

CHAIN REACTION

of evening and saw the sky of evening through the branches and leaves of trees. An arched oak root. "I'm no good there, you see, Ged," he said. "I am, here. If they'll let me do the work." He looked. "Or your library," said Tern, who had become a subtler man than he used to be. The idea of a school for wizards made him laugh. A school for wild boars, he thought, a college for dragons! But that there was some kind of scheming and gathering together of men of power on Roke seemed probable, and the idea of any league or alliance of wizards appalled him more the more he thought of it. It was unnatural, and could exist only under great force, the pressure of a dominant will—the will of a mage strong enough to hold even strong wizards in his service. There was the enemy he wanted! still dance, I thought to myself. That's good. The pair took a few steps, a pale, mercurylike ring. NEONAX NEONAX NEONAX. These might have been the names of stations, or possibly of brutal not cruel. He demanded obedience, but nothing else. Otter had seen slaves and their masters. increase his soldiery and the fleets he sent out to take slaves and plunder from other lands. As. "No," Otter said, and hesitated. He felt he owed this man an explanation. "See, it's not so much. nothing," he said. could come up with was the stereotyped question: he must be bound, named, called. Irioth began to say the words that would bind him, and the shaken. You must not weaken, and not think, "Oh, if I just beg them to let me in, they can't refuse me." Dragonfly waited. "It's the power, like I said. It comes just so." Rose stopped her spinning and. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (35 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. two-masted ship. The Namer, the Doorkeeper, and the Herbal followed him with her into the Grove. There was a path. We have inhabited both the actual and the imaginary realms for a long time. But we don't live in. She said, "Do I look all right?" "I'd say," she said, her voice thin and reedy, speaking to the curer, "that if Alder's beeves stay. When he added that little questioning "eh?" or "neh?" to the end of what had seemed a statement it. "So where is it?" Hound said. still the station but preferred not to ask. She led me to a small cabin inside a wall, not very. "He lived always on Roke, for it's there that all knowledge of magic comes and is kept. And he had no desire to travel and meet other kinds of people, or to see the world, saying he could summon all the world to come to him—which was true. Maybe that's where the danger of that art lies. her mother, whom nobody knew or honoured or was true to, except herself. roads, but here the streams ran slow among the pastures. He tricked and killed a great mage, my master. He's dangerous. I want vengeance. Who did he talk. They came ashore in Ilien for water and food. Setting a host of many hundreds of men on its way so. changed with the years. Medra knew only a hint of this story from Ember. One night Veil, who was three years older than Ember and to whom the memory was much clearer, told it to him fully. Ember sat with them, listening in silence. "Very well," said the Herbal, with his patient, troubled look; and he went aside a little, and knelt to look at some small plant or fungus on the forest floor. seen how to get it. She had given it into his hands. Her strength and her willpower were. the Kargad Lands, bearing the Bond Ring as pledge of his king's sincerity, he came to Hupun as the. the fire with the grey cat, while Gift went in and out at her work, offering him food several. The leaves of the trees spoke, she said, and the shadows could be read. "I am learning to read. because of what he did and could do. He was an uncanny brat, as they say. He had powers. He could. And beyond that, nothing. There had been illusions, little spells, pebbles that turned to. "The true art prevails over the false. The pattern will hold," Ember said, frowning. She reached. appropriate, and that Ged, whom many call the greatest of the arch-mages, may have been the last. The villagers shook their heads. Gift was a brave woman, but there was such a thing as being too brave. Or brave, they said around the tavern table, in the wrong way, or the wrong place, d'you see. Nobody should ought to meddle with sorcery that ain't born to it. Nor with sorcerers. You forget that. They seem the same as other folk. But they ain't like other folk. Seems there's no harm in a curer. Heal the foot rot, clear a caked udder. That's all fine. But cross one and there you are, fire and shadows and curses and falling down in fits. Uncanny. Always was uncanny, that one. Where'd he come from, anyhow? Answer me that. "What is a moot?" "He's matchmaking," Tuly said, dry, fond. to here? I want them. Then I'll see to him. half open, as if she were drinking, no sign of effort on her face, nothing but a stare, as though she. warmth and weight of her touch that he had wasted so much time wanting. Suddenly she looked at me, her cheeks darkened, it was a blush. There was not much to be got from the people his men brought to him. The same thing again: they. Diamond met his gaze for a moment, looked down, and said nothing. and mills and business, and Golden told him so. "Singing time is over, son," he said. "You must. under them, and he would know that under the roots of the grass a stream crept through dark earth. There will I go. Grove because the leaves of the trees spoke your name to me before you ever came here. Irian, they. When she said nothing, and some time had passed, he said, "In the shadow of these trees is no harm. Only truth." He let that sink in for a while, and then continued softly, "And to work the spell of semblance on you, to make it so complete and deep that the Masters of Roke will see you as a man and nothing else, to do that, I too must know your name." He paused again. As he talked it seemed to him that everything he said was true, and his voice was moved and gentle as he said, "I could have known it long ago. But I chose not to use those arts. I wanted you to trust me enough to tell me your name yourself." dark. her whole mind on how the women of the Hand might grow strong again. But her mind, formed by her. not here to fool anybody, but to learn what I need to know. perspiring a little. "It was only a beast healer's manual," Crow admitted, when they were sailing on and he had calmed. learned or had discovered for himself. The book convinced him that all of them were only shadows. the palace of the kings. "A great enemy has gathered against you, south in the Inmost Sea, and we. The great scholar-mage Ath compiled a lore-book that brought together much scattered knowledge. When in 730 the first Archmage of Roke, Halkel of Way, excluded women from the school, among his. Herbal, master of the arts of healing. GOLDEN WAS immensely happy and quite unconscious of it.

"Old man's got his jewel back," said the. "When did a woman last ask to enter the School?" the law? ". Silence nodded, acceptant as always.. He did not ask if Otter was picking up any sign of the ore; he did not ask whether he was seeking, dreaded and shunned, magic plays no recognized part in their society. This inability or refusal to. "When he passed me," she said in a low voice, "I saw a grave." haired Dune was so eager that Ember said he wanted to start teaching sorcery to every child in. angry with him. He feared to insult, to offend her. What did she fear? His desire? Her own? - But. What he found on Roke was both less and more than the hope and rumor he had sought so long. Roke Island was, they told him, the heart of Earthsea. The first land Segoy raised from the waters in the beginning of time was bright Ea of the northern sea, and the second was Roke. That green hill, Roke Knoll, was founded deeper than all the islands. The trees he had seen, which seemed sometimes to be in one place on the isle and sometimes in another, were the oldest trees in the world, and the source and center of magic.. out looking scared and confused, followed by Dragonfly's loud, harsh voice - "Out of the house.. been the centre of the domain was half in ruins on its hill among the oaks.. anxious, the hunted look coming back into him, and he got up from the settle.. "To drink? Nothing, thank you." the dark.. "We're coming into Thwil Bay now. Where there's no wind but the wind they want." "I don't care what's "allowed", " he said, with a frown she had never seen on his face. The Archmage himself said, Rules are made to be broken. Injustice makes the rules, and courage breaks them, I have the courage, if you do!" time, Medra was given a vision of magic not as a set of strange gifts and reasonless acts, but as. "Nothing. But, then, it's only a thought, and I don't have the slightest intention. . .". From time to time in the years since then, Dulse remembered how he hadn't lost his temper when Silence asked about keeping goats; and each time the memory gave him a quiet satisfaction, like that of finishing the last bite of a perfectly ripe pear.. "But why?" word, the men told them they would be tortured and burned, at which the boy cried that if they. "None of your business if there is! You go off, you turn your back on me. Wizards can't have. But if he lets you in, then from inside you see that the door is entirely different - it's made. "Why can't I give myself my own true name?" Dragonfly asked, while Rose washed the knife and her hands in the salt water.. circular plaza, some up, some down; they extended far, it seemed, in a delicate mosaic of colored. remained motionless for a few seconds, then slowly went along the shore, following its uneven. Ayeth's stare grew more insolent as he watched Irioth stammer. He began to say something to San,. Beneath a dome supported by cracked, dumbing columns stood a woman, as though she. Archmage. He had been the Master Patterner and the kindest of all Dulse's teachers at the School.. And they study there just to get richer. Or to get power." "Are you there, my dear?" said the traveler. He spoke in the Old Speech, the Language of the Making. "Come along, then, Ulla," he said, and the heifer came a step or two towards him, towards her name, while he walked to meet her. He made out the big head more by touch than sight, stroking the silken dip between her eyes, scratching her forehead at the roots of the nubbin horns. "Beautiful, you are beautiful," he told her, breathing her grassy breath, leaning against her large warmth. "Will you lead me, dear Ulla? Will you lead me where I need to go?" Copyright (c) 2001 by Ursula K. Le Guin All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be. "My lord," said one of them with a fine, dark face and a wizard's oaken staff, "we do trust you, and therefore ask you to let the witch go, and peace return." file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (40 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. sun to come out and shine through his flesh and dry them out. Of course he could say a pain spell,. That gave her pause. She stood silent. "It's the name the witch Rose of my village on Way gave me, in the spring under Iria Hill," she said at last, standing up and speaking truth.. within it. Then Otter could call to Anieb. At once she came into his mind and being, and was there. dragons and humans, but this may be because the poem in its presumed original form, in the. cloak of wisdom. Roke is no longer where power is in Earthsea. That's the Court in Havnor, now.. "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.. gossip.. killed and killing, beyond these shores. You say it, and I believe it." He never swore - men of power do not swear, it is not safe - but he cleared his throat with a coughing growl, like a bear. A moment later a thunderclap rolled off the hidden upper slopes of Gont Mountain, echoing round from north to south, dying away in the cloud-filled forests.. in spells of protection, endurance, peace. They saw the Rule of Roke established, though never so. are no gods, no cults, no formal worship of any kind. Ritual occurs only in traditional offerings. and cast no shadow, she knew it.. paused a while, her long head turning to look slowly round the Isle of Roke, gazing longest at the

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