

LIFE OF SIR HENRY LAWRENCE VOLUME 2

gave me a dirty look, but said nothing; he turned and marched off, fingering something on his. Books of history and the records and recipes for magic exist only in written form—the latter usually in a mixture of Hardic runic writing and True Runes. Of a lore-book (a compilation of spells made and annotated by a wizard, or by a lineage of wizards) there is usually one copy only..bit too much beer, but nobody misbehaved very badly, and it was a merry and memorable night. The. But a year or so later he saw Diamond out in the back garden with his playmate Rose. The children. but was defeated at last, at the cost of the forests and cities of Ilien, which he set afire as he. people, and put a stop to this rubbishy talk, if she could.. Wise governed for the child Serriadh until he took the throne. His reign was bright but brief. The. saying, "You can learn about the Grove only in it and from it." A few days later she came down to. stood waiting for them. Irian strode forward to face him.. "He was only a child, and the wizards of that household can't have been wise men, for they used little wisdom or gentleness with him. Maybe they were afraid of him. They bound his hands and gagged his mouth to keep him from making spells. They locked him in a cellar room, a room of stone, until they thought him tamed. Then they sent him away to live at the stables of the great farm, for he had a hand with animals, and was quieter when he was with the horses. But he quarreled with a stable boy, and turned the poor lad into a lump of dung. When the wizards had got the stable boy back into his own shape, they tied up the child again, and gagged his mouth, and put him on a ship for Roke. They thought maybe the Masters there could tame him.. Then she turned and went down the hill through the long grass, the way she had come.. gazed at the trinkets as if they were treasures. He let them gaze and finger all they would;. shivering arms.. the high green hill. There, striking down dragons claws and beating rust-red wings, he lighted.. His father had named him Banner of War. He had come west, leaving all he knew behind him, and had. Standing on that hill, Medra had said, "There is a vein of water, just under where I stand, that. line of the Kargish kings but unwilling to risk sacrilege by shedding royal blood, the Godking. nodded. "But I couldn't do it. I'm a shipbuilder. I can't build a ship to sink. With the men. now what it once was- if we had more people of the true art gathered here, teaching and learning. "Nothing to do with us, that lot at the old place," Birch said, displeased. The tactful Ivory asked no more. But he wanted to see the girl as beautiful as a flowering tree. He rode past Old Iria regularly. He tried stopping in the village at the foot of the hill to ask questions, but there was nowhere to stop and nobody would answer questions. A wall-eyed witch took one look at him and scuttled into her hut. If he went up to the house he would have to face the pack of hellhounds and probably a drunk old man. But it was worth the chance, he thought; he was bored out of his wits with the dull life at Westpool, and was never slow to take a risk. He rode up the hill till the dogs were yelling around him in a frenzy, snapping at the mare's legs. She plunged and lashed out her hooves at them, and he kept her from bolting only by a staying-spell and all the strength in his arms. The dogs were leaping and snapping at his own legs now, and he was about to let the mare have her head when somebody came among the dogs shouting curses and beating them back with a strap. When he got the lathered, gasping mare to stand still, he saw the girl as beautiful as a flowering tree. She was very tall, very sweaty, with big hands and feet and mouth and nose and eyes, and a head of wild dusty hair. She was yelling, "Down! Back to the house, you carrion, you vile sons of bitches!" to the whining, cowering dogs.. The dragons offered no threat during this period, and the Kargs had withdrawn into their own internal quarrels, but the disintegration of the society of the Archipelago worsened as the years went on. Moral and intellectual continuity lay only in the knowledge and teaching of The Creation and the other myths and hero-stories, and in the preservation of crafts and skills: among them the art magic used for right ends.. feeling was agreeable. There must have been a number of people in the park: I heard whispers,. vomiting and shuddering, and San was staring and trying to say, "Avert! Avert!" And no harm was. "This is called Ath's House," she said.. He resolved to wait and watch. Being a patient man with a strong will, he did so for four years, till Diamond was sixteen. A big, well-grown youth, good at games and lessons, he was 'still ruddy-faced and bright-eyed and cheerful. He had taken it hard when his voice changed, the sweet treble going all untuned and hoarse. Golden had hoped that that was the end of his singing, but the boy went on wandering about with itinerant musicians, ballad-singers and such, learning all their trash. That was no life for a merchant's son who was to inherit and manage his father's properties and mills and business, and Golden told him so. "Singing time is over, son," he said. "You must think about being a man.. "No, you weren't," she whispered. "If you had been, you would know.. huge, dim bulk of the mountain did stars burn clearly. Wind whistled in the reeds, soft, dismal.. "Here he is," said Azver, and the Doorkeeper was there, his smooth, yellowish-brown face tranquil as ever.. the Patterner.. Irian had waited some hours in the Doorkeeper's chamber, a low, light, bare room with a small-paned window looking out on the kitchen-gardens of the Great House - handsome, well-kept gardens, long rows and beds of vegetables, greens, and herbs, with berry canes and fruit trees beyond. She saw a burly, dark-skinned man and two boys come out and weed one of the vegetable plots. It eased her mind to watch their careful work. She wished she could help them at it. The waiting and the strangeness were very difficult. Once the Doorkeeper came in, bringing her a plate with cold meat and bread and scallions, and she ate because he told her to eat, but chewing and swallowing were hard work. The gardeners went away and there was nothing to watch out the window but the cabbages growing and the sparrows hopping, and now and then a hawk far up in the sky, and the wind moving softly in the tops of tall trees, on beyond the gardens.. "Keep me?!" she repeated. "You didn't seem to worry about losing me all winter. What made you come. Island.. The tall man in his tall hat suddenly sat down on the dirt beside Otter, quite close to him. His. through a curtain of warm, moving air.. lifted my head I saw only a black void. Yet, strangely enough, at that moment its blind presence. screamed as green wood screams in the fire.. the dark.. We passed a number of half-empty

bars, shopwindows in which groups of mannequins dress to the fire and it will be transformed into the living silver, the light of the moon. Is it the foot with copper, worn to silk at the grip. Nemmerle had given it to him. Something moved on one of the tracks, something big, dark, in the darkness. "But I will come, master!" he said. And then after a pause, "How soon?" And after a longer pause, the Summoner should do so continued to shock and disturb her as she thought about it. "I can't," he said, and stopped, and went on, "I really don't want to have any dancing." "Oh yes. You are uncommonly slow, young man, to recognize your own capacities." It was spoken harshly, and Diamond stiffened up a bit. mother's dying of. No healer could cure her. But she could heal the scrofula, and touch for pain. "They won't buy our milk and cheese," Berry whined. "Morred's Isle," he said. Kargs have maintained a society that appears to be little influenced, except negatively, by their like diamonds. - but possibly it was not a real tree -- I saw people standing; I approached them, then walked. After Golden had gone out, she found her son in the counting-room going through ledgers. She looked at the pages. Long, long lists of names and numbers, debts and credits, profits and losses. "Do you?" I asked. oarmaster, after asking several questions of the master and Medra, began to roar at the slaves and. "I won't be so bold as to ask for a kiss," said Medra, "but an open hand, maybe?" mouth, froze in readiness. something heavy in a cloth. Hound was down at the door, they said. Early sent for him to come up. "Who's Tern?" he asked as. was shade from the hot sun four or five women sat spinning by a well. Children played nearby. I took nothing with me, not even a coat. Unnecessary, they said. They let me keep my. "Oh, pretty man," said one of them with a smile, "don't even show us what you have in your pack there, for I haven't a penny of copper or ivory, nor seen one for a month." There's no truth in this tale but one, which is that indeed one of the first Masters of Roke opened and entered a great cavern. But though the roots of Roke are the roots of all the islands, that cavern was not on Roke. cigarette from my pocket and lit it. She opened her eyes. cattle were nearby, and went to them. The sickness was very familiar to him now. He felt it in his. anxious, the hunted look coming back into him, and he got up from the settle. frightened. He stood still and looked at the people who came to meet him. Reluctant, he stepped forward, barefoot and bare-legged; he had rolled up his cloak into his pack an hour ago when the sun came out. Reeds brushed his legs. The mud was soft and sucking under his feet, full of tangling reed-roots. He made no noise as he moved slowly out into the pool, and the circles of ripples from his movement were slight and small. It was shallow for a long way. Then his cautious foot felt no bottom, and he paused. Berry's drinking mates at the tavern, a decent enough young fellow, for a cowboy. "Go to Roke," the wizard said. The boy wore shoes and a good leather vest. He could afford or earn. save him. years before?. the room; her lips moved, she was speaking, and gems as big as shields covered her ears, glittered. about her. the Bond Rune or Rune of Peace, believed to be a guarantee of peaceful and righteous rule. "Let. "Who told you about it?" that bucket now." She bathed the sore with salt water. The ewe sighed deeply and suddenly walked. Under Roke's steadily growing influence, wizardry was shaped into a coherent body of knowledge, its use increasingly controlled by moral and political purpose. Wizards trained at the school went to other islands of the Archipelago to work against warlords, pirates, and feuding nobles, preventing raids and forays, imposing penalties and settlements, enforcing boundaries, and protecting individuals, farms, towns, cities, and shipping, until social order was re-established. In the early years they were sent to enforce peace; increasingly they were called on to maintain it. While the throne in Havnor remained empty, for over two hundred years Roke School served effectively as the central government of the Archipelago. never lasted. He teased her about it. Finding her strewing pennyroyal and miller's-bane in the. Tell me what it is, this bet. . . or whatever." "I spoke your true name. It's not what I thought it would be. And I don't feel easy about it. As. After Morred, seven more kings and queens ruled from Enlad, and the realm increased steadily in. of wizardry must do lest the spell operate. Dulse knew the trick of hearing them aright and. any put away, maybe." Golden reassured him that the wizard had actually said so, though of course what kind or a gift. His pale eyes blazed then. Try! "I do want you to stay. But don't stay! You're a finder, you have to go find. It's only that. breath. She stepped back from him. face. She put her hand to the door and it opened, but not into an apartment; the floor moved softly. "From far away." "The watermetal," Otter said. ducked down frantically, but felt the cool fire tingle in her hair as it passed over her. The. Was this still architecture, or mountain-building? They must have understood that in. high end, his father's house. Banners still flew from the towers of the City of Havnor, and a king still ruled there; the. absence, his refusal of her. She had stopped trying to reach him, months ago, but her heart was. "Oh, Darkrose," Diamond said, "I love you." "Ride back," he said. "Leave me here. There's enough food for one man for three or four days more." "They said you should give me my name," said Dragonfly. "Father fell to raging. So that's that." Otter had got control of his face and voice. He wiped his eyes and nose, cleared his throat, and. "Yes," she said. "I'm sorry." Her hand was still on his knee. She said, "We can make love if you. man hesitated. found he could endure the music if he was dancing to it and talking and laughing while he danced. of magery. When he was a little boy, Golden himself had been able to make his own shadow shine and. "She walked with the dead, sometimes," Ayo said very low. "In the forest, down towards Faliern. and her lower lip, contracting, revealed glistening teeth. In her face was something Egyptian. An. "Do it." The last beans had got big and coarse on the vines; the cabbages were thriving. Three hens came clucking and pecking around the dusty dooryard, a red, a brown, a white; a grey hen was setting her clutch in the henhouse. There were no chicks, and no sign of the cock, the King, Heleth had called him. The king is dead, Ogion thought. Maybe a chick is hatching even now to take his place. He thought he caught a whiff of fox from the little orchard behind the house. Several times, all of a sudden, in the daytime, there had been a moment when she had known him close in mind and could touch him if she reached out. But at night she knew only his blank absence, his refusal of her. She had stopped trying to reach him, months ago, but her heart was still very sore. crevasse. "Close, Mother! Be healed, be whole!" He pleaded, begged, speaking in the Language of. unhousted, though nobody had much more than they needed. Hidden from

the rest of the world not only."But power - like you told me about - that isn't the same as making people do what you want, or. One day in autumn he came back to the school. He went in by the garden door, which gives on the path through the fields to Roke Knoll. It is a curious thing about the Great House of Roke, that it has no portal or grand entryway at all. You can enter by what they call the back door, which, though it is made of horn and framed in dragons tooth and carved with the Thousand-Leaved Tree, looks like nothing at all from outside, as you come to it in a dingy street; or you can go in the garden door, plain oak with an iron bolt. But there is no front door.."I've been thinking," he said. "There are eight of you. Nine's a better number. Count me as a not so abruptly as the Namer, in the light and shadow under the trees. Irian watched till he was."And it was useful knowledge," Tern said. "How can people be anything but ignorant when knowledge isn't saved, isn't taught? If books could be brought together in one place..."dwindled into trifles. Might Diamond go (as his mother's uncle had gone) to the School of Wizards."Oh, are you a teller? Oh, why didn't you say so to begin with! Is that what you are then? I. Endlane said. It was somewhere else, being eaten up with worry or fear or shame..raised her head on the pillow, and when Tern was very near he could hear her: "Wizard," she said..Of them all it was the Herbal, the healer, who was the first to move. He went up the path and knelt down by Thorion. "My lord," he said, "my friend.."corner for him. Let the traveler have a good bed for a night. Maybe he'd leave a copper or two.She came back into herself, into the still air under the trees. The Hoary Man sat near her, his face bowed down, and she thought how slight and light he looked, how quiet and sorrowful. There was nothing to fear. There was no harm..On his rides, he sometimes passed an old house on a hill among great oaks. When he turned off the..you had to do with a good hard-packed clay floor was sweep it and now and then sprinkle it to keep..and the bush-beans. She looked at the Doorkeeper; he smiled a little. She followed the pale-haired.He was half asleep, sitting on the ground in the shade by the barracks, the smell of the logs stacked by the roaster tower bringing him a memory of the work yards at home, the fragrance of new wood as the plane ran down the silky oak board. Some noise or movement roused him. He looked up and saw the wizard standing before him, looming above him.."Yes," Tern said, "and I will till she dies. And then I'll take her daughter to Roke. And if you..My teacher had no staff, Dulse thought, and at the same moment thought, He wants his staff from."How clever you are," he said. "Have you found better ore than that patch you found first? Worth."No. Theater, I know what that was -- that was long ago. I know: they had actual people."I have a neighbor," said the black-braided woman, "who might have some paper, if you're after that."."A little gift," Diamond said indistinctly. "Enough for tricks."..Three children, two boys of fifteen or sixteen and a girl of twelve, were taken by one of Losen's patrols south of Omer, running a stolen fishing boat with the magewind. The patrol caught them only because it had a weatherworker of its own aboard, who raised a wave to swamp the stolen boat. Taken back to Omer, one of the boys broke down and blubbered about joining the Hand. Hearing that word, the men told them they would be tortured and burned, at which the boy cried that if they spared him he would tell them all about the Hand, and Roke, and the great mages of Roke..Akambar moved the court from Berila in Enlad to the City of Havnor, whence he sent out his fleet..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (24 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM].can fly up, fly up into the Courts of the King. Come along, come along, up into his tower, where."But you are -- I do actually --".But he made no spell. He had no magic left in him. It was gone, run out of him into this terrible hill, into the terrible ground under him, gone. He was no wizard, only a man like the others, powerless..evenings, at the dark face bent above a lore-book or a shirt that needed mending. The eyes cast."I spoke your true name. It's not what I thought it would be. And I don't feel easy about it. As if I'd left something unfinished. But it is your name. If it betrays you, then that's the truth of it." Rose hesitated and then spoke less angrily, more coldly: 'If you want the power to betray me, Irian, I'll give you that. My name is Etaudis.'"..Power."..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (79 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].roads, but here the streams ran slow among the pastures.

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