

TASTING

Yet as Dory spoke he saw what the girl saw: a long hill going down into darkness, and across it, traces of former elegance, but very old and very poor. Healers' paraphernalia and drying herbs. Ard nodded. "It is irrevocable" ..going all untuned and hoarse. Golden had hoped that that was the end of his singing, but the boy. She stared at him with those strange eyes, as unreadable as a sheep's, he thought. Then she burst. "You changed yourself?" ..her name. He must remember what name he had told her to call him. He must not be Irioth, though he magnified in white sweeping surfaces. I made for the edge of the geometrically perfect. "Avert!" Irian blurted out, making the sign to prevent word from becoming deed. None of the men and face twitched, her teeth chattered. He held her close against him, trying to warm her. garden door, plain oak with an iron bolt. But there is no front door. ..like a horse rearing and then rolled so hard and far that the mast broke loose from its footing, ..ceilings, of those mysterious columns, and was reflected by the silver surfaces; it bled into every. He made the sign; she looked at him for a moment. "That's easy," she said softly, and made the. And the Lord of Gont Port had tried once again to get Dulse to come down to do what needed doing. Roke lives on its great past, defended by a thousand spells against the present day. And inside. red ridge of the mountain in the dawn. ..professional singers. New works of any general interest are soon written down as broadsheets or. pursuing him across the winter sea, "riding the west wind, the rain wind, the heavy cloud." Each. "She asked to," said the Doorkeeper. ..and commoner, becoming a Mage in the Court of the Lords Regent in the Great Port of Havnor? Golden. Quite early on, impatient with wooing her massive physical indifference, he had worked up a charm, a sorcerer's seduction-spell of which he was contemptuous even as he made it, though he knew it was effective. He cast it on her while she was, characteristically, mending a cow's halter. The result had not been the melting eagerness it had produced in girls he had used it on in Havnor and Thwil. Dragonfly had gradually become silent and sullen. She ceased asking her endless questions about Roke and did not answer when he spoke. When he very tentatively approached her, taking her hand, she struck him away with a blow to the head that left him dizzy. He saw her stand up and stride out of the stableyard without a word, the ugly hound she favoured trotting after her. It looked back at him with a grin. ..his left. After the death of Orm the dragons remained a threat in the West, especially when provoked by. "I think he will not walk in the Grove. Nor on Roke Knoll. On the Knoll, what is, is so, ". Through love, respect, and trust, Dragonfly would never disregard a warning from Rose; but she was unable to see Ivory as perilous. She didn't understand him, but the idea of fearing him, him personally, was not one she could keep in mind. She tried to be respectful, but it was impossible. She thought he was clever and quite handsome, but she didn't think much about him, except for what he could tell her. He knew what she wanted to know and little by little he told it to her, and then it was not really what she had wanted to know, but she wanted to know more. He was patient with her, and she was grateful to him for his patience, knowing he was much quicker than she. Sometimes he smiled at her ignorance, but he never sneered at it or reproved it. Like the witch, he liked to answer a question with a question; but the answers to Rose's questions were always something she'd always known, while the answers to his questions were things she had never imagined and found startling, unwelcome, even painful, altering all her beliefs. ..shadows, trembling with speed and trailing long streaks of flame, their signal lights; then the. was becoming a good craftsman, even his father would admit that. ..had equipped him with every kind of magic that could be needed in Iria of Westpool on Way. To. When he came home he had a three-year-old daughter with him. He turned her over to the housekeeper. tell you, peddler, she has an open hand. Though perhaps not all of us do. ". Indeed Otter was unsure whether the wizard meant the pirate or the quicksilver, but he risked a. stones. He said they would not come back. He said Lord Sparrowhawk had told him to come back to. "If you share his power he won't harm you. To fear a power, to fight a power, is very dangerous. To love power and to share it is the royal way. Look. Watch what I do." Gelluk held up the pouch into which he had put the few drops of quicksilver. His eye always on Otter's eye, he unsealed the pouch, lifted it to his lips, and drank its contents. He opened his smiling mouth so that Otter could see the silver drops pooling on his tongue before he swallowed. ..Cinnabar, that's what you're to nod for. The King's wizard says it's still here somewhere about. could and burning what they left. Then the great fleet turned west, heading for the one harbor of. But how did Otter know that?. that cavern was not on Roke. ..What am I going to do?". "To bring Lebannen here," said the Herbal. "The young men talk of "the true crown". A second coronation, here. By the Archmage Thorion. ". "Col. . . ?" I heard; the word had probably been said more than once, but I did not. "Not many come here to the High Marsh," she said. "Peddlers and such. But not in winter. ". It was their mage Ogion whom the people saw stand alone on the roof of the signal tower on the. about Roke Knoll. Once in years, perhaps, some great lady is allowed to come briefly into the. "You can? Is it allowed?". millennia before that. Its thirty-one stanzas tell how Segoy raised the islands of Earthsea in the. creatures of the Grove. As he had said, he did not try to teach her. When she asked about the. again. A great, desolate anger swelled up in him. There was no good, no good in anything. ..He stood in the locked room in the dark and knew he would go free, because he was already free. A. inconceivable. "I'll be all right," she said. "So the Namer, and you - and the Doorkeeper?". mouth and her long, lean arms, the words spoken awry then, spoken truly now. ..He was sitting a little way from where he lay, looking at himself, although it was still utterly. It grew darker quickly. A haze was coming up from. the south, blotting out the sky. Only above the huge, dim bulk of the mountain did stars burn clearly. Wind whistled in the reeds, soft, dismal. "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. "To Roke?". Wise governed for the child Serriadh until he took the throne. His reign was bright but brief. The. pursued him from

the east to the west of Enlad in a trail of ruin. On the Plains of Enlad, meeting. After a long time the door opened and several men came in. He could do nothing against them as. "Don't be afraid," Gelluk said, his voice strong and musical over the panting gasp of the huge. HE SPENT THE NIGHT in their old place in the shallows. Maybe he hoped she would come, but she did. "I'll tell him that the changes in a man's life may be beyond all the arts we know, and all our wisdom," said the Archmage. He looked at Emer again. "May he stay here, mistress? Is that your wish as well as his?". She tried to sit up again, looking up, but the shaking and shuddering seized her and wracked her.. history and magic of the place.. After spending the next several days trying to recapture the missing word, he had set Silence to studying the Acastan Spells. Together they had finally worked it out, a long toil. "Like ploughing with a blind ox," Dulse said.. ledge covered with weakly fragrant flowers, as if we had reached the terrace or balcony of a dark. They call this the Otter's House," he said. "Very old. As old as the Great House. Everything is old, here. We are old - the Masters.". The curer checked the girths, eased a strap, and got up in the saddle, not expertly, but the hinny.. substance but of dizzying motion. Rushing upward, enormous fountains of a liquid denser than. 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.". It was Golden's grandest party yet, with a dancing floor built on the town green down the way from Golden's house, and a tent for the old folks to eat and drink and gossip in, and new clothes for the children, and jugglers and puppeteers, some of them hired and some of them coming by to pick up whatever they could in the way of coppers and free beer. Any festivity drew itinerant entertainers and musicians it was their living, and though uninvited they were welcomed. A tale-singer with a droning voice and a droning bagpipe was singing The Deed of the Dragonlord to a group of people under the big oak on the hilltop. When Tarry's band of harp, fife, viol, and drum took time off for a breather and a swig, a new group hopped up onto the dance floor. "Hey, there's Labby's band!" cried the pretty girl nearest Diamond. "Come on, they're the best!". black shining hair. When she stared at him in sudden incomprehensible challenge he had thought her. "A madman might not drink," she said slowly, "but I never heard of such a thing, never. .. above the floor, on high pillars. The floor is red. All the pillars are red. On them are shining.. shoes off his feet, and left him sleeping. She went to look at the other one. He looked feverish, .. city and all the east and south of Havnor. Exacting tribute from that rich domain, he spent it to.. to his conscience. He had waked from his dream with the name Roke in his mind. Why had he never.. the silken dip between her eyes, scratching her forehead at the roots of the nubbin horns.. corridor, bands, white as milk, flowing downward. The handrail of the escalator was soft, warm; I.. of a flowering tree at all, but she was in fact beautiful, in a large, fierce way. The mare.. once," she said. "All that you say of yourself may be true, and may not. What can you tell me that.. To them, the Old Powers are abominable. And women's powers are suspect, because they suppose them.. She pondered - conversation with her was often a slow business - and said, "Rose always said I had power, but she didn't know what kind. And I ... I know I do, but I don't know what it is.". looked at me, and reddened terribly.. I had the urge to tear from the wall the microphone that was inclined with such solicitude. "If you wish. ". "I know. No, that's something else. I thought that you all. . .". Ivory departed. He did not return for two days. On the third day he rode experimentally past Old Iria, and she came striding down to meet him. "I'm sorry, Ivory," she said, looking up at him with her smoky orange eyes. "I don't know what came over me the other day. I was angry. But not at you. I beg your pardon.". and litigations. Farmlands went to weeds, farmsteads went unroofed, milking sheds stood unused, .. I smiled but said nothing. She came up to me, took me by the arm, and was again.. He went on to the foot of the street. It opened into a small market square. People were gathered there, not many of them. They were not buying or selling. There were no booths or stalls set up. They were waiting for him.. sleep with on a cold night. I'll be glad to pay you, mistress, if two coppers would suit, and my. "I could fly there as a tern and be back on the ship before daylight," he said to himself, but idly. He was bound for O Port. Ruined lands were all too common. No need to fly to seek them. He made himself comfortable in his coil of cable and watched the stars. Looking west, he saw the four bright stars of the Forge, low over the sea. They were a little blurred, and as he watched them they blinked out, one by one.. She started to say something, and did not say it.. "There are. Where are you from?". He traveled far in the Archipelago, even out into the East Reach. He never went to the same town or island twice without years between, letting his trail grow cold. Even so he began to be spoken of. The Child Taker, they called him, a dreaded sorcerer who carried children to his island in the icy north and there sucked their blood. In villages on Way and Feikway they still tell children about the Child Taker, as an encouragement to distrust strangers.. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (61 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. could not find it now. Since most of the people around me were stepping onto an upward ramp, I.. to the palace, just to hear the news, and what do I see? I see old King Pirate standing on his bitch!". pointed me out to others. I went in. A man in a black undershirt that was actually somewhat.. They're coming," the Doorkeeper said. Men were coming through the gardens and up the path from the Great House, all the mages, many of the students. Leading them was Thorion the Summoner, tall in his grey cloak, carrying his tall staff of bone-white wood, about which a faint gleam of werelight hovered.. wizard.. already?" she said, and then saw him.. "Change, change," said the Patterner. Transformation.. would make me trust you?". Irioth tried to say he did not want a quarrel. He tried to say that there was work for two. He. "It's cold out," she said. "Ice on the trough this morning. Will you be going on, this day?". rate he came with a very good prenticing fee paid beforehand in gold and ivory. If he had the.. Erreth-Akbe, half recovered, went after Orm, drove him from Havnor, and harried him on "through.. softly in the tops of tall trees, on beyond the gardens.. her stand by his chair or sit on his knees and listen to all the wrongs that had been

done to him. way out, in the aisle, she put both her hands into a small niche lined with tiles; something in there. see it, if you don't mind, sir. He won't come looking for it. But if he saw it, he'd take it. He. sculpture in breathing metal. At her ears she had something shining, so large that it covered them. "Maybe things are, for women. But I...I can't be double-hearted." Farther along were halls for games of some kind; large rainbow wheels revolved, silver pipes. Highdrake of Pendor had taught him some of the runes of power. That was known lore. What Ember had. Only a few steps ahead of them now was the place where underfoot, underground, two or three feet. Medra stood silent. His face felt hot. He looked down. "I thought," he said, and stopped. "Imagine that you are doing what I said to you." He sought among memories, among shadows, groping over and over through images: the assault on his home in Havnor; the stone cell, and Hound; the brick cell in the barracks and the spell-bonds there; walking with Licky; sitting with Gelluk; the slaves, the fire, the stone stairs winding up through fumes and smoke to the high room in the tower. He had to regain it all, to go through it all, searching. Over and over he stood in that tower room and looked at the woman, and she looked at him. Over and over he walked through the little valley, through the dry grass, through the wizard's fiery visions, with her. Over and over he saw the wizard fall, saw the earth close. He saw the red ridge of the mountain in the dawn. Anieb died while he held her, her ruined face against his arm. He asked her who she was, and what they had done, and how they had done it, but she could not answer him. "And how do you know it didn't?" "You weren't?" GOLDEN ordered the beer and food and fireworks, but Diamond saw to hiring the musicians. he could. Another, the old Stormcloud, used to be Losen's own ship, came in while I was there. I. stank and their town stank. He disliked going aboard a slave ship, but the only vessel going out. but religious and secular power was henceforth in the hands of the Godking, chosen (often with. ONE WINTER AFTERNOON on the shore of the Onneva River where it fingers out into the north bight. His sudden tension and immobility, the strained face and inward look, were like those of a woman. topaz or amber. They were strange eyes, right on a level with his own. supposed to be, so they sailed on with seven other ships, south a ways, and met up with a fleet. Ogion shook his head. He let his sending sit down in the grass near Heleth, though it did not bend the stems of the grass where it stepped or sat. "I've done nothing but set the city in a panic," he said. "And send the ships out of the bay. What is it you feel? How do you feel it?" She got him onto his bed, pulled the shoes off his feet, and left him sleeping. Berry came in late and drunker than usual, so that he fell and gashed his forehead on the andiron. Bleeding and raging, he ordered Gift to kick the shorsher out the housh, right away, kick 'im out. Then he vomited into the ashes and fell asleep on the hearth. She hauled him onto his pallet, pulled his shoes off his feet, and left him sleeping. She went to look at the other one. He looked feverish, and she put her hand on his forehead. He opened his eyes, looking straight into hers without expression. "Emer," he said, and closed his eyes again. "And perhaps because such arts have not the power they once had," he said. He did not know himself. 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." step, wiped them dry with the rag that hung on the handle of the pot, picked up the eggs, stood up. what to do. It was in no tongue of man that he said, "Be quiet, be easy. There now, there. Hold. face bowed down, and she thought how slight and light he looked, how quiet and sorrowful. There. beer. He interrupted the tune and the dancing, telling Labby loudly to clear out. haste. as pitiless as any wild animal, terrifying, unpredictable, yet intelligent, sometimes wiser than. drunk by his cold hearth. Note on dates: Many islands have their own local count of years. The most widely used dating

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