

STORY OF A LIFE VOL 2 OF 2

growl, like a bear. A moment later a thunderclap rolled off the hidden upper slopes of Gont in the household of the Lord of Ark. Not a poor man's son, but not a child of much account. And "Poor child," she murmured..poisoned. When Berry went out again, the woman came closer and said, resolute, in a low voice,..struggled against it. A man of power had come to heal the cattle, another man of power. But a..Our herd's been all right," and she made the sign to avert evil. "I keep em close in. Out on the." I was born in Havnor and trained as a shipwright and a sorcerer. I was on a ship bound from Geath. "If I do, it will be thanks to you," she said. In that moment he loved her for her true heart, and would have forsworn any thought of her but as his companion in a bold adventure, a gallant joke.."Yes, but not completely. Maybe a little. But surely you didn't think that I. .".All we know of ancient times in Earthsea is to be found in poems and songs, passed down orally for centuries before they were ever written. The Creation of Ea, the oldest and most sacred poem, is at least two thousand years old in the Hardic language; its original version may have existed millennia before that. Its thirty-one stanzas tell how Segoy raised the islands of Earthsea in the beginning of time and made all beings by naming them in the Language of the Making-the language in which the poem was first spoken..But after ten days or so, Licky said, "Master Gelluk's coming here. If there's no ore for him, he'll likely find another dowser.".prison shut. The spells were gone, but the people in the tower did not know it, working on under.It would be Berry at the door, though why he knocked she didn't know. "Come in, you fool!" she."I'm a finder," he said. "And a seeker.".Enlad to aid him, Morred turned and gave battle. The Enemy would not confront him directly, but.seemed a bit crude. Heavy-handed ... She didn't say where she'd learned it. Here, of courseThe eagle came, circling and screaming over the valley, the hillside, the willows by the stream. It circled, searching and searching, and flew back as it had come..are no gods, no cults, no formal worship of any kind. Ritual occurs only in traditional offerings.Men to own,.The Doorkeeper came back and said, "Come, Irian, and meet the Masters of Roke." Her heart began to.Among the Hardic-speaking people of the Archipelago, the ability to do magic is an inborn talent,.looked at what he offered her.."Because it would have meant only one thing.".only by wizards trained in their use; but a good many of them, such as the symbol written on the..adapted the Hardic runes to Kargish, with some simplifications and additions, for purposes of.tallest tower the sword of Erreth-Akbe catches the first and last of daylight. Through that city.to occur in. A few miners were working at the end of a long level.."Why can't I give myself my own true name?" Dragonfly asked, while Rose washed the knife and her.its eggs and rear the drakelets. The small, barren islets of the farthest West Reach suffice for.made himself comfortable in his coil of cable and watched the stars. Looking west, he saw the four."Irian, here's what you must do to enter the Great House...".She thought of Old Iria village, the marshy spring under Iria Hill, the old house on it. She.it cry, or laugh...".you!" She sprang up the bank, pulling herself up by the tough bunchgrass, and scrambled to her.Dragonfly stopped too. She said after a moment, "I'm sorry. But I feel like - I feel like you betrayed me.". "The woman with you defies the Rule of Roke," the Windkey said. "She must leave. A boat is waiting.always to do better than the others, always to be first... The art becomes a contest, a game. The.GOLDEN WAS immensely happy and quite unconscious of it. "Old man's got his jewel back," said the carter to the forester. "Sweet as new butter, he is." Golden, unaware of being sweet, thought only how sweet life was. He had bought the Reche grove, at a very stiff price to be sure, but at least old Lowbough of Easthill hadn't got it, and now he and Diamond could develop it as it ought to be developed. In among the chestnuts there were a lot of pines, which could be felled and sold for masts and spars and small lumber, and replanted with chestnut seedlings. It would in time be a pure stand like the Big Grove, the heart of his chestnut kingdom. In time, of course. Oak and chestnut don't shoot up overnight like alder and willow. But there was time. There was time, now. The boy was barely seventeen, and he himself just forty-five. In his prime. He had been feeling old, but that was nonsense. He was in his prime. The oldest trees, past bearing, ought to come out with the pines. Some good wood for furniture could be salvaged from them..He had tried to look at Ember as untouchable while he longed to touch her soft brown skin, her.Patterner, dweller in the Immanent Grove, master of meaning and intent.old, but that was nonsense. He was in his prime. The oldest trees, past bearing, ought to come out."Is he curing the cattle?" she asked..schooling. Spoken or written, Hardic is useless for casting spells..by their victory in the Pelnish Sea, had taken the fleet on into the far West Reach and attacked."Why don't you answer?". wizard, and so, thinking to earn her porridge, she did her best to repair the Otter's House,.An escalator began in the space between the buildings, suddenly entered a tunnel, silver.He smiled again. "You're a beautiful woman," he said, but plainly, not in the flattering way he had used with her at first, before she showed him she hated it. "Why would you be a man?".House, but inside the wood it was all shadows..but he did. If he wanted to touch one of the great beasts he had only to stand and speak to it a.size and prosperity..bedsheet, had it done and hung out one sunny day before she knew what he was doing. "You needn't."In the west," he said..kings who followed him in Enlad were seven, and their realm increased in peace and wealth. Then.After a while he said, "I could chase an etymology on the brink of doom ... But I think, Azver, that that's where we are. We won't defeat him.". "Were there any women there?".trade - wonderful illusions. But people don't want to believe that. They want the mysteries, the.faded and then darkened into grey as clouds swept again across the mountain and hid the rising.him. He drew closer to Irian. He felt the warmth of her body. She stood staring, in that animal."Whom do you serve?" asked the shorter and younger of the women, speaking for the first time. She.In the lore-book from Way, which he brought with him in a spell-sealed box whenever he traveled,.looked him up and down and said, "One man works weather on this ship. If it's not me, I'm off.".town at the head of a bay that opened out eastward, and beyond it the high line of the sea's edge.little while in the language of those who do not speak. "Ulla," he said, naming them. "Ellu..had won his staff on Roke, was used to

having boys come to him begging to be tested and, if they and charms to ensure the good outcome of such undertakings was shared among the witches. But when. Maybe that's what the Masters are afraid of. Maybe celibacy isn't as necessary as the Rule of Roke. last century of the period, assaults from the Kargs in the east and the dragons in the west became. arms and snug about the hips, was talking with a blonde girl who had her back against the bowl. When he was done Veil was silent a long time and then said, "That was what you meant, when you came here first-I could not save the one who saved me." I had thought, upon entering, that the wall opposite the door was of glass, and that through. "But surely you can't tell?". herbals, and established that mastery in high honor at Roke. ears, the white -- in the shadow, silvery -- dress. This was not possible. A dream? I was still a few. "Edran," said the Namer promptly, and laughed. "Drake. Dragon..." A globe of misty, greenish fire drifted swiftly down the corridor at eye level, apparently. had held him. "Tell Thorion we will meet him on Roke Knoll," he said. "When he comes, we will be. And Dulse was standing on his own doorstep, three eggs in his hand and the rain running cold down his back. heart of the teaching of magic.. "What will you do, Master Tern?" asked the Summoner, a grey-haired mage from Ilien. thing in a dangerous element, vulnerable to spells and hexes. As soon as Hound came aboard the new. "But I will come, master!" he said. And then after a pause, "How soon?" And after a longer pause, he told the air something in a language the ship's captain did not understand, and made a gesture that darkened the air about him for an instant. My neighbor to the left -- corpulent, tan, with eyes that shone too much (from contact. "But we met, we sat, and we could not choose. We said this and said that, but no name was spoken. And then I..." He paused a while. There came on me what my people call the eduevanu, the other breath. Words came to me and I spoke them. I said, Hama Gondun! And Kurremkarmerruk told them this in Hardic: "A woman on Gont." But when I came back to my own wits, I could not tell them what that meant. And so we parted with no Archmage chosen. He drank a mug of beer down in one draft, and the girls with him watched the muscles in his strong. He hard-boiled the three new eggs and one already in the larder and put them into a pouch along with four apples and a bladder of resinated wine, in case he had to stay out all night. He shrugged arthritically into his heavy cloak, took up his staff, told the fire to go out, and left. Away from the lanterns of the party it was dark, but she knew the way in the dark. He was there. "We must give what we have to give," said Medra. "If all but us are slaves, what's our freedom. his back. "I do not know my other name," she said. She spoke as he had spoken, as she had spoken to the Summoner, in the Language of the Making, the tongue the dragons speak. "No, no, no. Sul can handle it. Stay home and have your party. You've been working hard. We'll hire a band. Who's the best in the country? Tarry and his lot?" would rub out its king with half a spell. But he let Losen act the master. The pirate was a. contained all others. Approaching ever closer to that mastery, he understood that the crafts of. The wind blew in the dry grass. "You're singing," she said and lightly tugged at me. We walked among the tables and I. which the poem was first spoken. he was what he had called a sending or was there in flesh and blood. Nothing about him appeared. "But you're right, Herbal, we're out of balance," said Kurremkarmerruk, his voice hard and harsh. "When and where did we begin to go too far? What have we forgotten, turned our back on, overlooked?". She knew the old powers, those my grandmother told me of, the powers of the earth. They were. He must prove to her and himself that his dreams were meaningless. "But Havnor lies between us," she said. He looked stern. The dragon bore him away. "and lies flourish in that soil. But the art of magic, though it may be used for false ends, deals. liking, and her only lust was to learn what he could teach her. There were only dragons, to begin with. They found the tooth on Mount Onn, in Havnor, at the. into a strict hierarchy by Halkel. Under his rules. After a while the Patterner said, "That art, summoning, you know, is very . . . terrible. It is ... always danger. Here," and he looked up into the green-gold darkness of the trees, "here is no summoning. No bringing back across the wall. No wall." that we enter departing. "And mine with you, my ember of fire, my flowering tree, my love, Elehal." given him for his twelfth birthday. He put it to his lips, his fingers danced, and he played a. "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. He had never told Ogion anything about his first teacher, a sorcerer of no fame, even in Gont, and. "Now you," Diamond said to Rose, and she started to do what he had done, but the rock only. You must not weaken, and not think, "Oh, if I just beg them to let me in, they can't refuse me." Again there was silence between them. The leaves of the willows stirred. "I'm never cold," she said. "It was him." by refugees fleeing the western lands and by interruptions to shipping and trade, since the. "You can let me into the Great House, sir." "I told him," Golden said, "that I had seen you, with a turn of your hand and a single word, change a wooden carving of a bird into a bird that flew up and sang. Pre seen you make a light glow in thin air. You didn't know I was watching. I've watched and said nothing for a long time. I didn't want to make too much of mere childish play. But I believe you have a gift, perhaps a great gift. When I told Master Hemlock what I'd seen you do, he agreed with me. He said that you may go study with him in South Port for a year, or perhaps longer." He stood tongue-tied. After a while she looked up at him. "No," she said in a soft, quiet voice. warmth and weight of her touch that he had wasted so much time wanting. the way and was wandering without heed. He talked, turning sometimes to Otter to guide him or warn. Hound was

sorry for him. "You know, if it was Gelluk questioning you, he'd have everything you living doing what I know how to do. But I don't meddle with the great arts, the perilous crafts." It was a hundred and twenty-seven years ago. I was thirty then. The expedition. . . I was tried to say he would not take the man's work from him. But all these words burned away in the anterooms of the Lords of Way in Shelieth, trying to prove his right to the whole domain as it had. were old and uncanny. But in the Isles all books were old and all uncanny, what there was of them..A BOAT-SONG FROM WEST HAVNOR

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