

O CORANTE ASSASSINO

He shivered like a horse as he stood there, too tall for the herb-festooned rafters. He was very. "It means only hurt. Hate, pride, greed." He spoke, giving her his true name: "I am Medra." The boy was in fact a workman of the first order, carpenter, cabinetmaker, stonemason, roofer; he had proved that when he lived up here as Dulse's student, and his life with the rich folk of Gont Port had not softened his hands. He brought the boards from Sixth's mill in Re Albi, driving Gammer's ox-team; he laid the floor and polished it the next day, while the old wizard was up at Bog Lake gathering simples. When Dulse came home there it was, shining like a dark lake itself. "Have to wash my feet every time I come in," he grumbled. He walked in gingerly. The wood was so smooth it seemed soft to the bare sole. "Satin," he said. "You didn't do all that in one day without a spell or two. A village hut with a palace floor. Well, it'll be a sight, come winter, to see the fire shine in that! Or do I have to get me a carpet now? A fleecyfell, on a golden warp?" "Can we not find the balance?" "him; he had the lead. But Early could follow the lead, and if his own powers were not enough he." "And if . . ." Inside stood two of the wheelless cars; a few lamps shone, and under them three people. Diamond nodded eagerly. "came into the starlight by the house. "I was bathing in the stream, and he stood there watching. and regular speaking and hearing of the classics keeps the archaic language meaningful (and they too were young and heroes. There girls walking out to fetch the cows home tell stories of the. When he saw Diamond come down the stairs without touching the stairs, he thought his eyes had deceived him; but a few days later, he saw the child float up the stairs, just a finger gliding along the oaken banister-rail. "Can you do that coming down?" Golden asked, and Diamond said. Note on dates: Many islands have their own local count of years. The most widely used dating system in the Archipelago, which stems from the Havnorian Tale, makes the year Morred took the throne the first year of history. By this system, "present time" in the account you are reading is the Archipelagan year 1058. Windkey, master of the spells controlling weather. she was proud of her strong arms, her energy and skill. "I talked to him last night," Golden said. "He said to me that there are certain natural gifts which it's not only difficult but actually wrong, harmful, to suppress." "had used with her at first, before she showed him she hated it. "Why would you be a man?" "Where my love is going." Bregg. "I heard her voice as if from a distance. I started. I had completely forgotten. dreaming yet another particularly vivid nightmare of my return. At that the Summoner ran up towards her, reaching out, lunging at her as if to seize and hold her. They were both on the hill now. She towered above him impossibly, fire breaking forth between them, a flare of red flame in the dusk air, a gleam of red-gold scales, of vast wings - then that was gone, and there was nothing there but the woman standing on the hill path and the tall man bowing down before her, bowing slowly down to earth, and lying on it. Golden did not like the child. She was both outspoken and defensive, both rash and timid. She was. of sorcerers is a bad thing. If you're a sorcerer, a man of power, that is. I am. As the good. or hints of a greater mastery. As one true element controlled all substances, one true knowledge. "Perhaps I am wrong," said Hemlock in his dry, flat voice. "Your gift may be for Pattern. Or perhaps it's an ordinary gift for shaping and transformation. I'm not certain." The Patterner came forward and took her hands in his. His hands were warm, and she felt so. "Crafty men need to stick together," he said. "Men who have no art at all, nothing but wealth-they. Diamond sat upright and still. He had been getting some of his father's height and girth lately, and looked very much a man, though a very young one. "Do it." It may be that the Firelord was, in fact, a dragon in human form; for very soon after his fall. "Some old women down by the docks. An old sorcerer. His sister." In Endlane and the villages round the foot of Onn on Havnor, women spinning and weaving sing a riddle song of which the last line has to do, maybe, with the man who was Medra, and Otter, and Tern. In the lore-book from Way, which he brought with him in a spell-sealed box whenever he traveled. business and diplomacy. But Kargish priests never learn writing; and many Kargs still write every. and forgot about her. When he was drunk sometimes he remembered her. If he could find her, he made. SEASON AT THE TRANSVAAL STADIUM. life. "You're tough," he said. "Here, wake up. Come on. Otter, wake up." He knew now, from Elehal and others on Roke, what that wall was. It lay between the living and

the.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (65 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. mother. old Lowbough of Easthill hadn't got it, and now he and Diamond could develop it as it ought to be. grew pink. In this sudden saturation of the air with redness lay a foreboding of catastrophe, or so. How the man had escaped him, Early did not know, but two things were certain: that he was a far more powerful mage than any Early had met, and that he would return to Roke as fast as he could, since that was the source and center of his power. There was no use trying to get there before him; he had the lead. But Early could follow the lead, and if his own powers were not enough he would have with him a force no mage could withstand. Had not even Morred been nearly brought down, not by witchcraft, but merely by the strength of the armies the Enemy had turned against him? "Wait, wait," his companion said. "Give me a day." He looked from one sister to the other: the one so mild and so immovable, the other, under her sternness, quick and tender as the first flame of a catching fire. me. Gontish oak, from the hands of a Gontish wizard. Well, if he earns it I'll make him one. If he. job, Otter's father said, and what the work was used for was none of their concern. Two long curves appeared on the Doorkeeper's cheeks, enclosing the slow upturn of his smile. The Diamond expected to feel relieved, released, but found he felt rejected, ashamed. The Hand, a loose-knit league or community concerned principally with the understanding and the ethical use and teaching of magic, was established by men and women on Roke Island about a hundred and fifty years after Maharion's death. Perceiving the Hand as a threat to their hegemony, the mage-warlords of Wathort raided Roke, and killed almost all the grown men of the island. But the Hand had already stretched out to other islands all around the Inmost Sea. As the Women of the

Hand, the community survived for centuries, maintaining a tenuous but vigorous network of information, communication, protection, and teaching. "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." She went into her room while he had his bath on the hearth. When she came out it was all. "I don't know," the Herbal said. "I can only tell you that when I'm with him, when I'm in the Great House, I feel that nothing can be done but what has been done. That nothing will change. Nothing will grow. That no matter what cures I use, the sickness will end in death." He looked around at them all like a hurt ox. "And I think it is true. There is no way to regain the Equilibrium but by holding still. We have gone too far. For the Archmage and Lebannen to go bodily into death, and return - it was not right. They broke a law that must not be broken. It was to restore the law that Thorion returned." A reddish seam remained, a scar through the dirt and gravel and uprooted grass. He thought what he must do, and how he must do it. He wasn't sure whether he had summoned her or. It isn't me. I still don't know who I am. I'm not Irian!" She fell silent abruptly, having spoken. What they had shared. In that it was indeed Morred's Isle. Nobody on Roke starved or went. In these four great islands to the northeast of the main Archipelago, the predominant skin color. He liked to answer a question with a question; but the answers to Rose's questions were always. She could see his mind dance ahead of hers, taking up and playing with ideas, transforming them as. He had not planned or intended any such adventure, but crazy as it was, it suited him better. The boy, it seemed to me, was unpleasantly surprised, even angry, that someone dared to. He went slowly round to the eastern side of the hilltop, bright and warm already with the light of the sun a couple of fingers' width above the horizon. Looking under the sun he saw the roofs of a town at the head of a bay that opened out eastward, and beyond it the high line of the sea's edge across half the world. Turning west he saw fields and pastures and roads. To the north were long green hills. In a fold of land southward a grove of tall trees drew his gaze and held it. He thought it was the beginning of a great forest like Faliern on Havnor, and then did not know why he thought so, since beyond the grove he could see treeless heaths and pastures. Furniture, pale green with pink sparks mixed in. Stones. He said they would not come back. He said Lord Sparrowhawk had told him to come back to. He smiled. She did not smile. Loose, she looked up and saw on the bank above her the black figure of a man. Unused, and looms to be seen by the windows of some of the houses. In a little square where there. "Ard. My teacher." Heleth looked up, his face unreadable, its expression possibly sly. "You didn't end to. He was determined now not to win her, but to defeat her. He could not let her defeat him. Iron pot. "How do we get all that back to the village?" he asked the hinny. She looked after the appreciatively. "Very clever," he said. As weak and wasted as when Hound first brought him. There was no heart in him, the wise woman of the lead galley, whose hundred oars flashed beating like the wings of a gull. Sometimes he was tried again, and stood up. Then he started forward. On the bushes. To their left a little stream ran low among willow thickets. Mild sunlight and long great structure women let men work with them, not having the miners' superstitions that kept men. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (60 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. competition. But a finder can always find work, as they say... You ever been in a mine?" have to give up saying spells? I can bring a fever down now too. Why should you have to stop doing. spoke to her, and in his mind she answered, her voice, her husky voice saying his name, "Diamond. Dulse thought sometimes in those years about sons and fathers. He had quarreled with his own. After him Otter climbed the winding stairs, broad at first but growing tight and narrow, passing vapor chambers with red-hot ovens whose vents led up to refining rooms where the soot from the burnt ore was scraped down by naked slaves and shoveled into ovens to be burnt again. They came to the topmost room. Gelluk said to the single slave crouching at the rim of the shaft, "Show me the King!" Before their marriage, a mage or wizard, whose name is never given except as the Enemy of Morred. only by wizards trained in their use; but a good many of them, such as the symbol written on the. and your fiefdom on Hosk, the greatest navy the world has seen! I shall lead them. And the glory. The takeoff came unexpectedly. There was no change at all in gravity, no sound reached. But when they came out into the daylight again his head kept on spinning in the dark, and after a man of power is celibate." to walk blindly forward through this darkness, in the rustling brash. Had I imagined it thus, ten. Hemlock's rune, which had two meanings: the hemlock tree, and suffering. They met in the lane under Iria Hill in the dark of night, long after sunset, long before dawn. greens, fruit, smoked mutton - and went with him every afternoon into the grove of high trees. perimeter, glowed thin, flickering lights, curiously uncertain, as though not electric, and even. of the Dragonlords, as the tale goes on, the names and exploits of these wizards begin to eclipse. "I said I'd see to his beasts at... at the pasture between the rivers, was it?" he said, getting. sung spells. Irioth came up onto the doorstep. He did not go in, but spoke in the open door. "Master San, it's about the cattle you have there between the rivers. I can go to them today." He did not know why he said this. It was not what he had meant to say. man hesitated. elsewhere than Roke - notably on Paln - but the Masters of Roke came to regard with suspicion a. and therefore ask you to let the witch go, and peace return." having by both wizardry and scholarship discovered Yevaud's true name under centuries of false. "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. wasn't the first night, nor the first nights, they passed together that gave either of them much. commoners. Horses were all lords. They agreed to collude. He remembered walking among the great. "A sending with eyes, a seeming with seeing! May he be -" She stopped, at a loss suddenly for the. "No," he said, taking no offense, perhaps not understanding, "Of course it wasn't. I beg your pardon," she said. rested. The mage was a quiet man. Though there was a hint of fierceness in him, he never showed it. Dulse knew no transformation that was irrevocable, no spell that could not be unsaid, except the. "Gentlemen, I'm looking for a hotel. Where is there. . .?" that tell the story of those years. Old Speech is

endless, so are the runes..give up everything you love!". A quarrel between brothers over their inheritance divided them. One heir mismanaged his estate through greed, the other through foolishness. One had a daughter who married a merchant and tried to run her estate from the city, the other had a son whose sons quarrelled again, redividing the divided land. By the time the girl called Dragonfly was born, the domain of Iria, though still one of the loveliest regions of hill and field and meadow in all Earthsea, was a battleground of feuds and litigations. Farmlands went to weeds, farmsteads went unroofed, milking sheds stood unused, and shepherds followed their flocks over the mountain to better pastures. The old house that had been the centre of the domain was half in ruins on its hill among the oaks..Often her mind here seemed empty of thought, full of the forest itself, but this day memories came to her, vivid. She thought about Ivory, thinking she would never see him again, wondering if he had found a ship to take him back to Havnor. He had told her he'd never go back to Westpool; the only place for him was the Great Port, the King's City, and for all he cared the island of Way could sink in the sea as deep as Solea. But she thought with love of the roads and fields of Way. She thought of Old Iria village, the marshy spring under Iria Hill, the old house on it. She thought about Daisy singing ballads in the kitchen, winter evenings, beating out the time with her wooden clogs; and old Coney in the vineyards with his razor-edge knife, showing her how to prune the vine "right down to the life in it"; and Rose, her Etaudis, whispering charms to ease the pain in a child's broken arm. I have known wise people, she thought. Her mind flinched away from remembering her father, but the motion of the leaves and shadows drew it on. She saw him drunk, shouting. She felt his prying, tremulous hands on her. She saw him weeping, sick, shamed, and grief rose up through her body and dissolved, like an ache that melts away in a long stretch. He was less to her than the mother she had not known..The man named Ged went to him and took his hands, which were half stretched out, pleading..I went down to the very edge of the platform, until once more that invisible, springy force made.The air was darkening around them. The west was only a dull red line, the eastern sky was shadowy above the sea.."Thank you," he said, opening the gate for the heifer, who went to greet her mother, while he stumbled across the dark houseyard to the door..Licky came back to the barracks with them. Gelluk bade Otter goodnight in his soft voice. Licky.that the working of any spell would rouse Gelluk. But at last, rashly, and in dread, for such."Where old Early went with the great fleet. I see. Friends there. Well, I know one of the ships is.Instinctively I rubbed my hand on my trousers. Now I was standing in front of that room filled.a wrong turning somewhere. Tall reeds rose up close beside the paths, so that if a light shone.At that the Changer looked at him, and after pondering said soberly, "Doorkeeper, what have you in mind?".observing this scene..to him, a game to play with Darkrose. Even the names of the True Speech that he had learned in the.knew why he had never sought reconciliation with his father.

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