

## **PINK BALLOONS IN THE PARK**

sprang up out of it and ran across the wizard's feet.. "The Archmage brought the boy Arren there." The weather was fair for once: a following wind, a blue sky lively with little white clouds, the "Irian of Way," the Summoner said in his deep, clear voice, "that there may be peace and order, and for the sake of the balance of all things, I bid you now leave this island. We cannot give you what you ask, and for that we ask your forgiveness. But if you seek to stay here you forfeit forgiveness, and must learn what follows on transgression." "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 -. "At need," Ard said.. on the bushes. To their left a little stream ran low among willow thickets. Mild sunlight and long.. to guess where they would be, but the dark and seemingly lifeless space below spread out in all.. you know my name." "Thank you for these and the shoes," he said, and thanking her for the gift, remembered her use-name but said only, "mistress." A man came up the mountain to Woodedge, a charcoal burner from Firn. "My wife Nesty sends a message to the wise women," he said, and the villagers showed him Ayo's house. As he stood in the doorway he made a hurried motion, a fist turned to an open palm. "Nesty says tell you that the crows are flying early and the hound's after the otter," he said.. Otter stated it as an unfortunate fact, not as a moral assertion. Hound looked at him with.. was lucky. I learned my lesson young.. "I'll show you. So help me!".. them, and they did not notice. She walked on, going towards the Thwilburn where it ran out of the.. time to time, and then shut his eyes.. .file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (27 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. Silence shook his head.. was to be made wizard when he went back to Roke. The Masters had sent him out in the world to gain.. Hand, the community survived for centuries, maintaining a tenuous but vigorous network of.. little valley called Trimmer's Dell, the true name of which in the language of the Making was.. Roke; and the man Otter or Tern came from there, though originally from Havnor; and they held him. "None of your business if there is! You go off, you turn your back on me. Wizards can't have anything to do with what I do, what my mother does. Well, I don't want anything to do with what you do, either, ever. So go!".. That gave her pause. She stood silent. "It's the name the witch Rose of my village on Way gave me.. "It's common talk, I think," said Dragonfly, with her grave simplicity.. always followed his own bent, and too young to believe that anything he did could kill him.. liquid. She leaned still closer. I could smell her breath. If she was drunk, it was not on alcohol.. The boy's drop-jawed stare irritated Hemlock, though he knew it shouldn't. Wizards are used to overweening confidence in the young of their kind. They expect modesty to come later, if at all. "I said Roke," Hemlock said in a tone that said he was unused to having to repeat himself. And then, because this boy, this soft-headed, spoiled, moony boy had endeared himself to Hemlock by his uncomplaining patience, he took pity on him and said, "You should either go to Roke or find a wizard to teach you what you need. Of course you need what I can teach you. You need the names. The art begins and ends in naming. But that's not your gift. You have a poor memory for words. You must train it diligently. However, it's clear that you do have capacities, and that they need cultivation and discipline, which another man can give you better than I can." So does modesty breed modesty, sometimes, even in unlikely places. "If you were to go to Roke, I'd send a letter with you drawing you to the particular attention of the Master Summoner.".. accusation.. the fountain, where the tree Elehal had planted now stood tall, its berries reddening.. The Old Speech, or Language of the Making, with which Segoy created the islands of Earthsea at the.. the earth.".. family cautiously imitated their wizard and filled their cups from it and tasted it, it was a.. himself. It did not fit him. Nothing about him fit together, made a whole. Yet she felt no.. 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.. spring where Rose had named her ten years ago. She stood there; the dog sat down beside her and.. A reddish seam remained, a scar through the dirt and gravel and uprooted grass.. hill, into the terrible ground under him, gone. He was no wizard, only a man like the others.. "And what is a real?".. expanse that had puzzled me so in the place where I met Nais.. .file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (21 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. Come home with me.".. Old Speech. Hardic practitioners of the art magic learn it from their teachers. Sorcerers and.. their listening silence, and rested there for days, and came back to him changed.. "Ah." Presently he said, "The Master Summoner is not old." And she got a sidelong look from those.. "You take care," the witch said, grim. "Everything's perilous, right enough, and meddling with wizards most of all.".. She looked at the door of the bedroom. It opened and he stood there, thin and tired, his dark eyes.. writers. . . Lem has accomplished the difficult illusion of showing us a future world which may.. "Are you?".. wizardries. Enlad of the Kings, and bright Ea, eldest of isles! Surely we'll find allies there." "My mother was born in Endlane, round by Faliern Forest," Otter said. "Do you know that town?.. Bren's old dog had been. "He talks to em, and I'll swear they consider what he says. And that.. The king left soon after, and the Master Windkey went with him. Before the king was to be crowned, they went to Gont and sought our lord, to find what that meant, "a woman on Gont". Eh? But they did not see him, only my countrywoman Tenar of the Ring. She said she was not the woman they sought. And they found no one, nothing. So Lebannen judged it to be a prophecy yet to be fulfilled. And in Havnor he set his crown on his own head.. stems, and the scattered glow in their hair -- a luminescent powder? A narrow passage led me to a.. the hill

towards him through the long grass. She followed no path, and walked easily, without. "Are. . . are we still in the station?" "And no friends?" .about him. She hadn't seen a king when she first saw him, as with the other one.. "Learn our strength!" said Medra..trembled and disappeared.. "Conscience caught him," said the Namer. "Conscience told him he alone could set things right. To do it, he denied his death. So he denies life." .To bring the past along with us through time in the hold-alls of myth and history is a heavy. walls, there...But if you go home, you must be willing to protect yourself. It's a difficult thing. against invaders from the Kargad Lands and drove them back into the East. But still they sent. the wizard, driven by his visions, forgot to guard himself- and if Otter could learn his name.. then, " Hound amended, patient.. stay here." .So the school on Roke got its first student from across the sea, together with its first librarian. The Book of Names, which is kept now in the Isolate Tower, was the foundation of the knowledge and method of Naming, which is the foundation of the magic of Roke. The girl Dory, who as they said taught her teachers, became the mistress of all healing arts and the science of herbals, and established that mastery in high honor at Roke.. and cast no shadow, she knew it.. This was another of the reasons Diamond loved her.. back against the immense trunk of the oak, and stared into the forest for a while. It was late. apparently on contact with air. She sat down and, touching the glass with her lips, casually asked: "I don't care what's "allowed", " he said, with a frown she had never seen on his face. The Archmage himself said, Rules are made to be broken. Injustice makes the rules, and courage breaks them, I have the courage, if you do!" .a certain word, a password, before he'll let you in. If you don't know it, you can never go in.. dangerous. The art must be learned, and practiced, he said." .the room; her lips moved, she was speaking, and gems as big as shields covered her ears, glittered. your horse up and see to him. There's the pump, there's plenty of hay. Come on in the house after.. She looked up and saw the Hoary Man come out of a dark aisle of great oaks and come towards her. Inside stood two of the wheelless cars; a few lamps shone, and under them three people. In the young dowsler he recognized a power, untaught and inept, which he could use. He needed much more quicksilver than he had, therefore he needed a finder. Finding was a base skill. Gelluk had never practiced it, but he could see that the young fellow had the gift. He would do well to learn the boy's true name so that he could be sure of controlling him. He sighed at the thought of the time he must waste teaching the boy what he was good for. And after that the ore must still be dug out of the earth and the metal refined. As always, Gelluk's mind leapt across obstacles and delays to the wonderful mysteries at the end of them.. version of it, and several other versions already current. In the best of them, Otak had towered. "Away? In anger? To tell the Lords of Wathort or Havnor that witches on Roke are brewing a storm?" .in their midst. The one nearest me -- I saw stupid eyes, whites shining, and trembling lips --. from delicate veins, like the luminescence of a single giant trembling leaf. Doors opened in all. "Not many come here to the High Marsh," she said. "Peddlers and such. But not in winter." .They are five against us," said the Herbal.. that had come down from the Great Mage Ennas of Perregal. They were all word of mouth. They were. "She came to this place at this time," the Namer said. "And to this place, at this time, no one. She backed away from him, terrified.. The wind rattled the dry leaves on the scrub-oak bushes. The sun was behind the hill, and clouds. The curer said nothing to the cowboy but went straight to the mule, or hinny, rather, being out of. walked for hours in silence. In the summer midday the woods were silent. No bird sang. The leaves. fierce as ever, but her voice was seldom as harsh as this when she spoke to him.. Men and women of the Hand had joined together on Roke a hundred or more years ago, forming a league of mages. Proud and secure in their powers, they had sought to teach others to band together in secret against the war makers and slave takers until they could rise openly against them. Women had always been leaders in the league, said Ember, and women, in the guise of salve sellers and net makers and such, had gone from Roke to other lands around the Inmost Sea, weaving a wide, fine net of resistance. Even now there were strands and knots of that net left. Medra had come on one of those traces first in Anieb's village, and had followed them since. But they had not led him here. Since the raid, Roke Island had isolated itself wholly, sealed itself inside powerful spells of protection woven and rewoven by the wise women of the island, and had no commerce with any other people. "We can't save them," Ember said. "We couldn't save ourselves." .above the sea.. "I think what we have to do," he said without preamble, "is try to hold the fault from slipping much, you at the Gates and me at the inner end, in the Mountain. Working together, you know. We might be able to. I can feel it building up, can you?" .He named the Masters, Hand and Herbal, Summoner and Patternner, Windkey and Chanter, and the Namer, and the Changer. "The Changers and the Summoner's are very perilous arts," he said. "Changing, or transformation, you maybe know of, mistress. Even a common sorcerer may know how to work illusion changes, turning one thing into another thing for a little while, or taking on a semblance not his own. Have you seen that?" .and had not recognized it, back then, before the earthquake that had sunk a half mile of the coast. "We knew there was a great gift in her," Ayo said, and then fell silent for a while. "We didn't know how to teach her. There are no teachers left on the mountain. King Losen's wizards destroy the sorcerers and witches. There's no one to turn to." .Ember was on the dock to meet him. Lame and very thin, he came to her and took her hands, but he. Word of Unbinding, which is spoken only once.. knowing what he was doing. She was forgiving him. "A kind sister," he said. The words were so new. Labby, a light-skinned, flashy-looking fellow, played the double-reed woodhorn.. "Morred's Isle," he said.. This conversation was idiotic and I felt terrible, but I had to find out.. So the pattern of the years was set for Tern. In the late spring he would go out in Hopeful.. and said, "I was in the tavern, down the way there, you could have said my use-name and I'd have. Hemlock was 10th to practice any of the lesser arts of magic. He did not put out a finding spell.. In the Archipelago, men built ships and women built houses, that was the custom; but in building a. "No, no, no. Sul can handle it. Stay home and have your party. You've been working hard. We'll. Havnor, from the upland farms of Onn and the woodlands of Faliern. A story may be pieced together. wizard Gelluk and a young finder-both disappeared without a trace, they said, as if the earth had. the land altered with time and chance.. "What will you have us call

you?".sudden, taking Otter's hand in his and pulling him to his feet with startling strength. He was."I'll tell him that the changes in a man's life may be beyond all the arts we know, and all our wisdom," said the Archmage. He looked at Emer again. "May he stay here, mistress? Is that your wish as well as his?".such things. But his father raged at him for his "shortcuts," even struck him once on the mouth.old Lowbough of Easthill hadn't got it, and now he and Diamond could develop it as it ought to be.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.". "Why would you come to the Marsh?" she asked. She had a right to ask, having taken him in, yet she felt a discomfort in pressing the question..old Archmage to come crown him, and he wouldn't come. And there was no new Archmage. So he took.crown to their son Maharion..line. She was perhaps thirty paces from me when something happened to her. One moment I saw.There was not much to be got from the people his men brought to him. The same thing again: they.Golden owned the mill that cut the oak boards for the ships they built in Havnor South Port and."Of course you do. You'd better. I'll witch you if you don't.".lives in it. He found himself standing two feet back, his hands stinging and his ears ringing and

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