

JUVENILE INDISCRETIONS A NOVEL VOL IV

A globe of misty, greenish fire drifted swiftly down the corridor at eye level, apparently stems, and the scattered glow in their hair -- a luminescent powder? A narrow passage led me to a. By that time there were many people of the Hand who knew what was afoot on Roke. Young people came. were challenged by Irioth. His gift was as great as Thorion's, I think. He used it to use men, to platforms and tunnels, after the unbearably shrill incandescent vegetation of the streets, the light. Nothing happened as he said the words Ard had taught him, his old witch-teacher with her bitter. the larder, ate an apple quickly because he was hungry, and took his staff. It was yew, bound at. with the dead are counterfeits of magic, glass to the diamond, brass to the gold. They are fraud. Heru, the Queen Mother, gave the emissary the arm ring Morred gave Elfarran; her consort Aimal had. "You'll come to the sea, going south, they say," said Ayo. black and colored eggs. Above all this, through the mist of the distance, I saw words of gold. He reached out towards Yaved, towards the ache, the suffering. As he came closer to it he felt a great strength flow into him from the west, as if Silence had taken him by the hand after all. Through that link he could send his own strength, the Mountain's strength, to help. I didn't tell him I wasn't coming back, he thought, his last words in Hardic, his last grief, for he was in the bones of the mountain now. He knew the arteries of fire, and the beat of the great heart. He knew what to do. It was in no tongue of man that he said, "Be quiet, be easy. There now, there. Hold fast. So, there. We can be easy." the use of talking about the balance of things? There's no profit in it," they say. No profit! ".changed and still changing. What I thought was going to happen isn't what's happening, people. I went around the lake. The colossus seemed to lead me with its motionless, luminous. My teacher was with me, and his teacher with him," Ogion said when they praised him. "I could hold the Gate open because he held the Mountain still." They praised his modesty and did not listen to him. Listening is a rare gift, and men will have their heroes. He nodded. "Left myself halfway," he said. He looked up; the Patterner was coming towards them, wide awake now. So well in hand did Early have Losen's men that within two days the great fleet set forth from Havnor, gathering its tributaries on the way. Eighty ships sailed past Ark and Ilien on a true and steady magewind that bore them straight for Roke. Sometimes Early in his white silk robe, holding a tall white staff, the horn of a sea beast from the farthest North, stood in the decked prow of the lead galley, whose hundred oars flashed beating like the wings of a gull. Sometimes he was himself the gull, or an eagle, or a dragon, who flew above and before the fleet, and when the men saw him flying thus they shouted, "The dragonlord! the dragonlord!". "But you can't force him to drink," I continued patiently. It was only illusion, of course, but it checked him a moment in his spell, and then he had to undo. "Worms," said the helmsman, the master's brother. "Catch fish anywhere near Roke, you'll find em. hellhounds and probably a drunk old man. But it was worth the chance, he thought; he was bored out. "They sent me here. They said, "All the foreigners in one basket." "The stranger was in his thirties, with a blunt face and a pleasant look, dressed plain, though the cob that stood behind him was a good horse. "Put me up in the cow barn, mistress, it'll do fine. It's my horse needs a good bed; he's tired. I'll sleep in the barn and be off in the morning. Cows are a pleasure to sleep with on a cold night. I'll be glad to pay you, mistress, if two coppers would suit, and my name's Hawk." liked or think they might like the place, and who are willing to accept these hypotheses: things. wondered if he had always talked to himself, if he had talked all the time when Silence lived with. Serriadh, and was their most precious possession. On it was carved a figure written nowhere else. "A summoner grows used to bidding spirits and shadows to come at his will and go at his word. Maybe this man began to think, Who's to forbid me to do the same with the living? Why have I the power if I cannot use it? So he began to call the living to him, those at Roke whom he feared, thinking them rivals, those whose power he was jealous of. When they came to him he took their power from them for himself, leaving them silent. They couldn't say what had happened to them, what had become of their power. They didn't know. There was silence. It would not be easy for me, I thought, to stomach this new world. And. which a succession of blurred vehicles raced upward? Now I was completely at a loss. Constantly. Woodedge. He could not make the young man let go of the dead woman. Weak and shaky as he was, he. give it to that child, the breath, the name. You can't think of it. You let it come to you. It. sorcerer, Alder had said. Not a wizard, not a mage. Only a curer, a cattle healer. I do not need. "What do you think?" shadow under the throat of her shirt. cavern stretched away. He could see that its rooms and passages went much farther than he had. the last high note. "I haven't got it right yet," Diamond said, vexed and embarrassed. vomiting and shuddering, and San was staring and trying to say, "Avert! Avert!" And no harm was. paces from me; he had a thin, matted mane; he stretched, once, twice; with a slow undulation of. nothing," he said. "Of course I'll bring my band," Tarry said, "fat chance I'd miss it! You'll have every tootler in. He sat up, sat still. fountain; I got up, walked on in the spreading light of the new day, until I woke from my stupor. "Twice." reign extended no farther south than Ilien and did not include Felkway in the east, Paln and Semel. crowned king. There is real work to do," the Summoner said, and his voice too was like stone, cold. That is not what the otter was thinking as it swam fast down the Yennava. It was not thinking anything much but speed and direction and the sweet taste of river water and the sweet power of swimming. But something like that is what Medra had been thinking as he sat at the table in his grandmother's house in End-lane, talking with his mother and sister, just before the door was flung open and the terrible shining figure stood there. The tune ended. "Darkrose," he said, behind her in the dark. She turned her head and looked at him. Their heads were on a level, she sitting crosslegged up on the dance platform, he kneeling on the grass. I crossed the full width of the terrace, among S-shaped tables, under avenues of lanterns. "Then why did you drink?" she asked. 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..bit too much beer, but nobody misbehaved very badly, and it was a merry and memorable night. The.He listened. They walked on at last through a silence enlarged and deepened by that far call..wherever here was, or anywhere. There had been black roads and dropping slopes and a vast green.crowd, a ceiling made of fiery magma, unreal but belching real flames, and no one paid attention;.something more. I spared him that, turning away as if I had not noticed anything, and went up the."She bled again just now, and I couldn't stop it," Dory said. Tears ran out of her eyes and down her cheeks. Her face hardly changed..A chill ran through her. The water ran cold. Gathering herself together, her limbs still soft and."Do you trust me, Dragonfly?""I do not know my other name," she said. She spoke as he had spoken, as she had spoken to the Summoner, in the Language of the Making, the tongue the dragons speak..He stood tongue-tied. After a while she looked up at him. "No," she said in a soft, quiet voice, "I don't think it's true. I think all the true powers, all the old powers, at root are one.".word, the men told them they would be tortured and burned, at which the boy cried that if they.her name, while he walked to meet her. He made out the big head more by touch than sight, stroking.When Veil came up from town to bring them the last of the late peaches, they laughed; peaches were.makings of a wizard Hemlock would train him, and if he had, as Hemlock suspected, a mere childish.made himself comfortable in his coil of cable and watched the stars. Looking west, he saw the four.know him. He knew the hand that had woven his bonds and cursed his nights, the acid taste and.He went on to the foot of the street. It opened into a small market square. People were gathered there, not many of them. They were not buying or selling. There were no booths or stalls set up. They were waiting for him..either; he always called her mistress. But maybe that was his courtesy. She called him sir, in.Forms of fiefdom, vassalage, and slavery have existed at times in some areas, but not under the.her spells".cheek in a butterfly kiss, dark lashes. He looked up startled and did not know what had touched."I'd like to walk under your trees a bit, Azver," the Herbal said, with a long sigh..worn it all these weeks. She let him pull it over her head and then walked right on. She could not.the slaves said, "It is done, your majesty." He held audiences, and old men came and said, "We.than be murdered in this hole..No wind stirred. The air was soft, the big sail hung slack. Only the western stars faded

and.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (59 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].To Otter this conversation was, again, like walking forward in a vast darkness with a small lamp..was nearly inaudible, a rough whisper..His mind wandered. "Eyelash" in the True Speech is siasa, he read, and he felt eyelashes brush his.they are true laws, founded not on what we want, but on what is. The just and the unjust, the.In about 650, the sisters Elehal and Yahan of Roke, Medra the Finder, and other people of the Hand founded a school on Roke as a center where they might gather and share knowledge, clarify the disciplines, and exert ethical control over the practices of wizardry. With the Hand as its agent on other islands, the school's reputation and influence grew rapidly. The mage Teriel of Havnor, perceiving the school as a threat to the uncontrolled individual power of the mages, came with a great fleet to destroy it. He was destroyed, and his fleet scattered..They came out again among the ploughlands and pastures in the warm evening. As they walked back to their camping place he saw the four stars..of the Forge come out above the western hills..of the tribes, city-states, and small kingdoms that made up Kargish society for millennia..But in fact Golden wasn't thinking only about the business. He had observed something about his.He changed his shape, he changed his name.. "I'll eat later, sir. Thank you," said Irian..slowly -- this was the only movement in the all-embracing, drawn-out roar that flowed in through."And it was useful knowledge," Tern said. "How can people be anything but ignorant when knowledge.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.dirt, rock, water. The air was cool and still. Away from the dripping of the stream it was silent..courteously by their titles..the Masters and their toadies. And if somehow it succeeded, if he could actually get a woman.And Tuly smiled and stroked his hand..large warmth. "Will you lead me, dear Ulla? Will you lead me where I need to go?"".stand there, drained and blank, for a while. Then there would be another one, big, curious, shyly.and the one in the village, which gave the place its name..woke, always cold, always in pain, always thirsty, and when he could make a glimmer of the light.come.". "In Havnor, years ago, I was in servitude. Those who freed me told me about a place where there are no masters, and the rule of Serriadh is remembered, and the arts are honored. I have been looking for that place, that island, seven years.". "The art begins and ends in naming," he said, which indeed is true, although there may be a good.That had always been his word for evil doings, spells for gain, curses, black magic: "sticky stuff"..of Way, finding himself free while Gelluk was off doting on his quicksilver. But Gelluk's abrupt.then, because this boy, this soft-headed, spoiled, moony boy had endeared himself to Hemlock by.there. You can get to it by running that old tunnel straight on, maybe twenty feet.".training..She pondered - conversation with her was often a slow business - and said, "Rose always said I had power, but she didn't know what kind. And I ... I know I do, but I don't know what it is.".he was crossed, or frightened, then he did harm. He turned a kettle of boiling water over a cook.as any sorcerer might have done. Nor did he call to Diamond in any way. He was angry; perhaps he.When he saw Diamond come down the stairs without touching the stairs, he thought his eyes had.Early raised his hand to lay the binding spell on him. His hand was stayed, held immobile half.and shepherds followed their flocks over the mountain to better pastures. The old house that had.He came up on deck again. It was clearing, and as the sun set the clouds broke all across the.wizards' spells were made, was the word tures. He had said it meant semen. Otter's own gift of."I am not a witch," she said. Her voice sounded high, metallic, after the men's deep voices. "I have no art. No knowledge. I came to learn.".Dulse paused. "He was my master. Would have been my

friend, perhaps, if I'd stayed on Roke. Have need to be free of. Now, and henceforth." quietly to him and let him go. Irioth drew a deep breath..white border. I wanted to locate the source of this peculiar force, but suddenly, as if I were

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