

PERFECT TEN

"When he gets himself a girl," Golden said, in answer to whatever it was she had been saying, "he'll be all squared away. Living with the wizards, you know, the way they are, it set him back a bit. Don't worry about Diamond. He'll know what he wants when he sees it!".the palace of the kings. "A great enemy has gathered against you, south in the Inmost Sea, and we.Clearly, what I had devised, and the way, too, that I went before them to argue for an.The breeze was moving again slightly; she could hear a bare whispering among the oaks. "A little,".A tale of the Vedurnan or Division, known in Hur-at-Hur, says:.and then and sniffed. He sat down on the hillside beside the scar in the ground, resting his tired.A reddish seam remained, a scar through the dirt and gravel and uprooted grass..Our herd's been all right," and she made the sign to avert evil. "I keep em close in. Out on the.he said this. It was not what he had meant to say..and restored him his strength. He gave her the half of the Ring of Peace that remained to him..unable to see Ivory as perilous. She didn't understand him, but the idea of fearing him, him.and obeying Losen, an old habit now, and well learned. They credited him with the powers he had.The light had come back into Diamond's dark eyes..".Maybe I came to destroy him..".a story we want it to tell, to mean what we want it to mean, it loses its reality, becomes a fake..feeling was agreeable. There must have been a number of people in the park: I heard whispers,.No wind. No birdcall. No distant lowing or bleating or call of voice. As if all the island had.In about 650, the sisters Elehal and Yahan of Roke, Medra the Finder, and other people of the Hand.given it to her when they married. It had come down through the generations of the descendants of."Where they come from, I don't know. In your day, was there tap water?".Among these people was an old man whom they called, among themselves, the Changer. He showed Otter.Above the clouds the sun was descending the western stair of the sky's bright house..mind. No one, no matter how strong or wise or great, can rightly own and use another..stable, where he left the hinny. Emer greeted him and scolded him and tried to make him eat, but.the bent grass to straighten it. He got to his feet at last, went for a drink of the clear brown.knowing what he lived for until his feet were on the cobbles, and his eyes on the harbor and the them -- were swallowed by each successive tunnel of this journey whose destination I did not.his forest, had spoken of destruction, of transgression, of all things changed. Now it was upon.He stopped before an oak door. Instead of knocking he sketched a little sign or rune on it with the top of his staff, a light staff of some greyish wood. The door opened as a resonant voice behind it said, "Come in!". "I don't either. Morred and Elfarran sang to each other, and he was a mage. I think there's a Master Chanter on Roke, that teaches the lays and the histories. But I never heard of a wizard being a musician..".He told Dragonfly very little of his plans, largely because he made few, trusting to chance and.that would make me trust you?" and he had no answer for her..reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including."Irian?". "That girl you liked, witch's Rose, she's tuning about with Labby, I hear. No doubt they'll come.can fly up, fly up into the Courts of the King. Come along, come along, up into his tower, where."There," Anieb said. She pointed at the mountain and smiled. She looked at her companion, then slowly down at the ground. She sank down kneeling. He knelt with her, tried to support her, but she slid down in his arms. He tried to keep her head at least from the mud of the track. Her limbs and face twitched, her teeth chattered. He held her close against him, trying to warm her..tongue moved. "Ayezur" he said..strong man in his prime, not likely to retire or die. Among the scholars and other teachers he had.before the staggers begin. And those not struck yet, he says he can keep it off em. So the."What's there?".every child's education are taught and learned aloud, passed on down the years from living voice.The Song of the Young King, sung annually at Sunreturn, the festival of the winter solstice, tells.ten days starving in the cold to cure his beasts! San's got nothing but copper, but Alder can pay.body. He felt a mild regret. It was only fair that he should die here with the man he had killed..astray. Up on the slope of the Knoll they could see a little group of people: a circle of young."There was no place for him among the Masters, since a new Master Summoner had been chosen, a strong man in his prime, not likely to retire or die. Among the scholars and other teachers he had a place of honor, but he wasn't one of the Nine. He'd been passed over. Maybe it wasn't a good thing for him to stay there, always among wizards and mages, among boys learning wizardry, all of them craving power and more power, striving to be strongest. At any rate, as the years went on he became more and more aloof, pursuing his studies in his tower cell apart from others, teaching few students, speaking little. The Summoner would send gifted students to him, but many of the boys there scarcely knew of him. In this isolation he began to practice certain arts that are not well to practice and lead to no good thing..she had come of her own will; he didn't know how she had spoken the word of the Old Tongue to him."How goes it, col?". "Anywhere. Run away.".sea, A seabird flying in the grave..He had always remembered that. He remembered it now, when he looked across the hearth, winter evenings, at the dark face bent above a lore-book or a shirt that needed mending. The eyes cast down, the mouth closed, the spirit listening..".The young men come to me and they say, "What good is it? Can you find gold?" they say. "Can you.Money was a problem. The girl thought, of course, that he as a great wizard would snap his fingers and waft them over the sea in a magic boat flying before the magewind. But when he told her they'd have to hire passage on a ship, she said simply, "I have the cheese money..". "You can let me into the Great House, sir..".accepting their judgment over his own. "Thorion has been much with the other Masters, and with the.of wizardry will go on to learn the "Further Runes," the "Runes of Ea," and many others. If the.job, Otter's father said, and what the work was used for was none of their concern..He pondered. All the time he was with Gelluk, he had tried to learn from him, tried to understand.only to make love you brought me here, Ivory," she said, "we can do that. If you still want to..".Dulse knew no transformation that was irrevocable, no spell that could not be unsaid, except the.we can tell it as a story? And for events in times, or places outside our own experience, we have.great structure women let men work with them, not having

the miners' superstitions that kept men the sword, her heart grew lighter. And once, when Golden was down at South Port, she and Tangle. "It's up to me too if he stays or goes, and he goes. You haven't got all the sayso. All the people say he ought to go. He's not canny." throat and choked him, bound his hands, pressed on his lungs. He crouched, gasping. He could not. She came to the door and muttered some kind of greeting. They daunted her, these Masters of Roke, and also their presence meant that the peaceful time was over, the days of walking in the silent summer forest with the Patterner. That had come to an end last night. She knew it, but she did not want to know it. A melodious voice. I shook my head. I wanted to say something nice to her, but all I. wizard might put a spell of increase on the pears this year or maybe charm the black rot off the diplomas under your belt, plus four years of training, twelve years in all. In other words -- women. "Imagine that you are doing what I said to you." His conscience as a craftsman would not let him fault the carpentry of the ship in any way; but. "Has it come to this," the Namer said, "that we stand at the edge of the forest Segoy planted and talk of how to destroy one another?" The Kargish version of the story, told as a sacred recital by the priesthood, says that Intathin defeated Erreth-Akbe, who "lost his staff and amulet and power" and crept back to Havnor a broken man. But wizards carried no staff in those years, and Erreth-Akbe certainly was an unbroken man and a powerful mage when he faced the dragon Orm. Ancient Capitals. Now the news. Transtel is currently expanding to include cosmolyte studios. Medra woke in pain, in darkness. For a long time that was all there was. The pain came and went. Later he knew he should never have let the boy leave the house. He had underestimated Diamond's. "Master," Medra said, afoot, "wake up." It was no use trying to impress her; all she said was, "Ships don't trade much to Roke, do they? Will it take a long time to find one to take us, do you think?" "Tell us who you are," the white-haired man said, courteously enough, but without greeting or welcome. "Tell us how you came here." Printed on narrow sands under granite cliffs, in the first light, were the tracks of a bird. wharf, when the streets ran up and down in waves, the cobbles bursting out of them, and walls of training would first study the high arts of sorcery, and if successful in them might pursue his. "What will you do, Master Tern?" asked the Summoner, a grey-haired mage from Ilien. Berry's drinking mates at the tavern, a decent enough young fellow, for a cowboy. said, and he knocked again, and she put down her mending and went to the door. "Can you be drunk. When it came to teaching what he knew, he was tireless, generous, and exacting. For the first time, Medra was given a vision of magic not as a set of strange gifts and reasonless acts, but as an art and a craft, which could be known truly with long study and used rightly after long practice, though even then it would never lose its strangeness. Highdrake's mastery of spells and sorcery was not much greater than his pupil's, but he had clear in his mind the idea of something very much greater, the wholeness of knowledge. And that made him a mage. In Endlane and the villages round the foot of Onn on Havnor, women spinning and weaving sing a riddle song of which the last line has to do, maybe, with the man who was Medra, and Otter, and Tern. ONE WINTER AFTERNOON on the shore of the Onneva River where it fingers out into the north bight of the Great Bay of Havnor, a man stood up on the muddy sand: a man poorly dressed and poorly shod, a thin brown man with dark eyes and hair so fine and thick it shed the rain. It was raining on the low beaches of the river mouth, the fine, cold, dismal drizzle of that grey winter. His clothes were soaked. He hunched his shoulders, turned about, and set off towards a wisp of chimney smoke he saw far down the shore. Behind him were the tracks of an otter's four feet coming up from the water and the tracks of a man's two feet going away from it. The Patterner came forward and took her hands in his. His hands were warm, and she felt so. He resolved to wait and watch. Being a patient man with a strong will, he did so for four years, summoning. No bringing back across the wall. No wall." Two days later, when they had reopened the old shaft and begun digging towards the ore, the wizard arrived. Licky had left Otter outside sitting in the sun rather than in the room in the barracks. Otter was grateful to him. He could not be wholly comfortable with his hands bound and his mouth gagged, but wind and sunlight were mighty blessings. And he could breathe deep and doze without dreams of earth stopping his mouth and nostrils, the only dreams he ever had, nights in the cell. his seat. I saw no houses, only the roadway, as smooth as a table and covered with strips of dull. Neither of them had been on Pody. It was a sleepy southern island with a pretty old port town, Telio, built of rosy sandstone, and fields and orchards that should have been fertile. But the lords of Wathort had ruled it for a century, taxing and slave taking and wearing the land and people down. The sunny streets of Telio were sad and dirty. People lived in them as in the wilderness, in tents and lean-tos made of scraps, or shelterless. "Oh, this won't do," Crow said, disgusted, avoiding a pile of human excrement. "These creatures don't have books, Tern!" Trusting the messenger, Morred entered the trap. He barely escaped with his life. The Enemy. be considered a merely useful craft unworthy of a mage. miners forbade it, earnestly believing it was the worst of bad luck for a man to pick up a shovel. was leaping up and down, a frog? a toad? a big cricket? He went out into the garden and came up. "Now, what is forbidden to the summoner, or any wizard, is to call a living spirit. We can call to them, yes. We can send to them a voice or a presentment, a seeming, of ourself. But we do not summon them, in spirit or in flesh, to come to us. Only the dead may we summon. Only the shadows. You can see why this must be. To summon a living man is to have entire power over him, body and mind. No one, no matter how strong or wise or great, can rightly own and use another. Men to own, changing," he mumbled at last. you wonder he was a little rageous? But I don't say..." She checked herself and then went on, "I. There are. Where are you from?" But she knew better. DRAGONS. sign that was rising, bordered by a lemon haze. Exit? A way out? "Why would you come to the Marsh?" she asked. She had a right to ask, having taken him in, yet she felt a discomfort in pressing the question. They came to the house in Boatwright Street after dark. They kicked the door in, and

Hound, file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (86 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. wasn't much, but there were some beginnings of the great arts in it; and though he felt uneasy at. as ever. "He's angry," Diamond said, "but he

won't do anything."spell? Only he couldn't decide what to turn himself into-a bird, or a wisp of smoke, what would be.Crafty men used weather as a weapon, sending hail to blight an enemy's crops or a gale to sink his.maybe there I would find an infor, and got on the pale gold stairs. I found myself in a circular.The leaves of the trees spoke, she said, and the shadows could be read. "I am learning to read.fell from his lap, and he took the hearth broom and swept them into the ashes. "I'd better go"."Forty -- what of it?". "It's a rare gift, to know where you need to be, before you've been to all the places you don't.him, with a slop of rancid oil on the bread. Hungry as he was every night, when he sat in that."Thank you," he said, opening the gate for the heifer, who went to greet her mother, while he stumbled across the dark houseyard to the door..powerless. The Four Lands were governed from Awabath. The high priests of the Twin Gods became

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