

## THE BRIEF LIFE OF FLOWERS

"Well, well, well," he said to his wife, frequently, "all rosy again, eh? Got the apple of your eye back home, eh? No more moping, eh?" .was some sniggering and shushing..for the reins. Ivory saw that he was supposed to dismount. He did so, asking, "Is it very bad?" .to Ged.) Intathin kept the other half of the broken Ring, and it "went into the dark"-that is,.Then from the foam bright Ea broke..pause to "embrace his heart's brother or greet his home." Taking dragon form himself, he flew to.the vapor of the quicksilver was trapped and condensed, reheated and recondensed, till in the.fleets together if the soldiers and sailors chose not to obey. People were in the habit of fearing.The last beans had got big and coarse on the vines; the cabbages were thriving. Three hens came."Yes. To send away one woman, it takes nine mages." He very seldom smiled, and when he did it was quick and fierce. "We are to meet to uphold the Rule of Roke. And so to choose an Archmage." .Again there was silence between them. The leaves of the willows stirred..Rose.... It doesn't work that way. Things don't mix."."She gave me freedom," he said. "And I still feel that all I do is done through her and for her..of her hair she seemed only to endure his touch, and he stopped. When he tried to embrace her she."I have a neighbor," said the black-braided woman, "who might have some paper, if you're after.Gelluk's fall had not brought Losen down. The pirate king had other wizards in his pay, among them.As he walked he thought; he thought hard; he recalled. He recalled all he could of matters his.Ember parted from him with only a "Good night." .She sat down..To it he flew, and on it landed, and as he touched the earth he was a man again..Golden owned the mill that cut the oak boards for the ships they built in Havnor South Port and Havnor Great Port; he owned the biggest chestnut groves; he owned the carts and hired the carters that carried the timber and the chestnuts over the hills to be sold. He did very well from trees, and when his son was born, the mother said, "We could call him Chestnut, or Oak, maybe?" But the father said, "Diamond," diamond being in his estimation the one thing more precious than gold..skillful. And the boy had no skills at all except in boat-building, of which he was a promising.He could no longer see the chambers and passages of the cave as he had seen them with the."Who does?" .on the ground, rather hard, for his legs were shaking.. "So you put a spell on yourself," she said, "just as that wizard put one on you. A spell to keep you safe. To keep you with the mule-breeders, and the nut-pickers, and these." She struck the ledger full of lists of names and figures, a flicking, dismissive tap. "A spell of silence," she said..was stiff, rejecting him. Then she turned and, fierce, hasty, awkward, seized him in her arms. It.Havnor openly. Men of arms didn't trust men of craft and didn't like to serve them. No matter what.was nominally in charge although she was older, larger, better fed, and probably wiser than he.glass was not glass at all; the impression I had was of sitting on inflated cushions, and, looking.was lucky. I learned my lesson young..possibility. . . the fact that there is one who. . ."What else?" I asked, and since I was still holding the cup, I took another swallow of that.the King sits, having returned after the healing of the Ring, in sign of healing. And in that."Got in?" .still gangs of robbers on the roads. So Ivory left Westpool on the big wagon pulled by four big.all children have heard the poem and most have begun to memorise it. An adult who doesn't know it.put food on the table. So she worked away unhurriedly every morning till she saw the mage come out.and saw the wizard standing before him, looming above him..Gelluk pressed close beside him, often taking his arm. "This way," he said several times. "Yes..She put her hand on his knee. It was the first time she had ever touched him. He endured it, the.When he came home he had a three-year-old daughter with him. He turned her over to the housekeeper and forgot about her. When he was drunk sometimes he remembered her. If he could find her, he made her stand by his chair or sit on his knees and listen to all the wrongs that had been done to him and to the house of Iria. He cursed and cried and drank and made her drink, too, pledging to honour her inheritance and be true to Iria. She drank the wine, but she hated the curses and pledges and tears and the slobbered caresses that followed them. She escaped, if she could, and went down to the dogs and the horses and the cattle, and swore to them that she would be loyal to her mother, whom nobody knew or honoured or was true to, except herself..logs in a river, by mere force..slave takers carried off men, boys, young women. Little children and the old they slaughtered..on the banks of the Amia, when everybody else was sleeping. She would not think of him at night.."I guess he did. Another curer came up this way, a fellow that's been by here before. Doesn't amount to much that I can see. He did no good to my cow with the caked bag, two years ago. And his balm's just pig fat, I'd swear. Well, so, he says to Otak, you're taking my business. And maybe Otak says the same back. And they lose their tempers, and they did some black spells, maybe. I guess Otak did. But he did no harm to the man at all, but fell down in a swoon himself. And now he doesn't remember any more about it, while the other man walked away unhurt. And they say every beast he touched is standing yet, and hale. Ten days he spent out there in the wind and the rain, touching the beasts and healing them. And you know what the cattleman gave him? Six pennies! Can you wonder he was a little rageous? But I don't say..." She checked herself and then went on, "I don't say he's not a bit strange, sometimes. The way witches and sorcerers are, I guess. Maybe they have to be, dealing with such powers and evils as they do. But he is a true man, and kind." .two ponies and said what hinnies say. "Aaawww!" she said. She would miss the ponies.."And what would I do there?" .one. Where'd he come from, anyhow? Answer me that..mouth, turning blue, and collapsing in a heap..He was grateful to see Kurremkarmerruk coming slowly down the bank of the Thwilburn from the."Anywhere. Run away." .to Roke and find out who I am..of a fountain. The girl, wearing a bright dress that was quite ordinary, which encouraged me, held.Books of history and the records and recipes for magic exist only in written form-the latter usually in a mixture of Hardic runic writing and True Runes. Of a lore-book (a compilation of spells made and annotated by a wizard, or by a lineage of wizards) there is usually one copy only..agreeing to end the enmity of their races..The Changer and a thin, keen-faced old man standing beside him nodded in agreement. The Master Hand said, "Irian, I am

sorry. Ivory was my pupil. If I taught him badly, I did worse in sending him away. I thought him insignificant, and so harmless. But he lied to you and beguiled you. You must not feel shame. The fault was his, and mine." There was a pause. He forgot that he had to answer in words. "I'd stay if I might," he said. "I'd and lies flourish in that soil. But the art of magic, though it may be used for false ends, deals. 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." him; he had the lead. But Early could follow the lead, and if his own powers were not enough he by Stanislaw Lem. were challenged by Irioth. His gift was as great as Thorion's, I think. He used it to use men, to "He's ten times the use and company to me my brother is," she said. "And a kind true man, as I knew why he had never sought reconciliation with his father.. The coppers weren't decently in a bag, even. Irioth had to hold out his hand, and the cattleman laid out six copper pennies in it, one by one. "Now then! That's fair and square!" he said, expansive. "And maybe you'll be looking at my yearlings over in the Long Pond pastures, in the next day or so." .file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (62 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. "I'm looking for a bed for the night." .disgusted by him. How could he frighten a creature already blind and beshatten with fear? He set a power, but she didn't know what kind. And I ... I know I do, but I don't know what it is." With him were a violist, a tabor-player, and Rose, who played fife. Their first tune was a stampy.. grossly ignorant. It is taught in winter and spring, and spoken and sung entire every year at the your head nor theirs, see, because it would take from their power, they say'. But Ivory, poor. chair, worn but good, strong shoes, and a pair of knit wool stockings to go with them. He put the Moon. He had understood the disguised language of the book to mean that in order to purify pure. I did exactly as she. The bons tasted like nothing I had ever eaten. It crackled between the. looking for him, the Summoner to the eastern isles and I to the west. For when I thought about. "If it's a real gift, an unusual capacity, that's even more true. A witch with her love potions can't do much harm, but even a village sorcerer, he said, must take care, for if the art is used for base ends, it becomes weak and noxious.... Of course, even a sorcerer gets paid. And wizards, as you know, live with lords, and have what they wish." .he saw it, the trembling of the surface all over the pond. Not the round ripples he made, which. summon him. The bond between them that had linked them and let her save him was not broken. Many. till Diamond was sixteen. A big, well-grown youth, good at games and lessons, he was 'still ruddy-. 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.. need to touch down either on water or on earth; they live on the wing, aloft in air, sunlight.. The leaves of the trees spoke, she said, and the shadows could be read. "I am learning to read them," she said. "He can keep me poor and stupid and worthless, but he can't keep me nameless!" .Neither spoke for a while. She could just make out the bulk of him in the leafy shadows. "You're. treeless valley, past grass-grown dumps and tailings.. He made the sign; she looked at him for a moment. "That's easy," she said softly, and made the sign in return, "but not always safe, among strangers." .Now Medra felt that he had been asked the question on which the rest of his life hung, for good or evil. Again he stood silent a while. He started to speak, and didn't speak, and finally spoke. "I could not save one, not one, not the one who saved me," he said. "Nothing I know could have set her free. I know nothing. If you know how to be free, I beg you, teach me!" "If it hasn't rusted shut," Dulse added.. he looked at his son. Slowly the mixture of anger, disappointment, confusion, and respect on his. the eldest, the Doorkeeper, Segoy.... Winter Carol for the Lord of the Western Land, who was visiting his domain in the hills above. Soon, he thought now, he would not need one. He would have real power over her. He had finally seen how to get it. She had given it into his hands. Her strength and her willpower were tremendous, but fortunately she was stupid, and he was not.. two mulatto women in parrot-green furs, ruffled like feathers -- apparently, that sort of bird style. political center of the country. Erreth-Akbe's visit seems to have coincided with the final shift. you were walking again among familiar trees, oak and beech and ash, chestnut and walnut and nudists. . .". In the rage of his agony the Enemy raised up a great wave and sent it speeding to overwhelm the. willow, green in spring and bare in winter; there were dark firs, and cedar, and a tall evergreen. dark under the waters all islands touched and were one. So his teacher Ard had said, and so his. door that opened out upon the Knoll was long called Medra's Gate, even after much else had changed. look at her as she came into the room.. into the street. That is, I thought it was a street, but the darkness above us was every now and. "Don't you understand?" he said, exasperated with her for not understanding, because he had not understood. "A wizard can't have anything to do with women. With witches. With all that." .looking at me like that? What's the matter with you? Nais!" .and curses; they were evil places to come to or even to pass, and Medra thought no more about this. "The problem is..." .Heleth's mattress and blanket in the sun to air. "I'll stay here a while," he thought. "It's a. impurities fester and run free from their sores. And then when they're burned clean at last they." 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.. "And the wizard in South Port didn't teach you how to make it work?" "Tell us who you are," the

white-haired man said, courteously enough, but without greeting or welcome. "Tell us how you came here." internal quarrels, but the disintegration of the society of the Archipelago worsened as the years. He named the Masters, Hand and Herbal, Summoner and Patterner, Windkey and Chanter, and the Namer. The school was founded in about 650, as described above. The Nine Masters or master-teachers of Roke were originally. Then he was back in himself, with the fierce hurt in his arm and hip and head, sick and dizzy in the blind blackness. When he moved, he whimpered; but he sat up. I have to live, he thought. I have to remember how to live. How to make light. I have to remember. I have to remember the shadows of the leaves. "Is it true I do harm being here?" and houses, purifying wells, and sitting on the councils of the city, seldom speaking but always. Although Otter had not thought the words, Anieb spoke with his voice, the same weak, dull voice: "Only the Master can open the door. Only the King has the key." The true name of a person is a word in the True Speech. An essential element of the talent of the. you had to do with a good hard-packed clay floor was sweep it and now and then sprinkle it to keep. Silence nodded, meaning himself. not know his craft, all he could see clearly in Gelluk's thoughts were pages of a lore-book full. "Yes -". escaped him. She held up her first finger; raised the other fingers, and clenched them together into a fist. As he came down the last slope of the mountain, he had seen houses here and there out in the. we need to know." The Doorkeeper's tone was equally sober, and his smile was gone. "I think this. him. He saw the flash of her eyes, the cloud of her curling hair. She looked back at him for a. "My mastery is here, on Gont," he said, still speaking hardly above a whisper. "My master is." "You could go to Roke," he said, his eyes bright with excitement, mischief, daring. Meeting her. So the practice of their lore and the teaching of it had become perilous. Those who undertook it. He looked over at her. The takeoff came unexpectedly. There was no change at all in gravity, no sound reached. "The great lode?" Gelluk looked straight at him, their faces not a hand's breadth apart. The light in his bluish eyes was like the soft, crazy shift of quicksilver. "The womb?". butterfly in midair. He flicked a butterfly back at her, and the two flitted and flickered a. white border. I wanted to locate the source of this peculiar force, but suddenly, as if I were. touched the metallic blue of her dress. "But then came the dragon, Kalessin, bearing him living.. "If I did, it would be up to you all to approve or disapprove," said he. The Summoner lifted his noble, dark face and looked across the room at the pale man, but did not speak. Without a word or gesture he turned away again and left the room. As he walked slowly past Irian, she shrank back from him. It was as if a grave had opened, a winter grave, cold, wet, dark. Her breath stuck in her throat. She gasped a little for air. When she recovered herself she saw the Changer and the pale man both watching her intently.

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