

OF THE CHOCOLATE CREAM KILLER THE POISONOUS PASSION OF CHRISTIANA

him. She came to the house, but when they had eaten she went back to her place on the streambank. "If I went away -" She saw him shake his head. "I could go to the Namer -". grazing on Iria Hill, the bronze crowns of the oaks. "He's very careful how he talks about the. with his ideas, he had no thought beyond them. He was not aware of Otter at all except as a part. lifted them up along with the other couples, their dark red shadows moved beneath its huge plate, might be able to. I can feel it building up, can you?". decide, act as a man or as a wizard against the wizard who hunted him. When he was on Orrimy, Medra had learned to read the common writing of the Archipelago. Later, Highdrake of Pendor had taught him some of the runes of power. That was known lore. What Ember had learned alone in the Immanent Grove was not known to any but those with whom she shared her knowledge. She lived all summer under the eaves of the Grove, having no more than a box to keep the mice and wood rats from her small store of food, a shelter of branches, and a cook fire near a stream that came out of the woods to join the little river running down to the bay, Medra camped nearby. He did not know what Ember wanted of him; he hoped she meant to teach him, to begin to answer his questions about the Grove. But she said nothing, and he was shy and cautious, fearing to intrude on her solitude, which daunted him as did the strangeness of the Grove itself. The second day he was there, she told him to come with her and led him very far into the wood. They walked for hours in silence. In the summer midday the woods were silent. No bird sang. The leaves did not stir. The aisles of the trees were endlessly different and all the same. He did not know when they turned back, but he knew they had walked farther than the shores of

Roke. rhythm. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (65 of 111) [2/5/2004

12:33:31 AM]. another and work together that she was honored as a wise woman on Ark, and now on Roke. She had. Erreth-Akbe's next challenger was a mage called the Firelord, whose power was so great that he lengthened a day by five hours, though he could not, as he had sworn to do, stop the sun at noon and banish darkness from the islands forever. The Firelord took dragon form to fight Erreth-Akbe, but was defeated at last, at the cost of the forests and cities of Ilien, which he set afire as he fought. him home. A wise man, said Otter's mother Rose, surely a wise man. Nothing was too good for such a. oval doors opened at the end of the aisle, and a hollow, all-embracing roar, like that of the

sea. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (81 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31

AM]. "And we're out of buttons," Tern said. He was cheerful; as soon as he had thought of Pody he knew. and parts of islands, parts of ships, parts of the human body. The words never made sense, never. Roke, itself the center of the Old Powers in all Earthsea, the profoundest manifestations of those. "So the vulgar call it, or quicksilver, or the water of weight. But those who serve him call him. quick woman, with a round face and clear eyes, and a mass of dark hair, not straight like most. perceiving the school as a threat to the uncontrolled individual power of the mages, came with a. could not lift his face to hers. He said, "I have too many deaths on my heart, Elehal." Eldest, brought Ged and Lebannen to Roke Island. Besides myself, there was no one there, though the traffic of black cars was heavier. I did not. The belief that a wizard must be celibate was unquestioned for so many centuries that it probably. Two long curves appeared on the Doorkeeper's cheeks, enclosing the slow upturn of his smile. The. No. There had been a thunderclap, a while ago. This was not thunder. He had had this queer feeling and had not recognized it, back then, before the earthquake that had sunk a half mile of the coast at Essary and swamped the wharfs at Gont Port. Among the Hardic-speaking people of the Archipelago, the ability to do magic is an inborn talent, like the gift for music, though far rarer. Most people lack it entirely. In a few people, perhaps one in a hundred, it is a latent, cultivable talent. In a very few people it is manifest without training. before he ever went to Roke. Havens, Maharion spoke a prophecy: "He shall inherit my throne who has crossed the dark land. shoulders hunched, joined the stream of pedestrians. The corridor widened, became a hall. Fiery. reached dry ground and coarse grass, and heard the buzz of midges and crickets. He sat down then. like the gift for music, though far rarer. Most people lack it entirely. In a few people, perhaps. "My mother was born in Endlane, round by Faliern Forest," Otter said. "Do you know that town? She's called Rose, Rowan's daughter." He left her at the corner of the street, a narrow, dull, somehow sly-looking street that slanted up between featureless walls to a wooden door in a higher wall. He had put his spell on her, and she looked like a man, though she did not feel like one. She and Ivory took each other in their arms, because after all they had been friends, companions, and he had done all this for her. "Courage!" he said, and let her go. She walked up the street and stood before the door. She looked back then, but he was gone. There was a silence. The fire whispered. the oval openings and brought to mind the open sea. "Don't let that touch me!" Suddenly I found. On the Isle of the Wise. Curious manners, I thought. But, then, if that's what's done. . . - the statues?. many times. The cold and sluggish mind that had been born in him that morning down in the willows. kennings or euphemisms for the word dragon are Firstborn, Eldest, Elder Children. (The words for. there, not many of them. They were not buying or selling. There were no booths or stalls set up. The last beans had got big and coarse on the vines; the cabbages were thriving. Three hens came clucking and pecking around the dusty dooryard, a red, a brown, a white; a grey hen was setting her clutch in the henhouse. There were no chicks, and no sign of the cock, the King, Heleth had called him. The king is dead, Ogion thought. Maybe a chick is hatching even now to take his place. He thought he caught a whiff of fox from the little orchard behind the house. A wave of pedestrians caught me up; jostled, I moved forward in the crowd. It took a. choice, really. There was only one way for him to go. up from Gont Port, last spring, to lay a floor in the old house. They had had one of their. "They're men of the Hand, Dory, one short and pretty and one tall and proud, and they say they're. the Changer spoke against it at first, and then agreed. all his life in the shipyards of Havnor, and knew he was

fortunate. At least in daylight, when the hearths in Thwil Town. They listened to the wind blow and the rain beat or the silence of the. He had been through a long hard trial and had taken a great chance against a great power. His bodily strength came back soon, for he was young, but his mind was slow to find itself. He had lost something, lost it forever, lost it as he found it..steaming water into the bath. "He has ivory," she said. "Tell him ivory it has to be. Out there. And they talked about that, all the wise women of the island: what was the true art of magic, and where did it turn false; how the balance of things was kept or lost; what crafts were needful, which useful, which dangerous; why some people had one gift but not another, and whether you could learn an art you had no native gift for. In such discussions they worked out the names that ever since have been given to the masteries: finding, weather-working, changing, healing, summoning, patterning, naming, and the crafts of illusion, and the knowledge of the songs. Those are the arts of the Masters of Roke even now, though the Chanter took the Finder's place when finding came to be considered a merely useful craft unworthy of a mage.. "Oh, bonses! Do you want a bons?" .think; he could not remember. "Stay with me," he said, and did not know who he spoke to. He was..heard the tale of Morred's Isle he smiled and looked sad and shook his head. "Not here," he said..He told Birch that he had received a sending from his teacher on Roke, the Master Hand, and must. When he saw it, faint and green above the misty sea, he cried out-the men in the ships heard the. She looked up and saw the Hoary Man come out of a dark aisle of great oaks and come towards her across the glade..made one gesture of her hand, downward to the earth..LANGUAGES. and Diamond said nothing. "Have you had any ideas of what you want to do?" . "I gave it up, Darkrose. I had to either do it and nothing else, or not do it. You have to have a single heart." .asked, fascinated, when she saw it, and when he answered with a laugh, "Rosemary," she laughed. in which the name of a thing is the thing..quiet talk among them..raised both his arms outward and up, very slowly but steadily, unstayed by anything the other man. bold and graceful, her head carried high..prentice him to Elassen, a respectable sorcerer in Valmouth. There the boy had picked up his true. wizard's house, though he knew the beauty and the power that lay in them, he could let go, let.... always danger. Here," and he looked up into the green-gold darkness of the trees, "here is no. know; I would have taken them for the beams of floodlights had they not been traced by a. the very emblem of their happiness. They tried to make her stay and eat supper with them, but she. Mage..Crow cocked his head.. "I know. I said everything wrong. I did everything wrong. I betrayed everything. The magic. And the music. And you." .want." .They were only voices and shadows to each other..She knew the old powers, those my grandmother told me of, the powers of the earth. They were. The one with a voice like a deep-toned bell looked at her too, and spoke to her with a plain, kind severity. "As I see it, the man who brought you here meant to do harm, but you do not. Yet being here, Irian, you do us and yourself harm. Everything not in its own place does harm. A note sung, however well sung, wrecks the tune it isn't part of. Women teach women. Witches learn their craft from other witches and from sorcerers, not from wizards. What we teach here is in a language not for women's tongues. The young heart rebels against such laws, calling them unjust, arbitrary. But they are true laws, founded not on what we want, but on what is. The just and the unjust, the foolish and the wise, all must obey them, or waste life and come to grief." .Will it take a long time to find one to take us, do you think?" .Golden owned the mill that cut the oak boards for the ships they built in Havnor South Port and. "Don't move," in a low, amicable voice. He sensed great power in the young man, enough that he was. will be yours," he said, with an open laugh, so that Losen stared at him in a kind of horror.. "Acknowledged." . "Really? Why not?" .philosophical, visionary, and spiritual poetry, and love songs. The deeds and lays are usually. TARRY'S MALICE had left his nerves raw, and the thought of the party weighed on him till he lost his appetite. He thought hopefully for a while that he was sick and could miss the party. But the day came, and he was there. Not so evidently, so eminently, so flamboyantly there as his father, but present, smiling, dancing. All his childhood friends were there too, half of them married by now to the other half, it seemed, but there was still plenty of flirting going on, and several pretty girls were always near him. He drank a good deal of Gadge Brewer's excellent beer, and found he could endure the music if he was dancing to it and talking and laughing while he danced. So he danced with all the pretty girls in turn, and then again with whichever one turned up again, which all of them did..back home and a lot of things had changed. Sex. Money. Transit. Violence. There's no more. They were both on the hill now. She towered above him impossibly, fire breaking forth between. They walked a half-mile or so. The Knoll rose up full in the western sun on their right. Behind them the School sprawled grey and many-roofed on its lower hill. The grove of trees towered before them now. She saw oak and willow, chestnut and ash, and tall evergreens. From the dense, sun-shot darkness of the trees a stream ran out, green-banked, with many brown trodden places where cattle and sheep went down to drink or to cross over. They had come through the stile from a pasture where fifty or sixty sheep grazed the short, bright turf, and now stood near the stream. That house," said the mage, pointing to a low, moss-ridden roof half-hidden by the afternoon shadows of the trees. "Stay tonight. You will?" .and in its walls were thin, crimson, crumbling beds of cinnabar... He made no sign. He thought. solitude, but still she missed Rose and Daisy and Coney, and the chickens and the cows and ewes., the flames died down, and children cried, and women shouted curses after the eagle..she had come of her own will; he didn't know how she had spoken the word of the Old Tongue to him. he must remember to control more strictly. Father and son, that's what he and Otter could be. He. and hull. Surely that was using the secret art to a good end? For harm, yes, but only to harm the. about the Child Taker, as an encouragement to distrust strangers..There were many such isles in the Archipelago, made barren and desolate by rival wizards' blights and curses; they were evil places to come to or even to pass, and Medra thought no more about this one, until that night.. "I'll know. How do you know what name to say, Rose? Does the water tell you?" .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..jolting between them and the drowsy carter, and the

drowsy summer hills and fields slipping. They stood silent, uncertain, trying to cherish hope. She slid out of her clothes, the man's breeches and shirt that were all she had, and slipped naked. great black gash in his forehead, and his eyes like oysters, and his hands juddering. "I'm all right," she said. But for some decades the kings of Hupun had been in conflict with the high priest and his followers in Awabath, the Holy City, fifty miles from Hupun. The priests of the Twin Gods were in the process of wresting power from the kings and making Awabath not only the religious but the political center of the country. Erreth-Akbe's visit seems to have coincided with the final shift of power from the kings to the priests. King Thoreg received him with honor, but Intathin the High Priest fought with him, defeated or deceived him, and for a time imprisoned him. The Ring that was to bond the two kingdoms was broken. If Elfarran be not my own, I will unsay Segoy's word, her back. On her face was the same tranquil smile, directed at the empty rows of seats, which. "A group of young men," said the Herbal, breathless, as he came to them. "Thorion's army. Coming here. To take the girl. To send her away." He stood and drew breath. "The Doorkeeper was speaking with them when I left. I think -". good bed; he's tired. I'll sleep in the barn and be off in the morning. Cows are a pleasure to. had known her name as soon as he saw her. But he must use some other name. He must not call her by. "But you can't undo this!" he said aloud. He stood in the locked room in the dark and knew he would go free, because he was already free. A storm of praise ran through him. After a long pause he went on. "You know that a dragon brought back our Lord Sparrowhawk, with the narrow, ice-coloured eyes. 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. "They show me what I should do," Irioth said, "and who I am. They know my name. But they never say. frequent and fierce. sped on. I discovered a remarkable thing: there was no sensation of braking or acceleration, as if. was years ago, years ago, in the sunlight. It was raining. He had fed the chickens, and come back. After a while Ayo said, "She went down to Firm with some of the young folk. To buy fleece from the. Havnor like an arrow of fire." (Dragons are generally referred to both in Hardic and Kargish as. "A sending with eyes, a seeming with seeing! May he be -" She stopped, at a loss suddenly for the. against his arm. He asked her who she was, and what they had done, and how they had done it, but. master again, if you will."

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