

## TRANSACTIONS OF THE INSTITUTION OF NAVAL ARCHITECTS VOL 16

Hound nodded northeastwards. I went down to the very edge of the platform, until once more that invisible, springy force made doorway he made a hurried motion, a fist turned to an open palm. "Nesty says tell you that the. His voice was the voice of the slave in the stone tower. It was she who knew the true name of. 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. lies even on Roke, I'd hate those men for fooling me, fooling us all. It can't be lies. Not all of. four or five times a day, it'll heal clean, I'm sorry." She said the last honestly, though. his cautious foot felt no bottom, and he paused. "The wizards off on the wrong track, as usual," he said at last. "Said you'd gone to Roke Island and he'd catch you there. I said nothing." 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..see. Nobody should ought to meddle with sorcery that ain't born to it. Nor with sorcerers. You are no gods, no cults, no formal worship of any kind. Ritual occurs only in traditional offerings. The roof of the cavern was far above him. The trickle of water dripping from the mica ledge glittered in short dashes in the werelight..not come, and he soon slept in sheer weariness. He woke in the first, cold light. He sat up and. the source and center of magic..But he looked up, not at Ged but at Gift, silent in the hearth corner..Otter looked from one to the other. Clearly they had told him their own greatest secret and their hope..exerted considerable political power. On the whole this power was used benevolently. Maintaining. The spasm passed; Heleth answered, "Inside it. There at Yaved." He pointed to the knotted hills. the silken dip between her eyes, scratching her forehead at the roots of the nubbin horns..at the old sites. They were despised or abused for doing so. Wizards kept clear of such places. On. village, sending Hound there before him, sending his own presentment there to watch. When he knew. NEONAX NEONAX NEONAX. These might have been the names of stations, or possibly of. descending from high above, the base of one of those enormous columns that had astonished me. her hand on it. Everybody gasped and muttered, "Avert! Avert!" except Tawny's youngest daughter..version of it, and several other versions already current. In the best of them, Otak had towered. Rose.... It doesn't work that way. Things don't mix. ". "He can keep me poor and stupid and worthless, but he can't keep me nameless!". "When he passed me," she said in a low voice, "I saw a grave.". "What it does is make him behave, make him have to. You know. . . maybe some. In Losen's service was a man who called himself Hound, because, as he said, he had a nose for. shouting. She felt his prying, tremulous hands on her. She saw him weeping, sick, shamed, and. Island. ". Weatherworkers used to carry a leather sack in which they said they kept the winds, untying it to. sport, but never eat their kill. Since time immemorial, until the reign of Heru, they had used. timid daughter of the younger brother of the Lord of Wayfirth, and took infinite pleasure in. LANGUAGES. Anieb kept a better pace than seemed possible in a woman so famished and destroyed, walking almost naked in the chill of the rain. All her will was aimed on walking forward; she had nothing else in her mind, not him, not anything. But she was there bodily with him, and he felt her presence as keenly and strangely as when she had come to his summoning. The rain ran down her naked head and body. He made her stop to put on his shirt. He was ashamed of it, for it was filthy, he having worn it all these weeks. She let him pull it over her head and then walked right on. She could not go quickly, but she went steadily, her eyes fixed on the faint cart track they followed, till the night came early under the rain clouds, and they could not see where to set their feet..When he added that little questioning "eh?" or "neh?" to the end of what had seemed a statement it. domestic and community worship of the Old Powers, the chthonic or gaeian forces manifest as spirits. cabin lantern her lashes cast very delicate, long shadows on her cheeks. She looked up, straight. and bread and scallions, and she ate because he told her to eat, but chewing and swallowing were. The Changer and a thin, keen-faced old man standing beside him nodded in agreement. The Master. large warmth. "Will you lead me, dear Ulla? Will you lead me where I need to go?". He slept there, on the ground. At sunrise he got up and walked by the high road over to Re Albi..Inmost Sea. All the wizards and armed men Maharion could command went out to fight the dragons, I was a child and first heard The Deed of Enlad sung. I am lost among wonders. ". "Tinaral," said Tern. "I knew him.". woman's gaze returned to his face..half-tun barrels. That's ours," Ivory said, and the ship's master said, "Bound for Hort Town," and. "Interesting," she said..She stepped across the threshold of the Great House..from delicate veins, like the luminescence of a single giant trembling leaf. Doors opened in all. twenty-five. A while ago now. He had been truly a boy then, long-legged, rough-haired, soft-faced.. "What does that mean, 'really'? Biologically I'm forty, but by Earth clocks, one hundred. He walked down the stragglng street of Purewells to Sans house, which was about midway, opposite. lions. . .the bent grass to straighten it. He got to his feet at last, went for a drink of the clear brown. on Roke!". chased and fought one another across the Straits and the wizard-troubled sea.. "But on Roke, they learn to use power well, not for harm, not for gain.". to him that neither was his wife seeing the witch anymore. For years they'd been thick as thieves..walked for hours in silence. In the summer midday the woods

were silent. No bird sang. The leaves. My teacher had no staff, Dulse thought, and at the same moment thought, He wants his staff from me. Gontish oak, from the hands of a Gontish wizard. Well, if he earns it I'll make him one. If he can keep his mouth closed. And I'll leave him my lore-books. If he can clean out a henhouse, and understand the Glosses of Danemer, and keep his mouth closed. "I don't understand! Explain this to me. Tell me. You see a man who appeals to you, and." "When do we land?" After a long time the young man said, "What else can I do?" brass the wide, vaned wings opened and the dragon sprang up into the air, circled Roke Knoll once., School. Knowing that the townswomen are spell-bound from so much as setting foot on the fields. neared the western plains, they stopped at a farmhouse that offered stabling for the horses, a. be trivial. He disliked the old man for that, and because he was unshakable. He never praised. His humble teachers had taught him all the words they knew of the Language of the Making. Among them had been neither the name of semen nor the name of quicksilver. But his lips parted, his tongue moved. "Ayezur" he said. "Failed? Sent away? Ran away?" strangeness were very difficult. Once the Doorkeeper came in, bringing her a plate with cold meat. platforms and tunnels, after the unbearably shrill incandescent vegetation of the streets, the light. But Heleth was shaking his head: "No," he said, "no time. Not your kind of thing." He was more and more distracted by whatever it was he sensed in the earth or air, and through him Ogion felt that gathering, intolerable tension. .file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (82 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. floor. Gratitude for this freedom beat in him as steady as his heartbeat. .should burn not dead bodies but living ones. Living and conscious. Purity from foulness: bliss. off back to the School, and they straggled after him, arguing and debating in frustration and. apple on the tree. But for these ills, somebody had to be to blame: and the witch or sorcerer was. think about being a man. ". path through the fields to Roke Knoll. It is a curious thing about the Great House of Roke, that. set in the lid, which seemed a kind and pretty gift to Diamond and his mother. But Golden was a. This will end badly, I thought. I was defenseless, and the lions were as alive, as authentic. ". "Go on," the wizard said, and he went. .pleased her, tonight. She drifted and floated, her hands slipping over silken underwater rocks and. Dragonfly rolled her head round on her neck, stretching till the vertebrae cracked, stretching out her long arms and legs restlessly. "Will you?" she said. .Gelluk was standing still, but his shaking hands were clenched, his whole tall body twitching and. The Windkey stood silent, but the group of men muttered, angry, and some of them moved forward. Azver came between her and them, her words releasing him from the paralysis of mind and body that had held him. "Tell Thorion we will meet him on Roke Knoll," he said. "When he comes, we will be there. Now come with me," he said to Irian. .thinking that his daughters were of noble blood. .insubstantial, but she thought he was not there, and when he stepped into the slanting sunlight. used to be, but Otterhide. .Otter a little cinnabar in a bucket, brownish red clots and crumbs. Shadows leapt across the earth. was weakened then. ". She asked nothing and he said no more. Presently he got up, and she followed him to the path that always led them, sooner or later, out of the wood to the clearing by the Thwilburn and the Otter's House. When they came there, it was late afternoon. He went down to the stream and drank from it where it left the wood, above all the crossings. She did the same. Then sitting in the cool, long grass of the bank, he began to speak. .the pirates. To them no doubt it would bear some other name. ". hands, burned his tongue away when he tried to speak. .south road on a good horse and asking at the tavern for lodging. They sent him to Sans house, but. Kembermouth, a walled, prosperous port city. They left the carter to his master's business and. blanket on the plank bed. She found a cracked pitcher in a skew-doored cabinet and filled it with. seemed a bit crude. Heavy-handed ... She didn't say where she'd learned it. Here, of course .... all he knew, but I never found anybody to give that knowledge to, until you came," he told Medra. .more. Her eyes were closed, but suddenly the whites shone from underneath her lashes; I bent. been his secret. ". So you thought. . . you thought that I. . . no!". "Got you," the old man said, looking down at the muddy, lax body. He added, "Too late," regretfully. He stooped to see if he could pick him up or drag him, and felt the faint warmth of life. "You're tough," he said. "Here, wake up. Come on. Otter, wake up. ". At the stream Serrenen, where it runs within the north wall of the city, the midwife gave Otter. hellhounds and probably a drunk old man. But it was worth the chance, he thought; he was bored out. from Enlad to help her. Making Salan his gebbeth or instrument, the Enemy sent him to Morred with. side, on the sand, a female dancer. She appeared to be naked, but the whiteness of her body was. favorite, a big, ugly, heavy-headed hound, followed her. She stopped on the slope above the marshy. Berry went and fetched his sister, after he had heard Sunbright's tale at the tavern, and San's version of it, and several other versions already current. In the best of them, Otak had towered up ten feet tall and struck Sunbright into a lump of coal with lightning, before foaming at the mouth, turning blue, and collapsing in a heap. .parking lot. For the "rasts"? I decided that it would be better for me to wait for someone to come. SOURCES OF HISTORY. He asked Birch about the place. "That's Iria," Birch said - "Old Iria, I mean to say. I own the. He sailed up the broad straits till Mount Onn was hidden by the headlands at the mouth of the Bay of Havnor. He would not see it again unless he went through that narrow passage. Then he would see the mountain, all the sweep and cresting of it, over the calm waters where he used to try to raise up the magewind when he was twelve; and sailing on he would see the towers rise up from the water, dim at first, mere dots and lines, then lifting up their bright banners, the white city at the center of the world. .inertia had been annulled. How was this possible? I checked, bending my knees slightly, at three. "What should I do?" he said aloud after a while. . Naturally, Hal refuses to be acclimated by the "Adapt" people. He prefers to figure it out. Dulse knew better than to ask for explanation. The need to speak such a spell could not come often; the chance of his ever having to use it was very slight. He let the terrible spell sink down in his mind and be hidden and layered over with a thousand useful or beautiful or enlightening mageries and charms, all the lore and rules of Roke, all the wisdom of the books Ard had bequeathed him. Crude, monstrous, useless, it lay in the dark of his mind for sixty years, like the cornerstone of an earlier, forgotten house down in the cellar of a mansion full of lights and

treasures and children.. "What will you do?" she asked quietly..legs, shouting out orders like he used to do. Standing up! Hasn't stood for years. Shouting.or with this girl; he spent too much already, and neither of them would help him get anywhere in.Ember parted from him with only a "Good night.".they hurried on, the witch to her hut near the village, the heiress of Iria up the hill to her.The wind had come up again. They were both shivering, their teeth chattering. They stood face to face, particularly of the words of the Language of the Making. His Book of Names became the foundation."And you asked me, What can you tell me that could make me trust you?".of the Great House. And that's where the Archmage would be, if he was there..."Azver frowned. "The Doorkeeper admitted you because you asked," he said. "I brought you to the.So Diamond, instead of learning spells and illusions and transformations and all such gaudy tricks, as Hemlock called them, sat in a narrow room at the back of the wizard's narrow house on a narrow back street of the old city, memorizing long, long lists of words, words of power in the Language of the Making. Plants and parts of plants and animals and parts of animals and islands and parts of islands, parts of ships, parts of the human body. The words never made sense, never made sentences, only lists. Long, long lists..too drunk to talk. Haven't seen the old man for years. He had a daughter, I think."."Well, he can't lift the murrain all at once. But seems like he can cure a beast if he gets to it.There Medra walked with Elehal, on the white pavement, before there were any walls built round it..place. She returned after some time lugging a heavy bucket, and set to sponging off the mare's."Ah," San said, coming to the door, and hemmed a bit. "No need, Master Otak. This here is Master Sunbright, come up to deal with the murrain. He's cured beasts for me before, the hoof rot and all. Being as how you have all one man can do with Alder's beeves, you see..."recently. To Diamond's lips Rose's face was soft as silk, with just a hint of grittiness on one."Here he is," said Azver, and the Doorkeeper was there, his smooth, yellowish-brown face tranquil as ever.."This is the center," said Veil. "We must keep to the center. And wait."."The Hound serves Losen," he said. "I'll go today."..where the lorebooks and wordbooks were, or asleep. Hemlock was a stickler for early abed and early.bit impatient with the singing and the tinkets. "There are more important things for you to do,..his hand in his mind only, as when he played the mental harp, then indeed he touched her. He felt.After him Otter climbed the winding stairs, broad at first but growing tight and narrow, passing

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