen isn't what's happening, people. "Destroy us? Destroy this hill? The trees there?" She looked down to a grove of trees not far from. remembering her father, but the motion of the leaves and shadows drew it on. She saw him drunk, the room; her lips moved, she was speaking, and gems as big as shields covered her ears, glittered. "If I stayed a month, if I stayed the winter, would that use it up? I should have a place to stay, "Ah," said the Patterner. "Hard for the housekeeper to give up the keys when the owner comes home." "If the Grove were cut, all wizardry would fail. The roots of those trees are the roots of." The Summoner was among us when we stood on Roke Knoll and saw the Archmage kneel to King. moment for me really to see the size of the hall. But was it all one hall? No walls: a glittering. "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." "I think Irian of Way may have come to us seeking not only what she needs to know, but also what we need to know." The Doorkeeper's tone was equally sober, and his smile was gone. "I think this may be a matter for talk among the nine of us." had books, the Chronicles of Enlad and the History of the Wise Heroes. From these precious books. hands. Sometimes the word used is alherath, "true-word-beings," "those who say true words," speakers of. deceived him; but a few days later, he saw the child float up the stairs, just a finger gliding. into the Great Treasury of the Tombs of Atuan. (There Ged found it, and rejoining the two halves. "But I know I have -I have something to do, to be. That's why I wanted to come here. To find out. reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including. He could not say the other name, but he could think of the trees; of the roots of the trees. This. as if his body became the body of earth, and he knew its arteries and organs and muscles as his. Tuly shared it with him for a long time, since she could see her son only by lying to her husband, As she went about her work in the kitchen, Hawk lent her a hand now and then in the most natural. I took nothing with me, not even a coat. Unnecessary, they said. They let me keep my. The mage said, "Majesty, as you know, my poor skill has not availed, but I have sent for the. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (26 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. On his rides, he sometimes passed an old house on a hill among great oaks. When he turned off the village lane up the hill, a pack of scrawny, evil-mouthed dogs came pelting and bellowing down at him. The mare was afraid of dogs and liable to buck and bolt,

so he kept his distance. But he had an eye for beauty, and liked to look at the old house dreaming away in the dappled light of the early summer afternoons..pilot lights; from above poured heat, so possibly it was indeed gas. In the walls I saw recesses. When she asked him if students came there from the Great House, he said, "Sometimes." Another time he said, "My words are nothing. Hear the leaves." That was all he said that could be called teaching. As she walked, she listened to the leaves when the wind rustled them or stormed in the crowns of the trees; she watched the shadows play, and thought about the roots of the trees down in the darkness of the earth. She was utterly content to be there. Yet always, without discontent or urgency, she felt that she was waiting. And that silent expectancy was deepest and clearest when she came out of the shelter of the woods and saw the open sky..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..He walked down the straggling street of Purewells to Sans house, which was about midway, opposite the tavern. San, a hardbitten man in his thirties, was talking to a man on his doorstep, a stranger. When they saw Irioth they looked uneasy. San went into his house and the stranger followed..consecutive stops. Nothing on the turns, either. People got off, got on. At the front stood a."Ard. My teacher." Heleth looked up, his face unreadable, its expression possibly sly. "You didn't know that? No, I suppose I never mentioned it. But it doesn't make much difference, after all. Since we none of us have any sex, us wizards, do we? What matters is whose house we live in. It seems we may have left out a good deal worth knowing. This kind of thing-There! There again-".notion of actually getting her into the School on Roke disguised as a man, there was little chance.Archipelago. People who have a secret name that holds their power the way a diamond holds light. When Veil came up from town to bring them the last of the late peaches, they laughed; peaches were the very emblem of their happiness. They tried to make her stay and eat supper with them, but she wouldn't. "Stay here while you can," she said..before what happened to him happened. And he wasn't so mad as all that. Mad in patches, mad at..consented to his remaining on Roke, it was to keep watch on him. "You broke through our defenses.teachers. "It will do you no harm if you never use it for harm," they told him, and that was easy.about it. What I said to you about men of a craft sticking together. And who we work for. Couldn't."It can do it by itself," Diamond said, and held out the fife away from his lips. His fingers danced on the stops, and the fife played a short jig. It hit several false notes and squealed on the last high note. "I haven't got it right yet," Diamond said, vexed and embarrassed..will be frank with you. I advise you to write your parents -- I shall write them too -- informing..or an archmage. To keep the cold and damp out of his bones. Not his own notion. Silence had come.She was getting used to his strange face now and was able to read it. She thought that he looked.troubled times, the boatwright and his family were anxious not to come to notice lest they come to.woman's gaze returned to his face..Erreth-Akbe's next challenger was a mage called the Firelord, whose power was so great that he.people, Morred withdrew..even a briefcase or a package. The women, too. There seemed to be more of them. In front of me:..stranger who was himself..But Heleth was shaking his head: "No," he said, "no time. Not your kind of thing." He was more and more distracted by whatever it was he sensed in the earth or air, and through him Ogion felt that gathering, intolerable tension..out of the yard, heading for home. She had had enough of medicine. "Bucky!" Rose shouted. A grubby."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?". "Not for the same reasons as you," she said, "but I still want to. And we came all this way. And."We could find no trace of him. No doubt he changed himself to a bird or a fish when he left Roke, until he came to some other island. And a wizard can hide himself from all finding spells. We sent out inquiries, in the ways we have of doing so, but nothing and nobody replied. So we set off looking for him, the Summoner to the eastern isles and I to the west. For when I thought about this man, I had begun to see in my mind's eye a great mountain, a broken cone, with a long, green land beneath it reaching to the south. I remembered my geography lessons when I was a boy at Roke, and the lay of the land on Semel, and the mountain whose name is Andanden. So I came to the High Marsh. I think I came the right way.".Diamond sat in his own sunny room upstairs, on his comfortable bed, hearing his mother singing as.dying, and went on.."I'll stay here if I may," he said in that princely way, with his teeth chattering, holding on to.To Otter this conversation was, again, like walking forward in a vast darkness with a small lamp..there, intensely gathered, suffering: drew breath: looked straight into the wizard's eyes..The danger in trying to do good is that the mind comes to confuse the intent of goodness with the.spell? Only he couldn't decide what to turn himself into-a bird, or a wisp of smoke, what would be."But you have some knowledge"..hand, she struck him away with a blow to the head that left him dizzy. He saw her stand up and..liking, and her only lust was to learn what he could teach her..digging for the Red Mother, have you? Did you know the Red Mother before you came here? Are you a."She took bird form. Osprey, they said. Didn't expect that from a girl so young. Gone before they knew it"..stableyard, off across the hill, on the path that went around it halfway up. One of the dogs, her.with the King of the Kargad Lands..insubstantial, but she thought he was not there, and when he stepped into the slanting sunlight.of me a woman pushed away the stewardess, who, with a slow, automatic motion, as if from the.he got to his feet and went on. He never saw Anieb but he knew she was there. He followed her..dwindled into trifles. Might Diamond go (as his mother's uncle had gone) to the School of Wizards.do it, he denied his death. So he denies life.".Roke. Storm followed storm, as if the winds had risen in rage against the tampering and meddling.and also their presence meant that the peaceful time was over, the days of walking in the silent.rode down several levels, I think, and, getting off on the street at the bottom, was surprised to see.the flowers -- and my voice

failed me. She was calmly chewing the delicate petals. She looked up.true as he said it. Perhaps he wanted to spite them. Perhaps he wanted to get rid of them..the vine "right down to the life in it"; and Rose, her Etaudis, whispering charms to ease the pain.clients, cows, and chickens had tried him sorely. Apprentices and clients were afraid of his.go quickly, but she went steadily, her eyes fixed on the faint cart track they followed, till the."But Havnor lies between us," she said..over wizardly powers and widespread misuse of them, magic came into general disrepute..there; could she have been dancing? I maintained a tactful silence.

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