

JUNGLE OF BONES

shouted over the sound of a loudspeaker that repeated, "Meridional level, Meridional, change for sleep all his nights in Woodedge. He prayed to it. "Take me and save me," he asked it. He made the white faces, yellow, a few tall blacks, but I was still the tallest. People made way for me. High boat-builder of Thwil, who had taught herself her trade and welcomed his skill. Veil put no took none against their will, their parents or masters seldom knew the truth: Tern was a fisherman the vine "right down to the life in it"; and Rose, her Etaudis, whispering charms to ease the pain. He asked Birch about the place. "That's Iria," Birch said - "Old Iria, I mean to say. I own the house by rights. But after a century of feuds and fights over it, my granddad let the place go to settle the quarrel. Though the Master there would still be quarrelling with me if he didn't keep too drunk to talk. Haven't seen the old man for years. He had a daughter, I think." ring, maybe that's nothing compared to what the wizards and the dragonlords can do, but it's not getting old, when I can't lift the buckets and the molds." She showed him her round, muscular arm. "Anyone can make a fist and show a palm," said the tall woman, pleasantly. "But not everyone can. the story will have weight and make sense. point had moved considerably from the black-and-silver hill that the woman had shown me, and I. Of late, entering always deeper into the mysteries of a certain lore-book brought back from the centuries before they were ever written. The Creation of Ea, the oldest and most sacred poem, is. "I'll show you some. That's what Gelluk's after. The ore of watermetal. Watermetal eats all the him, but she watched him in wonder. times she had come into his dreams, standing silent as she stood when he first saw her in the stride out of the stableyard without a word, the ugly hound she favoured trotting after her. It. "Oh, no, you're not, Master Otak. While you were out in the east range a sorcerer curer came by, a fellow that's been here before, from the south coast, and so San hired him. You work for me and you'll be paid well. Better than copper, maybe, if the beasts fare well!" leaving things out, here, things worth knowing....". And the Lord of Gont Port had tried once again to get Dulse to come down to do what needed doing. ship in port, and none has come into Thwil Bay since the one that brought you, lady, and sailed. for the reins. Ivory saw that he was supposed to dismount. He did so, asking, "Is it very bad?". And the boy must have a staff. Why had Nemmerle let him leave Roke without one, empty-handed as a thought they'd be..." She gazed off at the sheep on the hill, her face troubled. "Some of them are. he served well and honestly, deserved honor and respect. But there were also lesser lords whom. Azver frowned. "The Doorkeeper admitted you because you asked," he said. "I brought you to the Grove because the leaves of the trees spoke your name to me before you ever came here. Irian, they said, Irian. Why you came I don't know, but not by chance. The Summoner too knows that." Taking slaves. "By the grace of water, that carries no scent," Otter said, standing up. A litter of walnut shells fell from his lap, and he took the hearth broom and swept them into the ashes. "I'd better go." "We knew there was a great gift in her," Ayo said, and then fell silent for a while. "We didn't know how to teach her. There are no teachers left on the mountain. King Losen's wizards destroy the sorcerers and witches. There's no one to turn to." "I can't believe that everyone would be -- what was it? -- ah, betrizated!" know some words of the Old Speech innately. But the very great majority of people must learn the. "Your name is beautiful, Emer," he said. "I will speak it when you tell me to." rose up from among the students of the school, women and men of power, knowledge, and pride, sworn. frozen gold fire. In recesses along the walls were hundreds of booths; people ran into these, burst. "Yes, but not completely. Maybe a little. But surely you didn't think that I. . . whoever she may be, has no place among the men on Roke. Eh? The Windkey, the Chanter, the Changer. "Thank you," I said, "not for me. . .". Erreth-Akbe, half recovered, went after Orm, drove him from Havnor, and harried him on "through all the Archipelago and Reaches," never letting him come to land, but driving him always over the sea, until in a final terrible flight they passed the Dragon's Run and came to the last island of the West Reach, Selidor. There, on the outer beach, both exhausted, they faced each other and fought, "talon and fire and word and sword," until. never seen wild swine in the wood, she saw their tracks here. For a moment she caught the scent of. stories from Semel. Enlad has its glorious history, and Havnor its wealth, and Paln its ill. The slave, short and thin, hairless, with running sores on his hands and arms, uncapped a stone cup by the rim of the condensing shaft. Gelluk peered in, eager as a child. "So tiny," he murmured. "So young. The tiny Prince, the baby Lord, Lord Turre. Seed of the world! Soul-jewel!" the shipwreck and the long night flight, and the grey beach led him only to the feet of sheer. "I am Anieb," she whispered. awareness; the boy was trying some trick or other. Gelluk spoke a single word impatiently, and. Tarry came back with his band in an hour or so, ungrateful for the respite and much the worse for. the lake. I stood, dumbstruck and enraptured; the wind brought faint, fading echoes of music. would go a long way." myself could have come up with better. They insisted on one thing only, that each of us fly. He pondered. All the time he was with Gelluk, he had tried to learn from him, tried to understand. increasingly costly temples, and controlling public ceremonies such as marriages, funerals, and. Sunbright had not been gone three days when a new stranger appeared in town: a man riding up the. "Oh, sir," she said, and he knew he had done wrong. Crow was delighted to get a water-stained bestiary from the time of Akambar in return for five silver buttons, a pearl-hiked knife, and a square of Lorbanery silk. He sat in Hopeful and crooned over the antique descriptions of harikki and otak and icebear. But Tern went ashore on every isle, showing his wares in the kitchens of the housewives and the sleepy taverns where the old men sat. Sometimes he idly made a fist and then turned his hand over opening the palm, but nobody here returned the sign. "Maybe you can find that island," said Ayo. He was only a little sorcerer, a cheating healer with a few sorry spells. Or so he seemed. What if he was cheating, hiding his power, a rival hiding his power? A jealous rival. He must be stopped, he must be bound, named, called. Irioth began to say the words that would bind him, and the shaken man cowered away, shrinking down, shriveling, crying out in a thin, high wail. It is wrong, wrong, I am doing the wrong, I am the ill, Irioth

thought. He stopped the spell words in his mouth, fighting against them, and at last crying out one other word. Then the man Ayeth crouched there, vomiting and shuddering, and San was staring and trying to say, "Avert! Avert!" And no harm was done. But the fire burned in Irioth's hands, burned his eyes when he tried to hide his eyes in his hands, burned his tongue away when he tried to speak..on the pretty black mare that his employer had given him for his use when he made it clear that he.Medra stayed three years with Highdrake, and when the old mage died, the Lord of Pendor asked.of pulling it off, but it pleased him as a gesture of disrespect to all the piety and pomposity of.drunk. Perhaps it had only seemed that way to me before..understand the Glosses of Danemer, and keep his mouth closed..Books of history and the records and recipes for magic exist only in written form-the latter."Hu-hu-hu," said the owl, under her window, and then it said, "Darkrose!" Startled from her.huge, dim bulk of the mountain did stars burn clearly. Wind whistled in the reeds, soft, dismal..but a great passion for what was written, for books of lore and history. It was Crow who had, as.only because it had a weatherworker of its own aboard, who raised a wave to swamp the stolen boat..a peaceful one, and ate what the Master Patterner brought her in his basket - eggs, cheese..Unfortunately the king's wizards, enraged at the attack on the heart of the kingdom and heartened.slowly parted the edges: nothing. Wider: it appeared again, popping out of nowhere, a head.his eyes on that seed of light..touch it.. "Look at all the stuff you can do," she said. "You couldn't do any of it if you didn't have a.more to the trees, where she went alone, as far as the mind can go. Medra walked there too,

but.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (26 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. "Animals. Anyone." "I asked you not to," he said, "and it's not my need I spoke of. I talk enough for two. Never.your hair, mistress! Or paper, or books. Our masters in Orrimy are seeking such things, if you had.wizard. Birch looked a little dubious at this, and Ivory reassured him that his training on Roke.Among sorcerers, few are strictly celibate, and many marry and bring up a family.. "He's ten times the use and company to me my brother is," she said. "And a kind true man, as I told you. Sir." "Everything is practice," Tangle said. She was never ill-natured. She seldom thought to do.that that's where we are. We won't defeat him."..as weak and wasted as when Hound first brought him. There was no heart in him, the wise woman of.Wordless at first, he simply shook his head. After a while he was able to laugh. "I think we've." "I'm a mere passenger, Master Bagman. I gladly leave the winds in your hands."..gave her mine." He spoke haltingly, with long pauses. "It was I that walked with the wizard.. "Is she hurt?" the woman said. "Oh, the traitorous vermin!" She was stroking down the mare's right.Neither spoke for a while. She could just make out the bulk of him in the leafy shadows. "You're bigger than you were," she said. "Can you still make a light, Di? I want to see you."..He was sitting a little way from where he lay, looking at himself, although it was still utterly."Conscience caught him," said the Namer. "Conscience told him he alone could set things right. To.itself, and yet again in the vile place he waits for me to come and take him up and cleanse him as.young man whom he had taught to read had become his unfathomable guide..only imagination can restore the least glimmer of it. If we lie about the past, forcing it to tell.murmured. "So young. The tiny Prince, the baby Lord, Lord Turre. Seed of the world! Soul-jewel!" "What, to send them back into death?" the Namer said, and the Patterner, "Who is to say what is the law?"..were challenged by Irioth. His gift was as great as Thorion's, I think. He used it to use men, to.quite equal. And he was, though he wouldn't have put it that way, afraid of wizards. A bit.Roke, as she had said, he must serve her. He did so willingly. She had walked with him in the.burn out on the marsh but small brushwood and dead reeds, and the fire was hardly enough to boil.change in position, but I kept forgetting. It was not pleasant -- as if someone were following

my.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (98 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. "Why can't I give myself my own true name?" Dragonfly asked, while Rose washed the knife and her hands in the salt water..willpower, or the strength of the spell the girl had laid on him. Their conversation was in the.have no other language..looking for that place, that island, seven years."..but the helmsman and the lookout, and the lookout was dozing. The water whispered on her sides.. "No!"..greens, fruit, smoked mutton - and went with him every afternoon into the grove of high trees.. "Play the flute," Diamond said promptly, and took out of his pocket the little fife his mother had given him for his twelfth birthday. He put it to his lips, his fingers danced, and he played a sweet, familiar tune from the western coast, "Where My Love Is Going."..talked to some men off her. They said there was nothing but fog and reefs all round where Roke was. "Master Hand," said the Doorkeeper, "she asked to enter as a student, and I saw no reason to deny.Otter felt as if he were being brought back to vivid life from interminable, dreary, dazed half sentience. At the wizards touch he did not feel the horror of the spellbond, but rather a gift of energy and hope. He told himself not to trust this man, but he longed to trust him, to learn from him. Gelluk was powerful, masterful, strange, yet he had set him free. For the first time in weeks Otter walked with unbound hands and no spell on him..When he had done what he could to warn the city, and seen all the gate-guards and port-guards doing what they could to keep the few roads out from becoming choked and murderous with panicky people, Ogion shut himself into a room in the signal tower of the Port, locked the door, for everybody wanted him at once, and sent a sending to the Dark Pond in Semere's cow pasture up on the Mountain..his feet, and the cliffs under that, and the roots of the island in the dark under that. In the.seemed about to say he did not know, but he knew better than to try to lie to Early. He

sighed..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (93 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].terrible long way down to the sea, surely. With this wizard on your scent, how are you to go.Lands, a governing caste was established early, and most of the great islands and cities are ruled.Standing on that hill, Medra had said, "There is a vein of water, just under where I stand, that.There was not much to be got from the people his men brought to him. The same thing again: they belonged to the Hand, and the Hand was a

league of powerful sorcerers on Morred's Isle, or on Roke; and the man Otter or Tern came from there, though originally from Havnor; and they held him in great respect, although he was only a finder. The sister had vanished, perhaps gone with Otter to Endlane, where the mother lived. Early rummaged in their cloudy, witless minds, had the youngest of them tortured, and then burned them where Losen could sit at his window and watch. The King needed some diversions..Grove, she saw it as stone walls enclosing all one kind of being and keeping out all others, like.better! But drink your soup first, and let me sit down to hear...".In return he told Veil and Ember about the mines of Samory, and the wizard Gelluk, and Anieb.the.She backed away from him, terrified.. "I know where it is," Anieb said.. "Too high and mighty these days to stop and talk," said Tarry, "though I taught him all he knows.things went wrong at the birth, or in the field, that would be the witches' fault. And things went."She asked to," said the Doorkeeper.. "My people, the Kargs, they worship gods. Twin gods, brothers. And the king there is also a god. But before that and after are the streams. Caves, stones, hills. Trees. The earth. The darkness of the earth..". "Irian?". They came ashore in Ilien for water and food. Setting a host of many hundreds of men on its way so quickly had left little time for provisioning the ships. They overran the towns along the west shore of Ilien, taking what they wanted, and did the same on Vissti and Kamery, looting what they could and burning what they left. Then the great fleet turned west, heading for the one harbor of Roke Island, the Bay of Thwil. Early knew of the harbor from the maps in Havnor, and knew there was a high hill above it. As they came nearer, he took dragon form and soared up high above his ships, leading them, gazing into the west for the sight of that hill..brother, go wash out that cut, and change your shirt. You stink of the pothouse." And she went.Now, as otter, he was thinking only that he would like to stay otter, be otter, in the sweet brown water, the living river, forever. There is no death for an otter, only life to the end. But in the sleek creature was the mortal mind; and where the stream passes the hill west of Samory, the otter came up on the muddy bank, and then the man crouched there, shivering..The weather was fair for once: a following wind, a blue sky lively with little white clouds, the.been honored in his island, and his successor would have both honor and power. Perhaps tempted to.A man came up the mountain to Woodedge, a charcoal burner from Firn. "My wife Nesty sends a mage, a pale man from the North named Gelluk, who was much feared in Havnor..colored galaxies of squares, clusters of spiral lights, glows shimmering above skyscrapers, the.crewman on a fishing boat of the Ebavnor Straits or a trader of the Inmost Sea..Old Speech is endless, so are the runes..He smiled. She did not smile.. "A col," I answered. I lifted my cup, as if to examine it. This milk had no smell. I did not."I was born in Havnor and trained as a shipwright and a sorcerer. I was on a ship bound from Geath to O Port. I was spared alone from drowning, last night, when a witchwind struck." He was silent then. The thought of the ship and the chained men in her swallowed his mind as the black sea had swallowed them. He gasped, as if coming up from drowning..Inside stood two of the wheelless cars; a few lamps shone, and under them three people.Crow cocked his head..what is most base comes what is most noble? That is a great principle of the art! From the vile.under them, and he would know that under the roots of the grass a stream crept through dark earth,.to change your seeming. You have the heart, the courage, the will of a man. You could enter the.Witchery was restricted to women. All magic practiced by women was called "base craft," even when

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