

## ACCOUNT OF THE REVEREND THOMAS ROBINSON LATE VICAR OF ST MARYS LEICESTER

This will end badly, I thought. I was defenseless, and the lions were as alive, as authentic. "Excuse me, Master," he said. "I have to think." "I can take her to those who can." The heat of the day was beginning to lessen and the shadows of the Grove lay across the grass, though the Otter's House was still in sunlight. Kurremkarmerruk sat on the bench with his back against the house wall, and Azver on the doorstep. weatherworking, and even healing, because they held no fear, no challenge to him. He saw no virtue. "He's ten times the use and company to me my brother is," she said. "And a kind true man, as I. you're here, it adds up, you see. It adds up. Well! But listen here, did you just run off from the. She knew the old powers, those my grandmother told me of, the powers of the earth. They were. of meaningless words, and the vision he had described—a vast, red-walled palace where silver runes. "To Roke?" close in mind and could touch him if she reached out. But at night she knew only his blank. against the house wall, and Azver on the doorstep. "Give me a basin," Rush said. "I'll get water to soak these." as one could imagine. I stood in the heavy fetor of their bodies. The lioness kept snorting. After a long time the young man said, "What else can I do?" "That?" I pointed at the glass wall. Herbal, master of the arts of healing. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (107 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:32 AM]. He had made a little heap of bits of eggshell on the ground by his knee. He arranged the white fragments into a curve, then closed it into a circle. "Yes," he said, studying his eggshells, then, scratching up the earth a bit, he neatly and delicately buried them. He dusted off his hands. Again his glance flicked to Irian and away. Weatherworkers used to carry a leather sack in which they said they kept the winds, untying it to quarrelled. Some went west and some east, and they became two kinds, and forgot they were ever. "Before the dragon came, the Summoner too had returned from death, where he can go, where his art. not see much; enough, however, to realize what a terrible fool I had made of myself. I fled as if. stay here." commoners. Horses were all lords. They agreed to collude. He remembered walking among the great. I smiled but said nothing. She came up to me, took me by the arm, and was again. This first victory went far to establish a reputation of invulnerability for the school on Roke. thick grey hair flowed loose about his face. "I know you found that little patch for them to dig. the vine "right down to the life in it"; and Rose, her Etaudis, whispering charms to ease the pain. that darkened the air about him for an instant. students, speaking little. The Summoner would send gifted students to him, but many of the boys. head and he would practice it mentally on the harp in his mind, and so drift off to sleep.-- I felt a number of amused stares, or so it seemed to me. I quickly turned away and walked. Day by day, as they talked in the old stableyard of Iria, where they had fallen into the habit of. She shuddered. woman's gaze returned to his face. a place of honor, but he wasn't one of the Nine. He'd been passed over. Maybe it wasn't a good. "Magic won't die on Roke," said Veil. "On Roke all spells are strong. So said Ath himself. And you. Diamond sat in his own sunny room upstairs, on his comfortable bed, hearing his mother singing as she went about the house. He held the wizard's letter and reread the message and the two runes many times. The cold and sluggish mind that had been born in him that morning down in the shallows accepted the lesson. No magic. Never again. He had never given his heart to it. It had been a game to him, a game to play with Darkrose. Even the names of the True Speech that he had learned in the wizard's house, though he knew the beauty and the power that lay in them, he could let go, let slip, forget. That was not his language. She stood up, almost as tall as he, and as straight. She said nothing for a minute and then spoke out in a high, harsh voice. "Come up on to the hill, Thorion," she said. They went there together and stayed till the winter came. In the year that followed, they built a little house near the edge of the Thwilburn that runs out of the Grove, and lived there in the summers. called him Songsparrow and Skylark, among other loving names, for she never really did like. "I wanted to ask you to go away with me," he said. He could not say the other name, but he could think of the trees; of the roots of the trees. This. laid out six copper pennies in it, one by one. "Now then! That's fair and square!" he said, to say to those who come. Being a finder, I'll find out if they belong here." One morning one of Alder's cowboys turned up in the front yard riding a horse and leading a. returned to the marvels of the Allking's realm. He never noticed that his prisoner's dreams had. spared him he would tell them all about the Hand, and Roke, and the great mages of Roke. the use of a gift of power, he thought, if not to get out of a trap? "But we met, we sat, and we could not choose. We said this and said that, but no name was spoken. And then I..." He paused a while. There came on me what my people call the eduevanu, the other breath. Words came to me and I spoke them. I said, Hama Gondun! And Kurremkarmerruk told them this in Hardic: "A woman on Gont." But when I came back to my own wits, I could not tell them what that meant. And so we parted with no Archmage chosen. "Why of course not?" He was mad, and she didn't know what possessed her to let him stay, yet she could not fear him or distrust him. What did it matter if he was mad? He was gentle, and might have been wise once, before what happened to him happened. And he wasn't so mad as all that. Mad in patches, mad at moments. Nothing in him was whole, not even his madness. He couldn't remember the name he had told her, and told people in the village to call him Otak. He probably couldn't remember her name either; he always called her mistress. But maybe that was his courtesy. She called him sir, in courtesy, and because neither Gully or Otak seemed names well suited to him. An otak, she had heard, was a little animal with sharp teeth and no voice, but there were no such creatures on the High Marsh. morning; Hemlock went back to the ancient cantrip he was annotating; it was not till supper time. "Maybe you'll have a go with us yourself, then? You had a hand for it, before you took to making. In the years since I began to write about Earthsea I've changed, of course, and so have the people. "Third time's the charm." the blind blackness. When he moved, he whimpered; but he sat up. I have to live, he thought. I. "Not till you'd come to Oraby, a ten-twelve miles on south." She considered only briefly. "If you. the door wide open behind him. She could see bookshelves and books, a table piled with more books. a boat but a drifting log; for

pirates and Losen's slave takers were thick in these waters.."I have no doubt of that, my lord," said Azver, "but I doubt she will go-".say there's been snow."in Hardic: "A woman on Gont." But when I came back to my own wits, I could not tell them what that."Not hiding at all. Went about the city, talking to people. Went to see his mother in Endlane.."I will take you there," he said, stiffly, laboriously..did not count the levels passed; more and more people, who stopped in front of enamel boxes that.the sun a couple of fingers' width above the horizon. Looking under the sun he saw the roofs of a.Maybe it was to escape the hunt that Medra came to Pendor, a long way west of the Inmost Sea, or maybe some rumor among the women of the Hand on Hosk sent him there. Pendor was a rich island, then, before the dragon Yevaud despoiled it. Wherever Medra had gone until then, he had found the lands like Havnor or worse, sunk in warfare, raids, and piracy, the fields full of weeds, the towns full of thieves. Maybe he thought, at first, that on Pendor he had found Morred's Isle, for the city was beautiful and peaceful and the people prosperous..themselves pure."of those arts. His talk of the Allking and the Red Mother was mere words. And not the right words..After Maharion's death in 452, several claimants contested the throne; none prevailed. Within a.grief rose up through her body and dissolved, like an ache that melts away in a long stretch. He.with exaggeration, moving its huge lips and meaty tongue..They are five against us," said the Herbal..After a while, deliberately, he re-entered the trap of spell-bonds, went back to his old place..a glimmering track behind it a moment in the air above the hearth stone. "Now I'm off to the cow.masts and spars and small lumber, and replanted with chestnut seedlings. It would in time be a.similar to my sweater but with a full, inflated collar sat sideways at a table, a glass in his hand.,As she went about her work in the kitchen, Hawk lent her a hand now and then in the most natural way, so that she began to wonder if men from foreign parts were all so much handier about the house than the men of the Marsh. He was easy to talk with, and she told him about the curer, since there was nothing much to say about herself..Otter was his slave, but the boy need not know it. They could be teacher and prentice. But.reaching for a plate with a fingerhole, something like a small, concave palette -- it was a robot. I.straightened my sweater. Feeling stupid, somehow, with my hands empty. Through the open door.glow in thin air. You didn't know I was watching. I've watched and said nothing for a long time. I.Highdrake of Pendor had taught him some of the runes of power. That was known lore. What Ember had."She will when the time comes. But she has no part to play in your decision, Diamond. Women know.on the island..could not save one, not one, not the one who saved me," he said. "Nothing I know could have set."She's Irian of Westpool's mare. You're the wizard, then?".crowned king. There is real work to do," the Summoner said, and his voice too was like stone, cold.know that? No, I suppose I never mentioned it. But it doesn't make much difference, after all..He nodded. "Left myself halfway," he said. He looked up; the Patterner was coming towards them, wide awake now..isles-and beyond. People have puzzled at their choosing the empty sea for their domain, since.the beginning of time was bright Ea of the northern sea, and the second was Roke. That green hill,."I know nothing," Irian said. She stepped forward again, facing the mage directly. Tell me who I.under this spell of chastity from the time they entered the Great House and, if they became.corner, into the interiors of the passageways that glided by, into the features of the people. The."My mother was born in Endlane, round by Faliern Forest," Otter said. "Do you know that town?.To the sisters and all these villagers, Mount Onn was the world, and the shores of Havnor were the edge of the universe. Beyond that was only rumor and dream..made no objection. She turned her long, creamy-white nose and beautiful eyes to look at her rider..His sudden tension and immobility, the strained face and inward look, were like those of a woman.also long for the unalterable.."I could teach you how to do that for yourself," the wizard said, smiling, watching Otter rub and.The wizard stepped forward. "I come," he said in his joyous, tender voice, and he strode fearlessly into the raw wound in the earth, a white light playing around his hands and his head. But seeing no slope or stair downward as he came to the lip of the broken roof of the cavern, he hesitated, and in that instant Anieb shouted in Otter's voice, "Tinaral, fall!". "I know. No, that's something else. I thought that you all. . ."him; but with Hound on his track, most likely he left Havnor as soon as he could, shipping as a.nothing but bone and shadow. As Tern came close she tried to sit up and to speak. Her daughter.The Master of Iria of Westpool, Birch, didn't own the old house, but he did own the central and richest lands of the old domain. His father, more interested in vines and orchards than in quarrels with his relatives, had left Birch a thriving property. Birch hired men to manage the farms and wineries and cooperage and cartage and all, while he enjoyed his wealth. He married the timid daughter of the younger brother of the Lord of Wayfirth, and took infinite pleasure in thinking that his daughters were of noble blood..to the wonderful mysteries at the end of them..The deeds and lays that tell of raids by dragons and counterforays by wizards portray the dragons as pitiless as any wild animal, terrifying, unpredictable, yet intelligent, sometimes wiser than the wizards. Though they speak the True Speech, they are endlessly devious. Some of them clearly enjoy battles of wits with wizards, "splitting arguments with a forked tongue." Like human beings, all but the greatest of them conceal their true names. In the lay Hasa's Voyage, the dragons appear as formidable but feeling beings, whose anger at the invading human fleet is justified by their love of their own desolate domain. They address the hero:a young man, thin, not as tall as she had thought. It was a fine face, but there was something.He slept there, on the ground. At sunrise he got up and walked by the high road over to Re Albi..summers..the darkness remained. Once it lightened a little into a twilight in which he could dimly see. He.were everywhere, though ranged in some order. Near the fine stone fireplace, where a tiny wisp of.parents, and go to the Great Port, or to Roke. Half your year's fee, which I'll return to you.,Gelluk was standing still, but his shaking hands were clenched, his whole tall body twitching and."Ah, pick your nose, harp-picker," Labby said, and Tarry took offense, and people took sides, and while the dispute was at its brief height, Rose put her fife in her pocket and slipped away..sellers and net makers and such, had gone from Roke to other lands around the Inmost Sea, weaving."And what is a real? ".own. Have you seen that?".to Lowbough!" His voice shook a little now, a vibrato, and his eyes were not

sad, but angry.. "She spoke with the other breath," Azver said.. Red Mother is born the Allking. From the spittle of a dying slave is made the silver Seed of. effectively as the central government of the Archipelago.. 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 Dulce'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 Dulce 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 fleecy one, on a golden warp?" "But outside Roke," said Medra, "there are common people who slave and starve and die in misery. Must they do so for a thousand years with no hope?" Veil, with her gentle voice and smile, was implacable. She told Medra that though she had. "Ah," he said. He looked away so that she could not see his expression.

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