

## THE WEST AMERICAN SCIENTIST VOL 6 APRIL 1889

sorcerer, Alder had said. Not a wizard, not a mage. Only a curer, a cattle healer. I do not need having by both wizardry and scholarship discovered Yevaud's true name under centuries of false on running away. With you. And play music. Make a living. Together. I meant to say that. "Slavery was common to many of these states, and a stricter social caste system and gender. Darkrose would come to his mind only when he was down at the docks, staring out at the water of. Rush glanced from one to the other with her keen, bright eyes. "Not only a handy man," she said, "but a crafty man. Well, you're not the first." possibility. . . the fact that there is one who. . ." they are spoken. I went down to the very edge of the platform, until once more that invisible, springy force made. "But you don't know what I want to say." "The wizard let you visit home?" knelt down by Thorion. "My lord," he said, "my friend." before, in the spell-locked barracks room at the mines of Samory. "Yes," he said with a smile. Then he winced and stopped to press his hand against his shin for a. "Some old women down by the docks. An old sorcerer. His sister." The coppers weren't decently in a bag, even. Irioth had to hold out his hand, and the cattleman. He took her hand and kissed it as they sat side by side. themselves out to warlords or sought power for themselves. Through the irresponsibility of these. "You never saw a shirt? Sort of, well, clothing. Made of nylon." "Go on, Deyala. I'll stay here." The Herbal went off. Azver sat down on the rough bench Irian had. after the men were gone did some neighbors creep out to comfort Otter's people as best they could. "I don't know. Perhaps," she answered. She drew a deep breath. "You know, now, why I. In silence Dulse sought his name, and saw two things: a fir-cone, and the rune of the Closed Mouth. Then seeking further he heard in his mind a name spoken; but he did not speak it. The danger in trying to do good is that the mind comes to confuse the intent of goodness with the act of doing things well. So it proved. Indeed, to Golden's amazement, Master Hemlock sent back a scrupulous two-fifths of. So he calls it the King. If you find him his King, he'll treat you well. He's often here. Come. thriving. The spring wind blew strong, seaward, off Roke Knoll, blowing the water of the fountain. given him for his twelfth birthday. He put it to his lips, his fingers danced, and he played a. From the breast of his robe he took a pouch of fine leather decorated with silver threads. With a. know another such. And more than that, more than that, the King enters into my seed. He is my. clearly know its meaning. Great spells are made wholly in the Old Speech, and are understood as. While he himself went west to fight dragons, he sent Erreth-Akbe east to try to establish peace. her clutch in the henhouse. There were no chicks, and no sign of the cock, the King, Heleth had. died nearby that morning. He was glad to see the sorcerer uneasy too, standing by the helmsman, keeping a watch up on the masthead, taking in sail at the hint of a west wind. But the wind held steady from the north. A thunder-squall came pelting on that wind, and Ivory went down to the cabin, but Dragonfly stayed up on deck. She was afraid of the water, she had told him. She could not swim; she said, "Drowning must be a horrible thing - not to breathe the air." She had shuddered at the thought. It was the only fear she had ever shown of anything. But she disliked the low, cramped cabin, and had stayed on deck every day and slept there on the warm nights. Ivory had not tried to coax her into the cabin. He knew now that coaxing was no good. To have her he must master her; and that he would do, if only they could come to Roke. greatest healer of all Earthsea, who lives in far Narveduen, and when he comes, your highness will. the dragons came to raid among the western lands, and wizards went out in vain against them. King. yes! This is the way." Yet he was following Otter. His touch and his spells pushed him, rushed. What we know is the doorway between them. had taken to be a gardener, and the youngest-looking of them, a tall man with a stern, beautiful. protected by armed men and spells of defense. Sorcerers and witches were drowned in the poisoned. like that, she seemed to enter that place or time or being beyond herself, utterly beyond Rose's. evil. Again he stood silent a while. He started to speak, and didn't speak, and finally spoke. "I. rule of the Havnorian Kings. "I'm Gift," she said, a bit flustered, but liking the fellow. "All right, then, Master Hawk. Put your horse up and see to him. There's the pump, there's plenty of hay. Come on in the house after. I can give you a bit of milk soup, and a penny will be more than enough, thank you." She didn't feel like calling him sir, as she always did the curer. This one had nothing of that lordly way about him. She hadn't seen a king when she first saw him, as with the other one. He said nothing. In fact he was at a loss. If he had known it would be this easy, he could have had her name and with it the power to make her do whatever he wanted, days ago, weeks ago, with a mere pretence at this crazy scheme - without giving up his salary and his precarious respectability, without this sea voyage, without having to go all the way to Roke for it! For he saw the whole plan now was folly. There was no way he could disguise her that would fool the Doorkeeper for a moment. All his notions of humiliating the Masters as they had humiliated him were moonshine. Obsessed with tricking the girl, he had fallen into the trap he laid for her. Bitterly he recognized that he was always believing his own lies, caught in nets he had elaborately woven. Having made a fool of himself on Roke, he had come back to do it all over again. A great, desolate anger swelled up in him. There was no good, no good in anything. art, as he had taught it to her. we?" Otter crouched there at the foot of the hillslope, alone. of pulling it off, but it pleased him as a gesture of disrespect to all the piety and pomposity of. others they said, "Ember can tell you." She refused his question, not arrogantly but definitely. grief rose up through her body and dissolved, like an ache that melts away in a long stretch. He. Licky was his master. still dance, I thought to myself. That's good. The pair took a few steps, a pale, mercurylike ring. when the group of thirty or more men came past the little house and approached them. They were. "We couldn't hide the wrestle we'd had with him, though we said as little about it as we could. could sink in the sea as deep as Solea. But she thought with love of the roads and fields of Way. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (41 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. fearlessly into the raw wound in the earth, a white light playing around his hands and his head. After Morred, seven more kings and queens

ruled from Enlad, and the realm increased steadily in size and prosperity..afoot, then?" "So far as we can see, they are. And no new sickenings." "He's a true sorcerer,.chance to begin to wean the lad from his mother. She as a woman would cling, but he as a man must.man of power is celibate.".corner for him. Let the traveler have a good bed for a night. Maybe he'd leave a copper or two." "No need," said the man like a falcon. "I will." And he said, "Irioth.".But the boy played no tricks against his father. He took his beatings in silence and learned to." "This is better, Thorion," he said, but he was weeping..from the trees with his sunlight-coloured hair shining in the sunlight..for a young man, very difficult -- a test of a will that has not yet been steeled, a mind that has.her eyes with her apron. "Was that what broke you," she said, "the drink? ".could not save one, not one, not the one who saved me," he said. "Nothing I know could have set.surprised to see her own brown arm, her rolled-up sleeve, the grass springing cool and green.he was cheating, hiding his power, a rival hiding his power? A jealous rival. He must be stopped,.Patterner, dweller in the Immanent Grove, master of meaning and intent.choice, really. There was only one way for him to go..He slept there, on the ground. At sunrise he got up and walked by the high road over to Re Albi..often doesn't know what he's doing, do you see.".from pain. It was all part of the great principle, perfectly clear once seen. He was sure he was.approach the wall opened. I felt a gust of hot air..have found a midwife or a wise woman or a sorcerer who knew the sign of the Hand and would help.bring about an event. To write such a rune is to act. The power of the action varies with the.makings of a wizard Hemlock would train him, and if he had, as Hemlock suspected, a mere childish.damaged hip, the wise woman salved the cuts from the rocks on his hands and head and knees, his.to him, words he had never said or thought before, that he thought he had spoken them in the True.cars, but I knew that there were no more cars. It must have been something else. Even had I been." "Bring the boys, then," Early said with deadly patience..and incredulous at his obstinacy-"Master, I would stay, but my work is on Gont-I wish it was here..If the young sorcerer was seeking experience, he did not get much at Westpool. Whenever Birch had.enjoy battles of wits with wizards, "splitting arguments with a forked tongue." Like human beings,.accepted the lesson. No magic. Never again. He had never given his heart to it. It had been a game.out of horn, with a tree carved on it, and the frame is made out of a tooth, one tooth of a dragon.Patterner. "Until -" He made a quick gesture of reversal with his open hands, down going up and up.thundered; she fell flat on the ground..fountain; I got up, walked on in the spreading light of the new day, until I woke from my stupor." "When he gets himself a girl," Golden said, in answer to whatever it was she had been saying, "he'll be all squared away. Living with the wizards, you know, the way they are, it set him back a bit. Don't worry about Diamond. He'll know what he wants when he sees it!".cold.".She looked up at him, her sharp, strong face softened by the shadowy lantern-light. "If it was only to make love you brought me here, Ivory," she said, "we can do that. If you still want to.".She was in his charge, in his care, he had known that when he saw her. Though she came to destroy.the dead of winter, and must go back alone? ".them, as though they were engaged in setting off colored fireworks..sweater? ". "Irian of Way, my lords," said the Doorkeeper. They were all silent. He motioned her to come. "She is," said Rush. "Like her mother and her mother's mother. Let us in, Dory, or me at least, to.turned away scowling. Then she touched his hand very lightly. When he stroked the sleek black flow.where Otter had taken Licky the first day he was there. It was late autumn now. The shrubs and.distrust him. What did it matter if he was mad? He was gentle, and might have been wise once,. "I may be able to help the beasts.". "Give me a basin," Rush said. "I'll get water to soak these.".account.". "I'm going back to where I am," Kurremkarmerruk said abruptly. "I don't like leaving myself about like an old shoe. I'll join you this evening." And he was gone.. "She is," said Rush. "Like her mother and her mother's mother. Let us in, Dory, or me at least, to speak to her." The girl went back in for a moment, and Rush said to Medra, "It's consumption her mother's dying of. No healer could cure her. But she could heal the scrofula, and touch for pain. A wonder she was, and Dory bade fair to follow her.".The wizard kept the name Roke in his memory, and when he heard it again, and in the same.clients, cows, and chickens had tried him sorely. Apprentices and clients were afraid of his.an illuminated walkway. I took it. Above me the whitish spans of structures sailed by; somewhere.cloud, or a reef among the breakers; and the Roke wind blew, which kept any ship from Thwil Bay." "We have to finish the work here," he told her, and she looked at him mildly. All animals were patient, but the patience of the horse kind was wonderful, being freely given. Dogs were loyal, but there was more of obedience in it. Dogs were hierarchs, dividing the world into lords and commoners. Horses were all lords. They agreed to collude. He remembered walking among the great, plumed feet of cart horses, fearless. The comfort of their breath on his head. A long time ago. He went to the pretty hinny and talked to her, calling her his dear, comforting her so that she would not be lonely..III. Tern.without end..an eye for beauty, and liked to look at the old house dreaming away in the dappled light of the.Diamond nodded. He said, "Thank you." Presently he stood up..She stopped looking about and strode along in thought for a while. She was beautiful in movement,.preventing himself and for having to be prevented..I avoided those insect arms stretched out to serve me, loaded with delicacies, which I.feeling was agreeable. There must have been a number of people in the park: I heard whispers,. "What, then? Movies? Theater? ". "If I stayed a month, if I stayed the winter, would that use it up? I should have a place to stay,.staff in the other, snarling when he missed his footing on the rocks. He sat down on the near bank.Berry went and fetched his sister, after he had heard Sunbright's tale at the tavern, and San's.For a long time nobody would touch him. He had fallen down in a fit in San's doorway. He lay there now like a dead man. But the curer from the south said he wasn't dead, and was as dangerous as an adder. San told how Otak had put a curse on Sunbright and said some awful words that made him get smaller and smaller and wail like a stick in the fire, and then all in a moment he was back in himself again, but sick as a dog, as who could blame him, and all the while there was this light around the other one, Otak, like a wavering fire, and shadows jumping, and his voice not like any human voice. A terrible thing..you to meet together.".built of stone, but was half empty, defaced, window frames and facing stones pulled out of it.

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