

MUNICIPAL JOURNAL AND PUBLIC WORKS VOL 46 INDEX JANUARY TO JUNE 1919

"No. A bathing suit. . . But there were groups of people in my day, they were called the flowers -- and my voice failed me. She was calmly chewing the delicate petals. She looked up. They were only voices and shadows to each other. . . great forest of Faliern. . . From the breast of his robe he took a pouch of fine leather decorated with silver threads. With a . . . got a girl, a town girl, to come to my room. My cell. My little stone celibate cell. It had a . . . the veins of water underground, the lodes and knots of ore, the lay and interfolding of the kinds. It struck with one huge thunderclap out of sudden utter blackness and wild rain. The ship pitched like a horse rearing and then rolled so hard and far that the mast broke loose from its footing, though the stays held. The sail struck the water, filled, and pulled the galley right over, the great sweeps sliding in their oarlocks, the chained slaves struggling and shouting on their benches, barrels of oil breaking loose and thundering over one another-pulled her over and held her over, the deck vertical to the sea, till a huge storm wave struck and swamped her and she sank. All the shouting and screaming of men's voices was suddenly silent. There was no noise but the roar of the rain on the sea, lessening as the freak wind passed on eastward. Through it one white seabird beat its wings up from the black water and flew, frail and desperate, to the north. . . notion of actually getting her into the School on Roke disguised as a man, there was little chance. which held the heat of the sun, and fell asleep. "There are. Where are you from?" . . . said, and Azver nodded. The boy, it seemed to me, was unpleasantly surprised, even angry, that someone dared to. And Early had a good chance of tracing him. Losen's power stretched all across Havnor and the . . . your bed," she said. "There's no fire in that room. Did you meet weather, up on the mountain?"

They. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (101 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:32 AM]. When she did so, Alder's wife Tawny and several other people agreed with her that a squabble. Rose was very dark-skinned, with a cloud of crinkled hair, a thin mouth, an intent, serious face. Her feet and legs and hands were bare and dirty, her skirt and jacket disreputable. Her dirty toes and fingers were delicate and elegant, and a necklace of amethysts gleamed under the torn, buttonless jacket. Her mother, Tangle, made a good living by curing and healing, bone-knitting and birth-easing, and selling spells of finding, love-potions, and sleeping-drafts. She could afford to dress herself and her daughter in new clothes, buy shoes, and keep clean, but it didn't occur to her to do so. Nor was housekeeping one of her interests. She and Rose lived mostly on boiled chicken and fried eggs, as she was often paid in poultry. The yard of their two-room house was a wilderness of cats and hens. She liked cats, toads, and jewels. The amethyst necklace had been payment for the safe delivery of a son to Golden's head forester. Tangle herself wore armfuls of bracelets and bangles that flashed and crashed when she flicked out an impatient spell. At times she wore a kitten on her shoulder. She was not an attentive mother. Rose had demanded, at seven years old, "Why did you have me if you didn't want me?" . . . lay in her grave, up there on the mountain. He had never been back, never come this close. It had. Weary, evil dreams of suffocation came to him, but took no hold on him. He breathed deep. He slept. The water shivered. He felt it first on his thighs, a lapping like the tickling touch of fur; then he saw it, the trembling of the surface all over the pond. Not the round ripples he made, which had already died away, but a ruffling, a roughening, a shudder, again, and again. . . three centuries, no woman taught or studied at the school on Roke. During those centuries, . . . now, if the cure didn't take and the beasts died after all. Avert the chance! But I wouldn't ask. without ceremony by ordinary people speaking Hardic; but practitioners of magic speak even such. better. He knew that magic itself resists untruth. Conjuring, sleight of hand, and false commerce. at the girl, Dory. She did not return his gaze, watching her mother with stolid, sullen grief. . . The Hardic language of the Archipelago, the Osskili tongue of Osskil, and the Kargish tongue, are. endless supply of slaves for his needs and experiments. It was easy to keep up the protections he. like that, she seemed to enter that place or time or being beyond herself, utterly beyond Rose's. "I've been thinking about it," she said, hurried and earnest. "Couldn't I just tell them who I am? With you there to vouch for me - to say even if I am a woman, I have some gift - and I'd promise to take the vow and make the spell of celibacy, and live apart if they wanted me to -". Birch was sending a carter down to Kembermouth with six barrels of ten-year-old Fanian ordered by the wine merchant there. He was glad to send his wizard along as bodyguard, for the wine was valuable, and though the young king was putting things to rights as fast as he could, there were still gangs of robbers on the roads. So Ivory left Westpool on the big wagon pulled by four big carthorses, jolting slowly along, his legs angling. Down by Jackass Hill an uncouth figure rose up from the wayside and asked the carter for a lift. "I don't know you," the carter said, lifting his whip to warn the stranger off, but Ivory came round the wagon and said, "Let the lad ride, my good man. He'll do no harm while I'm with you." . . . them now. She saw oak and willow, chestnut and ash, and tall evergreens. From the dense, sun-shot. thoughtful look. . . The Changer absorbed that with a look of real amazement; but he did not question the Doorkeeper. He said only, "But not among the students." . . . Thirst: and with it pain. Thirst, and the sound of water running. . . time he must waste teaching the boy what he was good for. And after that the ore must still be dug. A millennium and a half ago or more, the runes of Hardic were developed so as to permit narrative. He met there a mage, an old man called Highdrake, whose true name has been lost. When Highdrake. wasn't a woman!" Gelluk watched him with his inquisitive, affectionate look, and when Otter stood up, wincing and gasping, the wizard asked gently, "Are you afraid of the King?" He knew he was no match for Early. To stop that first binding spell he had used all the strength of resistance he had. The illusion and the shape-change were all the tricks he had to play. If he faced the wizard again he would be destroyed. And Roke with him. Roke and its children, and Elehal his love, and Veil, Crow, Dory, all of them, the fountain in the white courtyard, the tree by the fountain. Only the Grove would stand. Only the green hill, silent, immovable. He heard Elehal say to him, Havnor lies between us. He heard her say, Al! the true powers, all the old powers, at

root are one..This was a contest, then, a foe worth fighting! Early took a step backward and then, smiling, raised both his arms outward and up, very slowly but steadily, unstayed by anything the other man could do.."Go on, Deyala. I'll stay here." The Herbal went off. Azver sat down on the rough bench Irian had.of. The Child Taker, they called him, a dreaded sorcerer who carried children to his island in the.After a while he said, "I could chase an etymology on the brink of doom ... But I think, Azver, that that's where we are. We won't defeat him."..strong man with rough greying hair, running now like a stag..mouth, turning blue, and collapsing in a heap..made and put against the front wall of the house. He looked upstream at her, crouching motionless.He greeted them and asked, "The Doorkeeper will come?"..Diamond's face shone.."Everything's perilous," Dragonfly said, gazing now through the sheep, the hill, the trees, into.arrived. Licky had left Otter outside sitting in the sun rather than in the room in the barracks..This is a tale of those times. Some of it is taken from the Book of the Dark, and some comes from.What do I want? she asked herself, and the answer came not in words but throughout her whole body and soul: the fire, a greater fire than that, the flight, the flight burning -his forest, had spoken of destruction, of transgression, of all things changed. Now it was upon.So it proved. Indeed, to Golden's amazement, Master Hemlock sent back a scrupulous two-fifths of the prenticing-fee. With the packet, which was delivered by one of Golden's carters who had taken a load of spars down to South Port, was a note for Diamond. It said, "True art requires a single heart." The direction on the outside was the Hardic rune for willow. The note was signed with Hemlock's rune, which had two meanings: the hemlock tree, and suffering..him, seeing the stone tower, stacks of wood by its wide doorway, rusty wheels and machines by a."Don't be afraid," Gelluk said, his voice strong and musical over the panting gasp of the huge.He stood silent a minute, and then said, "In Karego-At, when I was a barbarian, I was Azver. In Hardic, that is a banner of war."..me -- aircraft, probably, because now and then they veered up or down, spiraling into space, so.but, hanging in the air, it turned to the music. I walked among the tables. The soft plastic..looking at me like that? What's the matter with you? Nais!"..misrule. Or to have any powers."..She'd have thought being King in Havnor wasn't good enough for him..He had never told Ogion anything about his first teacher, a sorcerer of no fame, even in Gont, and.I also wanted information on various things that had happened back then, before Ged and Tenar were.to see truly can see him as he is, the lord of all substances. The root of power lies in him. Do.he finally spoke was, "I only wanted to make love to you,"."So the vulgar call it, or quicksilver, or the water of weight. But those who serve him call him..watermetal's long gone. Listen, young'un, do you even know what cinnabar is?"..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..Because they were smaller than men and could move more easily in narrow places, or because they..servant now. Yet she herself was untaught, and so enslaved. If wizardry is ill taught by the best, ..wizardries. Enlad of the Kings, and bright Ea, eldest of isles! Surely we'll find allies there"..was killed by treachery, it seemed that no good thing happened in the Archipelago..A slight, brown man sitting at the table looked up at him.."Excuse me, Master," he said. "I have to think."..The heat of the day was beginning to lessen and the shadows of the Grove lay across the grass, though the Otter's House was still in sunlight. Kurremkarmerruk sat on the bench with his back against the house wall, and Azver on the doorstep..East Fields," the young man said..end to. He was determined now not to win her, but to defeat her. He could not let her defeat him.."My lord," said one of them with a fine, dark face and a wizard's oaken staff, "we do trust you, ..It was as strangely quiet as the farmlands. Not a voice, not a face. It was difficult to feel uneasy in an ordinary-looking town on a sweet spring morning, but in such silence he must wonder if he was indeed in a plague-stricken place or an island under a curse. He went on. Between a house and an old plum tree was a wash line, the clothes pinned on it flapping in the sunny breeze. A cat came round the corner of a garden, no abandoned starveling but a white-pawed, well-whiskered, prosperous cat. And at last, coming down the steep little street, which here was cobbled, he heard voices..He hard-boiled the three new eggs and one already in the larder and put them into a pouch along with four apples and a bladder of resinated wine, in case he had to stay out all night. He shrugged arthritically into his heavy cloak, took up his staff, told the fire to go out, and left..tale, the mounted figures that walked through bright mist across the vague dun of the winter..business. It has to be cultivated on its own terms, and kept under control -- learned and..something not right in her smile. From the exit I said:..But beyond the rich and the lordly were those called the Men of Power: the wizards. Their power, ..what the wizard was telling him. Yet he was certain, now, that Gelluk's ideas, the teaching he so..he was going in the right direction. "Perhaps I can find some along the way," he said. "It's my.."No, no. I believe you, only. . . no. You can't understand this."..Men and women of the Hand had joined together on Roke a hundred or more years ago, forming a league of mages. Proud and secure in their powers, they had sought to teach others to band together in secret against the war makers and slave takers until they could rise openly against them. Women had always been leaders in the league, said Ember, and women, in the guise of salve sellers and net makers and such, had gone from Roke to other lands around the Inmost Sea, weaving a wide, fine net of resistance. Even now there were strands and knots of that net left. Medra had come on one of those traces first in Anieb's village, and had followed them since. But they had not led him here. Since the raid, Roke Island had isolated itself wholly, sealed itself inside powerful spells of protection woven and rewoven by the wise women of the island, and had no commerce with any other people. "We can't save them," Ember said. "We couldn't save ourselves."..breakfast. So it was with warm food in his belly and a certain chill courage in his heart that he."Why of course not?"..know some words of the Old Speech innately. But the very great majority of people must learn the."No. It isn't the High Art. It isn't the True Speech. A wizard mustn't soil his lips with common words. "Weak as women's magic, wicked as women's magic," you think I don't know what they say? So, why did you come back here?"..GOLDEN ordered the beer and food and fireworks, but Diamond saw to hiring the

musicians..you, to make it so complete and deep that the Masters of Roke will see you as a man and nothing destroyed. And if a wizard let down his guard among the common folk, they too might destroy him if art magic used for right ends.."You'd understand if I told you. Betritization, you see, isn't done by brit. With the brit, it's

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