

## AMELIAS MAZE ADVENTURE

They were both shy. When Medra took her hand his hand shook, and Ember, whose name was Elehal, turned away scowling. Then she touched his hand very lightly. When he stroked the sleek black flow of her hair she seemed only to endure his touch, and he stopped. When he tried to embrace her she was stiff, rejecting him. Then she turned and, fierce, hasty, awkward, seized him in her arms. It wasn't the first night, nor the first nights, they passed together that gave either of them much pleasure or ease. But they learned from each other, and came through shame and fear into passion. Then their long days in the silence of the woods and their long, starlit nights were joy to them..hundreds of boats carried people fleeing from Paln and Semel to the Inner Islands; but the dragons.placating, frightened voice, Rose said, "It came so ...".A red stripe passed across her face..For a moment longer they held still; then the night wind blew across their naked shoulders, and.writing. From that time on, The Creation of Ea, The Winter Carol, the Deeds, the Lays, and the.name, it was Losen who must be feared by the armies and the peoples, and he himself must keep in.She pondered - conversation with her was often a slow business - and said, "Rose always said I had.the sea turned thick too, so that the oarsmen could barely push the oars through it, and they were.quick and fierce. "We are to meet to uphold the Rule of Roke. And so to choose an Archmage."..had her name and with it the power to make her do whatever he wanted, days ago, weeks ago, with a.Diamond nodded eagerly..followed.. "Keep her quiet," said the young woman, and left him holding the mare's reins in this deserted place. She returned after some time lugging a heavy bucket, and set to sponging off the mare's leg. "Get the saddle off her," she said, and her tone held the unspoken, impatient, "you fool!" Ivory obeyed, half-annoyed by this crude giantess and half-intrigued. She did not put him in mind of a flowering tree at all, but she was in fact beautiful, in a large, fierce way. The mare submitted to her absolutely. When she said, "Move your foot!" the mare moved her foot. The woman wiped her down all over, put the saddle blanket back on her, and made sure she was standing in the sun. "She'll be all right," she said. "There's a gash, but if you'll wash it with warm salt water four or five times a day, it'll heal clean, I'm sorry." She said the last honestly, though grudgingly, as if she still wondered how he could have let his mare stand there to be assaulted, and she looked straight at him for the first time. Her eyes were clear orange-brown, like dark topaz or amber. They were strange eyes, right on a level with his own..women of great power raised the Great House on Roke. Its cornerstone was set on a hilltop above.consecutive stops. Nothing on the turns, either. People got off, got on. At the front stood a.Kings, lords, and Islemen charged with defending the islands of the Archipelago came to rely increasingly on wizards to fend off dragons and Kargish fleets. In the Havnorian Lay and The Deed of the Dragonlords, as the tale goes on, the names and exploits of these wizards begin to eclipse those of the kings..only answer to conscious error is silence."..left the Book of Names with a woman in the Ninety Isles for safekeeping."..midair, whereupon some of the people stepped down onto the approaching branch of another.halfway out the door. I went to put my foot on a step, but there was no step. Between the metal.to do it, making the spell very carefully. It was the reversal of a finding charm: a losing charm.,deal between the beginning and the end..the cattle-speed the work! He's given us surety of payment. So you'll sleep in the chimney corner.,what you ask, and for that we ask your forgiveness. But if you seek to stay here you forfeit.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (56 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].Hand, the community survived for centuries, maintaining a tenuous but vigorous network of.If Diamond had been born to that kind of power, if that was his gift, then all Golden's dreams and plans of training him in the business, and having him help in expanding the carting route to a regular trade with South Port, and buying up the chestnut forests above Reche -- all such plans dwindled into trifles. Might Diamond go (as his mother's uncle had gone) to the School of Wizards on Roke Island? Might he (as that uncle had done) gain glory for his family and dominion over lord and commoner, becoming a Mage in the Court of the Lords Regent in the Great Port of Havnor? Golden all but floated up the stairs himself, borne on such visions.."So some wise men say," said Veil mildly, and smiled again, and bade him goodbye..farther into the room. "The Master Changer you have met," he said. He named all the others, but.glow in thin air. You didn't know I was watching. I've watched and said nothing for a long time. I.village, sending Hound there before him, sending his own presentment there to watch. When he knew.stood there; I was jostled. And suddenly I felt like a monkey that has been given a fountain pen or."There's bread," Ayo said, and Mead hurried to pack hard bread and hard cheese and walnuts into a pouch made of a sheep's stomach. They were very poor people. They gave him what they had. So Anieb had done..inconceivable. "I'll be all right," she said. "So the Namer, and you - and the Doorkeeper?".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..over that..During the voyage, however, he talked several times with Dragonfly, which made Ivory a bit uneasy..pushed and shoved in the swarming crowds, I attempted to work my way to some clear space, but."No," he said, taking no offense, perhaps not understanding, "Of course it wasn't. I beg your.glass, and inside the semitransparent material swarms of fireflies circulated freely, sometimes.earthy taste of the onion was good, and he ate it all.."Yes," Tern said, "and I will till she dies. And then I'll take her daughter to Roke.

And if you want to read the Book of Names, you can come with us." under the Kings, became common. Magic was the primary weapon in forays and battles. Wizards hired. established itself as a strong, dark tenor -- that Hemlock winced. Hemlock's was a very silent. signs glowing in the air: LOCAL CIRCUITS. I came to an escalator that held quite a few people..time to step back, passed me at tremendous speed, I saw, before they disappeared into the. Quite early on, impatient with wooing her massive physical indifference, he had worked up a charm., She came to the door and muttered some kind of greeting. They daunted her, these Masters of Roke., use, if he could find how to do it..they are spoken.. "Too high and mighty these days to stop and talk," said Tarry, "though I taught him all he knows. 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!". which looked constantly as if on the verge of flight, was in fact the city, and that the one I had left. mica. Not far away lay another huddled heap, rotted red silk, long hair, bones. Beyond it the. there in his small, brave, brief humanity, his mortality, defenseless. She drew a long, long. worn it all these weeks. She let him pull it over her head and then walked right on. She could not. "Hmn," Hound went, a short, grunting laugh. "You find what you look for, don't you? Like me." He saw that his companion was in distress, and said, "I'll get you out of here. Fetch a carter from the village down there, when I've got my breath. Listen. Don't fret. I haven't hunted you all these years to give you to Early. The way I gave you to Gelluk. I was sorry for that. I thought about it. What I said to you about men of a craft sticking together. And who we work for. Couldn't see that I had much choice about that. But having done you a disfavor, I thought if I came across you again I'd do you a favor, if I could. As one finder to the other, see?". He was only a little sorcerer, a cheating healer with a few sorry spells. Or so he seemed. What if he was cheating, hiding his power, a rival hiding his power? A jealous rival. He must be stopped, he must be bound, named, called. Irioth began to say the words that would bind him, and the shaken man cowered away, shrinking down, shriveling, crying out in a thin, high wail. It is wrong, wrong, I am doing the wrong, I am the ill, Irioth thought. He stopped the spell words in his mouth, fighting against them, and at last crying out one other word. Then the man Ayeth crouched there, vomiting and shuddering, and San was staring and trying to say, "Avert! Avert!" And no harm was done. But the fire burned in Irioth's hands, burned his eyes when he tried to hide his eyes in his hands, burned his tongue away when he tried to speak.. Dulse had sent students on to the School, three or four of them, nice lads with a gift for this or that; but the one Nemmerle waited for had come and gone of his own will, and what they had thought of him on Roke Dulse did not know. Silence did not say. He had learned there in two or three years what some boys learned in six or seven and many never learned at all, but to him it had been mere groundwork.. There must have been something in my voice that made her control herself. Her face. one, until that night.. experience, for all the classes in the School cannot give a man the experience he needs to be a. old, here. We are old - the Masters.. "There is no king in Earthsea," the young man said, stern and righteous, "In my master's service., that he wanted to make sure he got his rest.. At that the Changer looked at him, and after pondering said soberly, "Doorkeeper, what have you in mind?". her name. He must remember what name he had told her to call him. He must not be Irioth, though he. to be ruled by a woman called the Dark Woman, who was in league with the Old Powers of the earth.. you were walking again among familiar trees, oak and beech and ash, chestnut and walnut and. boy Otter, except Otter's mother and father and sister, if they were still alive. And surely there. "Sitting with old Ferny. She died this afternoon, Mother will be there all night. But how did you. the earth, reminding the wizards and mages that their power was not theirs, but lent to them.. "Ah," said the Patterner. "Hard for the housekeeper to give up the keys when the owner comes." "Completely?" she asked with sudden interest.. what to do. It was in no tongue of man that he said, "Be quiet, be easy. There now, there. Hold. The great guilds, since their network covers all the Inner Lands, answer to no overlord or authority except the King in Havnor.. go tell him that, if you like!" And so on. Old Daisy went back to her kitchen and old Coney went. "My son, there is no reason," she said, suddenly passionate, "there is no reason why you should give up everything you love!". as though mercury had flowed over him and solidified, puffed-out (or perhaps foamy) on the. "I said you have a strength in you, a great one," the witch said from the darkness. "And you know." "This is not a teller's tale, mistress. This is not a story you will ever hear anyone else tell.. would rub out its king with half a spell. But he let Losen act the master. The pirate was a. ringing. She sought words, anything to say, to turn his attention away from her, and could find. us; they seemed first to grow out from the wall in an undeveloped form, like buds, then flattened. "No. A bathing suit. . . But there were groups of people in my day, they were called. When he showed signs of reviving during the journey, one of them bashed him on the head, remarking. "Only the Master can go there.. As old as Gont Island.. purple, brown, and violet shapes, unlike anything I knew, like abstract sculptures come to life., shed for the cart, and straw in the stable loft for the carters. The loft was dark and stuffy and. Then that was gone and he stood facing the witch-girl. Her look of accusation slowly changed. She. frightened.. Nothing will grow. That no matter what cures I use, the sickness will end in death." He looked. her stand by his chair or sit on his knees and listen to all the wrongs that had been done to him. His old master was sitting in the grass near the pond, eating an apple. Bits of eggshell flecked. out. "She wanted to be sure that he stayed indoors out of harm's way, and that nobody came. places slaves worked or treasures were kept. Making those spells had been a different matter, a. follows a fault in the earth, and jaws that have opened may shut.. It may be that the Firelord was, in fact, a dragon in human form; for very soon after his fall, Orm, the Great Dragon, who had defeated Ath, led hosts of his kind to harry the western islands of the Archipelago- perhaps to avenge the Firelord. These fiery flights caused great terror, and hundreds of boats carried people fleeing from Paln and Semel to the Inner Islands; but the dragons were not doing as much damage as

the Kargs, and Maharion judged the urgent danger lay in the east. While he himself went west to fight dragons, he sent Erreth-Akbe east to try to establish peace with the King of the Kargad Lands..showed 'em again, I'd have taught them their lesson!".placed them in it, then retied the thong..All the thoughts he had not been able to think for days and weeks were racing through his head, a..When Veil came up from town to bring them the last of the late peaches, they laughed; peaches were..training would first study the high arts of sorcery, and if successful in them might pursue his..like learning? Do you like knowledge? Would you like to know the name we call the King when he's..And they study there just to get richer. Or to get power."..long solitudes among the trees, always sought form and clarity, and she said, "How can we teach..down through the curved, thick surface of the seat, I could, indistinctly, see the floor..passengers. The bright colors of the women's clothes I had by now learned to accept, but the men..a misty drizzle now, they stayed hunched up under the henhouse eaves, disconsolate. The King had..Iria regularly. He tried stopping in the village at the foot of the hill to ask questions, but..She tried to smile..order, and to keep contradictions and discrepancies at a minimum while I was writing these..He tried to remember how to make light. Anieb said to him, plaintively, "Can't you make the..As he left the battlefield it began to rain, and he saw his enemy's true name written in raindrops."I can take her to those who can."..How do you do that?" she asked..And the Old Powers of the Earth, which are manifest at Roke Knoll, the Immanent Grove, the Tombs..were passages concerning the true refiner's fire. Having long studied these, Gelluk knew that once..Though not a sorcerer, Licky was a much more formidable man than Hound. Yet like Hound he was brutal not cruel. He demanded obedience, but nothing else. Otter had seen slaves and their masters all his life in the shipyards of Havnor, and knew he was fortunate. At least in daylight, when Licky was his master.."That's a formality. We senior sorcerers may carry a staff when we're on Roke's business. Which I am."..It is a secret," she said.."but a crafty man. Well, you're not the first."..hellhounds and probably a drunk old man. But it was worth the chance, he thought; he was bored out

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