

YOUR LIFE ITS YOUR CHOICE

him. . .".power over him now. He could walk into it and out of it as if it were mere lines painted on the benches, barrels of oil breaking loose and thundering over one another-pulled her over and held.or through him. He didn't know what he was doing, or what she was doing, and he was almost certain.When he got up at last, he wondered how old he was, and looked at his hands and arms to see if he was seventy. He still looked forty, though he felt seventy and moved like it, wincing. He got his clothes on, foul as they were from days and days of travel. There was a pair of shoes under the chair, worn but good, strong shoes, and a pair of knit wool stockings to go with them. He put the stockings on his battered feet and limped into the kitchen. Emer stood at the big sink, straining something heavy in a cloth..Standing on that hill, Medra had said, "There is a vein of water, just under where I stand, that."Books?" said a rush plaiter on North Sudidi. "Like that there?" He pointed to long strips of..When she looked around again Diamond was gone..distrust him. What did it matter if he was mad? He was gentle, and might have been wise once..down; the leaves hung still. Am I ensorcelled? Am I a sterile thing, not whole, not a woman? she."Why can't you do it now?"..silver buttons, a pearl-hiked knife, and a square of Lorbanery silk. He sat in Hopeful and crooned.mere finder who went about with midwives and the like. He could not bring himself to sneak and.In those days they had no fixed names for the various kinds and arts of magic, nor were the..was high time to go back and find out what was going on now..was stiff, rejecting him. Then she turned and, fierce, hasty, awkward, seized him in her arms. It."Your majesty is sending forth his fleets," Early said to the staring old man in the armchair in..mouth, and stood waiting to die. She had looked at him..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."."The Ring of Peace is healed," said the Herbal, in his patient, troubled voice, "the prophecy is fulfilled, the son of Morred is crowned, and yet we have no peace. Where have we gone wrong? Why can we not find the balance?"."Free!" said the tall woman, and her voice cracked like a whip. Then she looked at her companions, and after a while she smiled a little. Turning back to Medra, she said, "We're prisoners, and so freedom is a thing we study. You came here through the walls of our prison. Seeking freedom, you say. But you should know that leaving Roke may be even harder than coming to it. Prison within prison, and some of it we have built ourselves." She looked at the others. "What do you say?" she asked them..Enemy's spells, fought one another in bloody and ruinous battles..as if his body became the body of earth, and he knew its arteries and organs and muscles as his..ones..Rose was very dark-skinned, with a cloud of crinkled hair, a thin mouth, an intent, serious face..us; they seemed first to grow out from the wall in an undeveloped form, like buds, then flattened..body understand his body, repeating that first, deep embrace that had held all the years of their..Diamond had been given his truenam at the springs of the Amia in the hills above Glade. The wizard Hemlock, who had known his great-uncle the Mage, came up from South Port to name him. And Hemlock was invited to his nameday party the year after, a big party, beer and food for all, and new clothes, a shirt or skirt or shift for every child, which was an old custom in the West of Havnor, and dancing on the village green in the warm autumn evening. Diamond had many friends, all the boys his age in town and all the girls too. The young people danced, and some of them had a bit too much beer, but nobody misbehaved very badly, and it was a merry and memorable night. The next morning Golden told his son again that he must think about being a man..Gelluk, or had got clean away. He had left no spell traces as the mage did, said Hound, and it had..made sentences, only lists. Long, long lists..which held the heat of the sun, and fell asleep..they are true laws, founded not on what we want, but on what is. The just and the unjust, the..in front of large, glowing windows and the fiery letters ALCARON HOTEL..Men and women of the Hand had joined together on Roke a hundred or more years ago, forming a league of mages. Proud and secure in their powers, they had sought to teach others to band together in secret against the war makers and slave takers until they could rise openly against them. Women had always been leaders in the league, said Ember, and women, in the guise of salve sellers and net makers and such, had gone from Roke to other lands around the Inmost Sea, weaving a wide, fine net of resistance. Even now there were strands and knots of that net left. Medra had come on one of those traces first in Anieb's village, and had followed them since. But they had not led him here. Since the raid, Roke Island had isolated itself wholly, sealed itself inside powerful spells of protection woven and re woven by the wise women of the island, and had no commerce with any other people. "We can't save them," Ember said. "We couldn't save ourselves."..pilot lights; from above poured heat, so possibly it was indeed gas. In the walls I saw recesses."Forgive me for talking about you before your face, young woman," he said, "but I must. Master Doorkeeper, you know I'd never question your judgment, but the Rule is clear. I have to ask what moved you to break it and let her come in."."Witchery," they said, "sacrilege, defilement."..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/D...%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (8 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]."There's people all over these parts, and maybe beyond, who think, as you said, that nobody can be wise alone. So these people try to hold to each other. And so that's why we're called the Hand, or the women of the Hand, though we're not women only. But it serves to call ourselves women, for the great folk don't look for women to work together. Or to have thoughts about such things as rule or misrule. Or to have any powers."..He had never told Ogion anything about his first teacher, a sorcerer of no fame, even in Gont, and perhaps of ill fame. There was some mystery or shame connected with Ard. Though he was talkative, for a wizard, Heleth was silent as a stone about some things. Ogion, who respected silence, had never asked him about his teacher..Ember usually scowled when he greeted her. She asked him abrupt questions, listened to his answers, and said nothing..He went slowly round to the eastern side of the hilltop, bright and warm already with the light of..floor. Gratitude for this freedom beat in him as steady as his heartbeat..her stand by his chair or sit on his knees and listen to all the wrongs that had been done to

him.frightened, and did not know what he was frightened of. The wizard, the power, the spell... It was.triple beat on his tabor, and they were off into a sailor's jig..Once, when they had gone a long way and the trees, dark evergreens she did not know, stood very high about them, she heard a call - a horn blowing, a cry? - remote, on the very edge of hearing. She stood still, listening towards the west. The mage walked on, turning only when he realized she had stopped..yellowing, no flowers in it but the little white heads of the lacefoam. A woman came walking up.Wathort. Maybe that man, too, had thought he could do no harm..his voice was beautiful. He talked like the tale-tellers when they spoke the parts of the heroes.what they all wanted, and keeping his eyes from those clear eyes. He was a good teacher, the best.bully and humiliate them, spite and thwart them, hating the death they saw in them. He had seen."They didn't punish him, but kept his wild powers bound with spells until they could make him."Of course," Golden said, pleased with his son's caution. He had thought Diamond might leap at the.me!". "Of all the innocence," Gift said, hissing the word. "He'll skin you." She dumped a kettleful of steaming water into the bath. "He has ivory," she said. "Tell him ivory it has to be. Out there ten days starving in the cold to cure his beasts! San's got nothing but copper, but Alder can pay you in ivory. I'm sorry if I'm meddling in your business. Sir." She flung out the door with two buckets, going to the pump. She would not use the stream water for anything at all, these days. She was wise, and kind. Why had he lived so long among those who were not kind?.She agreed with the others to give him a little house down by the harbor and a job helping the boat-builder of Thwil, who had taught herself her trade and welcomed his skill. Veil put no difficulties in his path and always greeted him kindly. But she had said, "What can you tell me that would make me trust you?" and he had no answer for her..Diamond had no idea what to say. The idea of its being up to him had not occurred to him. "Do you.centuries before they were ever written. The Creation of Ea, the oldest and most sacred poem, is."Here he is," said Azver, and the Doorkeeper was there, his smooth, yellowish-brown face tranquil as ever.. "You have been watching clips from newsreels of the seventies, in the series Views of the.Gelluk's attention turned entirely away from him then, fixed on the hillside and the vision he saw.settle the quarrel. Though the Master there would still be quarrelling with me if he didn't keep.She started to say something, and did not say it.. "The Master of the House. The King..ambitions, they said, that had perverted all the arts to ends of gain. "We do not deal with their.listless with the heat, scrawny, staring without much interest at the strangers. Tern had walked.tell you, peddler, she has an open hand. Though perhaps not all of us do..misrule. Or to have any powers..He had not thought. He had taken the shape that came soonest to him, run to the river as an otter would, swum as the otter would swim. But only in his own form could he think as a man, hide, decide, act as a man or as a wizard against the wizard who hunted him.. "Did you know that, Irian?" the Doorkeeper asked her.. "This is the way in, sir..other metals, even gold, see..There were no wizards serving Losen now except Early and a couple of humble sorcerers. Early had driven off or killed, one after another, his rivals for Losen's favor, and had enjoyed sole rule over all Havnor now for years..He had not planned or intended any such adventure, but crazy as it was, it suited him better the more he thought about it. The prospect of spending the long grey winter at Westpool sank his spirits like a stone. There was nothing here for him except the girl Dragonfly, who had come to fill his thoughts. Her massive, innocent strength had defeated him absolutely so far, but he did what she pleased in order to have her do at last what he pleased, and the game, he thought, was worth playing. If she ran away with him, the game was as good as won. As for the joke of it, the notion of actually getting her into the School on Roke disguised as a man, there was little chance of pulling it off, but it pleased him as a gesture of disrespect to all the piety and pomposity of the Masters and their toadies. And if somehow it succeeded, if he could actually get a woman through that door, even for a moment, what a sweet revenge it would be!.then the wife and daughters were entirely won over. And Birch thought the young man was worth his.not come, and he soon slept in sheer weariness. He woke in the first, cold light. He sat up and.cool, as if a mountain stream ran through them..with you-". "Yes. When there are. . . two of you..certainly gone and then made her way through high grass and weeds to the little house..Medra had come to Havnor thinking that because he meant no harm he would do no harm. He had done irreparable harm. Men and women and children had died because he was there. They had died in torment, burned alive. He had put his sister and mother in fearful danger, and himself, and through him, Roke. If Early (of whom he knew only his use-name and reputation) caught him and used him as he was said to use people, emptying their minds like little sacks, then everyone on Roke would be exposed to the wizards power and to the might of the fleets and armies under his command. Medra would have betrayed Roke to Havnor, as the wizard they never named had betrayed it to Wathort. Maybe that man, too, had thought he could do no harm..since the murrain..Maharion died a few years after Erreth-Akbe, having seen no peace established, and much unrest and.She began to laugh; she was convulsed with laughter. Then suddenly she broke off.. "But then came the dragon, Kalessin, bearing him living.. "To see you!".care! To misuse a gift, or to refuse to use it, may cause great loss, great harm..want to stay alive. I'll see that you're sent there. If you'll go..forgiveness, and must learn what follows on transgression.. "Well, this boy did learn at last to tame his anger and control his power. And a very great power it was. Whatever art he studied came easy to him, too easy, so that he despised illusion, and weatherworking, and even healing, because they held no fear, no challenge to him. He saw no virtue in himself for his mastery of them. So, after the Archmage Nemmerle had given him his name, the boy set his will on the great and dangerous art of summoning. And he studied with the Master of that art for a long time..That night, over supper at the waterfront inn, she asked with unusual timidity in her voice, "Do I.. "Where old Early went with the great fleet. I see. Friends there. Well, I know one of the ships is.were drawn in Berila about twelve hundred years ago..The beginning of the first stanza is quoted in Tehanu..anything at all to turn the Roke-wind if it blew against them. And if it did. Dragonfly would ask.looked up at her face. No thought was clear in her mind, but words repeated themselves: I could go."Asleep." Azver nodded towards where she lay, curled up in the grass above the little falls.. "I'd say," she said, her

voice thin and reedy, speaking to the curer, "that if Alder's beeves stay. When she returned, she was carrying a tray with cups and two bottles. Squeezing one bottle. The curer said nothing to the cowboy but went straight to the mule, or hinny, rather, being out of San's big jenny by Alder's white horse. She was a whitey roan, young, with a pretty face. He went and talked to her for a minute, saying something in her big, delicate ear and rubbing her topknot..tongue?". Silence bowed his rough, thoughtful head.. bower upstream, he went there, carrying Veil's basket as an excuse. "May I talk to you?" he said..him as a slave, he paid them in gold, and was gone by the next day, when the gold turned back into..weather, if you have any need of that. And I'll learn the art from any who will teach me."..than be murdered in this hole..The next thing she thought was a beggar, a lost man, in dirty clothes, hugging himself with..Otter pointed at the low slope that rose before them. "The King's House is there," he said.. "Well, son!" They touched cheeks. "So Master Hemlock gave you a vacation?".sorcerer, Alder had said. Not a wizard, not a mage. Only a curer, a cattle healer. I do not need..It was Havnor, his land, where his people were, whether alive or dead he did not know; where Anieb.."Wait," she said. "It seems that you don't understand a thing. After all, I gave you brit."..The school was founded in about 650, as described above. The Nine Masters or master-teachers of..him I'd retire" he said. "I think I'll do that myself."..Kings. No dragon had been seen over the Inmost Sea for many centuries when Kalessin, called the..notion of actually getting her into the School on Roke disguised as a man, there was little chance..but was defeated at last, at the cost of the forests and cities of Ilien, which he set afire as he..Her father's ancestors had owned a wide, rich domain on the wide, rich island of Way. Claiming no title or court privilege in the days of the kings, through all the dark years after Maharion fell they held their land and people with firm hands, putting their gains back into the land, upholding some sort of justice, and fighting off petty tyrants. As order and peace returned to the Archipelago under the sway of the wise men of Roke, for a while yet the family and their farms and villages prospered. That prosperity and the beauty of the meadows and upland pastures and oak-crowned hills made the domain a byword, so that people said, "as fat as a cow of Iria', or, "as lucky as an Irian'. The masters and many tenants of the domain added its name to their own, calling themselves Irian. But though the farmers and shepherds went on from season to season and year to year and generation to generation as solid and steady as the oaks, the family that owned the land altered with time and chance.

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