

SOVIET BUS STOPS VOLUME II

smiled, and the Herbal belatedly made the same gesture..Ember parted from him with only a "Good night."..were completely dry and clean. Next we ascended a wide escalator. I did not know if this was..She did not wait for an answer. "I'll walk her up," she said, standing up, and put out her hand for the reins. Ivory saw that he was supposed to dismount. He did so, asking, "Is it very bad?" and peering at the horse's leg, seeing only bright, bloody foam..had the gift for it, taught. He was a little curious about this boy whose cheerful good manners..darkness of the trees a stream ran out, green-banked, with many brown trodden places where cattle..He had married while he was in Shelieth, a woman no one at Iria knew anything about, for she came..breed modesty, sometimes, even in unlikely places. "If you were to go to Roke, I'd send a letter..Otter away..watermetal's long gone. Listen, young'un, do you even know what cinnabar is?"..again at Gift, and Ged did also. She looked at them both..marshlands, a village not far away. He had thought he was on the way to the village, but had taken..saw that his companion was in distress, and said, "I'll get you out of here. Fetch a carter from..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..This was another of the reasons Diamond loved her..The sense of huge strength was draining out of her. She turned her head a little and looked down,..chestnut don't shoot up overnight like alder and willow. But there was time. There was time, now..But he said nothing to the boy and nothing to the boy's mother. He was a consciously close-mouthed man, distrustful of visions until they could be made acts; and she, though a dutiful, loving wife and mother and housekeeper, already made too much of Diamond's talents and accomplishments. Also, like all women, she was inclined to babble and gossip, and indiscriminate in her friendships. The girl Rose hung about with Diamond because Tuly encouraged Rose's mother the witch to visit, consulting her every time Diamond had a hangnail, and telling her more than she or anyone ought to know about Golden's household. His business was none of the witch's business. On the other hand, Tangle might be able to tell him if his son in fact showed promise, had a talent for magery...but he flinched away from the thought of asking her, asking a witch's opinion on anything, least of all a judgment on his son..The boy's drop-jawed stare irritated Hemlock, though he knew it shouldn't. Wizards are used to overweening confidence in the young of their kind. They expect modesty to come later, if at all. "I said Roke," Hemlock said in a tone that said he was unused to having to repeat himself. And then, because this boy, this soft-headed, spoiled, moony boy had endeared himself to Hemlock by his uncomplaining patience, he took pity on him and said, "You should either go to Roke or find a wizard to teach you what you need. Of course you need what I can teach you. You need the names. The art begins and ends in naming. But that's not your gift. You have a poor memory for words. You must train it diligently. However, it's clear that you do have capacities, and that they need cultivation and discipline, which another man can give you better than I can." So does modesty breed modesty, sometimes, even in unlikely places. "If you were to go to Roke, I'd send a letter with you drawing you to the particular attention of the Master Summoner."..to say to those who come. Being a finder, I'll find out if they belong here."..cabin. He knew now that coaxing was no good. To have her he must master her; and that he would do,..the connotations of the rune translated into Hardic. The names of commonly used runes such as Pirr..platform. From above, lights flared, and in them the people sparkled and shimmered. Now the flat..one to the other in blank bewilderment..the island, a sea no boat could venture out in..Medra knew only a hint of this story from Ember. One night Veil, who was three years older than Ember and to whom the memory was much clearer, told it to him fully. Ember sat with them, listening in silence.."Oh, it's a curse, a curse, this wizardry!" they said.."No," he said. "I don't know the way.".."She spoke with the other breath," Azver said..failed he had to stop and sit down and sleep. The sleep was never death, as he thought it was. He..He pondered. All the time he was with Gelluk, he had tried to learn from him, tried to understand what the wizard was telling him. Yet he was certain, now, that Gelluk's ideas, the teaching he so eagerly imparted, had nothing to do with his power or with any true power. Mining and refining were indeed great crafts with their own mysteries and masteries, but Gelluk seemed to know nothing of those arts. His talk of the Alkking and the Red Mother was mere words. And not the right words. But how did Otter know that?..The first thing she thought was a king, a lord, Maharion of the songs, tall, straight, beautiful..Irian was studying the Namer covertly but equally attentively, trying to see if she could tell if..but had not understood that he loved her beyond anyone and anything. When he was with her, even..jolting between them and the drowsy carter, and the drowsy summer hills and fields slipping..lights. No infor. By now I was exhausted, not only physically -- I felt that I could not take in any.."You're not," Irian said. She thought him between thirty and forty, though it was hard to tell; she kept thinking his hair was white, because it was not black..running his hands over the wood and talking to it, that he couldn't see why they made a fuss over..Because this kind of fictional fact, like maps of imaginary realms, is of real interest to some..This is only a seeming of me, a presentment, a sending," the old man said to her. "I don't live here either. Miles off." He gestured northward. "You might come there when you're done with the Patterner here. I'd like to learn more about your name." He nodded to the other two mages and was not there. A bumblebee buzzed heavily through the air where he had been..fear them, fear to be corrupted - no, but fear that to admit women might change the rule they..singer with a droning voice and a droning bagpipe was singing The Deed of the Dragonlord to a..elsewhere than Roke..notably on Paln-but the Masters of Roke came to regard with suspicion a..after the Long Dance. Come if you like."..Still it rankled him that Diamond had let him down flat, without a word of thanks or apology. So much for good manners, he thought.."Which level?".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...spreading and wandering, making a marsh of it, a big, desolate, waterland with a far horizon, few. "But - but Arren was King Lebannen -". She did not know what he meant, but did not ask, preoccupied: "You say he makes me his reason for you to meet together." and yet slower, but they walked on. There was no sound but the sound of the rain falling from the. For a while I let myself be carried along by the white walkway, until it occurred to me. It took him six more days to get through the big herds in the eastern marshes. The last two days he spent riding out to scattered groups of cattle that had wandered up towards the feet of the mountain. Many of them were not infected yet, and he could protect them. The hinny carried him bareback and made the going easy. But there was nothing left for him to eat. When he rode back to the village he was light-headed and weak-kneed. He took a long time getting home from Alder's stable, where he left the hinny. Emer greeted him and scolded him and tried to make him eat, but he explained that he could not eat yet. "As I stayed there in the sickness, in the sick fields, I felt sick. After a while I'll be able to eat again," he explained..conscience. The big galley they were building now would be rowed to war by Losen's slaves and. I should laugh or cry; the nonexistent singer hummed something softly. I did not want to listen. I. "A shirt." "He can keep me poor and stupid and worthless, but he can't keep me nameless!" He did as he often did, made a little design out of whatever lay to hand: on the bit of sand on the riverbank in front of him he set a leaf-stem, a grassblade, and several pebbles. He studied them and rearranged them. "Now I must speak of harm," he said. "I don't know," the Herbal said. "I can only tell you that when I'm with him, when I'm in the. he got to his feet and went on. He never saw Anieb but he knew she was there. He followed her..path through the fields to Roke Knoll. It is a curious thing about the Great House of Roke, that. little mare. The curer followed. The hinny had a smooth, long-legged walk, and her whiteness shone. who had looked at him. He saw her eyes..The Hardic language of the Archipelago, the Osskili tongue of Osskil, and the Kargish tongue, are. of rock and earth. It was as if he walked in a great building, seeing its passages and rooms, the. The roof of the cavern was far above him. The trickle of water dripping from the mica ledge glittered in short dashes in the werelight..a collateral line of the House of Enlad, inheriting the throne from a cousin; his forebears were. I rolled up my sleeve and showed her..He stared at her, seeing a round-faced woman, middle-aged, short and strong, with grey in her hair. "And a good thing too!" Golden said roundly. "What's become of that daughter of hers, then? Went off with a juggler, I heard?" her something to say that, yet when she had said it she felt released, untied too. What was she. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/D...20%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (6 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. Thoreg's high priest, Intathin, opposing any truce or settlement, challenged Erreth-Akbe to a duel. thick as syrup, an unusual concentration of colors. I walked on passively, squinting, abstracted. A. when the group of thirty or more men came past the little house and approached them. They were. "And who is Irian?". "And what is a real?". "Young man, I must ask you if you wish to continue studying with me." not afraid enough of him. It was all the two of us could do to hold our own against him, there in. set in the lid, which seemed a kind and pretty gift to Diamond and his mother. But Golden was a. Morred's people against him. Crying out that their king had betrayed them, the villagers of Enlad. grazing on Iria Hill, the bronze crowns of the oaks. "He's very careful how he talks about the. engulfingly soft, as everywhere. The back of my seat was so high that I could barely see the other. 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. "Thank you for these and the shoes," he said, and thanking her for the gift, remembered her use-name but said only, "mistress." The spasm passed; Heleth answered, "Inside it. There at Yaved." He pointed to the knotted hills below them. "I'll go in, try to keep things from sliding around, eh? I'll find out when I'm doing it, no doubt. I think you should be getting back to yourself. Things are tightening up." He stopped again, looking as if he were in intense pain, hunched and clenched. He struggled to stand up. Unthinking, Ogion held out his hand to help him..the lead galley, whose hundred oars flashed beating like the wings of a gull. Sometimes he was. wizard to teach you what you need. Of course you need what I can teach you. You need the names..master any longer, he could not in conscience command him. "You have a true gift, Essiri," he. Never old. I can't teach you. I can take you into the Grove." After a minute he stood up. "Yes?". given it to her when they married. It had come down through the generations of the descendants of. there, be nice," I said. He couldn't be real -- a phantom, like the singer, like the ones down by the. "I'd always counted on your going into the family business," Golden said. His tone was neutral,. came on your story, or something like it. That men and dragons were all one kind, but they. must be a horrible thing - not to breathe the air." She had shuddered at the thought. It was the. She said nothing, but breathed very warm in his ear, and he moaned. His hands clenched hers. He drew back a little. She drew back. They sat back on their ankles..Women who work magic may practice periods of celibacy as well as fasting and other disciplines believed to purify and concentrate power; but most witches lead active sexual lives, having more freedom than most village women and less need to fear abuse. Many pledge "witch-troth" with another witch or an ordinary woman. They do not often marry men, and if they do, they are likely to choose a sorcerer..His spies had been coming to him for a year or more muttering about a secret insurgency all across his realm, rebellious groups of sorcerers that called themselves the Hand. Eager to find his enemy, he had one such group investigated. They turned out to be a lot of old

women, midwives, carpenters, a ditchdigger, a tinsmith's prentice, a couple of little boys. Humiliated and enraged, Early had them put to death along with the man who reported them to him. It was a public execution, in Losen's name, for the crime of conspiracy against the King. There had perhaps not been enough of that kind of intimidation lately. But it went against his grain. He didn't like to make a public spectacle of fools who had tricked him into fearing them. He would rather have dealt with them in his own way, in his own time. To be nourishing, fear must be immediate; he needed to see people afraid of him, hear their terror, smell it, taste it. But since he ruled in Losen's name, it was Losen who must be feared by the armies and the peoples, and he himself must keep in the background, making do with slaves and prentices..He checked the henhouse, finding three eggs. Red Bucca was setting. Her eggs were about due to hatch. The mites were bothering her, and she looked scruffy and jaded. He said a few words against mites, told himself to remember to clean out the nest box as soon as the chicks hatched, and went on to the poultry yard, where Brown Bucca and Grey and Leggings and Candor and the King huddled under the eaves making soft, shrewish remarks about rain.. "There's bread," Ayo said, and Mead hurried to pack hard bread and hard cheese and walnuts into a pouch made of a sheep's stomach. They were very poor people. They gave him what they had. So Anieb had done.. "No. It isn't the High Art. It isn't the True Speech. A wizard mustn't soil his lips with common words. "Weak as women's magic, wicked as women's magic," you think I don't know what they say? So, why did you come back here?" .shine in a dark room, or find a lost pin by thinking about it, or true up a warped joint by."Then you'll be more than welcome. The plague is terrible among the cattle. And getting worse." .BUT OF COURSE he went down to Havnor South Port, in one of his father's carts driven by one of his father's carters, along with Master Hemlock. As a rule, people do what wizards advise them to do. And it is no small honor to be invited by a wizard to be his student or apprentice. Hemlock, who had won his staff on Roke, was used to having boys come to him begging to be tested and, if they had the gift for it, taught. He was a little curious about this boy whose cheerful good manners hid some reluctance or self-doubt. It was the father's idea, not the boy's, that he was gifted. That was unusual, though perhaps not so unusual among the wealthy as among common folk. At any rate he came with a very good prenticing fee paid beforehand in gold and ivory. If he had the makings of a wizard Hemlock would train him, and if he had, as Hemlock suspected, a mere childish flair, then he'd be sent home with what remained of his fee. Hemlock was an honest, upright, humorless, scholarly wizard with little interest in feelings or ideas. His gift was for names. "The art begins and ends in naming," he said, which indeed is true, although there may be a good deal between the beginning and the end.. "Oh, yes," Irioth said. "It was my fault." But she forgave; and the grey cat was pressed up. That was where Hound found him, miles away from the valley, west of Samory, on the edge of the great forest of Faliern.. 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.. Some people of great innate and trained power are able to find out the true name of another, or even to have it come to them unsought. Since such knowledge can be betrayed or misused, it is immensely dangerous. Ordinary people-and dragons-keep their true name secret; wizards hide and defend theirs with spells. Morred could not even begin to fight his Enemy until he saw his Enemy's name written in the dust by the falling rain. Ged could force the dragon Yevaud to obey him, having by both wizardry and scholarship discovered Yevaud's true name under centuries of false ones.. chestnut groves, the pickers, the carters, the carts -- all that work and talk and planning.. system in the Archipelago, which stems from the Havnorian Tale, makes the year Morred took the Otter knew that a moment was coming when he might get free of Gelluk: of that he had been sure since last night. He knew also that in that same moment he might defeat Gelluk, disempower him, if the wizard, driven by his visions, forgot to guard himself-and if Otter could learn his name.. The Summoner had spent a part of his strength for good, overcoming that blind will. And I didn't. The boy was in fact a workman of the first order, carpenter, cabinetmaker, stonelayer, roofer; he murmured. "So young. The tiny Prince, the baby Lord, Lord Turren. Seed of the world! Soul-jewel!" the summoner's art goes straight to that. It's a wonderful thing to summon up the semblance and. She stood up, almost as tall as he, and as straight. She said nothing for a minute and then spoke. blanket on the plank bed. She found a cracked pitcher in a skew-doored cabinet and filled it with. and over terrified, gasping for breath, and never able to think coherently. It was utterly dark,

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