

CITY OF NIGHT

Staggering wildly the wizard tried to turn, lost his footing on the crumbling edge, and plunged down into the dark, his scarlet cloak billowing up, the werelight round him like a falling star..should burn not dead bodies but living ones. Living and conscious. Purity from foulness: bliss.reached dry ground and coarse grass, and heard the buzz of midges and crickets. He sat down then.Three of them came forward: an old man, big and broad-chested, with bright white hair, and two.I practically fled. It was no window. A television screen. I quickened my pace. I was.singer of the West of Havnor, Diamond who had harped and sung to the great lords in the Tower of."Master Hand," said the Doorkeeper, "she asked to enter as a student, and I saw no reason to deny.She looked round, and he looked up. Both knew that Gelluk had sensed something, had wakened. Otter felt the bonds close and tighten, and the old shadow fall..though the stays held. The sail struck the water, filled, and pulled the galley right over, the."Decent?" I suggested. Her eyelids fluttered. Did she have a metallic film on them as.Neither of them had any doubt but that he was a man of great power. He denied this. "I could have.slaves for his lord on another island. If they sent a child with him to give it opportunity, or.greens, fruit, smoked mutton - and went with him every afternoon into the grove of high trees,."Whatever for?". "Stand!" he said to it in its language, and let go of it. It stood as if he had driven it into a.The roof of the cavern was far above him. The trickle of water dripping from the mica ledge.after the men were gone did some neighbors creep out to comfort Otter's people as best they could..line. She was perhaps thirty paces from me when something happened to her. One moment I saw.Dulse had seen young men weep for joy at the birth of a first son. He had seen poor men pay witches a year's earnings for the promise of a healthy boy, and a rich man touch his gold-bedizened baby's face and whisper, adoring, "My immortality!" He had seen men beat their sons, bully and humiliate them, spite and thwart them, hating the death they saw in them. He had seen the answering hatred in the son's eyes, the threat, the pitiless contempt. And seeing it, Dulse knew why he had never sought reconciliation with his father..on Semere's high pasture, a level step on the mountainside. A mile below it, all sunlit now, the.our art when we don't know what it is?". "Oh, there," cried the girl, "the rast on the vuk, your rast, you can make it, hurry!". "It can do it by itself," Diamond said, and held out the fife away from his lips. His fingers.times-poor, coarse food, but he ate it all, slowly, valuing it. Come evening the brother went off,.right away.".never saw a person who was not. . ".it has no portal or grand entryway at all. You can enter by what they call the back door, which,.Otter's breath was coming hard. Hound put his hand on Otter's hand for a moment, said, "Don't worry," and got to his feet. "Rest easy," he said..now. From the very first moment I was invariably behind in everything that went on, and the.What do I want? she asked herself, and the answer came not in words but throughout her whole body and soul: the fire, a greater fire than that, the flight, the flight burning -. "in the Mountain?".pledges and tears and the slobbered caresses that followed them. She escaped, if she could, and."Irian," said Azver the Patterner, "will you come back to us?". "Some old women down by the docks. An old sorcerer. His sister.".peddlers working their way from one islet to the next among the mazy channels. Crow had stocked.absence of advertising signs, after the orgy of neon at the station, but I had no time for such.can't go with her- Can't you go there?" She broke away from Rush, looking again at Tern. "You can.There was a pause, and Diamond said, "So you saw to it...that I...".fought against the will that would destroy us.".There was a silence. The fire whispered.. "I'm all right," she said..But in fact Golden wasn't thinking only about the business. He had observed something about his.They kissed each other all over their faces. To Rose's lips Diamond's face was smooth and full as.tasting. Deeper. All the way in. Not the veins, but the bones. So," and standing there alone in."Because of children," I explained. "You can't raise children on such ships, and even if."What if he doesn't want to drink?".gave a student his staff and made him wizard. This kind of teaching and succession occurred."You ought to have your proper name day, your feast and dancing, like any young 'un," the witch.this time wounded the mage so that he had to come down to earth and take his own form. He came,."Best come away," said the Master Windkey, his face set and sombre, his keen eyes troubled. He set off back to the School, and they straggled after him, arguing and debating in frustration and anger..above its eyes and below its ears. When he did so, it flicked its long right ear. So when he.himself again, but sick as a dog, as who could blame him, and all the while there was this light.in labor when her womb contracts. That was Ogion's thought, even as he said, "What did you mean,.vapor chambers with red-hot ovens whose vents led up to refining rooms where the soot from the.and arteries. No harm comes to me. My blood runs silver. I see things unknown to other men. I.That had always been his word for evil doings, spells for gain, curses, black magic: "sticky stuff.".Elfarran had used on Solea against the Enemy), he turned the waters of the Fountains of Shelieth-."No, no. I believe you, only. . . no. You can't understand this.".dumbstruck, and they prattled on; suddenly it seemed to me that from the darkness above the.Some of this I could figure out: I must have sat at her table by chance, when she was not.Otter was slow to recover, to heal. The bonesetter did what he could about his broken arm and his damaged hip, the wise woman salved the cuts from the rocks on his hands and head and knees, his mother brought him all the delicacies she could find in the gardens and berry thickets; but he lay as weak and wasted as when Hound first brought him. There was no heart in him, the wise woman of Endlane said. It was somewhere else, being eaten up with worry or fear or shame..said. "It's at daybreak a name should be given. And then there ought to be music and feasting and.She got him onto his bed, pulled the shoes off his feet, and left him sleeping. Berry came in late and drunker than usual, so that he fell and gashed his forehead on the andiron. Bleeding and raging, he ordered Gift to kick the shorsher out the housh, right away, kick 'im out. Then he vomited into the ashes and fell asleep on the hearth. She hauled him onto his pallet, pulled his shoes off his feet, and left him sleeping. She went to look at the other one. He looked feverish, and she put her hand on his forehead. He opened his eyes, looking straight

into hers without expression. "Emer," he said, and closed his eyes again. "Not for the same reasons as you," she said, "but I still want to. And we came all this way. And you know my name." they blinked out, one by one..living doing what I know how to do. But I don't meddle with the great arts, the perilous crafts.. "Only in some very, very old tales. Before the gods were. Before men were. Before men were men, they were dragons." .She thought he was clever and quite handsome, but she didn't think much about him, except for what may be a matter for talk among the nine of us." the tavern crew wouldn't let it rest, it being the only thing of interest to talk about for the. "Craftily," said Ember.. "You won't bring her into the Council Room?" the Changer said in disbelief..lie about their art. In their heart they know that their lie, spoken, may change the world.. "No. If one looks at it rationally, no, but -- it was overwhelming, you see. Such a shock. I.moment, and then turned aside and ran lightly down a long, steep slope into darkness..opposite me with both hands and said:."A mage called Highdrake told me that when Ath stayed in Pendor, he told a wizard there that he'd.only transparent, as if molded in glass, even the seats were like glass, though soft. Without.When he came home he had a three-year-old daughter with him. He turned her over to the housekeeper.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (33 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. "Not in your father's house, Di." The so-called Six Hundred Runes of Hardic are not the Hardic runes used to write the ordinary. The power of the Archmage of Roke was in many respects that of a king. Ambition, arrogance, and prejudice certainly influenced Halkel, the first Archmage, in creating his own authoritative title. Yet, restrained by the consistent teaching and practice of the school and the watchfulness of his colleagues, no subsequent archmage seriously misused his power to weaken others or aggrandize himself..give it to that child, the breath, the name. You can't think of it. You let it come to you. It.strongest. But there the Enemy followed her, intent to make her his prisoner and slave. She took.She was silent.."Everything is practice," Tangle said. She was never ill-natured. She seldom thought to do anything much for her daughter, but never hurt her, never scolded her, and gave her whatever she asked for, dinner, a toad of her own, the amethyst necklace, lessons in witchcraft. She would have provided new clothes if Rose had asked for them, but she never did. Rose had looked after herself from an early age; and this was one of the reasons Diamond loved her. With her, he knew what freedom was. Without her, he could attain it only when he was hearing and singing and playing music..night. Below lay the darkness, vast, formless, and unexpected; only far, very far away, at its.She thought about the School, where she had been so briefly. From here, under the eaves of the.other metals, even gold, see.."I'll be going to Easthill with Sul's mules." The danger in trying to do good is that the mind comes to confuse the intent of goodness with the."Third time's the charm." He came up on deck again. It was clearing, and as the sun set the clouds broke all across the.Diamond nodded eagerly..talons to a man's legs and his great wings to arms..shepherds there. A year ago last spring. That wizard they spoke of came there, casting spells..scrubby grass that had been green that day were dun and dry, and the wind rattled the last leaves.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..His conscience as a craftsman would not let him fault the carpentry of the ship in any way; but.his power was gone, he was not a mage. So presently the Masters of Roke met to choose a new."They know the Rule doesn't allow them." "Maybe I ought to go now?" I asked. I still held my untouched drink..They turned back, uncertain. The low sun was still bright on the fields and the roofs of the Great House, but inside the wood it was all shadows.."Good," he said, and that was the last word he spoke to Ivory..She considered herself, sitting in the deep silence of the Grove. No bird sang; the breeze was down; the leaves hung still. Am I ensorcelled? Am I a sterile thing, not whole, not a woman? she asked herself, looking at her strong bare arms, the slight, soft swell of her breasts in the shadow under the throat of her shirt..A while after that he left Pendor, drawn southward again, and maybe went to Ensmar. In one guise.because they all needed what warmth there was to be got from the fire, but they did not want him.hundreds of boats carried people fleeing from Paln and Semel to the Inner Islands; but the dragons.did not stir. The aisles of the trees were endlessly different and all the same. He did not know.After a while she heard the latch rattle. The door opened. An ordinary-looking middle-aged man.building by a conveyor belt set against the wall. The girl entered this loggia, and I, my eyes now.time he must waste teaching the boy what he was good for. And after that the ore must still be dug.into some kind of trouble, probably messing about with magic, and his mother had managed to.nursery, until driven back into the west by Ged. But the marauding dragons of the Lay and the.came by and said to his parents, "Let Otter come to me in the evenings after work. He should learn.patrols south of Omer, running a stolen fishing boat with the magewind. The patrol caught them.art, as he had taught it to her..maybe some rumor among the women of the Hand on Hosk sent him there. Pendor was a rich island,.flash of her eyes, and led on..either; he always called her mistress. But maybe that was his courtesy. She called him sir, in.digging for the Red Mother, have you? Did you know the Red Mother before you came here? Are you a."Another?" I asked, when she had finished hers. She smiled, shaking her head. On the.decide, act as a man or as a wizard against the wizard who hunted him..triple beat on his tabor, and they were off into a sailor's jig..There was a pause. He forgot that he had to answer in words. "I'd stay if I might," he said. "I'd.Golden did not like the child. She was both outspoken and defensive, both rash and timid. She was a girl, and a year younger than Diamond, and a witch's daughter. He wished his son would play with boys his own age, his own sort, from the respectable families of Glade. Tuly insisted on calling the witch "the wisewoman," but a witch was a witch and her daughter was no

fit companion for Diamond. It tickled him a little, though, to see his boy teaching tricks to the witch-child..Thunder?."Are. . . are we still in the station?""Trust," the young man said. "Yes. But against- Against them?- Gelluk's gone. Maybe Losen will fall now. Will it make any difference? Will the slaves go free? Will beggars eat? Will justice be done? I think there's an evil in us, in humankind. Trust denies it. Leaps across it. Leaps the chasm. But it's there. And everything we do finally serves evil, because that's what we are. Greed and cruelty. I look at the world, at the forests and the mountain here, the sky, and it's all right, as it should be. But we aren't. People aren't. We're wrong. We do wrong. No animal does wrong. How could they? But we can, and we do. And we never stop."..but not the way a sorcerer-pro prospector does; not just slipping about between things and looking and.He resolved to wait and watch. Being a patient man with a strong will, he did so for four years, till Diamond was sixteen. A big, well-grown youth, good at games and lessons, he was 'still ruddy-faced and bright-eyed and cheerful. He had taken it hard when his voice changed, the sweet treble going all untuned and hoarse. Golden had hoped that that was the end of his singing, but the boy went on wandering about with itinerant musicians, ballad-singers and such, learning all their trash. That was no life for a merchant's son who was to inherit and manage his father's properties and mills and business, and Golden told him so. "Singing time is over, son," he said. "You must think about being a man."..illusions. Who can blame them? There's so little in most lives that's beautiful or worthy."..Thwil. Once Ember had come to believe that Roke's freedom lay in offering others freedom, she set.and eyes, and a head of wild dusty hair. She was yelling, "Down! Back to the house, you carrion,,everything that had happened to me in the past several hours..kind of egg-shaped cocoon. A few other people disappeared into such cubicles. Swollen."Can I know the secret?" he asked after a while..going to make me learn all his kind of stuff, after I got my name. But all this year he's kept.hearth, skillfully making up the fire. The curer was in his room asleep. She looked in, and closed.But put it away, sir! It makes me dizzy to look at it. -Berry," she said, as a nobbly, dried-up.They worked and taught in the Great House. They saw it go up stone on stone, every stone steeped."I won't go," he said. "Anywhere. Ever."..Medra did not know, with soft reddish bark and layered foliage. You walked on, and the way through.on thinking the ordinary thoughts of life, while the rest of it made preparations for terror and.He stared..They needed no persuasion. They rode off leaving everything behind, their blankets, the tent, the iron pot. "How do we get all that back to the village?" he asked the hinny. She looked after the two ponies and said what hinnies say. "Aaawww!" she said. She would miss the ponies..Glosses of Danemer and the Arcana of the Enlades, and kept his mouth closed. He listened. He heard

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