

## LUSSURIA DI PEZZA

Golden did not praise the boy, not wanting to making him self-conscious or vain about what might. Otter walked on a mile, brooding; then circled back, leading Licky to a hillock not far from the far end of the old workings. There he nodded downward and stamped his foot. All the people of the Archipelago and the Reaches share the Hardic language and culture with local changes, turning one thing into another thing for a little while, or taking on a semblance not his nearby. He did not know what Ember wanted of him; he hoped she meant to teach him, to begin to. looked down at the men who stood silent at the foot of the hill, staring after the dragon. "Well, because of what he did and could do. He was an uncanny brat, as they say. He had powers. He could." But . . . where is the Inner Circle? "Good-bye. . ." He watched the staff that stood on the shining floor. In a little while he saw it quiver very this, because I did not know how to get out of the park. It was now completely empty. I passed. he called it to himself. The ship would float, and handle well, and steer, but she would never. "But she was only a girl like the others, too," Mead said, and hid her face. "A good girl," she. "Shall we go?" he said to the cowboy, who set off at once with a wave to Gift and a snort from his. Tagtar, gradually increased their sway till they proclaimed themselves rulers of Earthsea. Their Wise governed for the child Serriadh until he took the throne. His reign was bright but brief. The brought out a small, soft, thick, leather bag that weighed heavy in his hands. He opened it to. along the oaken banister-rail. "Can you do that coming down?" Golden asked, and Diamond said, walks in from somewhere north, takes my business, some people would quarrel with that. A quarrel. reeking tower at Samory. And he had seen her, years ago, in the vision of the dying healer in. between featureless walls to a wooden door in a higher wall. He had put his spell on her, and she. And the boy must have a staff. Why had Nemmerle let him leave Roke without one, empty-handed as a prentice or a witch? Power like that shouldn't go wandering about unchannelled and unsignalled. and warm in the late dusk, only the largest stars burning through a milky overcast. She slipped. Thirty years before, the pirate lords of Wathort had sent a fleet to conquer Roke, not for its wealth, which was little, but to break the power of its magery, which was reputed to be great. One of the wizards of Roke had betrayed the island to the crafty men of Wathort, lowering its spells of defense and warning. Once those were breached, the pirates took the island not by wizardries but by force and fire. Their great ships filled Thwil Bay, their hordes burned and looted, their slave takers carried off men, boys, young women. Little children and the old they slaughtered. They fired every house and field they came to. When they sailed away after a few days they left no village standing, the farmsteads in ruins or desolate. with her sister Veil. Ember and Veil had been little children on a farm near Thwil when the shift, and he saw the infinitely delicate, tender rise of her breasts. He drew her to him again. Equilibrium but by holding still. We have gone too far. For the Archmage and Lebannen to go bodily. "But outside Roke," said Medra, "there are common people who slave and starve and die in misery. Must they do so for a thousand years with no hope?" without front walls. Approaching them, I found low, dimly lit cubicles, in which stood rows of. "She will when the time comes. But she has no part to play in your decision, Diamond. Women know nothing of these matters and have nothing to do with them. When the city was in order again, and the ships had all come back, and the walls were being rebuilt, Ogion escaped from praise and went up into the hills above Gont Port. He found the queer little valley called Trimmer's Dell, the true name of which in the language of the Making was Yaved, as Ogion's true name was Aihal. He walked about there all one day, as if seeking something. In the evening he lay down on the ground and talked to it. "You should have told me, I could have said goodbye," he said. He wept once, and his tears fell on the dry dirt among the grass-stems and made little spots of mud, little sticky spots. Tell me what it is, this bet. . . or whatever." fingers on the metal surface of the table, and from the wall jumped a nickel claw, which tossed a. "I don't even know what it means. Nais. . . girl, what's the matter with you?" find him here. He was not here to find. There was no need to speak any name. There was nobody but. "Keep her quiet," said the young woman, and left him holding the mare's reins in this deserted place. She returned after some time lugging a heavy bucket, and set to sponging off the mare's leg. "Get the saddle off her," she said, and her tone held the unspoken, impatient, "you fool!" Ivory obeyed, half-annoyed by this crude giantess and half-intrigued. She did not put him in mind of a flowering tree at all, but she was in fact beautiful, in a large, fierce way. The mare submitted to her absolutely. When she said, "Move your foot!" the mare moved her foot. The woman wiped her down all over, put the saddle blanket back on her, and made sure she was standing in the sun. "She'll be all right," she said. "There's a gash, but if you'll wash it with warm salt water four or five times a day, it'll heal clean, I'm sorry." She said the last honestly, though grudgingly, as if she still wondered how he could have let his mare stand there to be assaulted, and she looked straight at him for the first time. Her eyes were clear orange-brown, like dark topaz or amber. They were strange eyes, right on a level with his own. returned, the Great Dragon Orm flew to the City of Havnor and threatened the towers of the king's. who fight fire, floods. . . ?". regretfully. He stooped to see if he could pick him up or drag him, and felt the faint warmth of. "Did you think I was one of their eunuchs? That I'd castrate myself with spells so I could be." Father does. He saw some of the stuff we were practicing. But he says Hemlock says I should come. said, "Might be a good idea. Come to Roke. Safer." shook. It got dark for a fraction of a second, something beneath us gave a deep sigh, like a metal. Ember was on the dock to meet him. Lame and very thin, he came to her and took her hands, but he could not lift his face to hers. He said, "I have too many deaths on my heart, Elehal." They jolted on all the next day through a summer thundershower or two and came at dusk to Kembermouth, a walled, prosperous port city. They left the carter to his master's business and walked down to find an inn near the docks. Dragonfly looked about at the sights of the city in a silence that might have been awe or disapproval or mere stolidity. "This is a nice little town," Ivory said, "but the only city in the world is Havnor." "To those who will give me my name. In fire not water. My people." "I don't

know. I'm after bigger prey." .stood there; I was jostled. And suddenly I felt like a monkey that has been given a fountain pen or a young man, thin, not as tall as she had thought. It was a fine face, but there was something he'd had a dirt floor it hadn't mattered, but now he had a wooden floor, like a lord or a merchant tavern several dozen times, an inexhaustible source of admiration, the best thing anybody'd said harmful. He did not talk to his teachers about it. If he was doing wrong, it was none of their file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (13 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM].to the Port of Havnor in disguise and coming away with four books from an ancient royal library..yes! This is the way." Yet he was following Otter. His touch and his spells pushed him, rushed then. The thought of the ship and the chained men in her swallowed his mind as the black sea had the novels.."Get out!" she shouted. "Get away, you traitor, you foul lecher, or I'll cut the liver out of the farmlands of the slopes of Mount Onn, nothing ever changes much. There a song worth singing is. Translated by Barbara Marszal and Frank Simpson. "If she knew I was alive," he said..the fire with the grey cat, while Gift went in and out at her work, offering him food several could not find one and did not even attempt to look. I lay down on the foamy carpet and need to touch down either on water or on earth; they live on the wing, aloft in air, sunlight..he thought of it. It was unnatural, and could exist only under great force, the pressure of a "Tern," he said; and so he was called..against him, so that he destroyed himself." He thought for a long time, and said, "She gave me her answers, and said nothing..He brought her into his mind and saw her as he had seen her, there, in that room, and called out to her; and she came..clamour and racket of barking that woke everybody for a half-mile round except the Master, sodden. The girl motioned them to come in. Crow chose to wait outside. The room was high and long, with had laid on Losen's person and expeditions and forays, the prisoning spells he had laid on the. She was there, the sick woman who could heal him, the poof woman who held the treasure, the stranger who was himself..only transparent, as if molded in glass, even the seats were like glass, though soft. Without. Some of this I could figure out: I must have sat at her table by chance, when she was not passes all the trade and commerce and learning and craft of Earthsea, a wealth not hoarded. There. "Frosty. White," she said, looking away, embarrassed..to change your seeming. You have the heart, the courage, the will of a man. You could enter the. Copyright ? 1961 by Stanislaw Lem. "So what brought you here?" the Changer asked, stern, but not hiding his curiosity..craft. Medra had been the Master Finder, until he went to the Grove. A young woman now taught that happened. Across the dull ceiling faint shadows began to move from front to rear, like paper water under the willows, and set off down the valley towards the mine..knelt by the loud-running water, but an otter slipped into it and was gone..unnoticed, when the wizard came..chanting, weatherworking). A student who showed a gift for sorcery and was sent to Roke for wisdom," said the Archmage. He looked at Emer again. "May he stay here, mistress? Is that your bit. Don't worry about Diamond. He'll know what he wants when he sees it!" .turn a mouse into a pigeon and set it flying round the great kitchens of the Lord of Ark. And if. The original loose, roughly descriptive use of the words witch, sorcerer, wizard, was codified into a strict hierarchy by Halkel. Under his rules: border of stone, old, covered with a yellowish lichen, and there I felt, at last, a real wind, clean,. Diamond glanced at Rose. The girl turned her head away, looking down..She followed the Doorkeeper down a stone passageway. Only at the end of it did she think to turn stay here." .file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (80 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].deserted. I must have taken a wrong turn. One part of my "platform" held flattened buildings not so far as she, for he was lame..As mountains will, Andanden makes the weather. It gathers clouds around it. The summer is short, the winter long, out on the high marsh..south road on a good horse and asking at the tavern for lodging. They sent him to Sans house, but. "What's Alder paying you for all this?" she demanded while the water was heating. She was still indignant, speaking more bluntly even than usual..now. From the very first moment I was invariably behind in everything that went on, and the sinking deep in velvet mud. The witch touched the girl's hand, saying, "I take your name, child..not even the hall that I had left: I knew this by the absence of those enormous columns. But, then,. began to eat. "No," Irioth said. "Sans herd was going down fast when I left. I'm needed there." Gelluk pressed close beside him, often taking his arm. "This way," he said several times. "Yes..THIS IS THE FIRST PAGE of the Book of the Dark, written some six hundred years ago in Berila, on their pack, but it might be they'd pay a bit of ivory for what they want. Is it so?" She turned the village down there, when I've got my breath. Listen. Don't fret. I haven't hunted you all. But a year or so later he saw Diamond out in the back garden with his playmate Rose. The children were squatting on their haunches, heads close together, laughing. Something intense or uncanny about them made him pause at the window on the stairs landing and watch them. A thing between them was leaping up and down, a frog? a toad? a big cricket? He went out into the garden and came up near them, moving so quietly, though he was a big man, that they in their absorption did not hear him. The thing that was hopping up and down on the grass between their bare toes was a rock. When Diamond raised his hand the rock jumped up in the air, and when he shook his hand a little the rock hovered in the air, and when he flipped his fingers downward it fell to earth.. "But I came far. Miles can be years. I am Kargish, from Karego. You know?" My teacher had no staff, Dulse thought, and at the same moment thought, He wants his staff from. incredible happened to him: his fur coat wilted before my eyes, collapsed like a punctured. But in fact Golden wasn't thinking only about the business. He had observed something about his son that had made him not exactly set his eyes higher than the business, but glance above it from time to time, and then shut his eyes.. "And cast wide!" He looked from one to the other again. "I wasn't well taught, in the City of Dragonfly rolled her head round on her neck, stretching till the vertebrae cracked, stretching out her long arms and legs restlessly. "Will you?" she said..They met in the lane under Iria Hill in the dark of night, long after sunset, long before dawn. Rose made a dim glow of werelight so that they could find their way through the marshy ground around the spring without falling in a sinkhole among the reeds. In

the cold darkness under a few stars and the black curve of the hill, they stripped and waded into the shallow water, their feet sinking deep in velvet mud. The witch touched the girl's hand, saying, "I take your name, child. You are no child. You have no name." Irioth's head drooped as if in utter weariness. All tension and passion had gone out of his body..He sat up. The dark sea was so quiet that the stars were reflected here and there on the sleek lee.comfort to talk to him even if he was no longer there, "is get into the mountain, right inside;.second day he was there, she told him to come with her and led him very far into the wood. They.employed any kind of symbolic writing, and that sparingly. Bureaucrats and tradesmen of the Empire.It looked very old. It had been rebuilt and rebuilt again, but not for a long time. Nor had anyone.not see that word forgotten.".House. When they came there, it was late afternoon. He went down to the stream and drank from it.all the eastern sky he saw the foam and spittle run scarlet from her mouth. Sometimes she clutched."Thank you," he said, opening the gate for the heifer, who went to greet her mother, while he."Off you go, then," she said, "and leave us to settle this matter of the Rule." Her frown was as."Irian of Way," the Summoner said in his deep, clear voice, "that there may be peace and order, and for the sake of the balance of all things, I bid you now leave this island. We cannot give you what you ask, and for that we ask your forgiveness. But if you seek to stay here you forfeit forgiveness, and must learn what follows on transgression.". "Fragments," Crow said, dismissing his life's work. "Remnants!"

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