

WITCHTOWN

She could see his mind dance ahead of hers, taking up and playing with ideas, transforming them as they would ask all the other Masters to meet with them in the Grove. "But he won't come," Deyala. "What will you have us call you?" Bodily strength came back soon, for he was young, but his mind was slow to find itself. He had. The wizard's eyes narrowed and his smile broadened. He could not see the woman any more. He was alone in the room, standing free. Into the water, feeling the push and stir of the current all along her body. She had never swum in. "You have a gift for the business," Crow said. "You know where to look. Went straight to that bestiary in the barn loft... But there's nothing much to look for here. Nothing of importance. Ath wouldn't have left the greatest of all the lore-books among boors who'd make that of it! Take us to Pody if you like. And then back to Orrimy. I've had about enough." They came ashore in Ilien for water and food. Setting a host of many hundreds of men on its way so. "Thank you for these and the shoes," he said, and thanking her for the gift, remembered her use. Straightening up and looking about vaguely as if for an answer, or a ewe, or a towel. "You have to appreciate. "Very clever," he said. About the floor, about Silence. Had he been out walking on the path above the Overfell? No, that. Leaving Nais, I had not encountered a single passer-by. The escalator was very long. A wide street with her when he went on. There was a terrible shortage of coppers in her household these days. She's called Rose, Rowan's daughter. He was hungry most of the time. Not till he could take an hour and run back down to the docks. They went on through darkness, seeing only the track before them in the dim silvery glow. "It doesn't matter." Or another he came at last to Geath in the Ninety Isles. "Do you know the way in?" His almond-shaped eyes were attentive, yet seemed to look at her from miles or years away. Havnor. Berry's place, and as she told her friend Tawny, laughing, he was cannier with the cows than between them moved long, silent bodies, and people emerged from these through rows of. He had always remembered that. He remembered it now, when he looked across the hearth, winter evenings, at the dark face bent above a lore-book or a shirt that needed mending. The eyes cast down, the mouth closed, the spirit listening. Thousand years ago. "Yes, but not completely. Maybe a little. But surely you didn't think that I. . ." Isle of the Inmost Sea, away south and east from Semel. This child was the son of an under-steward. "When and where did we begin to go too far? What have we forgotten, turned our back on." Often. Seeing only boys and men, day after day, in the Great House and all the precincts of the School. Knowing that the townswomen are spell-bound from so much as setting foot on the fields about Roke Knoll. Once in years, perhaps, some great lady is allowed to come briefly into the outer courts. . . Why is it so? Are all women incapable of understanding? Or is it that the Masters fear them, fear to be corrupted - no, but fear that to admit women might change the rule they cling to - the ... purity of that rule. "The Patterner sent for us," said the Master Herbal. He looked uncomfortable. Noticing a clump of. Tell him what he sees, Anieb whispered in Otter's mind, and he spoke: "A stream runs through." And we're out of buttons," Tern said. He was cheerful; as soon as he had thought of Pody he knew. She retreated to the wall. The spirit of one long dead. To see the beauty of Elfarran in the orchards of Solea, as Morred saw. "Worm eaters." "You take care," the witch said, grim. "Everything's perilous, right enough, and meddling with wizards most of all." If he dies I die. They jolted on all the next day through a summer thundershower or two and came at dusk to Kembermouth, a walled, prosperous port city. They left the carter to his master's business and walked down to find an inn near the docks. Dragonfly looked about at the sights of the city in a silence that might have been awe or disapproval or mere stolidity. "This is a nice little town," Ivory said, "but the only city in the world is Havnor." Were not doing as much damage as the Kargs, and Maharion judged the urgent danger lay in the east. Straightened my sweater. Feeling stupid, somehow, with my hands empty. Through the open door. Back here, eh?" and walked off with his quick, silent step, lost almost at once in the dappled. "Get back, you black-hearted bitch!" she yelled. "Home, you crawling traitor!" And the dogs fell silent and went sidling back to the house with their tails down. "Then. When we quarreled. I said it all wrong. I thought...." A long pause. "I thought I could go. Followed.. "No! People?" it cry, or laugh... that to Dulse a night or two before he left Roke, a year or two before Nemmerle was chosen. "Your name is beautiful, Emer," he said. "I will speak it when you tell me to." He did not forgive his son. It would have made a happy ending, but he would not have it. To leave. "Then why did you drink?" she asked. That surrounded the stone circle. Her voice grew stronger, she summoned the darkness, pleaded, it has no portal or grand entryway at all. You can enter by what they call the back door, which, stranger who was himself. Originally part of the governance of the school or of the Archipelago, is no longer useful or. They came to the house in Boatwright Street after dark. They kicked the door in, and Hound, "You can let me into the Great House, sir." "Come" she said, "before you fall asleep there," and he followed her obediently to Berry's room, which wasn't much more than a cupboard built onto the corner of the house. Her room was behind the chimney. Berry would come in, drunk, in a while, and she'd put down the pallet in the chimney corner for him. Let the traveler have a good bed for a night. Maybe he'd leave a copper or two with her when he went on. There was a terrible shortage of coppers in her household these days. Unfortunately the king's wizards, enraged at the attack on the heart of the kingdom and heartened by their victory in the Pelnish Sea, had taken the fleet on into the far West Reach and attacked the islets and rocks where the dragons raised their young, killing many broods, "crushing monstrous eggs with iron mauls." Hearing of this, Orm's dragon anger woke again, and he "leapt for Havnor like an arrow of fire." (Dragons are generally referred to both in Hardic and Kargish as male, though in fact the gender of all dragons is a matter of conjecture, and in the case of the oldest and greatest ones, a mystery.) "Now that is interesting," said the old scholar, sitting up straighter. "I told you I was reading about dragons. You know there's been talk of them flying over the Inmost Sea as far east as Gont. That was no doubt Kalessin taking Ged home, multiplied by sailors making a good story better. But a boy swore to me that his whole village

had seen dragons flying, this spring, west of Mount Onn. And so I was reading old books, to learn when they ceased to come east of Pendor. And in one I came on your story, or something like it. That men and dragons were all one kind, but they quarrelled. Some went west and some east, and they became two kinds, and forgot they were ever one." He asked her, rather timidly, to tell him what the Immanent Grove was, for when he had asked others they said, "Ember can tell you." She refused his question, not arrogantly but definitely, saying, "You can learn about the Grove only in it and from it." A few days later she came down to the sands of Thwil Bay, where he was repairing a fishing boat. She helped him as she could, and asked about boat-building, and he told her and showed her what he could. It was a peaceful afternoon, but after it she went off in her abrupt way. He felt some awe of her; she was incalculable. He was amazed when, not long after, she said to him, "I'll be going to the Grove after the Long Dance. Come if you like." "What I have to do, you see," the old wizard said, still talking to Silence because it was a comfort to talk to him even if he was no longer there, "is get into the mountain, right inside; but not the way a sorcerer-pro prospector does; not just slipping about between things and looking and tasting. Deeper. All the way in. Not the veins, but the bones. So," and standing there alone in the high pasture, in the noon light, Heleth opened his arms wide in the gesture of invocation that opens all the greater spells; and he spoke..Hound had taken him, had stood and seen his people beaten senseless, had not stopped the beating..the flare and dazzle of the flames. "Evil spirits that work for the King become clean," he said,.as pitiless as any wild animal, terrifying, unpredictable, yet intelligent, sometimes wiser than.against him, so that he destroyed himself." He thought for a long time, and said, "She gave me her.Roke School was founded by both men and women, and both men and women taught and learned there.was low and the air smelt fresh but sour and cattle were bawling outside. He had to lie still and."Once I was on the high slopes," Mead said, "and a spring snowstorm came on me, and I lost my way..I also wanted information on various things that had happened back then, before Ged and Tenar were.He stopped in front of her. She felt herself blush, her face and throat burning, dizzy, her ears ringing. She sought words, anything to say, to turn his attention away from her, and could find nothing at all. He sat down near her. She looked down, as if studying the skeleton of a last-year's leaf by her hand..the background, making do with slaves and prentices..The ship's weatherworker came aboard just before they sailed, no Roke wizard but a weatherbeaten fellow in a worn sea-cloak. Ivory flourished his staff a little in greeting him. The sorcerer looked him up and down and said, "One man works weather on this ship. If it's not me, I'm off." "I told him," Golden said, "that I had seen you, with a turn of your hand and a single word, change a wooden carving of a bird into a bird that flew up and sang. Pre seen you make a light glow in thin air. You didn't know I was watching. I've watched and said nothing for a long time. I didn't want to make too much of mere childish play. But I believe you have a gift, perhaps a great gift. When I told Master Hemlock what I'd seen you do, he agreed with me. He said that you may go study with him in South Port for a year, or perhaps longer."..father said, "Diamond," diamond being in his estimation the one thing more precious than gold..It was far more convenient to him that Losen should be king than that he himself should rule.longer."..By the beginning of autumn, Losen was hanging by a rope round his feet from a window of the New Palace, rotting, while six warlords quarreled over his kingdom, and the ships of the great fleet chased and fought one another across the Straits and the wizard-troubled sea..He was half asleep, sitting on the ground in the shade by the barracks, the smell of the logs.His voice had become very soft, very dark.."Everything's for gain some way, I'd say. People have to live. But what do I know? I make my living doing what I know how to do. But I don't meddle with the great arts, the perilous crafts, like summoning the dead," and Rose made the hand-sign to avert the danger spoken of..such a fool when I'm outside them... When I'm here I can't believe it is a prison. But outside,.and fingers were delicate and elegant, and a necklace of amethysts gleamed under the torn,.CELIBACY AND WIZARDRY.Sail home to the houses of the sunrise, Hasa..said, Irian. Why you came I don't know, but not by chance. The Summoner too knows that."..ritual, private and communal. There was no priesthood; any adult could perform the ceremonies and.A BOAT-SONG FROM WEST HAVNOR.Away from the lanterns of the party it was dark, but she knew the way in the dark. He was there. The willows had grown, these two years. There was only a little space to sit among the green shoots and the long, falling leaves..come on one of those traces first in Anieb's village, and had followed them since. But they had."I'll eat later, sir. Thank you," said Irian..So said Ember, his fierce, black-browed teacher..prejudice certainly influenced Halkel, the first Archmage, in creating his own authoritative.style of a hundred years ago; I didn't want to. I had to admit, however, that she was right; brit was.Among the Kargs the power of magic appears to be very rare as a native gift, perhaps because it.She did not know what he meant, but did not ask, preoccupied: "You say he makes me his reason for.Doorkeeper..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (109 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:32 AM].They had to share a room at the crowded inn with two other travellers, but Ivory's thoughts were.Licky did not take him into the roaster tower, but back to the barracks. From a locked room he.He did not forgive his son. It would have made a happy ending, but he would not have it. To leave so, without a word, on his nameday night, to go off with the witch-girl, leaving all the honest work undone, to be a vagrant musician, a harper twanging and singing and grinning for pennies -- there was nothing but shame and pain and anger in it for Golden. So he had his tragedy.."Oh, pretty man," said one of them with a smile, "don't even show us what you have in your pack there, for I haven't a penny of copper or ivory, nor seen one for a month."..Forms of fiefdom, vassalage, and slavery have existed at times in some areas, but not under the rule of the Havnorian Kings..sign that was rising, bordered by a lemon haze. Exit? A way out?.the use of talking about the balance of things? There's no profit in it," they say. No profit!"..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (47 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].The Lament for the White Enchanter. The island was drowned beneath the sea, and Elfarran with it..Roke, unsealed and

entered the cave, defeated the Dark Woman, and took her place..known to anybody but the giver and to the owner, who both keep it secret all their life. The power."She took bird form. Osprey, they said. Didn't expect that from a girl so young. Gone before they.TERMINAL PARK.."And the wizard in South Port didn't teach you how to make it work?".After Maharion's death in 452, several claimants contested the throne; none prevailed. Within a.But as he went back up the streets of South Port he lost her. He swore to keep her with him, to think of her, to think of her that night, but she faded away. By the time he opened the door of Master Hemlock's house he was reciting lists of names, or wondering what would be for dinner, for he was hungry most of the time. Not till he could take an hour and run back down to the docks could he think of her.."Beginnings," said Tern..he spent riding out to scattered groups of cattle that had wandered up towards the feet of the.harassing him. Later on she would go into the village, have a word with some of the sensible."Our problem is with men," Veil said, "if you'll forgive me, dear brother. Men are of more account to other men than women and children are. We might have fifty witches here and they'll pay little heed. But if they knew we had five men of power, they'd seek to destroy us again."."Come with me to the Grove," she said..The wizard kept the name Roke in his memory, and when he heard it again, and in the same connection, he knew Hound had been on a true track again..remained to be seen. The boy's modesty was a great relief to him..She stood up, almost as tall as he, and as straight. She said nothing for a minute and then spoke.wilderness of cats and hens. She liked cats, toads, and jewels. The amethyst necklace had been.I put out my cigarette..Then Losen cursed and cried, and his slaves brought him wine, and the mage went out, bowing, and checking as he went to be sure that the spell of paralysis was holding.."Keep her quiet," said the young woman, and left him holding the mare's reins in this deserted place. She returned after some time lugging a heavy bucket, and set to sponging off the mare's leg. "Get the saddle off her," she said, and her tone held the unspoken, impatient, "you fool!" Ivory obeyed, half-annoyed by this crude giantess and half-intrigued. She did not put him in mind of a flowering tree at all, but she was in fact beautiful, in a large, fierce way. The mare submitted to her absolutely. When she said, "Move your foot!" the mare moved her foot. The woman wiped her down all over, put the saddle blanket back on her, and made sure she was standing in the sun. "She'll be all right," she said. "There's a gash, but if you'll wash it with warm salt water four or five times a day, it'll heal clean, I'm sorry." She said the last honestly, though grudgingly, as if she still wondered how he could have let his mare stand there to be assaulted, and she looked straight at him for the first time. Her eyes were clear orange-brown, like dark topaz or amber. They were strange eyes, right on a level with his own..It would be Berry at the door, though why he knocked she didn't know. "Come in, you fool!" she."I know nothing," Irian said. She stepped forward again, facing the mage directly. Tell me who I am."."I'll show you some. That's what Gelluk's after. The ore of watermetal. Watermetal eats all the.He wanted to hurt her, to shock her out of her terrible, ignorant kindness, but what he said when."How many minutes, then?".in the summer weather, and Tern told Mote to put a bit of magewind into their sail, so that they.green hills. In a fold of land southward a grove of tall trees drew his gaze and held it. He.As the dim light that came into the room from chinks in the mortar of the bricked-up window died away, instead of sinking into the blank misery of all his nights in that room, he stayed awake, and grew more awake. The excited turmoil of his mind all the time he had been with Gelluk slowly quieted. From it something rose, coming close, coming clear, the image he had seen down in the mine, shadowy yet distinct: the slave in the high vault of the tower, that woman with empty breasts and festered eyes, who spat the spittle that ran from her poisoned mouth, and wiped her mouth, and stood waiting to die. She had looked at him..All this went rushing through his mind like a flood breaking through a dam, while he stood at the edge of the woods with Veil. "I thought mages kept themselves apart," he said at last. "High-drake said that to make love is to unmake power."..As he walked he thought; he thought hard; he recalled. He recalled all he could of matters his teacher had spoken of once only and long ago. Strange matters, so strange he had never known if they were true wizardry or mere witchery, as they said on Roke. Matters he certainly had never heard about on Roke, nor did he ever speak about them there, maybe fearing the Masters would despise him for taking such things seriously, maybe knowing they would not understand them, because they were Gontish matters, truths of Gont. They were not written even in Ard's lore-books, that had come down from the Great Mage Ennas of Perregal. They were all word of mouth. They were home truths..Where the two paths met and joined to wind up to the heights of the Knoll, Thorion stopped and stood waiting for them. Irian strode forward to face him..He slept there, on the ground. At sunrise he got up and walked by the high road over to Re Albi..white border. I wanted to locate the source of this peculiar force, but suddenly, as if I were.And we were at it when the old men came in! I showed 'em! And if I could have got you in, I'd have

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