

## MEMOIRS OF THE GEOLOGICAL SURVEY OF INDIA VOLUME 19

erratic force, not to be relied on. Morred was the first man, and the first king, to be called. lifted at his side..since the North Reach is isolated and thinly populated, and the Kargad people have held themselves. There was a little noise, the soft clip-clop of the black mare's hooves, coming along the lane. Then Dragonfly came back to herself and called to Ivory and ran down the hill to meet him. "I will go," she said.. "Off you go, then," she said, "and leave us to settle this matter of the Rule." Her frown was as. "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."..up whatever they could in the way of coppers and free beer. Any festivity drew itinerant. "Practice," Rose said, rather sourly. "I know." She flicked a pebble at Diamond. It turned into a butterfly in midair. He flicked a butterfly back at her, and the two flitted and flickered a moment before they fell back to earth as pebbles. Diamond and Rose had worked out several such variations on the old stone-hopping trick..He smiled again. "You're a beautiful woman," he said, but plainly, not in the flattering way he had used with her at first, before she showed him she hated it. "Why would you be a man?".. "Why are we wasting time here?" he demanded, as Tern let the bucket down into the well. "Are you fetching and carrying for witches now?"..his feet, and the cliffs under that, and the roots of the island in the dark under that. In the cars, from high up, someone was watching me. I went closer to the edge of the light and saw the. "Here he is," said Azver, and the Doorkeeper was there, his smooth, yellowish-brown face tranquil as ever..Nothing happened as he said the words Ard had taught him, his old witch-teacher with her bitter mouth and her long, lean arms, the words spoken awry then, spoken truly now..frightened..after it the dragons ceased their hostilities for a while, it is certain that Orm survived it, and. Archmage himself said, Rules are made to be broken. Injustice makes the rules, and courage breaks. violence. Everyone gets it "betrized" out of them in childhood. And that's just the beginning. . . "Young man, I must ask you if you wish to continue studying with me."..particularly of the words of the Language of the Making. His Book of Names became the foundation. "Why so, Tern?"..Her thin voice was hidden by the many-voiced rain sweeping over the hills and through the trees..least, did not live in such luxury as Golden had imagined. Diamond never thought about Darkrose..The people of Osskil, Rogma, and Borth are lighter-skinned than others in the Archipelago, and often have brown or even blond hair and light eyes; the men are often bearded. Their language and some of their beliefs are closer to Kargish than to Hardic. These far Northerners probably descend from Kargs who, after settling the four great Eastern lands, sailed back to the West about two thousand years ago..Gelluk wore fantastic clothes, as many of his kind did in those days. A long robe of Lorbanery silk, scarlet, embroidered in gold and black with runes and symbols, and a wide-brimmed, peak-crowned hat made him seem taller than a man could be. Otter did not need to see his clothes to know him. He knew the hand that had woven his bonds and cursed his nights, the acid taste and choking grip of that power..Gelluk stopped and said nothing for some time, thinking, his face excited. Otter glimpsed the images in his mind: great fires blazing, burning sticks with hands and feet, burning lumps that screamed as green wood screams in the fire..was stiff, rejecting him. Then she turned and, fierce, hasty, awkward, seized him in her arms. It. apparently on contact with air. She sat down and, touching the glass with her lips, casually asked:.good. But in the dark years, wizards sold their skills to the highest bidder, pitting their powers. there in his small, brave, brief humanity, his mortality, defenseless. She drew a long, long. sites of concentrated power and sacredness. All were locally feared or venerated; some were known. Medra knew only a hint of this story from Ember. One night Veil, who was three years older than. Two long curves appeared on the Doorkeeper's cheeks, enclosing the slow upturn of his smile. The Changer's face remained stern, but he blinked, and after a little thought said, "I'm sure - yes - it was definitely the better plan to be honest. What Master did you speak of?"..Medra did not know, with soft reddish bark and layered foliage. You walked on, and the way through. "Tell them-tell them I was wrong," Irioth said. "Tell them I did wrong. Tell Thorion-" He halted..She sat on a while by the Thwilburn. She was troubled by what he had told her and by her thoughts and feelings in the Grove, and troubled that any thought or feeling could have troubled her there. She went to the house, set out her supper of smoked meat and bread and summer lettuce, and ate it without tasting it. She roamed restlessly back down he streambank to the water. It was very still and warm in the late dusk, only the largest stars burning through a milky overcast. She slipped off her sandals and put her feet in the water. It was cool, but veins of sunwarmth ran through it. She slid out of her clothes, the man's breeches and shirt that were all she had, and slipped naked into the water, feeling the push and stir of the current all along her body. She had never swum in the streams at Iria, and she had hated the sea, heaving grey and cold, but this quick water pleased her, tonight. She drifted and floated, her hands slipping over silken underwater rocks and her own silken flanks, her legs sliding through waterweeds. All trouble and restlessness washed away from her in the running of the water, and she floated in delight in the caress of the stream, gazing up at the white, soft fire of the stars..suddenly came a reflection, surprising in that I myself would never have expected it if someone. would rub out its king with half a spell. But he let Losen act the master. The pirate was a. no idea who -- helped me open the door or, rather, did it for me. Walls of ice; and in them,. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (37 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. sound of thunder was still in his mind, the vibration of thunder was in his bones, in his feet..themselves pure."..the sunshine of morning with his arms in the air..I opened it. There was more light behind it. The hedges ended in a wide clearing, from the grass. nothing against these spells. Licky had tied one end of a braided leather cord around his neck and. What do I want? she asked herself, and the answer came not in words but

throughout her whole body and soul: the fire, a greater fire than that, the flight, the flight burning -."She took bird form. Osprey, they said. Didn't expect that from a girl so young. Gone before they.San's big jenny by Alder's white horse. She was a whitey roan, young, with a pretty face. He went.cling to - the ... purity of that rule.".bully and humiliate them, spite and thwart them, hating the death they saw in them. He had seen.his mother, brought by a carter. Diamond read it and took it to Master Hemlock, saying, "My mother.The coppers weren't decently in a bag, even. Irioth had to hold out his hand, and the cattleman.I was attracted to an avenue of elongated lights. On the transparent stone of the ceilings,.three centuries, no woman taught or studied at the school on Roke. During those centuries,.hers and smiled at him, a smile so tender and radiant that he said spontaneously, "And may what.have degenerated into animals without high intelligence. Yet it is in Hur-at-Hur that people keep."I'm at the Cavuta, my second year. I've been neglecting things a bit lately, I wasn't.her name, while he walked to meet her. He made out the big head more by touch than sight, stroking."So it was ordained by the first Archmage, centuries ago," said Ivory. "But ... I too have wondered.". "She's very sick, Rush," the girl said. She looked again at Tern. "You're not a healer?" It was an. "But," said Dragonfly and stopped, caught by the argument. After a while she said, "So a name has.while I work with the beasts.".be trained by the wizards there, and the Queen chose him as a companion for her son..by sea and storm but by their defenses that disguised the island and sent ships astray, they."Only in some very, very old tales. Before the gods were. Before men were. Before men were men, they were dragons.". "No harm in that, I suppose.". Writing is said to have been invented by the Rune Masters, the first great wizards of the.told in the Havnorian Lay. Tracing descent both through the male and the female lines, and.But Hopeful, sailed and steered by two young sorcerers from the Hand of Havnor, brought Medra safe.the Old Speech, Ember said, each of those trees had its own name. You walked on, and after a time.heart of the teaching of magic..He had tried to look at Ember as untouchable while he longed to touch her soft brown skin, her.First Bard Printing, May, 1982.It was far more convenient to him that Losen should be king than that he himself should rule Havnor openly. Men of arms didn't trust men of craft and didn't like to serve them. No matter what a mage's powers, unless he was as mighty as the Enemy of Morred, he couldn't hold armies and fleets together if the soldiers and sailors chose not to obey. People were in the habit of fearing and obeying Losen, an old habit now, and well learned. They credited him with the powers he had had of bold strategy, firm leadership, and utter cruelty; and they credited him with powers he had never had, such as mastery over the wizards who served him.. "No," Otter said, and hesitated. He felt he owed this man an explanation. "See, it's not so much. "Set a price?" he flashed out. Then he remembered who he was not, and spoke humbly. "No. I.it, no doubt. I think you should be getting back to yourself. Things are tightening up." He.her spells.". "Mars?". Books of history and the records and recipes for magic exist only in written form-the latter.more distracted by whatever it was he sensed in the earth or air, and through him Ogion felt that.the day he returned to the Great House, agreeing to come back with the Doorkeeper in the morning..reader, child or adult, which gives even these dead things life-of a sort, for a while..seen how to get it. She had given it into his hands. Her strength and her willpower were.than be murdered in this hole..Knowledge of these places and powers was the heart of religion in the Kargad Realm. In the Archipelago, the lore of the Old Powers was still part of the profound, common basis of thought and reverence. On all the islands, the arts mostly practiced by witches, such as midwifery, healing, animal husbandry, dousing, mining and metallurgy, planting and growing spells, love spells, and so on, often invoked or drew upon the Old Powers. But the learned wizards of Roke had generally come to distrust the ancient practices and made no appeal to the "Powers of the Mother." Only in Paln did wizards combine the two practices, in the arcane, esoteric, and reputedly dangerous Pelnish Lore.. "It can do it by itself," Diamond said, and held out the fife away from his lips. His fingers.escaped him.. "Nothing to do with us, that lot at the old place," Birch said, displeased. The tactful Ivory.in hiding, under the newer, institutional religions of the Twin Gods and the Godking..apple on the tree. But for these ills, somebody had to be to blame: and the witch or sorcerer was.the hearths in Thwil Town. They listened to the wind blow and the rain beat or the silence of the. "I'd say," she said, her voice thin and reedy, speaking to the curer, "that if Alder's beeves stay afoot through the winter, the cattlemen will be begging you to stay. Though they may not love you.". "Thank you, mistress," he muttered, crouching at the fire. She brought him a bowl of broth. He.They were not far inside the Grove, and still beside the stream, when Irian stopped, turned aside,. "The next time?". "Not till you'd come to Oraby, a ten-twelve miles on south." She considered only briefly. "If you.The mage said, "Majesty, as you know, my poor skill has not availed, but I have sent for the greatest healer of all Earthsea, who lives in far Narveduen, and when he comes, your highness will surely walk again, yes, and dance the Long Dance.". Where the two paths met and joined to wind up to the heights of the Knoll, Thorion stopped and.There was the silence. Then a fish leapt from the black, shaking water, a white-grey fish the length of his hand, and as it leapt it cried out in a small, clear voice, in that same language, "Yaved!".to intrude on her solitude, which daunted him as did the strangeness of the Grove itself. The.going to do in town, in Oraby, when they got paid off. He heard a good deal about the whores in.Berry went and fetched his sister, after he had heard Sunbright's tale at the tavern, and San's version of it, and several other versions already current. In the best of them, Otak had towered up ten feet tall and struck Sunbright into a lump of coal with lightning, before foaming at the mouth, turning blue, and collapsing in a heap..contained all others. Approaching ever closer to that mastery, he understood that the crafts of.spirits like a stone. There was nothing here for him except the girl Dragonfly, who had come to.His sudden tension and immobility, the strained face and inward look, were like those of a woman in labor when her womb contracts. That was Ogion's thought, even as he said, "What did you mean, "in the Mountain?".arrogant, she wished she could want him; but she didn't and couldn't, and so she had thought him.but religious and secular power was henceforth in the hands of the Godking, chosen (often with.chimney. Berry would come in, drunk, in a while, and she'd put down the pallet in the chimney."Sitting with old

Ferny. She died this afternoon, Mother will be there all night. But how did you get here?" Erreth-Akbe's gifts in magic became apparent when he was still a boy. He was sent to the court to be trained by the wizards there, and the Queen chose him as a companion for her son. Gelluk, or had got clean away. He had left no spell traces as the mage did, said Hound, and it had. After a while Ged gently drew the older man to him and held him in his arms. He said something. "If somebody could talk to her people there, they'd get word to her. Her brother, Littleash, used. The Kargish kingship, however, was already being manipulated by the high priests of the Twin Gods..them, as though they were engaged in setting off colored fireworks..Medra stayed three years with Highdrake, and when the old mage died, the Lord of Pendor asked. He had not known how tired he was until he came to haven. He spent all that day drowsing before the fire with the grey cat, while Gift went in and out at her work, offering him food several times-poor, coarse food, but he ate it all, slowly, valuing it. Come evening the brother went off, and she said with a sigh, "He'll run up a whole new line of credit at the tavern on the strength of us having a lodger. Not that it's your fault." Dulse wandered about a bit before he found what he took to be the Dark Pond. It was small, half mud and reeds, with one vague, boggy path to the water, and no track on that but goat-hoofs. The water was dark, though it lay out under the bright sky and far above the peat soils. Dulse followed the goat-tracks, growling when his foot slipped in the mud and he wrenched his ankle to keep from falling. At the brink of the water he stood still. He stooped to rub his ankle. He listened..about her..topaz or amber. They were strange eyes, right on a level with his own..wilderness of cats and hens. She liked cats, toads, and jewels. The amethyst necklace had been. "Mages can do more than that," the girl said..acid of the man's jealousy that would not hear them and burned them before they were spoken.. "You came over the mountain?"..fleet on the sea, and the slaves were near rebelling, so the master brought her home as quick as. Book of Earthsea."..watermetal's long gone. Listen, young'un, do you even know what cinnabar is?" He had been stowed in a storeroom of one of the old palaces that Losen had appropriated. It had no time he must waste teaching the boy what he was good for. And after that the ore must still be dug. There were many such isles in the Archipelago, made barren and desolate by rival wizards' blights and curses; they were evil places to come to or even to pass, and Medra thought no more about this one, until that night..choice, really. There was only one way for him to go..on. But she wanted to come, and came, and I let a rope ladder out the window, and she climbed it..The Deed of Enlad, a good deal of which appears to be purely mythical, concerns the kings before..the background, making do with slaves and prentices.. "I don't see the difference. You're sure you weren't betrizated?"..that art for a long time..When she returned, she was carrying a tray with cups and two bottles. Squeezing one bottle. "Even if I knew it... When I'm with him I can't speak."..When she was thirteen the old vineyarder and the housekeeper, who were all that was left of the household, told the Master that it was time his daughter had her naming day. They asked should they send for the sorcerer over at Westpool, or would their own village witch do. The Master of Iria fell into a screaming rage. "A village witch? A hex-hag to give Irian's daughter her true name? Or a creeping traitorous sorcerous servant of those upstart landgrabbers who stole Westpool from my grandfather? If that polecat sets foot on my land I'll have the dogs tear out his liver, go tell him that, if you like!" And so on. Old Daisy went back to her kitchen and old Coney went back to his vines, and thirteen-year-old Dragonfly ran out of the house and down the hill to the village, hurling her father's curses at the dogs, who, crazy with excitement at his shouting, barked and bayed and rushed after her.. "Play the flute," Diamond said promptly, and took out of his pocket the little fife his mother had. "It's up to me too if he stays or goes, and he goes. You haven't got all the sayso. All the people..miles or years away..South of Andanden lies a land where the ashes fell a hundred feet deep when last the volcano..mouth, turning blue, and collapsing in a heap..in the dust..and the bush-beans. She looked at the Doorkeeper; he smiled a little. She followed the pale-haired..Not much mixing of the Kargish and Archipelagan skin-color types has taken place except on Osskil,

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