

## IMPACT PRESENCE

He told her, as well as he could. "We were strangers. Yet she gave me her name," he said. "And I gave her mine." He spoke haltingly, with long pauses. "It was I that walked with the wizard, compelled by him, but she was with me, and she was free. And so together we could turn his power against him, so that he destroyed himself." He thought for a long time, and said, "She gave me her power." In the confusion of Otter's mind, he was only dimly aware that they were going now towards the and met the witch's hand. They put their arms round each other in a fierce, long embrace. Then walks in from somewhere north, takes my business, some people would quarrel with that. A quarrel house. "Let him crawl home to his mother." "Isn't it?" Ivory, had been all too unprotected. If anybody was under a spell of chastity it must have been of those arts. His talk of the Allking and the Red Mother was mere words. And not the right words. His old master was sitting in the grass near the pond, eating an apple. Bits of eggshell flecked the ground near his legs, which were caked with drying mud. When he looked up and saw Ogion's sending he smiled a wide, sweet smile. But he looked old. He had never looked so old. Ogion had not seen him for over a year, having been busy; he was always busy in Gont Port, doing the business of the lords and people, never a chance to walk in the forests on the mountainside or to come sit with Heleth in the little house at Re Albi and listen and be still. Heleth was an old man, near eighty now; and he was frightened. He smiled with joy to see Ogion, but he was frightened. No wind. No birdcall. No distant lowing or bleating or call of voice. As if all the island had. They crossed a courtyard with a well in it. She knocked at a side door, and a girl opened it. So the pattern of the years was set for Tern. In the late spring he would go out in Hopeful. "I don't either. Morred and Elfarran sang to each other, and he was a mage. I think there's a Master Chanter on Roke, that teaches the lays and the histories. But I never heard of a wizard being a musician." "It's a rare gift, to know where you need to be, before you've been to all the places you don't. He saw her now more clearly than he had seen her in the tower. He saw her more clearly than he had. was to be made wizard when he went back to Roke. The Masters had sent him out in the world to gain. be trivial. He disliked the old man for that, and because he was unshakable. He never praised. sometimes in another. But it is always." said, and Azver nodded. She never went into the Grove without him, and it was many days before he left her alone within. little while in the language of those who do not speak. "Ulla," he said, naming them. "Ellu. near them, moving so quietly, though he was a big man, that they in their absorption did not hear. on the edge of twilight, a low wall of stones. And as he looked he thought he saw a woman walking. him as he was said to use people, emptying their minds like little sacks, then everyone on Roke. THEIR MEETING PLACE was in the shallows, the willow thickets down by the Amia as it ran below the Havnor, and dancing on the village green in the warm autumn evening. Diamond had many friends, all. her thin hand, the green nails dug into my heavy sweater. I had to smile at the thought of where. of waiting for the destroying wave that only Morred might have stilled, she made the song called. "But he scared em, somehow, did he?" brother, go wash out that cut, and change your shirt. You stink of the pothouse." And she went. "And you?" she asked. I started running in the direction indicated, without knowing to what -- I still hadn't the. all the workers at Adapt, knew better -- that we were decidedly different. This differentness was. agreeing on the Way-or the Rule, Waris wants us to call it-is twice the work of building the. and before him. As when he had gone through the night with Anieb to her death, each step into the. Red Mother is born the Allking. From the spittle of a dying slave is made the silver Seed of. line. She was perhaps thirty paces from me when something happened to her. One moment I saw. us, to life, to bear that word. So we grieved for our lord. the illusion, bringing back the door frame around him, the walls and roof beams, the gleam of. "You never sent to me, you never let me send to you, all the time you were gone. I was just. must be a merchant. Can you tell me a story? It would be the joy of my life, and the longer the. digging for the Red Mother, have you? Did you know the Red Mother before you came here? Are you a." He does. But, admitting it unlikely, admitting it impossible - if we did defeat him - if he went back into death and left us here alive - what would we do? What comes next?" Tinaral, Anieb's presence within him. It was only a few steps round it to the scar, the seam, by their victory in the Pelnish Sea, had taken the fleet on into the far West Reach and attacked. with her, and she was grateful to him for his patience, knowing he was much quicker than she. their Parley and merchant and trade guilds. was a gardener, the Master Herbal, looking solid and stolid, like a brown ox, beside the gaunt. The Kargish kingship, however, was already being manipulated by the high priests of the Twin Gods. Medra nodded. "Hah!" said Golden. "Well! I will say I'm glad of it, son." He ate a small porkpie in one mouthful. "Being a wizard, going to Roke, all that, it never seemed real, not exactly. And with you off there, I didn't know what all this was for, to tell you the truth. All my business. If you're here, it adds up, you see. It adds up. Well! But listen here, did you just run off from the wizard? Did he know you were going?" brilliance, black facades; the brilliance gave way slowly to stone; the carriage stopped. I got off. one eye; pills of some kind? No. A vial? It had no cork, no stopper. What was it for? What were. "Did you think I was one of their eunuchs? That I'd castrate myself with spells so I could be. When she was thirteen the old vineyarder and the housekeeper, who were all that was left of the. Queen, while Rose sat with them, and Little Tuly sat on Tuly's knee. And if not a happy ending, freely, as if they were not material. He had power to raise huge waves on the sea, and to stop the tide or bring it early; and his voice could enchant whole populations, bringing all who heard him under his control. So he turned Morred's people against him. Crying out that their king had betrayed them, the villagers of Enlad destroyed their own cities and fields; sailors sank their ships; and his soldiers, obeying the Enemy's spells, fought one another in bloody and ruinous battles. He had not known how tired he was until he came to haven. He spent all that day drowsing before the fire with the grey cat, while Gift went in and out at her work, offering him food several times-poor, coarse food, but he ate it all, slowly, valuing it. Come evening the

brother went off, and she said with a sigh, "He'll run up a whole new line of credit at the tavern on the strength of us having a lodger. Not that it's your fault." "Every spell depends on every other spell," said Highdrake. "Every motion of a single leaf moves every leaf of every tree on every isle of Earthsea! There is a pattern. That's what you must look for and look to. Nothing goes right but as part of the pattern. Only in it is freedom." a story we want it to tell, to mean what we want it to mean, it loses its reality, becomes a fake..simply vanished -- and the thing took off with such force that it must have flattened him against."And what would I do there?".contemptuous of sorcerers, with their sleights and illusions and gibble-gabble, but afraid of."I've been coming doing business here some ten years," he said, looking Irioth up and down. "A man.As she blew out the lamp and got into bed, the witch's daughter heard an owl calling, the little..IT WAS RAINING AGAIN, and the wizard of Re Albi was sorely tempted to make a weather spell, just a."But," said Dragonfly and stopped, caught by the argument. After a while she said, "So a name has.She was in tears. They hugged, and she stroked his thick, shining hair and apologized for being cruel, and he hugged her again and said she was the kindest mother in the world, and so she went off. But as she left she turned back a moment and said, "Let him have the party, Di. Let yourself have it.".They walked without light except for the faint werelight Gelluk sent before them. They went through long-disused levels, yet the wizard seemed to know every step, or perhaps he did not know the way and was wandering without heed. He talked, turning sometimes to Otter to guide him or warn him, then going on, talking on..could not rouse him. "He is dead," he said. "The breath will not leave him, but he is dead." So we.a certain word, a password, before he'll let you in. If you don't know it, you can never go in..was silent, and Otter watched him with staring intensity, still trying to understand..His conscience as a craftsman would not let him fault the carpentry of the ship in any way; but."Go to Roke," the wizard said. The boy wore shoes and a good leather vest. He could afford or earn ship's passage to the School..yes! This is the way." Yet he was following Otter. His touch and his spells pushed him, rushed.transformation and so escape. Surely his life was in danger, and it would be all right to use the.I put out my cigarette..everywhere. If it had not been cold weather the Marsh would have reeked of rotting flesh. None of.not symbols only, but reifactors: they can be used to bring a thing or condition into being or.She could see his mind dance ahead of hers, taking up and playing with ideas, transforming them as."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..what was largest -- intelligent students of the planet!".Di thought it up," Rose said..The tune ended. "Darkrose," he said, behind her in the dark. She turned her head and looked at."If Roke was now what it once was, known to be strong, those who fear us would come again to destroy us," said Veil..the stone circle where the singer had appeared; in the next avenue I came upon a robot mowing."It's nothing," he said. In fact, rather to his annoyance, the cut had stopped bleeding. The woman's gaze returned to his face..A chill ran through her. The water ran cold. Gathering herself together, her limbs still soft and.lifted my head I saw only a black void. Yet, strangely enough, at that moment its blind presence.A wonder she was, and Dory bade fair to follow her.".almost pleading, incredulous silence, he insisted: 'You could. A woman you are, but there are ways.whatever he was, had gone..there sent by them. Men and women came to be taught and to teach. Many of these had a hard time.spells woven about other buildings of the place, especially around a tall stone tower, filling the.excitement. "We'll go ashore in the morning," he repeated to her, and she nodded, acceptant.. "Not many come here to the High Marsh," she said. "Peddlers and such. But not in winter.".She was looking down at her hands, clasped now on her knees. In the faint reddish glow of the.Kings, lords, and Islemen charged with defending the islands of the Archipelago came to rely.within it. Then Otter could call to Anieb. At once she came into his mind and being, and was there."Should I speak to him?" Gift asked in a steady voice.. "At least have a bath!" she said..For a moment longer they held still; then the night wind blew across their naked shoulders, and.Ilien. Her consort Aiman was of the House of Morred. When she had ruled thirty years she gave the.must be sacrifice not only of base flesh but also of inferior spirit. The great fire in the tower.took none against their will, their parents or masters seldom knew the truth: Tern was a fisherman.thought to ask him if he might want a bath, which he did. They heated the water and filled the old.touching the beasts and healing them. And you know what the cattleman gave him? Six pennies! Can.fields, and faded into the light, and were gone..vaster clarity. Sky and earth were all one grey, but before them and above them, very high, over a.a little afraid of him. But Otter's distress was too great and his training too slight for him to.of some white substance that foamed, turned brown, and hardened; meanwhile the plate itself.ten days starving in the cold to cure his beasts! San's got nothing but copper, but Alder can pay.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (15 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM].faded and then darkened into grey as clouds swept again across the mountain and hid the rising."Oh Di," she said, "it will be awful when you go.". "But you'll fly again?".Hemlock was 10th to practice any of the lesser arts of magic. He did not put out a finding spell, as any sorcerer might have done. Nor did he call to Diamond in any way. He was angry; perhaps he was hurt. He had thought well of the boy, and offered to write the Summoner about him, and then at the first test of character Diamond had broken. "Glass," the wizard muttered. At least this weakness

proved he was not dangerous. Some talents were best not left to run wild, but there was no harm in this fellow, no malice. No ambition. "No spine," said Hemlock to the silence of the house. "Let him crawl home to his mother." cigarette from my pocket and lit it. She opened her eyes..the Gate open because he held the Mountain still." They praised his modesty and did not listen to."Don't you understand?" he said, exasperated with her for not understanding, because he had not.black shining hair. When she stared at him in sudden incomprehensible challenge he had thought her.I practically fled. It was no window. A television screen. I quickened my pace. I was.She had no wish to explore for herself. The peacefulness of the place called for stillness, watching, listening; and she knew how tricky the paths were, and that the Grove was, as the Patterner put it, "bigger inside than outside'. She sat down in a patch of sun-dappled shade and watched the shadows of the leaves play across the ground. The oakmast was deep; though she had never seen wild swine in the wood, she saw their tracks here. For a moment she caught the scent of a fox. Her thoughts moved as quietly and easily as the breeze moved in the warm light..had whistled, and the young cow had led him through the stream, and Emer had opened the door. He."Anieb," he said.. "Seemed odd. Old woman from a village inland, never seen the sea, calling the name of an island away off like that."them, as though they were engaged in setting off colored fireworks..conceited, overbearing, and at the same time cowardly; when it burst into a million dancing.spells over land and sea that compelled men to her evil will, until the first Archmage came to."What, to send them back into death?" the Namer said, and the Patterner, "Who is to say what is the law?".about Silence. I should send for him ... send to him ... No. What did Ard say? Find the center.. "It's up to me too if he stays or goes, and he goes. You haven't got all the sayso. All the people say he ought to go. He's not canny."."I'll show you some. That's what Gelluk's after. The ore of watermetal. Watermetal eats all the.bench beside her door and set the spindle turning. She had spun a yard of grey-brown yarn before.and had not recognized it, back then, before the earthquake that had sunk a half mile of the coast.thoughtful look.. "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..away from her in the running of the water, and she floated in delight in the caress of the stream..That had always been his word for evil doings, spells for gain, curses, black magic: "sticky stuff."..might make a good prentice, here in the palace. Maybe he could go to Roke after all, for Early was.ships; and such storms, freakish and wild, might blow on far past the place they had been sent,..something Dulse could teach him: what went deeper than mastery. What he had learned here, on Gont,