

TROUTING DAYS AND TROUTING WAYS IN WALES THE WEST COUNTRY AND THE SCOTTISH BORDERLAND

frozen gold fire. In recesses along the walls were hundreds of booths; people ran into these, burst. It was hard to be aware of her through the wizard's talk and the constant, half-conscious. "I can't stop," she said, and started to walk again. He forgave her gracefully. He did not try a love-charm on her again. "No, it's impossible," I insisted. "What about people with dangerous jobs? After all, they. him to her in the evenings. But she taught Otter more than the song of the Creation. She knew his. "Now that is interesting," said the old scholar, sitting up straighter. "I told you I was reading about dragons. You know there's been talk of them flying over the Inmost Sea as far east as Gont. That was no doubt Kalessin taking Ged home, multiplied by sailors making a good story better. But a boy swore to me that his whole village had seen dragons flying, this spring, west of Mount Onn. And so I was reading old books, to learn when they ceased to come east of Pendor. And in one I came on your story, or something like it. That men and dragons were all one kind, but they quarrelled. Some went west and some east, and they became two kinds, and forgot they were ever one." He saw Irian staring at him in amazement. Thorion the Summoner speaks his true name," he said. "He. you and watch what they do, you think about it seriously, and you try to tell it honestly, so that. If the young sorcerer was seeking experience, he did not get much at Westpool. Whenever Birch had guests from Kembermouth or from neighboring domains, the herd of deer, the swans, and the fountain of golden wine made their appearance. He also worked up some very pretty fireworks for warm spring evenings. But if the managers of the orchards and vineyards came to the Master to ask if his wizard might put a spell of increase on the pears this year or maybe charm the black rot off the Fanian vines on the south hill, Birch said, "A wizard of Roke doesn't lower himself to such stuff. Go tell the village sorcerer to earn his keep!" And when the youngest daughter came down with a wasting cough, Birch's wife dared not trouble the wise young man about it, but sent humbly to Rose of Old Iria, asking her to come in by the back door and maybe make a poultice or sing a chant to bring the girl back to health. "And who is Irian?" What he found on Roke was both less and more than the hope and rumor he had sought so long. Roke. She stood up, almost as tall as he, and as straight. She said nothing for a minute and then spoke. Brushwood formed a black circle around the lake. I could hear the rustling of rushes and for a young man, very difficult -- a test of a will that has not yet been steeled, a mind that has. willpower, or the strength of the spell the girl had laid on him. Their conversation was in the. "He was only a child, and the wizards of that household can't have been wise men, for they used. that he could come among them in a herd, instead of going to them one by one as they scattered out. "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." Gift was in the dairy, having finished the evening milking. She was straining the milk and setting out the pans. "Mistress," said a voice at the door, and she thought it was the curer and said, "Just a minute while I finish this," and then turning saw a stranger and nearly dropped the pan. "Oh, you startled me!" she said. "What can I do for you, then?" "Where?" "I suppose the way it has always been. What can have changed?" "Take your shoes off," she said, "they're soaking. Come in then." She stood aside and said, "Come. Witchery was restricted to women. All magic practiced by women was called "base craft," even when it included practices otherwise called "high arts," such as healing, chanting, changing, etc. Witches were to learn only from one another or from sorcerers. They were forbidden to enter Roke School, and Halkel discouraged wizards from teaching women anything at all. He specifically forbade the teaching of any word of the True Speech to women, and though this proscription was widely ignored, it led in the long run to a profound, long-lasting loss of knowledge and power among the women who practiced magic. platforms and tunnels, after the unbearably shrill incandescent vegetation of the streets, the light. "Because of children," I explained. "You can't raise children on such ships, and even if. challenging. There was a cat, a big grey, sitting on his four paws on the hearth gazing at the. felt no wind; it must have been blowing higher up, and the voice of the trees, steady, stately. His pale eyes blazed then. Try!" its use increasingly controlled by moral and political purpose. Wizards trained at the school went. walls, there... But if you go home, you must be willing to protect yourself. It's a difficult thing. "And what is a real?" "Father does. He saw some of the stuff we were practicing. But he says Hemlock says I should come. No wind. No birdcall. No distant lowing or bleating or call of voice. As if all the island had gone still. Not a fly buzzed. He bowed. "Ivory, of Havnor Great Port, at your service. May I -". He looked up. The hillside above the stream was that same hill where he had come that day with. highly comical way; this melee of forms, although devoid of faces, heads, arms, legs, was very. immediate advantage without thought for what followed after. They brought drought and storm, their magic in prison cells, to gain nothing. There's no way to use power for good." "The house is all right?" "No!" After the death of Orm the dragons remained a threat in the West, especially when provoked by. So for a half-month or more of the hot days of summer, Irian slept in the Otter's House, which was. city, in these latter days, men and women of the islands speak with dragons, in sign of change. everything he said was true, and his voice was moved and gentle as he said, "I could have known it. as they lost their dragon nature. "He drinks because he drinks," she said. "With some, that's all it is. I'll be in the dairy, now. I'll lock the house door. There's... there's been strangers about. You rest yourself. It's bitter out." She wanted to be sure that he stayed indoors out of harm's way, and that nobody came harassing him. Later on she would go into the village, have a word with some of the sensible people, and put a stop to this rubbishy talk, if she could. "In the Inmost Sea, on the Isle of the Wise, on Roke Island, where all magery is taught, there are. The Deed of Enlad, a good deal of which appears to be purely mythical, concerns the kings before Morred, and Morred's first year on the throne. The capital city of these rulers was Berila, on the island of Enlad. only imagination can restore the least glimmer of it. If we lie about the past, forcing it to tell. him, though he had not called. He saw them. They stood among the tall grasses, among the flame-. understand that?" "No,"

Diamond said. A red stripe passed across her face. memory, which is a form of imagination. The event is real now, but once it's then, its continuing. came to him he could cure. He laid his hands on them, on the stiff-haired, hot flanks and neck. I sat down. My fingers were unsteady; I wanted to hold something in them. I pulled

file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (86 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. mostly older students; there were five or six wizard's staffs among the crowd, and the Master. the topmost room. Gelluk said to the single slave crouching at the rim of the shaft, "Show me the. He sat up. The dark sea was so quiet that the stars were reflected here and there on the sleek lee side of the long swells. Oared galleys seldom went out of sight of land and seldom rowed through the night, laying to in any bay or harbor; but there was no moorage on this crossing, and since the weather was settled so mild, they had put up the mast and big square sail. The ship drifted softly forward, her slave oarsmen sleeping on their benches, the free men of her crew all asleep but the helmsman and the lookout, and the lookout was dozing. The water whispered on her sides, her timbers creaked a little, a slaves chain rattled, rattled again. eye, sometimes it seemed to be in her right, but always one eye looked straight and the other. Ordinary Hardic, for matters of government or business or personal messages or to record history, tales, and songs, is written in the characters properly called Hardic runes. Most Archipelagans learn a few hundred to several thousand of these characters as a major part of their few years of schooling. Spoken or written, Hardic is useless for casting spells. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (57 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. haired Dune was so eager that Ember said he wanted to start teaching sorcery to every child in. a place of honor, but he wasn't one of the Nine. He'd been passed over. Maybe it wasn't a good. 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. remained seated while they exited, a file of silhouettes floating by before the outside lights. "Nothing to do with us, that lot at the old place," Birch said, displeased. The tactful Ivory. sacred springs and pools in the gardens of the Lords of Way-into a flood that swept the invaders. "Mother," he said, on his knees there, "Mother, open to me." "No, no, no. Sul can handle it. Stay home and have your party. You've been working hard. We'll. spells to try to defend her husband and brothers, who would not hide but fought the raiders. They. power in Losen's pay. Hound did not consider himself to be one of them. "All I have is a nose," he. one eye; pills of some kind? No. A vial? It had no cork, no stopper. What was it for? What were. Farther along were halls for games of some kind; large rainbow wheels revolved, silver pipes. They let him walk among them, wild as they were and having had nothing from men's hands but castration and butchery. He had a pleasure in their trust in him, a pride in it. He should not, but he did. If he wanted to touch one of the great beasts he had only to stand and speak to it a little while in the language of those who do not speak. "Ulla," he said, naming them. "Ellu. Ellua." They stood, big, indifferent; sometimes one looked at him for a long time. Sometimes one came to him with its easy, loose, majestic tread, and breathed into his open palm. All those that came to him he could cure. He laid his hands on them, on the stiff-haired, hot flanks and neck, and sent the healing into his hands with the words of power spoken over and over. After a while the beast would give a shake, or toss its head a bit, or step on. And he would drop his hands and stand there, drained and blank, for a while. Then there would be another one, big, curious, shyly bold, muddy-coated, with the sickness in it like a prickling, a tingling, a hotness in his hands, a dizziness. "Ellu," he would say, and walk to the beast and lay his hands upon it until they felt cool, as if a mountain stream ran through them. Of them all it was the Herbal, the healer, who was the first to move. He went up the path and knelt down by Thorion. "My lord," he said, "my friend." "Once I was on the high slopes," Mead said, "and a spring snowstorm came on me, and I lost my way. lives in it. He found himself standing two feet back, his hands stinging and his ears ringing and. Earth in her turning to the sun makes the days and nights, but within her there are no days. Medra walked through the night. He was very lame, and could not always keep up the werelight. When it failed he had to stop and sit down and sleep. The sleep was never death, as he thought it was. He woke, always cold, always in pain, always thirsty, and when he could make a glimmer of the light he got to his feet and went on. He never saw Anieb but he knew she was there. He followed her. Sometimes there were great rooms. Sometimes there were pools of motionless water. It was hard to break the stillness of their surface, but he drank from them. He thought he had gone down deeper and deeper for a long time, till he reached the longest of those pools, and after that the way went up again. Sometimes now Anieb followed him. He could say her name, though she did not answer. He could not say the other name, but he could think of the trees; of the roots of the trees. This was the kingdom of the roots of the trees. How far does the forest go? As far as forests go. As long as the lives, as deep as the roots of the trees. As long as leaves cast shadows. There were no shadows here, only the dark, but he went forward, and went forward, until he saw Anieb before him. He saw the flash of her eyes, the cloud of her curling hair. She looked back at him for a moment, and then turned aside and ran lightly down a long, steep slope into darkness. All spells use at least a word of the Old Speech, though the village witch or sorcerer may not. "The next time?" "The Patterner sent for us," said the Master Herbal. He looked uncomfortable. Noticing a clump of. "I didn't say anything wrong," I defended myself. "I only wanted to know. . . Why are you. life. But this gift, this undeniable gift t the rock hovering, the unblown fife -- Well, it would. Otter walked on a mile, brooding; then circled back, leading Licky to a hillock not far from the far end of the old workings. There he nodded downward and stamped his foot. Otter looked from one to the other. Clearly they had told

him their own greatest secret and their hope..figures of the shuffling, impotent village sorcerer with his trickeries, the hag-witch with her.Diamond had no idea what to say. The idea of its being up to him had not occurred to him. "Do you.They stood silent, uncertain, trying to cherish hope.."Irian," he said, and now her name came easily, sweet and cool as spring water in his dry mouth..He looked at her and said nothing.."Yes. When there are. . . two of you."..own mind..she went about the house. He held the wizard's letter and reread the message and the two runes.eyes? Surprise? Admiration? Fear?.room with the spellbonds upon him he could hardly swallow the food. It tasted of metal, of ash..on the low beaches of the river mouth, the fine, cold, dismal drizzle of that grey winter. His.getting old, when I can't lift the buckets and the molds." She showed him her round, muscular arm,.Diamond had been given his truenam at the springs of the Amia in the hills above Glade. The.grew darker. The girl then folded it -- it was not a plate at all -- into the shape of a pancake and.back, because I saw one of her men, down the way, in the tavern. I'll go ask about. Find out if.clearly know its meaning. Great spells are made wholly in the Old Speech, and are understood as."Well, of course they do," said Rose, "that's what they're there for!"..west, showing a golden sky behind the high dark curve of a hill.."Nais. . ." I said quietly. I dropped my hands..Profoundly disturbing moral choices are sanitized, made cute, made safe. The passionately.Sleeping out on deck with the starlight on his face, he had a simple, vivid dream: it was daylight, clouds racing across a bright sky, and across the sea he saw the sunlit curve of a high green hill. He woke with the vision still clear in his mind, knowing he had seen it ten years before, in the spell-locked barracks room at the mines of Samory..That was all right, for she had done the same for Otter's elder sister, and so his parents sent.was leaping up and down, a frog? a toad? a big cricket? He went out into the garden and came up.She stood still, listening towards the west. The mage walked on, turning only when he realized she.found the two children, silent, starving, armed with a mattock and a broken ploughshare, ready to.with the dead are counterfeits of magic, glass to the diamond, brass to the gold. They are fraud,.Maharion died a few years after Erreth-Akbe, having seen no peace established, and much unrest and dissent within his kingdom. It was widely said that since the Ring of Peace was lost there could be no true king of Earthsea. Mortally wounded in battle against the rebel lord Gehis of the Havens, Maharion spoke a prophecy: "He shall inherit my throne who has crossed the dark land living and come to the far shores of the day."..I will unmake the islands, the white waves will whelm all..still gangs of robbers on the roads. So Ivory left Westpool on the big wagon pulled by four big.have to remember how to live. How to make light. I have to remember. I have to remember the.way in that great other kitchen long ago. But since he had been traveling about in Earthsea he had.The huge sign said EXOTAL. A sudden rush of warm air made the legs of my trousers flap..this man, yet if any did better than he in any thing, he found it hard to bear. It frightened him.."My place," she said, slowly, the words dragging, "my place is on the hill. Where things are what they are. Tell the dead man I will meet him there."..forget that. They seem the same as other folk. But they ain't like other folk. Seems there's no.As they were talking with her master a wagon drew up on the dock and began to unload six familiar half-tun barrels. That's ours," Ivory said, and the ship's master said, "Bound for Hort Town," and Dragonfly said softly, "From Iria."..Send him on out to the dairy," said one of Alder's cowboys. "Gift's taking whatever comes." There.and cruelty. I look at the world, at the forests and the mountain here, the sky, and it's all.Gelluk stood tense and trembling, still at a loss. "Turren," he said, after a time, almost in a..There were no wizards serving Losen now except Early and a couple of humble sorcerers. Early had."A real is. . . a real. . ." she repeated helplessly. "They are. . . stories. It's for watching."..governments," said tall Veil in her mild voice..Medra knew only a hint of this story from Ember. One night Veil, who was three years older than Ember and to whom the memory was much clearer, told it to him fully. Ember sat with them, listening in silence..holiest place was a cavern and standing stones in the desert of Atuan, called the Tombs. It was a..communities from drought, plague, invaders, dragons, and the unscrupulous use of their art..Roke Knoll off to the right. But standing on the path just outside the door as if waiting for them.Medra knew the danger of repeatedly taking any form but his own, but he was shaken and weakened by the shipwreck and the long night flight, and the grey beach led him only to the feet of sheer cliffs he could not climb. He made the spell and said the word once more, and as a sea tern flew up on quick, laboring wings to the top of the cliffs. Then, possessed by flight, he flew on over a shadowy sunrise land. Far ahead, bright in the first sunlight, he saw the curve of a high green hill.."I'm not truly a teller, mistress," he said with his pleasant smile, "but I do have a story for you." And when he had drunk his soup, and she was settled with her mending, he told it.."She walked with the dead, sometimes," Ayo said very low. "In the forest, down towards Faliern..In a whisper the witch said, "Woman, be named. You are Irian."..master's sending him all about the range to do what can be done. It's too late for many."..practices of wizards and witches, and all too often rightly so..wizard to teach you what you need. Of course you need what I can teach you. You need the names.

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