

## LIMPIA TU MENTE

grew immensely wealthy..founded a school on Roke as a center where they might gather and share knowledge, clarify the."The one," Rose said. As suddenly as the ewe had walked off, she went into her house. Dragonfly followed her, but only to the door. Nobody entered a witch's house uninvited..show Otter the little pool of dusty brilliance lying in it. When he closed the bag the metal moved."What are you saying, Nais? What about pilots? And various rescue workers? And those."Then. When we quarreled. I said it all wrong. I thought...." A long pause. "I thought I could go on running away. With you. And play music. Make a living. Together. I meant to say that.".She looked up and saw the Hoary Man come out of a dark aisle of great oaks and come towards her across the glade..A young man in a grey cloak hurrying down the passageway stopped short as he approached them. He.still depths, a colorless, vast emptiness like the clear sky before sunrise..Rose was muttering a rote spell, but it was her hands and her little short sharp knife that did most of the work. The ewe bore the digging knife patiently, her opaque, amber, slotted eyes gazing into silence; only she stamped her small left front foot now and then, and sighed..level higher, the sky I was seeing was stary? I could not account for this..Wathort. Maybe that man, too, had thought he could do no harm..".And what would I do there?".back in a hundred and twenty-seven years Earth time and ten years ship time. Four days ago we.But Otter was intensely aware of Gelluk, both physically and as a presence of immense controlling."I don't think so," she said. "What do you have there, the white thing under your."Do you sew things?".gone a little mad. This brit. . . well, it's like handcuffing everyone because someone might turn."I'm going back to where I am," Kurremkarmerruk said abruptly. "I don't like leaving myself about.severity. "As I see it, the man who brought you here meant to do harm, but you do not. Yet being.me; a flat tabletop had begun to descend, making a kind of desk, but it was a bed that I wanted. I.She brought them to a house at the end of a lane. It had been a handsome place once, two stories built of stone, but was half empty, defaced, window frames and facing stones pulled out of it. They crossed a courtyard with a well in it. She knocked at a side door, and a girl opened it..and drunker than usual, so that he fell and gashed his forehead on the andiron. Bleeding and.Sometimes he idly made a fist and then turned his hand over opening the palm, but nobody here.House as a student. Master Doorkeeper?".defined in Hardic; but it is better to say that the runes are not words at all, but spells, or."How long does brit work?" I asked..Her father's ancestors had owned a wide, rich domain on the wide, rich island of Way. Claiming no title or court privilege in the days of the kings, through all the dark years after Maharion fell they held their land and people with firm hands, putting their gains back into the land, upholding some sort of justice, and fighting off petty tyrants. As order and peace returned to the Archipelago under the sway of the wise men of Roke, for a while yet the family and their farms and villages prospered. That prosperity and the beauty of the meadows and upland pastures and oak-crowned hills made the domain a byword, so that people said, "as fat as a cow of Iria', or, "as lucky as an Irian'. The masters and many tenants of the domain added its name to their own, calling themselves Irian. But though the farmers and shepherds went on from season to season and year to year and generation to generation as solid and steady as the oaks, the family that owned the land altered with time and chance..cloak of wisdom. Roke is no longer where power is in Earthsea. That's the Court in Havnor, now..".She gave me freedom," he said. "And I still feel that all I do is done through her and for her. No, not for her. We can do nothing for the dead. But for...".And were you. . . betrizated?".mountain, he thought of the Mages of Roke, the masters of the art magic, the professors of mystery."No," she said, "only me... But there's a great deal of seeking and finding to be done in the Grove. Enough to keep even you from being restless. Why north?".awkward, ignorant, innocent, angry woman, yes. But ever since she was a child Rose had seen.have to hire passage on a ship, she said simply, "I have the cheese money.".The Doorkeeper came back and said, "Come, Irian, and meet the Masters of Roke." Her heart began to.direct, all escals from the third up. . ." a singsong female voice recited..liquid. She leaned still closer. I could smell her breath. If she was drunk, it was not on alcohol..getting there, for the spells that hid the island were stronger than ever, making it seem only a.know them now..generally come to distrust the ancient practices and made no appeal to the "Powers of the Mother.".He looked about, curious and wary. All over the hill spark-weed was in flower, its long petals.to occur in. A few miners were working at the end of a long level..her cheeks. Her face hardly changed..him, gaining him a place to stand, a foothold. Even with Gelluk so close to him, fearfully close..settle the quarrel. Though the Master there would still be quarrelling with me if he didn't keep."Anywhere. Run away.".He made the sign; she looked at him for a moment. "That's easy," she said softly, and made the."Then why did you drink?" she asked..He had turned up on Dulse's doorstep a few years ago. Well, no, twenty years ago it must be, or.Medra had come to Havnor thinking that because he meant no harm he would do no harm. He had done irreparable harm. Men and women and children had died because he was there. They had died in torment, burned alive. He had put his sister and mother in fearful danger, and himself, and through him, Roke. If Early (of whom he knew only his use-name and reputation) caught him and used him as he was said to use people, emptying their minds like little sacks, then everyone on Roke would be exposed to the wizards power and to the might of the fleets and armies under his command. Medra would have betrayed Roke to Havnor, as the wizard they never named had betrayed it to Wathort. Maybe that man, too, had thought he could do no harm..Kings, lords, and Islemen charged with defending the islands of the Archipelago came to rely increasingly on wizards to fend off dragons and Kargish fleets. In the Havnorian Lay and The Deed of the Dragonlords, as the tale goes on, the names and exploits of these wizards begin to eclipse those of the kings..the island, a sea no boat could venture out in..What the commodifiers of fantasy count on and exploit is the insuperable imagination of the.land beneath it reaching to the south. I remembered my geography lessons when I was a boy at Roke,..hands..A millennium and a half ago or more, the runes of Hardic were developed so

as to permit narrative writing. From that time on, The Creation of Ea, The Winter Carol, the Deeds, the Lays, and the Songs, all of which began as sung or spoken texts, were written down and preserved as texts. They continue to exist in both forms. The many written copies of the ancient texts serve to keep them from varying widely or from being lost altogether; but the songs and histories that are part of every child's education are taught and learned aloud, passed on down the years from living voice to living voice. liking, and her only lust was to learn what he could teach her. Dulse had sent students on to the School, three or four of them, nice lads with a gift for this or that. He had not planned or intended any such adventure, but crazy as it was, it suited him better the more he thought about it. The prospect of spending the long grey winter at Westpool sank his spirits like a stone. There was nothing here for him except the girl Dragonfly, who had come to fill his thoughts. Her massive, innocent strength had defeated him absolutely so far, but he did what she pleased in order to have her do at last what he pleased, and the game, he thought, was worth playing. If she ran away with him, the game was as good as won. As for the joke of it, the notion of actually getting her into the School on Roke disguised as a man, there was little chance of pulling it off, but it pleased him as a gesture of disrespect to all the piety and pomposity of the Masters and their toadies. And if somehow it succeeded, if he could actually get a woman through that door, even for a moment, what a sweet revenge it would be! "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." "Must we hide forever?" The tall woman smiled a little. "My sister has never taught a man before" she said. She glanced at him, and gazed away, over the summery fields. "She's never looked at a man before," she said. "But the spirit of rivalry worked in the boy as he grew to be a man. It's a strong spirit on Roke." "Tomorrow," he said, and strode off. Early raised his hand to lay the binding spell on him. His hand was stayed, held immobile half. "The true art prevails over the false. The pattern will hold," Ember said, frowning. She reached. When he saw Diamond come down the stairs without touching the stairs, he thought his eyes had. Wise governed for the child Serriadh until he took the throne. His reign was bright but brief. The wrong, something amiss. He looks ruined, she thought, a ruined man. "He lived here," Dory said, a glimmer of pride breaking a moment through her helpless pain. "The Mage Ath. Long ago. Before he went into the west. All my foremothers were wise women. He stayed here. With them." He stood there for a while, bewildered. It seemed to him that it was not by his own act or decision that he had taken his own form, but that in touching this ground, this hill, he had become himself. A magic greater than his own prevailed here. Re Albi, and they both knew it. towns full of thieves. Maybe he thought, at first, that on Pendor he had found Morred's Isle, for which, when touched by light, opalesced like metal. He supported by the arm a woman in scarlet. feel like calling him sir, as she always did the curer. This one had nothing of that lordly way. weeds under the window, he said, "That's velvet. Somebody from Havnor planted it here. Didn't know. Each True Rune has a significance, a connotation or area of meaning, which can be more or less defined in Hardic; but it is better to say that the runes are not words at all, but spells, or acts. Only in the syntax of the Old Speech, however, and only as spoken or written by a wizard, not as a statement but with intention to act, reinforced by voice and gesture-in a spell-does the word or the rune fully release its power." "I know Tarry thinks I do." "She took bird form. Osprey, they said. Didn't expect that from a girl so young. Gone before they knew it." by this wild scheme, now she was embarked on it. There was no telling. She was solemnly, heavily. that of finishing the last bite of a perfectly ripe pear. The old Namer came forward and said to the woman on the hill, "Who are you?" His voice had become very soft, very dark. apertures over the road, covered from time to time by the noiseless machines; there was not one. narrow, ice-coloured eyes. "There are good men there," he said. "Great and wise the Archmage certainly was. But he's gone. And the Masters . . . Some hold aloof, following arcane knowledge, seeking ever more patterns, ever more names, but using their knowledge for nothing. Others hide their ambition under the grey cloak of wisdom. Roke is no longer where power is in Earthsea. That's the Court in Havnor, now. Roke lives on its great past, defended by a thousand spells against the present day. And inside those spell-walls, what is there? Quarrelling ambitions, fear of anything new, fear of young men who challenge the power of the old. And at the centre, nothing. An empty courtyard. The Archmage will never return." not as a statement but with intention to act, reinforced by voice and gesture-in a spell-does the. 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. After a long time, Azver said, "I have no idea." As she blew out the lamp and got into bed, the witch's daughter heard an owl calling, the little. "You can? Is it allowed?" grass, his heart had been easy. He was expectant, full of a sense of great strangeness, but not. things went wrong at the birth, or in the field, that would be the witches' fault. And things went. Two days later, when they had reopened the old shaft and begun digging towards the ore, the wizard. without ceremony by ordinary people speaking Hardic; but practitioners of magic speak even such. crevasse. "Close, Mother! Be healed, be whole!" He pleaded, begged, speaking in the Language of. Otak says the same back. And they lose their tempers, and they did some black spells, maybe. I. Maharion and Erreth-Akbe became "hearts brothers." They spent ten years together fighting the Kargs, whose occasional forays from the East had in recent times become a slave-taking, colonising invasion. Venway, Torheven and the Torikles, Spevy, Perregal, and parts of Gont were under Kargish dominion for a generation or longer. At Shelieth on Way, Erreth-Akbe worked a great magic against the Kargish forces, who had landed in "a thousand ships" on Waymarsh and were swarming across the mainland. Using an invocation of the Old Powers called the Waterlore (perhaps the same that Elfarran had used on Solea against the Enemy), he turned the waters of the Fountains of Shelieth-sacred springs and pools in the gardens of the Lords of Way-into a flood that swept the invaders back

to the seacoast, where Maharion's army awaited them. No ship of the fleet returned to Karego-At..rushed in. The voices of the passengers getting out of their seats were completely drowned in it. I.squeeze their way. In places the ceilings had collapsed. Ladders were shaky. The mine was a.and golden on her face. He said her name. She gave him sleep.."How do you know?" she whispered..shod, a thin brown man with dark eyes and hair so fine and thick it shed the rain. It was raining.going to make me learn all his kind of stuff, after I got my name. But all this year he's kept."Women of the Hand".you vile sons of bitches!" to the whining, cowering dogs..He had tried to look at Ember as untouchable while he longed to touch her soft brown skin, her black shining hair. When she stared at him in sudden incomprehensible challenge he had thought her angry with him. He feared to insult, to offend her. What did she fear? His desire? Her own?- But she was not an inexperienced girl, she was a wise woman, a mage, she who walked in the Immanent Grove and understood the patterns of the shadows!.troubling harvesters or sailors a hundred miles away.

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