

# INSURANCE COMMISSIONER OF THE STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA FOR THE YE

had a keen, hard face, with long black brows..That was where Hound found him, miles away from the valley, west of Samory, on the edge of the great forest of Faliern..name written in the dust by the falling rain. Ged could force the dragon Yevaud to obey him..potions used in aid of lust, jealousy, and malice. And a child's gift for magic became a thing to..Since the name of the person is the person, in the most literal and absolute sense, anyone who..Then he was back in himself, with the fierce hurt in his arm and hip and head, sick and dizzy in..CENTER, although that surely did not mean the center of the city. At any rate, I let myself be led..the yells of gulls and dockworkers wreathing the air with a thin, ungainly music, he shut his eyes..himself again, but sick as a dog, as who could blame him, and all the while there was this light..chimney. Berry would come in, drunk, in a while, and she'd put down the pallet in the chimney..The trouble rose up in Irioth's mind as it had not done since he came to the High Marsh. He struggled against it. A man of power had come to heal the cattle, another man of power. But a sorcerer, Alder had said. Not a wizard, not a mage. Only a curer, a cattle healer. I do not need to fear him. I do not need to fear his power. I do not need his power. I must see him, to be sure, to be certain. If he does what I do here there is no harm. We can work together. If I do what he does here. If he uses only sorcery and means no harm. As I do..nursery, until driven back into the west by Ged. But the marauding dragons of the Lay and the..The curer checked the girths, eased a strap, and got up in the saddle, not expertly, but the hinny."I don't know," he said..and the lay of the land on Semel, and the mountain whose name is Andanden. So I came to the High..She had thought maybe his talk of coming here to cure the cattle sickness was one of the mad bits..their blood ran mingled, making the sand red..OTTER WAS THE SON of a boatwright who worked in the shipyards of Havnor Great Port. His mother..Otter had got control of his face and voice. He wiped his eyes and nose, cleared his throat, and said, "Might be a good idea. Come to Roke. Safer."..felt sick. After a while I'll be able to eat again," he explained..have a man of very great power, a mage, wandering about Earthsea not in his right mind, and maybe..He stood there for a while, bewildered. It seemed to him that it was not by his own act or decision that he had taken his own form, but that in touching this ground, this hill, he had become himself. A magic greater than his own prevailed here..slowly parted the edges: nothing. Wider: it appeared again, popping out of nowhere, a head..Since the coronation of King Lebannen and the restoration of the High Courts and Councils in Havnor Great Port, Roke has remained without an archmage. It appears that this office, not originally part of the governance of the school or of the Archipelago, is no longer useful or appropriate, and that Ged, whom many call the greatest of the arch-mages, may have been the last.."I think Irian of Way may have come to us seeking not only what she needs to know, but also what.."A group of young men," said the Herbal, breathless, as he came to them. "Thorion's army. Coming here. To take the girl. To send her away." He stood and drew breath. "The Doorkeeper was speaking with them when I left. I think -".higher levels. Thundering, fluttering the hair of those who were standing with strong gusts of..the gardens and the fields beyond them; beyond the fields were the high trees, and the swell of..decision that he had taken his own form, but that in touching this ground, this hill, he had.. "Mercy," whispered Gift. She had not sewn a stitch since he began..did it told me. She talked about her son on Roke. Calling out to him to come, you know. But like..sat down on the pallet, and went on thinking. The prisoning spell was still there, yet it had no..the men of greed. What good can any art be used that way? It's wasted. It goes wrong, or it's..above its eyes and below its ears. When he did so, it flicked its long right ear. So when he.."What's that all about?" Golden said to his wife, a rhetorical question. She looked at him and..great forest of Faliern..using Hound's true name, and the old man came to him as he was bound to do. He was sullen, though..She stepped across the threshold of the Great House..only transparent, as if molded in glass, even the seats were like glass, though soft. Without.."How do you know of that House?"..milk. Her eyes grew wide in surprise. Something like a mocking smile touched her lips. She..He knew that, knew it absolutely, though still he tried to say spells, and raised his arms in the incantation, and beat the air in fury. Then he looked eastward, straining his eyes for the flashing beat of the galley oars, for the sails of his ships coming to punish these people and save him..roaster tower, a narrow passage in the three-foot-thick walls. He took Otter's arm, for the young.."I can protect you here, and have done so. On Roke, of course, you'll be perfectly safe. The very.."Sitting with old Ferny. She died this afternoon, Mother will be there all night. But how did you get here?"..became more and more aloof, pursuing his studies in his tower cell apart from others, teaching few.."All under here's worked out long since" Licky said. And Otter had begun to be aware of the.."You're terrific." She seemed calmer, but still she did not sit. "Then why were you so..and then and sniffed. He sat down on the hillside beside the scar in the ground, resting his tired..He treasured her rustic sayings of that kind. Sometimes she frightened him, and he resented it.."Not hiding at all. Went about the city, talking to people. Went to see his mother in Endlane, round the mountain. He's there now.."..wizard's fiery visions, with her. Over and over he saw the wizard fall, saw the earth close. He..neighbor had made herself useful and was gathering up blood-soaked cloths scattered by the bed..and to doubt himself, before the earth rose up around him, dry, warm, and dark.."Well, that won't do," said the stranger pleasantly. "I can't be bringing on a birth untimely. Is there maybe a room above the tavern?".."But she was only a girl like the others, too," Mead said, and hid her face. "A good girl," she.."Broom's a village sorcerer. This man is a wise man. He learned the High Arts at the Great House on Roke!"..will be born dead, I know it!"..have it.."told you. Sir.."Yaved!"..She had no wish to explore for herself. The peacefulness of the place called for stillness, watching, listening; and she knew how tricky the paths were, and that the Grove was, as the Patterner put it, "bigger inside than outside'. She sat down in a patch of sun-dappled shade and watched the shadows of the leaves play across the ground. The oakmast was deep; though she had never seen wild swine in the wood, she saw their tracks here. For a moment she caught the scent of a fox. Her thoughts moved as

quietly and easily as the breeze moved in the warm light.. "But he scared em, somehow, did he?" "Pretty good, pretty good," his father said. "Keep practicing." And he went on. He was not sure. Day by day, as they talked in the old stableyard of Iria, where they had fallen into the habit of meeting, she asked him and he told her more, though reluctantly, always partially; he shielded his Masters, she thought, trying to defend the bright image of Roke, until one day he gave in to her insistence and spoke freely at last.. betrayed.. "I'd always counted on your going into the family business," Golden said. His tone was neutral.. also long for the unalterable.. "Well, he can't lift the murrain all at once. But seems like he can cure a beast if he gets to it. "I heard -" she said, and could not say what she had heard.. "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.. "No," she said, "only me... But there's a great deal of seeking and finding to be done in the Grove. Enough to keep even you from being restless. Why north?".. sorcery was not much greater than his pupil's, but he had clear in his mind the idea of something.. "The girl flew away, lord," the man said unwillingly.. place. She returned after some time lugging a heavy bucket, and set to sponging off the mare's.. THE ISLAND OF SEMEL lies north and west across the Pelnish Sea from Havnor, south and west of the.. When she woke, the Master Patterner was sitting nearby, and a basket was on the grass between.. Crow was delighted to get a water-stained bestiary from the time of Akambar in return for five.. "We couldn't hide the wrestle we'd had with him, though we said as little about it as we could. And many there said good riddance, for he'd always been half mad, and now was mad entirely.. "Are there any wizard musicians?" he asked, looking up.. around the station, in the Center itself? This seemed odd to me. The wind bore a faint fragrance.. She stood up. And I got up from my horribly low chair.. "I think I've found my little finder," said Gelluk. His voice was deep and soft, like the notes of.. The young man, called Ivory, did not actually have his staff and cloak yet; he explained that he.. But as he went back up the streets of South Port he lost her. He swore to keep her with him, to think of her, to think of her that night, but she faded away. By the time he opened the door of Master Hemlock's house he was reciting lists of names, or wondering what would be for dinner, for he was hungry most of the time. Not till he could take an hour and run back down to the docks could he think of her.. "No," his wife said in her soft, level voice, "we aren't.. "so much before. Could they be flying columns? People were hurrying toward it from all.. "The Patterner sent for us," said the Master Herbal. He looked uncomfortable. Noticing a clump of.. Erreth-Akbe, sailing into the bay "with sails worn transparent by the eastern winds," could not pause to "embrace his heart's brother or greet his home." Taking dragon form himself, he flew to battle with Orm over Mount Onn. "Flame and fire in the midnight air" could be seen from the palace in Havnor. They flew north, Erreth-Akbe in pursuit. Over the sea near Taon, Orm turned again and this time wounded the mage so that he had to come down to earth and take his own form. He came, with the dragon now following him, to the Old Island, Ea, the first land Segoy raised from the sea. On that sacred and powerful soil, he and Orm met. Ceasing their battle, they spoke as equals, agreeing to end the enmity of their races.. He listened. They walked on at last through a silence enlarged and deepened by that far call.. He stood in the locked room in the dark and knew he would go free, because he was already free. A wizards, advisers to the kings.. "I was new at the business of being Archmage then. And younger than the man we fought, and maybe.. and charms to ensure the good outcome of such undertakings was shared among the witches. But when.. sleek creature was the mortal mind; and where the stream passes the hill west of Samory, the otter.. young king, from the shores of death. Then the dragon carried Sparrowhawk away to his home, for.. his seat. I saw no houses, only the roadway, as smooth as a table and covered with strips of dull.. schooling. Spoken or written, Hardic is useless for casting spells.. him; but with Hound on his track, most likely he left Havnor as soon as he could, shipping as a.. His conscience as a craftsman would not let him fault the carpentry of the ship in any way; but.. "I don't know," Dragonfly said. "To hear about the Great House is wonderful, but I thought the people there would be - I don't know. Of course they're mostly just boys when they go there. But I thought they'd be..." She gazed off at the sheep on the hill, her face troubled. "Some of them are really bad and stupid," she said in a low voice. "They get into the School because they're rich. And they study there just to get richer. Or to get power.." She shrugged. "No," she said.. No wind stirred. The air was soft, the big sail hung slack. Only the western stars faded and.. and hull. Surely that was using the secret art to a good end? For harm, yes, but only to harm the.. "Then. When we quarreled. I said it all wrong. I thought..." A long pause. "I thought I could go.. As the dim light that came into the room from chinks in the mortar of the bricked-up window died away, instead of sinking into the blank misery of all his nights in that room, he stayed awake, and grew more awake. The excited turmoil of his mind all the time he had been with Gelluk slowly quieted. From it something rose, coming close, coming clear, the image he had seen down in the mine, shadowy yet distinct: the slave in the high vault of the tower, that woman with empty breasts and festered eyes, who spat the spittle that ran from her poisoned mouth, and wiped her mouth, and stood waiting to die. She had looked at him.. another shining objects, were inflating something -- but I did not even look in their direction. In.. since his days in a catboat on Havnor Bay.. thick as syrup, an unusual concentration of colors. I walked on passively, squinting, abstracted. A.. He stepped down from the doorstep onto the dirt so that he could feel the ground with the nerves.. cowboys. She gave her guest a basin of hot water and a clean towel for his poor feet, and then.. died, eh?".. sweet, familiar tune from the western coast, "Where My Love Is Going.. "There was no warmth and no light.. At that the Changer looked at him, and after pondering said soberly, "Doorkeeper, what have you

in.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (72 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]..".So it was. For the rest of his life, Medra kept the doors of the Great House on Roke. The garden.companion with him. "Look for me at the end of summer," he said to Ember..When he saw it, faint and green above the misty sea, he cried out-the men in the ships heard the dragon scream-and flew on faster, leaving them to follow him to the conquest.."A col," I answered. I lifted my cup, as if to examine it. This milk had no smell. I did not.bone-white frame..Otter passed the domed chamber of the roaster pit and its hurrying slaves, and climbed slowly up the circling, darkening, reeking stairs till he came to the topmost room..without you, I remember... I don't want to go, but I have to go. I don't want to admit that.water, illuminated from inside by colored floodlights? No -- vertical tunnels of glass through.fall now. Will it make any difference? Will the slaves go free? Will beggars eat? Will justice be.She brought them to a house at the end of a lane. It had been a handsome place once, two stories."Too high and mighty these days to stop and talk," said Tarry, "though I taught him all he knows of harping. But what's that to a rich man?".The cowboys were discussing whether or not it was safe to eat the meat of a steer dead of the.of some white substance that foamed, turned brown, and hardened; meanwhile the plate itself.witch's use-name was Rose, like a great many women of Way and other islands of the Hardic.ledge covered with weakly fragrant flowers, as if we had reached the terrace or balcony of a dark.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.

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