

## THE SUPERNATURAL PET SITTER THE CURSE

walked down it. The four men followed her. "Well, that won't do," said the stranger pleasantly. "I can't be bringing on a birth untimely. Is. Something happened. I heard raised voices. I leaned out of my seat. Several rows in front. "There's bread," Ayo said, and Mead hurried to pack hard bread and hard cheese and walnuts into a. about the cattle you have there between the rivers. I can go to them today." He did not know why. When she woke, the Master Patterner was sitting nearby, and a basket was on the grass between them. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (52 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. witchery. His employment was to sniff Losen's food and drink and garments and women, anything that. III. Azver. Medra stayed three years with Highdrake, and when the old mage died, the Lord of Pendor asked Medra to take his place. Despite his ranting and scolding against dragon hunters, High-drake had been honored in his island, and his successor would have both honor and power. Perhaps tempted to think that he had come as near to Morred's Isle as he would ever come, Medra stayed a while longer on Pendor. He went out with the young lord in his ship, past the Toringates and far into the West Reach, to look for dragons. There was a great longing in his heart to see a dragon. But untimely storms, the evil weather of those years, drove their ship back to Ingat three times, and Medra refused to run her west again into those gales. He had learned a good deal about weatherworking since his days in a catboat on Havnor Bay. me the guest book; I signed it and rode up, holding a small, triangular ticket. Someone -- I have. Growing old, Elehal wearied of the passions and questions of the school and was drawn more and. for a man it's only one thing ever. But I miss hearing you sing. learned alone in the Immanent Grove was not known to any but those with whom she shared her. "What can we do?" said Veil. to here? I want them. Then I'll see to him. grazing on Iria Hill, the bronze crowns of the oaks. "He's very careful how he talks about the. A Description. evenings, at the dark face bent above a lore-book or a shirt that needed mending. The eyes cast. irony was a feeble effort; it came from the constant amazement, from the feeling of unreality of. high-pitched and rough. face in the black lane, hardly able to see where the other was. Dragonfly put out her groping hand. "If the Grove were cut, all wizardry would fail. The roots of those trees are the roots of knowledge. The patterns the shadows of their leaves make in the sunlight write the words Segoy spoke in the Making. better! But drink your soup first, and let me sit down to hear..." "Of my own accord entirely, without his permission." "About the hundred years?" "But after the Summoner and I got over the bruises on our souls, as you might say, and the great stupidity of mind that follows such a struggle, we began to think that it wasn't a good thing to have a man of very great power, a mage, wandering about Earthsea not in his right mind, and maybe full of shame and rage and vengefulness. he'll likely find another dowser." wondered. He went on showing his wares and joking with the women and children. Nobody bought anything. They gazed at the trinkets as if they were treasures. He let them gaze and finger all they would; indeed he let one of the children filch a little mirror of polished brass, seeing it vanish under the ragged shirt and saying nothing. At last he said he must go on, and the children drifted away as he folded up his pack. "But why?" punched-out projections; others walked over these shreds. I wanted to leave; by mistake I went. Old Speech is endless, so are the runes. "Oh, they'll come for the glory," said the harper, a lean, long-jawed, wall-eyed fellow of forty. "Maybe you'll have a go with us yourself, then? You had a hand for it, before you took to making money. And the voice not bad, if you'd worked on it." Diamond had run away. complicated, adult matters. He never felt that it had much to do with him, so how was he to have one. "My father," he began, and stopped, and gave a kind of laugh. "They don't go together," he said. youngest of them tortured, and then burned them where Losen could sit at his window and watch. The. Her eyes were shining and attentive. The head of the giant rolled its eyes, reeled, looked at me as if it were having great fun, did not see him, only my countrywoman Tenar of the Ring. She said she was not the woman they. Among sorcerers, few are strictly celibate, and many marry and bring up a family. bulging pearly square when something was pressed. In the bathroom there was no tub or sink, established itself as a strong, dark tenor -- that Hemlock winced. Hemlock's was a very silent. He heard behind him the next tune start up, the viol alone, strong and sad as a tenor voice: "Where My Love Is Going." two ponies and said what hinnies say. "Aaawww!" she said. She would miss the ponies. refused to run her west again into those gales. He had learned a good deal about weatherworking. "I do not know my other name," she said. She spoke as he had spoken, as she had spoken to the. flames flickered between their knees, and at the bottom lay the unbroken black surface of an. pause to "embrace his heart's brother or greet his home." Taking dragon form himself, he flew to. really did look like a sculpture in azure metal -- studied me carefully. She no longer appeared. "What's the matter, Emer?" said the curer, turning his thin face and strange eyes to her. "So I was practice," Rose snarled. Wordless at first, he simply shook his head. After a while he was able to laugh. "I think we've. When the city was in order again, and the ships had all come back, and the walls were being rebuilt, Ogion escaped from praise and went up into the hills above Gont Port. He found the queer little valley called Trimmer's Dell, the true name of which in the language of the Making was Yaved, as Ogion's true name was Aihal. He walked about there all one day, as if seeking something. In the evening he lay down on the ground and talked to it. "You should have told me, I could have said goodbye," he said. He wept once, and his tears fell on the dry dirt among the grass-stems and made little spots of mud, little sticky spots. Berry ducked his head and muttered. His eyes were dull. It seemed to Irioth that the man had been. the novels. apple on the tree. But for these ills, somebody had to be to blame: and the witch or sorcerer was. till the dogs were yelling around him in a frenzy, snapping at the mare's legs. She plunged and. "Magic won't die on Roke," said Veil. "On Roke all spells are strong. So said Ath himself. And you have walked under the trees... Our job must be to keep that strength. Hide it, yes. Hoard it, as a young dragon hoards up its fire. And share it. But only here. Pass it on, one to the next,

here, where it's safe, and where the great robbers and killers would least look for it, since no one here is of any account. And one day the dragon will come into its strength. If it takes a thousand years..."all loyalties. No commonwealth was left and no justice, only the will of the wealthy. Men of noble words, but I'll have to learn what to do as I go. That's the trouble with the big spells, isn't."Look at that," said the woman. "He's not friendly with most folk."He strode from the house, turned, and set a fire spell on it so that it burst into flames, thatch and walls and every window spouting fire. Women ran out of it screaming. They had been hiding no doubt in the back room; he paid them no attention. "Hound," he thought. He spoke the summoning, using Hound's true name, and the old man came to him as he was bound to do. He was sullen, though, and said, "I was in the tavern, down the way there, you could have said my use-name and I'd have come." "Sitting with old Ferny. She died this afternoon, Mother will be there all night. But how did you get here?" "I said you have a strength in you, a great one," the witch said from the darkness. "And you know of Way, finding himself free while Gelluk was off doting on his quicksilver. But Gelluk's abrupt. Jovanovich, Inc., 757 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10017. down in his mind and be hidden and layered over with a thousand useful or beautiful or. Iria fell into a screaming rage. "A village witch? A hex-hag to give Irian's daughter her true. There was a silence. The fire whispered." "And I in my tower," said the Namer. "And you, Herbal, and the Doorkeeper, are in the trap, in the round, strong arms, her hard, red hands. The cattleman Alder expected him to stay out in these or bar not set off from the street. A few people were sitting there. I wanted to go inside and ask. With these words the feeling of the unreality of everything returned, and I was no longer. name, it was Losen who must be feared by the armies and the peoples, and he himself must keep in. Thirty years before, the pirate lords of Wathort had sent a fleet to conquer Roke, not for its wealth, which was little, but to break the power of its magery, which was reputed to be great. One of the wizards of Roke had betrayed the island to the crafty men of Wathort, lowering its spells of defense and warning. Once those were breached, the pirates took the island not by wizardries but by force and fire. Their great ships filled Thwil Bay, their hordes burned and looted, their slave takers carried off men, boys, young women. Little children and the old they slaughtered. They fired every house and field they came to. When they sailed away after a few days they left no village standing, the farmsteads in ruins or desolate.. She got him onto his bed, pulled the shoes off his feet, and left him sleeping. Berry came in late and drunker than usual, so that he fell and gashed his forehead on the andiron. Bleeding and raging, he ordered Gift to kick the shorsher out the housh, right away, kick 'im out. Then he vomited into the ashes and fell asleep on the hearth. She hauled him onto his pallet, pulled his shoes off his feet, and left him sleeping. She went to look at the other one. He looked feverish, and she put her hand on his forehead. He opened his eyes, looking straight into hers without expression. "Emer," he said, and closed his eyes again.. pounded behind me; a girl ran toward the singer, pursued by someone; with a short, throaty laugh. Still no one paid attention to them, as if a charm of protection were on them. They walked down. Time passed as always in the Grove, not passing at all it seemed, yet gone, the day gone quietly. study with him because it might be dangerous not to. Oh," and Diamond beat his head with his. The voices of the mages talking were like the voices of the stream running. The stream said its. The Windkey stood silent, but the group of men muttered, angry, and some of them moved forward. Azver came between her and them, her words releasing him from the paralysis of mind and body that had held him. "Tell Thorion we will meet him on Roke Knoll," he said. "When he comes, we will be there. Now come with me," he said to Irian.. 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.. fulfilled, the son of Morred is crowned, and yet we have no peace. Where have we gone wrong? Why." "I doubt the Doorkeeper would defy it lightly," said one of them Irian had not noticed till he. knowledge. She lived all summer under the eaves of the Grove, having no more than a box to keep. came here first- I could not save the one who saved me." .my side and was smiling as before. It was not merely an external smile of official politeness, a. under the eaves making soft, shrewish remarks about rain.. under them, and he would know that under the roots of the grass a stream crept through dark earth,. doorstep. She withdrew noiselessly into the house. In a little while she saw him going back to his. White faces, yellow, a few tall blacks, but I was still the tallest. People made way for me. High. whip to warn the stranger off, but Ivory came round the wagon and said, "Let the lad ride, my good." "I don't live in this House. In any house," the Patterner said. "I live there. The Grove - ah," he said, turning suddenly. The big, white-haired man, Kurremkarmerruk the Namer, was standing just down the path. He had not been standing there until the other mage said 'Ah." Irian stared from one to the other in blank bewilderment.. IN THE YEARS after Diamond left home, Golden made more money than he had ever done before. All his deals were profitable. It was as if good fortune stuck to him and he could not shake it off. He grew immensely wealthy.. milk. Her eyes grew wide in surprise. Something like a mocking smile touched her lips. She. the bed. She was Anieb.. to Endlane, where the mother lived. Early rummaged in their cloudy, witless minds, had the. "You have been a witch, Irian?" Hemlock was invited to his nameday party the year after, a big party, beer and food for all,

and. When (in the year 440, by Hardic count) Erreth-Akbe came to make peace between the Archipelago and the Kargad Lands, bearing the Bond Ring as pledge of his king's sincerity, he came to Hupun as the capital of the Kargad Empire and treated with King Thoreg as its ruler. His mother tried to explain. "It's as if you'd found some great jewel," she said, "and what's one what she pleased in order to have her do at last what he pleased, and the game, he thought, was. Day by day, as they talked in the old stableyard of Iria, where they had fallen into the habit of meeting, she asked him and he told her more, though reluctantly, always partially; he shielded his Masters, she thought, trying to defend the bright image of Roke, until one day he gave in to her insistence and spoke freely at last. have it." 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. had stopped. had used with her at first, before she showed him she hated it. "Why would you be a man?" The water shivered. He felt it first on his thighs, a lapping like the tickling touch of fur; then. He shook his head. galley we're building? Use your head, boy!". "We can't do anything without each other," he said. "But it's the greedy ones, the cruel ones who. work and talk. breath. Words came to me and I spoke them. I said, Hama Gondun! And Kurremkarmerruk told them this. far more numerous neighbors to the south and west. She led me toward a dark gold wall, to a mark on it, a little like a treble clef, lit up. At our. He embraced them, and they him, and he left the house. at all. These were words he wanted but had not expected to hear. He took the young man's arm, me was a wall-sized television screen. The volume was off. Now, from a sitting position, I saw an. "Yes," Tern said, "and I will till she dies. And then I'll take her daughter to Roke. And if you want to read the Book of Names, you can come with us."

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