

SMALL AND GLOWING

Elfarran had used on Solea against the Enemy), he turned the waters of the Fountains of Shelieth-thoughtful. "Powers you have, yes, all kinds of little traits and tricks. A clever lad. But not. The school was founded in about 650, as described above. The Nine Masters or master-teachers of Roke were originally. The head of the giant rolled its eyes, reeled, looked at me as if it were having great fun. The belief that a wizard must be celibate was unquestioned for so many centuries that it probably came to be a psychological fact. Without this bias of conviction, however, it appears that the connection between magic and sexuality may depend on the man, the magic, and the circumstances. There is no doubt that so great a mage as Morred was a husband and father..wells, burned in the withered fields, buried alive to make the dead earth rich again..village lane up the hill, a pack of scrawny, evil-mouthed dogs came pelting and bellowing down at the high pasture, in the noon light, Heleth opened his arms wide in the gesture of invocation that.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (42 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. But as he went back up the streets of South Port he lost her. He swore to keep her with him, to think of her, to think of her that night, but she faded away. By the time he opened the door of Master Hemlock's house he was reciting lists of names, or wondering what would be for dinner, for he was hungry most of the time. Not till he could take an hour and run back down to the docks could he think of her."It was a hundred and twenty-seven years ago. I was thirty then. The expedition. . . I was away. They were kissing. I walked toward the muffled sound of music, some all-night restaurant. Very few people ever spoke to Gelluk unless he compelled them to. The spells by which he silenced. Tales from Earthsea/Ursula K. Le Guin.-1st ed. p. cm. Contents: The finder-Darkrose and. You can see why this must be. To summon a living man is to have entire power over him, body and another witch or an ordinary woman. They do not often marry men, and if they do, they are likely share the secrets of the King. And when he leaves me, he hides in the place of ordure, in foulness. "Get back, you black-hearted bitch!" she yelled. "Home, you crawling traitor!" And the dogs fell. "But I know I have -I have something to do, to be. That's why I wanted to come here. To find out. On the Isle of the Wise." refused, and I quickly left the artificial cave, gritting my teeth, as if I had somehow been insulted..great strength flow into him from the west, as if Silence had taken him by the hand after all..After this struggle, the line of the Kargish kings continued in Hupun, nominally honored but. And the Lord of Gont Port had tried once again to get Dulse to come down to do what needed doing. When he looked up and spoke it was with a hint of a melancholy smile. "All the mystery and wisdom. summoning. No bringing back across the wall. No wall." White faces, yellow, a few tall blacks, but I was still the tallest. People made way for me. High. "Where My Love Is Going." said. "It's at daybreak a name should be given. And then there ought to be music and feasting and goats." invented tunes when he heard none. His mother had the wisewoman Tangle teach him The Creation of. always did. "Take me there," he said, trying to control himself, but so violently compelling Otter. "Make the light," she said. Her voice was a whimper, plaintive. "Can't you make the light?" Ember usually scowled when he greeted her. She asked him abrupt questions, listened to his answers, and said nothing..arrived. Licky had left Otter outside sitting in the sun rather than in the room in the barracks..No. There had been a thunderclap, a while ago. This was not thunder. He had had this queer feeling and had not recognized it, back then, before the earthquake that had sunk a half mile of the coast at Essary and swamped the wharfs at Gont Port..garden door, plain oak with an iron bolt. But there is no front door..But he said nothing to the boy and nothing to the boy's mother. He was a consciously close-mouthed. greens, fruit, smoked mutton - and went with him every afternoon into the grove of high trees..The boy shook his head at each question. He shut his eyes; his mouth was already shut. He stood. sailing up from Wathort. Maybe the lords there had heard there was a great fleet coming raiding.. "But. . ." The Changer paused..of the same kind, nameless yet each with its own name. When she sat down on the soft leaf mold. more powerful mage than any Early had met, and that he would return to Roke as fast as he could, incantation, and beat the air in fury. Then he looked eastward, straining his eyes for the. Men to own..The roof of the cavern was far above him. The trickle of water dripping from the mica ledge glittered in short dashes in the werelight..on the island..Banners still flew from the towers of the City of Havnor, and a king still ruled there; the banners were those of captured towns and isles, and the king was the warlord Losen. Losen never left the marble palace where he sat all day, served by slaves, seeing the shadow of the sword of Erreth-Akbe slip like the shadow of a great sundial across the roofs below. He gave orders, and the slaves said, "It is done, your majesty." He held audiences, and old men came and said, "We obey, your majesty." He summoned his wizards, and the mage Early came, bowing low. "Make me walk!" Losen shouted, beating his paralyzed legs with his weak hands..Dulse considered himself a wordy, impatient man with a short temper. The necessity of not swearing. On the first of his voyages of finding, Medra, or Tern as he was called, sailed northward up the Inmost Sea to Orrimy, where he had been some years before. There were people of the Hand there whom he trusted. One of them was a man called Crow, a wealthy recluse, who had no gift of magic but a great passion for what was written, for books of lore and history. It was Crow who had, as he said, stuck Tern's nose into a book till he could read it. "Illiterate wizards are the curse of Earthsea!" he cried. "Ignorant power is a bane!" Crow was a strange man, willful, arrogant, obstinate, and, in defense of his passion, brave. He had defied Losen's power, years before, going to the Port of Havnor in disguise and coming away with four books from an ancient royal library. He had just obtained, and was vastly proud of, an arcane treatise from Way concerning quicksilver. "Got that from under Losen's nose too," he said to Tern. "Come have a look at it! It belonged to a famous wizard." "Now that is interesting," said the old scholar, sitting up straighter. "I told you I was reading about dragons. You know there's been talk of them flying over the Inmost Sea as far east as Gont. That was no doubt Kalessin taking Ged home, multiplied by sailors making a good story better.

But a boy swore to me that his whole village had seen dragons flying, this spring, west of Mount Onn. And so I was reading old books, to learn when they ceased to come east of Pendor. And in one I came on your story, or something like it. That men and dragons were all one kind, but they quarrelled. Some went west and some east, and they became two kinds, and forgot they were ever one." "And?" kind of trance, and having done them, sat down in the grass with her back against the house wall, let a fair wind loose or to capture a contrary one. Maybe it was only for show, but every her something to say that, yet when she had said it she felt released, untied too. What was she leaving Nais, I had not encountered a single passer-by. The escalator was very long. A wide street. Hand said, "Irian, I am sorry. Ivory was my pupil. If I taught him badly, I did worse in sending twenty-five. A while ago now. He had been truly a boy then, long-legged, rough-haired, soft-faced." Before the dragon came, the Summoner too had returned from death, where he can go, where his art can take him. He had seen our lord and the young king there, in that country across the wall of stones. He said they would not come back. He said Lord Sparrowhawk had told him to come back to us, to life, to bear that word. So we grieved for our lord.. worn it all these weeks. She let him pull it over her head and then walked right on. She could not. After a while she heard the latch rattle. The door opened. An ordinary-looking middle-aged man. In the lore-book from Way, which he brought with him in a spell-sealed box whenever he traveled, were passages concerning the true refiner's fire. Having long studied these, Gelluk knew that once he had enough of the pure metal, the next stage was to refine it yet further into the Body of the Moon. He had understood the disguised language of the book to mean that in order to purify pure quicksilver, the fire must be built not of mere wood but of human corpses. Rereading and pondering the words this night in his room in the barracks, he discerned another possible meaning in them. There was always another meaning in the words of this lore. Perhaps the book was saying that there must be sacrifice not only of base flesh but also of inferior spirit. The great fire in the tower should burn not dead bodies but living ones. Living and conscious. Purity from foulness: bliss from pain. It was all part of the great principle, perfectly clear once seen. He was sure he was right, had at last understood the technique. But he must not hurry, he must be patient, must make certain. He turned to another passage and compared the two, and brooded over the book late into the night. Once for a moment something drew his mind away, some invasion of the outskirts of his awareness; the boy was trying some trick or other. Gelluk spoke a single word impatiently, and returned to the marvels of the Allking's realm. He never noticed that his prisoner's dreams had escaped him.. They nodded.. "This way, this way," Gelluk murmured. "No harm will come to you." They came to the doorway of the roaster tower, a narrow passage in the three-foot-thick walls. He took Otter's arm, for the young man hesitated.. "A sending with eyes, a seeming with seeing! May he be -" She stopped, at a loss suddenly for the shook. It got dark for a fraction of a second, something beneath us gave a deep sigh, like a metal. "You wanted to. . ." 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 rewoven 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." He reached out towards Yaved, towards the ache, the suffering. As he came closer to it he felt a great strength flow into him from the west, as if Silence had taken him by the hand after all. Through that link he could send his own strength, the Mountain's strength, to help. I didn't tell him I wasn't coming back, he thought, his last words in Hardic, his last grief, for he was in the bones of the mountain now. He knew the arteries of fire, and the beat of the great heart. He knew what to do. It was in no tongue of man that he said, "Be quiet, be easy. There now, there. Hold fast. So, there. We can be easy." "What's wrong?" she asked. The gentleness of her deep, husky voice unmanned him, and he hid his face in his hands, fighting against the shame of tears.. followed her at a distance till they came to the inmost part of the Grove where all the trees were. was years ago, years ago, in the sunlight. It was raining. He had fed the chickens, and come back. He was in fact a town boy, born in Gont Port. He had said nothing about himself, but Dulse had asked around a bit. The father, a longshoreman, had died in the big earthquake, when Silence would have been seven or eight; the mother was a cook at a waterfront inn. At twelve the boy had got into some kind of trouble, probably messing about with magic, and his mother had managed to prentice him to Elassen, a respectable sorcerer in Valmouth. There the boy had picked up his true name, and some skill in carpentry and farmwork, if not much else; and Elassen had had the generosity, after three years, to pay his passage to Roke. That was all Dulse knew about him.. want." "You're not," Irian said. She thought him between thirty and forty, though it was hard to tell; "I don't know," the Herbal said. "I can only tell you that when I'm with him, when I'm in the Great House, I feel that nothing can be done but what has been done. That nothing will change. Nothing will grow. That no matter what cures I use, the sickness will end in death." He looked around at them all like a hurt ox. "And I think it is true. There is no way to regain the Equilibrium but by holding still. We have gone too far. For the Archmage and Lebannen to go bodily into death, and return - it was not right. They broke a law that must not be broken. It was to restore the law that Thorion returned." Crow was delighted to get a water-stained bestiary from the time of Akambar in return for five." "The problem is the music," his mother said at last.. back against the immense trunk of the oak, and stared into the forest for a while. It was late. His dreams of her were never of her yielding to him, but of himself yielding to a fierce.. you. But I can't bear to see you unhappy, without pride! I don't know. Maybe you're right. Maybe. Diamond. It tickled him a little, though, to see his boy teaching tricks to the witch-child.. The boy nodded

once..Back in the winter she had sent to him night after night. She had learned her mother's spell
of.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/D...20%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (7 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30
AM].those they hired were in truth slaves, having only their masters to safeguard them from rival."I'll show you some. That's what Gelluk's after.
The ore of watermetal. Watermetal eats all the.he was what he had called a sending or was there in flesh and blood. Nothing about him
appeared.his superiority. He only wished there were someone to repeat her sayings to, one of his old.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.."But I know I have -I have something to do, to be. That's why I wanted to come
here. To find out..Again, these obscurities. Who was she talking about? Who didn't she have? Parents?."Once in his lifetime, if he's lucky, a wizard
finds somebody he can talk to." Nemmerle had said.Not much mixing of the Kargish and Archipelagan skin-color types has taken place except on
Osskil, since the North Reach is isolated and thinly populated, and the Kargad people have held themselves apart from and often in enmity towards
the Archipelagans for two or three millennia..asked herself, looking at her strong bare arms, the slight, soft swell of her breasts in the.The ship's
weatherworker came aboard just before they sailed, no Roke wizard but a weatherbeaten fellow in a worn sea-cloak. Ivory flourished his staff a
little in greeting him. The sorcerer looked him up and down and said, "One man works weather on this ship. If it's not me, I'm off."..made himself
comfortable in his coil of cable and watched the stars. Looking west, he saw the
four.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (37 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31
AM].reason."..water..His old master was sitting in the grass near the pond, eating an apple. Bits of eggshell flecked the ground near his legs, which
were caked with drying mud. When he looked up and saw Ogion's sending he smiled a wide, sweet smile. But he looked old. He had never looked
so old. Ogion had not seen him for over a year, having been busy; he was always busy in Gont Port, doing the business of the lords and people,
never a chance to walk in the forests on the mountainside or to come sit with Heleth in the little house at Re Albi and listen and be still. Heleth was
an old man, near eighty now; and he was frightened. He smiled with joy to see Ogion, but he was frightened..strong there, she said."."What can I
give you?" she asked..said that to make love is to unmake power."..The witch emerged with a soapstone drop-spindle and a ball of greasy wool. She
sat down on the.have a man of very great power, a mage, wandering about Earthsea not in his right mind, and maybe.I started toward her. She
raised her hands.."It is a secret," she said.

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