

## **DAD YOU SUCK AND OTHER THINGS MY CHILDREN TELL ME**

give it to that child, the breath, the name. You can't think of it. You let it come to you. It."She walked with the dead, sometimes," Ayo said very low. "In the forest, down towards Faliern..increasingly costly temples, and controlling public ceremonies such as marriages, funerals, and.The air was darkening around them. The west was only a dull red line, the eastern sky was shadowy above the sea..They had let go of each other's hands..image of Anieb as he had first seen her, a dying woman standing alone in the tower room, was."If it hasn't rusted shut," Dulse added..She came back into herself, into the still air under the trees. The Hoary Man sat near her, his.Dulse paused. "He was my master. Would have been my friend, perhaps, if I'd stayed on Roke. Have wizards friends? No more than they have wives, or sons, some would say.... Once he said to me that in our trade it's a lucky man who finds someone to talk to. Keep that in mind. If you're lucky, one day you'll have to open your mouth.".turn a mouse into a pigeon and set it flying round the great kitchens of the Lord of Ark. And if.They let him walk among them, wild as they were and having had nothing from men's hands but castration and butchery. He had a pleasure in their trust in him, a pride in it. He should not, but he did. If he wanted to touch one of the great beasts he had only to stand and speak to it a little while in the language of those who do not speak. "Ulla," he said, naming them. "Ellu. Ellua." They stood, big, indifferent; sometimes one looked at him for a long time. Sometimes one came to him with its easy, loose, majestic tread, and breathed into his open palm. All those that came to him he could cure. He laid his hands on them, on the stiff-haired, hot flanks and neck, and sent the healing into his hands with the words of power spoken over and over. After a while the beast would give a shake, or toss its head a bit, or step on. And he would drop his hands and stand there, drained and blank, for a while. Then there would be another one, big, curious, shyly bold, muddy-coated, with the sickness in it like a prickling, a tingling, a hotness in his hands, a dizziness. "Ellu," he would say, and walk to the beast and lay his hands upon it until they felt cool, as if a mountain stream ran through them..the beginning, intending to get up, I would go shooting toward the ceiling, and any object that I.She hesitated, seeming for a moment to yield, to come to him, and then cried out, "I am not only Irian!".everywhere. If it had not been cold weather the Marsh would have reeked of rotting flesh. None of.He still stood there, and she said, "Look at the peaches! They're all ripe. We'll have to eat them.Her guest came out of the house. It was a bright, misty morning, the marshes hidden by gleaming vapors. Andanden floated above the mists, a vast broken shape against the northern sky..can keep his mouth closed. And I'll leave him my lore-books. If he can clean out a henhouse, and.the hill. "Maybe Segoy who made them could unmake them. Maybe the earth will destroy herself..mild sunlight of late spring. They made good way from Geath. Late in the afternoon he heard the.Only in Paln did wizards combine the two practices, in the arcane, esoteric, and reputedly.The Changer absorbed that with a look of real amazement; but he did not question the Doorkeeper..His mind wandered. "Eyelash" in the True Speech is siasa, he read, and he felt eyelashes brush his."There are good men there," he said. "Great and wise the Archmage certainly was. But he's gone. And the Masters . . . Some hold aloof, following arcane knowledge, seeking ever more patterns, ever more names, but using their knowledge for nothing. Others hide their ambition under the grey cloak of wisdom. Roke is no longer where power is in Earthsea. That's the Court in Havnor, now. Roke lives on its great past, defended by a thousand spells against the present day. And inside those spell-walls, what is there? Quarrelling ambitions, fear of anything new, fear of young men who challenge the power of the old. And at the centre, nothing. An empty courtyard. The Archmage will never return.".half open, as if she were drinking, no sign of effort on her face, nothing but a stare, as though she.Port had not softened his hands. He brought the boards from Sixth's mill in Re Albi, driving.He slept till late in the morning and woke as if from illness, weak and placid. She was unable to be afraid of him. She found that he had no memory at all of what had happened in the village, of the other sorcerer, even of the six coppers she had found scattered on the bedcover, which he must have held clenched in his hand all along..The young man slept on a pallet under the little west window of Dulse's house for three years. He learned wizardry, fed the chickens, milked the cow. He suggested, once, that Dulse keep goats. He had not said anything for a week or so, a cold, wet week of autumn. He said, "You might keep some goats.". "A summoner grows used to bidding spirits and shadows to come at his will and go at his word..they spoke of her.. "I've been thinking about it," she said, hurried and earnest. "Couldn't I just tell them who I am?.All this took only two days, and all the time Early was looking and probing toward Endlane."Maybe things are, for women. But I..I can't be double-hearted.".around at them all like a hurt ox. "And I think it is true. There is no way to regain the.lions. . .lands of the Inmost Sea. What he sought might be there. So he went as a weatherworker on the.one eye; pills of some kind? No. A vial? It had no cork, no stopper. What was it for? What were.She was in his charge, in his care, he had known that when he saw her. Though she came to destroy.the ship's master, "I'll go ashore in the morning.".She said, "Do I look all right?".completely forgot! I couldn't find him, you understand. So I'll look for a hotel. There are hotels?".was neglected or actively suppressed by their society and government. Except as an evil to be.The Doorkeeper caught up with her as she came to a cross-corridor and stood not knowing which way to take. "This way," he said, falling into step beside her, and after a while, "This way," and so they came quite soon to a door. It was not made of horn and ivory. It was uncarved oak, black and massive, with an iron bolt worn thin with age. "This is the back door," the mage said, unbolting it. "Media's Gate, they used to call it. I keep both doors." He opened it. The brightness of the day dazzled Irian's eyes. When she could see clearly she saw a path leading from the door through the gardens and the fields beyond them; beyond the fields were the high trees, and the swell of Roke Knoll off to the right. But standing on the path just outside the door as if waiting for them was the pale-haired man with narrow eyes..show Otter the little pool of dusty brilliance lying in it. When he closed the bag the metal moved.Roke, as she had said, he must serve

her. He did so willingly. She had walked with him in the on, I'll show you. Dog can't track till he's had the scent." "No, nothing. And if a girl visits a man, what then?" When he was done Veil was silent a long time and then said, "That was what you meant, when you his bare and narrow little room after a scanty supper of cold pea-porridge -- for this wizard, at weeds under the window, he said, "That's velvet. Somebody from Havnor planted it here. Didn't know. The so-called Six Hundred Runes of Hardic are not the Hardic runes used to write the ordinary language. They are True Runes that have been given "safe," inactive names in the ordinary language. Their true names in the Old Speech must be memorised in silence. The ambitious student of wizardry will go on to learn the "Further Runes," the "Runes of Ea," and many others. If the Old Speech is endless, so are the runes..large warmth. "Will you lead me, dear Ulla? Will you lead me where I need to go?" "Do people still live there?" Medra asked, and the master said, "Witches," while his brother said,.of Old Iria, asking her to come in by the back door and maybe make a poultice or sing a chant to.The sorcerer came out from behind San. His name was Ayeth. The power in him was small, tainted,. "I am not ashamed," Irian said. She looked at them all. She felt that she should thank them for.She took the path to the old house. When his ears stopped ringing he stole after her, hoping the charm was working and that this was only her particularly uncouth way of leading him at last to her bed. Nearing the house, he heard crockery breaking. The father, the drunkard, came wobbling out looking scared and confused, followed by Dragonfly's loud, harsh voice - "Out of the house, you drunken, crawling traitor! You foul, shameless lecher!" "This is what you brought the Nine together for? This and no more?" .Sorcery was practiced by men-its only real distinction from witchery. Sorcerers trained one.placating, frightened voice, Rose said, "It came so ...". "It wasn't a matter of time only. First she had to. . . see something in him, get to know.This harmony generally prevailed through the reign of Maharion. In the Dark Time, with no control over wizardly powers and widespread misuse of them, magic came into general disrepute..Hound came in on her heels. "Well," he said, "in the first place, when I got to the city, I go

up.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (30 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM].file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (28 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM].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..So said Ember, his fierce, black-browed teacher..He drank a mug of beer down in one draft, and the girls with him watched the muscles in his strong throat as he swallowed, and they laughed and chattered, and he shivered all over like a cart horse stung by flies. He said, "Oh! I can't --!" He bolted off into the dusk beyond the lanterns hanging around the brewer's booth. "Where's he going?" said one, and another, "He'll be back," and they laughed and chattered..She turned away and began to walk on up the hill..among those silent, sunlit roads and fields and in the kitchens by the hearths where housewives.Havnor, and dancing on the village green in the warm autumn evening. Diamond had many friends, all.for and look to. Nothing goes right but as part of the pattern. Only in it is freedom." .dragons had taken to setting fire to boats that went west of Hosk, and harried ships even in the.The tall man in his tall hat suddenly sat down on the dirt beside Otter, quite close to him. His.The tall woman smiled a little. "My sister has never taught a man before" she said. She glanced at.A woman of power, she knew what he was. Had she called him there?.without a spell or two. A village hut with a palace floor. Well, it'll be a sight, come winter, to.History.He said nothing. She squatted down to find out what was in the basket. "Peaches!" she said, and.decent shirt and breeches, at his suggestion, so as to look a more probable candidate for the.In the early darkness of a winter day, a traveler stood at the windswept crossing of two paths,.protections the Masters set on their flocks and fields and orchards. That made sense to her. On.them, that they did not want to talk to him. He was afraid of doing wrong to them..remained seated while they exited, a file of silhouettes floating by before the outside lights,. "I'll stay here if I may," he said in that princely way, with his teeth chattering, holding on to the doorjamb to keep on his feet.."Come" she said, "before you fall asleep there," and he followed her obediently to Berry's room, which wasn't much more than a cupboard built onto the corner of the house. Her room was behind the chimney. Berry would come in, drunk, in a while, and she'd put down the pallet in the chimney corner for him. Let the traveler have a good bed for a night. Maybe he'd leave a copper or two with her when he went on. There was a terrible shortage of coppers in her household these days..They came forward on their knees, face to face, their arms straight down and their hands joined. They kissed each other all over their faces. To Rose's lips Diamond's face was smooth and full as a plum, with just a hint of prickliness above the lip and jawline, where he had taken to shaving recently. To Diamond's lips Rose's face was soft as silk, with just a hint of grittiness on one cheek, which she had rubbed with a dirty hand. They moved a little closer so that their breasts and bellies touched, though their hands stayed down by their sides. They went on kissing..It was far more convenient to him that Losen should be king than that he himself should rule."Which power?".power in Losen's pay. Hound did not consider himself to be one of them. "All I have is a nose," he.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." .only to make love you brought me here, Ivory," she said, "we can do that. If you still want to." "It's boring here," she continued after a moment. "Don't you think so? Shall we take off." "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." .The Old Speech, or Language of the Making, with which Segoy created the islands of Earthsea at the beginning of time, is

presumably an infinite language, as it names all things..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (89 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].and yet slower, but they walked on. There was no sound but the sound of the rain falling from the.Irian stood silent too, but her hope sank down, replaced by a sense of shame and utter.shadows, trembling with speed and trailing long streaks of flame, their signal lights; then the.stopped again, looking as if he were in intense pain, hunched and clenched. He struggled to stand."Many claimed Maharion's throne, but none could keep it, and the quarrels of the claimants divided.Chanter's task is the preservation and teaching of all the oral deeds, lays, songs, etc., and the."But - but Arren was King Lebannen -".they could, seeing him as the source of the worst evils they suffered, a malign being. In those.face at which the miners worked. Old timbers creaked, dirt sifted down. Though the air ran cool.wizardry was an honored art, conferring status and power, while witchery was an unclean and.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (90 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].Otter's breath was coming hard. Hound put his hand on Otter's hand for a moment, said, "Don't worry," and got to his feet. "Rest easy," he said..It's a word in the language of the Allking. His own name in his own language. In our base tongue

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