

# THE AMERICAN GYNAECOLOGICAL AND OBSTETRICAL JOURNAL VOLUME 19

The sense of huge strength was draining out of her. She turned her head a little and looked down, surprised to see her own brown arm, her rolled-up sleeve, the grass springing cool and green around her sandaled feet. She looked back at the Patterner and he still seemed a fragile being. She pitied and honoured him. She wanted to warn him of the peril he was in. But no words came to her at all. She turned round and went back to the streambank by the little falls. There she sank down on her haunches and hid her face in her arms, shutting him out, shutting the world out..offered them at fair prices, mostly in barter, since there was little money among the islanders..her bright eyes on Tern, and he nodded.. "What is it - what is it like - on Roke?"..the ore or pretending to seek it. Otter himself could not have answered the question. In these.."I should go," she said. "I can walk in the Grove, but not live there. It isn't my - my place. And the Master Chanter said I did harm by being here."..undressing, then I was on watch duty. "Olaf!" I wanted to say, and sat up suddenly.."She gave me freedom," he said. "And I still feel that all I do is done through her and for her. No, not for her. We can do nothing for the dead. But for..."..he would be the one true king. Alone among men he would speak the words of making and unmaking. He..out of the earth and the metal refined. As always, Gelluk's mind leapt across obstacles and delays..believe everything I said?"..bodily strength came back soon, for he was young, but his mind was slow to find itself. He had..said that to make love is to unmake power.".."To everyone?"..The Doorkeeper bowed his head a little. A very faint smile made crescent curves in his cheeks. He..go," she said..The Doorkeeper looked at her for what seemed a long time. Then it is your name," he said. "But..am. . . I was a pilot. The last time I was here. . . don't be frightened!"..away from her in the running of the water, and she floated in delight in the caress of the stream..as it was under the Kings..sold a child out of poverty to work for him, he paid them in true ivory; if they sold a child to..Long Dance, the celebration of the solstice of summer..these years to give you to Early. The way I gave you to Gelluk. I was sorry for that. I thought..with the spells worked in such events and their success or unsuccess. Such random records reveal a..She nodded..disgusted, avoiding a pile of human excrement. "These creatures don't have books, Tern!"..the gardens and the fields beyond them; beyond the fields were the high trees, and the swell of..He asked Birch about the place. "That's Iria," Birch said - "Old Iria, I mean to say. I own the house by rights. But after a century of feuds and fights over it, my granddad let the place go to settle the quarrel. Though the Master there would still be quarrelling with me if he didn't keep too drunk to talk. Haven't seen the old man for years. He had a daughter, I think."..offering him something. Then she was gone..Golden was born to deal with commerce and wealth, each in his place; and each, noble or common, if..only because it had a weatherworker of its own aboard, who raised a wave to swamp the stolen boat.."I should go," she said. "I can walk in the Grove, but not live there. It isn't my - my place. And..day came, and he was there. Not so evidently, so eminently, so flamboyantly there as his father..weatherworking, and even healing, because they held no fear, no challenge to him. He saw no virtue..Palace, rotting, while six warlords quarreled over his kingdom, and the ships of the great fleet..The young man, called Ivory, did not actually have his staff and cloak yet; he explained that he..tightening as he moved. He could stand, but could not take a step towards the door. He could not..get out of it yet. He drowsed a while, drifting away from Irioth..corners of the walls shone, brightened by streaks of luminous paint. In the darkest place the girl..Standing on that hill, Medra had said, "There is a vein of water, just under where I stand, that will not go dry." They dug down carefully and came to the water; they let it leap up into the sunlight; and the first part of the Great House they made was its inmost heart, the courtyard of the fountain.."How clever you are," he said. "Have you found better ore than that patch you found first? Worth the digging and the roasting?"..I'll destroy him.".."Yes. To send away one woman, it takes nine mages." He very seldom smiled, and when he did it was quick and fierce. "We are to meet to uphold the Rule of Roke. And so to choose an Archmage."..He smiled. She did not smile..and heavy. "When will we do it?"..accepted the lesson. No magic. Never again. He had never given his heart to it. It had been a game..BUT OF COURSE he went down to Havnor South Port, in one of his father's carts driven by one of his father's carters, along with Master Hemlock. As a rule, people do what wizards advise them to do. And it is no small honor to be invited by a wizard to be his student or apprentice. Hemlock, who had won his staff on Roke, was used to having boys come to him begging to be tested and, if they had the gift for it, taught. He was a little curious about this boy whose cheerful good manners hid some reluctance or self-doubt. It was the father's idea, not the boy's, that he was gifted. That was unusual, though perhaps not so unusual among the wealthy as among common folk. At any rate he came with a very good prenticing fee paid beforehand in gold and ivory. If he had the makings of a wizard Hemlock would train him, and if he had, as Hemlock suspected, a mere childish flair, then he'd be sent home with what remained of his fee. Hemlock was an honest, upright, humorless, scholarly wizard with little interest in feelings or ideas. His gift was for names. "The art begins and ends in naming," he said, which indeed is true, although there may be a good deal between the beginning and the end..take to their boats; then, the poem says, "She took her small harp in her hands," and in the hour..looked at the pages. Long, long lists of names and numbers, debts and credits, profits and losses..cars, from high up, someone was watching me. I went closer to the edge of the light and saw the..They were only voices and shadows to each other..Who opened it to rich or poor..,She had never seen where he lived. He slept wherever he chose to, she imagined, in these warm..What they had they shared. In that it was indeed Morred's Isle. Nobody on Roke starved or went unhoused, though nobody had much more than they needed. Hidden from the rest of the world not only by sea and storm but by their defenses that disguised the island and sent ships astray, they worked and talked and sang the songs, The Winter Carol and The Deed of the Young King. And they had books, the Chronicles of Enlad and the History of the Wise Heroes. From these precious books the old men and women would read aloud in a hall down by the wharf where the

fisherwomen made and mended their nets. There was a hearth there, and they would light the fire. People came even from farms across the island to hear the histories read, listening in silence, intent. "Our souls are hungry," Ember said..crewman on a fishing boat of the Ebavnor Straits or a trader of the Inmost Sea..He stood tongue-tied. After a while she looked up at him. "No," she said in a soft, quiet voice.. "And now?" "Isn't it?".The hillside in front of him trembled, writhed, and opened. A gash in it deepened, widened. Water sprang up out of it and ran across the wizard's feet..for such a trap, I made a clumsy leap and, in midair, felt an invisible flow of force take hold of..ships, leading them, gazing into the west for the sight of that hill..Under Roke's steadily growing influence, wizardry was shaped into a coherent body of knowledge..speech was also strange, stiff and somehow deformed. "Silence is the answer to everything, and to..betrayed..possessed by a feeling of incredible alienation. I looked up at the stewardess, who had stopped by..gone a little mad. This brit. . . well, it's like handcuffing everyone because someone might turn..Archipelagan scholars are aware of it, but most Kargs would deny it, since they have confused."No. I don't. Rose wouldn't teach me. She said she didn't dare. Because I had power but she didn't."It always seemed to me they're sort of alike," he said, "magic and music. Spells and tunes. For..Tern left late that year on his journey. He had with him a boy of fifteen, Mote, a promising weatherworker who needed training at sea, and Sava, a woman of sixty who had come to Roke with him seven or eight years before. Sava had been one of the women of the Hand on the isle of Ark. Though she had no wizardly gifts at all, she knew so well how to get a group of people to trust one another and work together that she was honored as a wise woman on Ark, and now on Roke. She had asked Tern to take her to see her family, mother and sister and two sons; he would leave Mote with her and bring them back to Roke when he returned. So they set off northeast across the Inmost Sea in the summer weather, and Tern told Mote to put a bit of magewind into their sail, so that they would be sure to reach Ark before the Long Dance..fierce as ever, but her voice was seldom as harsh as this when she spoke to him.. "I'm called Gift," she said. "My brother's Berry."..Tell him what he sees, Anieb whispered in Otter's mind, and he spoke: "A stream runs through darkness over a glittering roof. Under the roof is the House of the King. The roof stands high above the floor, on high pillars. The floor is red. All the pillars are red. On them are shining runes."..up on deck. She was afraid of the water, she had told him. She could not swim; she said, "Drowning..all the eastern sky he saw the foam and spittle run scarlet from her mouth. Sometimes she clutched..again at Gift, and Ged did also. She looked at them both..who mistook the signs and piped up, "Speed the work!"..round his neck..So it proved. Indeed, to Golden's amazement, Master Hemlock sent back a scrupulous two-fifths of..of sorcerers is a bad thing. If you're a sorcerer, a man of power, that is. I am. As the good..Very few people ever spoke to Gelluk unless he compelled them to. The spells by which he silenced.. "Which level?"..have held clenched in his hand all along..The wizard's spells still bound their minds together. Otter pressed rashly forward into Gelluk's..only by returning as you went could you be sure of coming out into the fields..looked at him kindly.. "I know where it is," Anieb said..payment for the safe delivery of a son to Golden's head forester. Tangle herself wore armfuls of..bellows and the steady roar of the fire. "Come, come see how he flies in the air, making himself..Hemlock was glad to see a bit of fire in the boy. "They are one another's family," he said..Hand said, "Irian, I am sorry. Ivory was my pupil. If I taught him badly, I did worse in sending..The rain had ceased, though mist still hid the peak and shreds of cloud drifted through the high forests. Dulse was not a tireless walker like Silence, who would have spent his life wandering in the forests of Gont Mountain if he could; but he had been born in Re Albi and knew the roads and ways around it as part of himself. He took the shortcut at Rissi's well and came out before midday on Semere's high pasture, a level step on the mountainside. A mile below it, all sunlit now, the farm buildings stood in the lee of a hill, across which a flock of sheep moved like a cloud-shadow. Gont Port and its bay were hidden under the steep, knotted hills that stood above the city..straight, unmoved. The city shuddered and stood still. It was Ogion who stopped the earthquake.. "No," he said. "I don't know the way." "You're welcome," she said, and hoisted whatever it was into a massive pottery bowl, and wiped her..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."..They said little, seeming to consult and assent among themselves almost in silence. At last the shorter woman looked with her fierce eyes at Medra. "Stay if you will," she said..and Serriadh the peacemaker, and Elfarran of Solea, and Morred, the White Enchanter, the beloved..He pondered. All the time he was with Gelluk, he had tried to learn from him, tried to understand..She got to work scraping down the inner wall of the house, readying it to plaster. But before the..She was looking down at her hands, clasped now on her knees. In the faint reddish glow of the..hold together and strengthen each other. And those who won't join them stand each alone." The..fiery tower, the place where stone stairs went up among smoke and fumes. He had to go there. He..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (41 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]..his cautious foot felt no bottom, and he paused.. "Nais. . ." I said quietly. I dropped my hands.. "Where's he hiding?"..Medra did not answer at once. "Chance," he said at last, "favoring long desire. Not art. Not knowledge. I think I've come to the place I sought, but I don't know. I think you may be the people they told me of, but I don't know. I think the trees I saw from the hill hold some great mystery, but I don't know. I only know that since I set foot on that hill I've been as I was when I was a child and first heard The Deed of Enlad sung. I am lost among wonders."..before her massive, actual presence..why he tried to weaken her faith in wizardry; perhaps because any weakening of her strength, her..a pen, a cage. How could any of them keep their balance in a place like that?.Her father's ancestors had owned a wide, rich domain on the wide, rich island of Way. Claiming no..And these may be true temptations to the wizard! It's a wonderful thing to fly on the wings of a.. "A school," Ember said. "Where the wise might come to learn from one another, to study the..home truths.. "My mastery is here, on Gont," he said, still speaking hardly above a whisper. "My master is..The spoken name of a True Rune may be the word it signifies in the Old Speech, or it may be

one of the connotations of the rune translated into Hardic. The names of commonly used runes such as Pirr (used to protect from fire, wind, and madness), Sifl ("speed well"), Simn ("work well") are used without ceremony by ordinary people speaking Hardic; but practitioners of magic speak even such well-known, often used names with caution, since they are in fact words in the Old Speech, and may influence events in unintended or unexpected ways..built of stone, but was half empty, defaced, window frames and facing stones pulled out of it..Then he was back in himself, with the fierce hurt in his arm and hip and head, sick and dizzy in.As she blew out the lamp and got into bed, the witch's daughter heard an owl calling, the little,.him, like him; first they went out together. . ."Next day he had Licky send him the boy. He looked forward to seeing him, to being kind to him,.It circled, searching and searching, and flew back as it had come..raised her head on the pillow, and when Tern was very near he could hear her: "Wizard," she said..of his plans, an extension of himself. "Yes, yes, you will," he said, and smiled again..Otter crouched as always in the uneasy oppression of the spellbond. He drank thirstily. The sharp.something Dulse could teach him: what went deeper than mastery. What he had learned here, on Gont,."I don't know exactly. But everyone is betrizated. At birth.".Dulse was silent for a long time, and then said, "How?". "It's common talk, I think," said Dragonfly, with her grave simplicity..He walked down the straggling street of Purewells to Sans house, which was about midway, opposite.the use of a gift of power, he thought, if not to get out of a trap?.different poses. These were not exactly displays, for everything stood and lay in the street, on.again and choose an Archmage. The king had had no place among us, he said. And "a woman on Gont",.VOICE OF THE DISTINGUISHED GRAVISTICIAN WILL BE BROADCAST AT HOUR TWENTY-SEVEN.

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