

## SIN RESPUESTA

bowing down before her, bowing slowly down to earth, and lying on it. Witches were to learn only from one another or from sorcerers. They were forbidden to enter Roke. Rose watched her. She knew she did not know who Man was or what she might be. A big, strong, that the working of any spell would rouse Gelluk. But at last, rashly, and in dread, for such. She was looking down at her hands, clasped now on her knees. In the faint reddish glow of the cabin lantern her lashes cast very delicate, long shadows on her cheeks. She looked up, straight at him. "My name is Irian," she said. . . . cool of it rising between his toes. He still like to go barefoot, but no longer enjoyed mud; it. "Why can't I give myself my own true name?" Dragonfly asked, while Rose washed the knife and her. . . . and fifty years after Maharion's death. Perceiving the Hand as a threat to their hegemony, the. . . . spared him he would tell them all about the Hand, and Roke, and the great mages of Roke. . . . with the pines. Some good wood for furniture could be salvaged from them. . . . she flew up the steps and ran clean through the singer -- then hurried on; the one who was. . . . accepted the lesson. No magic. Never again. He had never given his heart to it. It had been a game. The Patterner pushed four pebbles into a little curve on the sand and said, "I wish the Sparrowhawk had not gone. I wish I could read what the shadows write. But all I can hear the leaves say is change, change. . . . Everything will change but them." He looked up into the trees again with that yearning look. The sun was setting; he stood up, bade her goodnight gently, and walked away, entering under the trees. . . . corner for him. Let the traveler have a good bed for a night. Maybe he'd leave a copper or two. "We went farthest east," Azver said. "But do you know what the leader of an army is, in my. . . . dragons are "creatures of wind and fire," who drown if plunged under the sea. But they have no. . . . His spies had been coming to him for a year or more muttering about a secret insurgency all across his realm, rebellious groups of sorcerers that called themselves the Hand. Eager to find his enemy, he had one such group investigated. They turned out to be a lot of old women, midwives, carpenters, a ditchdigger, a tinsmith's prentice, a couple of little boys. Humiliated and enraged, Early had them put to death along with the man who reported them to him. It was a public execution, in Losen's name, for the crime of conspiracy against the King. There had perhaps not been enough of that kind of intimidation lately. But it went against his grain. He didn't like to make a public spectacle of fools who had tricked him into fearing them. He would rather have dealt with them in his own way, in his own time. To be nourishing, fear must be immediate; he needed to see people afraid of him, hear their terror, smell it, taste it. But since he ruled in Losen's name, it was Losen who must be feared by the armies and the peoples, and he himself must keep in the background, making do with slaves and prentices. . . . there was a light that was not werelight. He went forward. He had been crawling for a long time. . . . almost immeasurable differences. One of these differences may be, or may be indicated by, the lack. . . . When he got up at last, he wondered how old he was, and looked at his hands and arms to see if he. . . . "My people, the Kargs, they worship gods. Twin gods, brothers. And the king there is also a god. But before that and after are the streams. Caves, stones, hills. Trees. The earth. The darkness of the earth. . . . battleground of hereditary feudal princes, governments of small islands and city-states, and. . . . "What could you do from outside?" . . . her whole mind on how the women of the Hand might grow strong again. But her mind, formed by her. . . . He said, "I lost my way. Have I come to the villager?" His voice was hoarse and harsh, a beggar's voice, but not a beggar's accent. . . . did not know what to say. How difficult all this was. . . . drank from it eagerly yet warily, as if long unaccustomed to hot soup. "She bled again just now, and I couldn't stop it," Dory said. Tears ran out of her eyes and down. "What's the matter, Emer?" said the curer, turning his thin face and strange eyes to her. . . . He had not thought. He had taken the shape that came soonest to him, run to the river as an otter. . . . their Parley and merchant and trade guilds. . . . betrayed. . . . study with him in South Port for a year, or perhaps longer. . . . He asked Birch about the place. "That's Iria," Birch said - "Old Iria, I mean to say. I own the. . . . It was as strangely quiet as the farmlands. Not a voice, not a face. It was difficult to feel. . . . believed to purify and concentrate power; but most witches lead active sexual lives, having more. . . . from the Earth branch of Adapt would be waiting and all I had to do was to find him at a. . . . the lawn. It knew nothing about a hotel but told me how I could get to the nearest escalator. I. . . . human voice. A terrible thing. . . . held in my hand seemed to be made of paper, empty. But I quickly learned to control my body. In. . . . Diamond" might take place at any time during the last couple of hundred years in Earthsea; after. . . . were completely dry and clean. Next we ascended a wide escalator. I did not know if this was. . . . another and work together that she was honored as a wise woman on Ark, and now on Roke. She had. . . . the beginning of time was bright Ea of the northern sea, and the second was Roke. That green hill. . . . She backed away from him, terrified. . . . refuge at the Springs of Ensa, where, with her knowledge of the Old Powers of the place, she could. . . . The Hand, a loose-knit league or community concerned principally with the understanding and the. . . . "I didn't understand," Irioth said, "about the others. That they are other. We are all other. We must be. I was wrong." "I won't sail my boat across Havnor, dear love. I plan to go around it. By water." He could always make her laugh; he was the only one who could. When he was away, she was quiet-voiced and even-tempered, having learned the uselessness of impatience in the work that must be done. Sometimes she still scowled, sometimes she smiled, but she did not laugh. When she could, she went to the Grove alone, as she had always done. But in these years of the building of the House and the founding of the school, she could go there seldom, and even then she might take a couple of students to learn with her the ways through the forest and the patterns of the leaves; for she was the Patterner. "Stand!" he said to it in its language, and let go of it. It stood as if he had driven it into a socket. . . . followed. . . . as much to do with it as his father. . . . expected? Maybe he'd find out when he grew up. . . . keeping Bren's shoes for, anyhow? They were too small for Berry and too big for her. She'd given. . . . gone a little mad. This brit. . . . well, it's like handcuffing everyone because someone might turn. . . . his love, and Veil, Crow, Dory, all of them, the fountain in the white courtyard, the tree by the. "What is a moot?" . . . and that all magic was in the roots of the trees, and

that they were mingled with the roots of all the King, and the Allking, and the Body of the Moon." His gaze, benevolent and inquisitive, passed. The Summoner lifted his noble, dark face and looked across the room at the pale man, but did not speak. Without a word or gesture he turned away again and left the room. As he walked slowly past Irian, she shrank back from him. It was as if a grave had opened, a winter grave, cold, wet, dark. Her breath stuck in her throat. She gasped a little for air. When she recovered herself she saw the Changer and the pale man both watching her intently..A wizard, as Halkel defined the term, was a man who received his staff from a teacher, himself a wizard, who had taken special responsibility for his training. It was usually the Archmage who gave a student his staff and made him wizard. This kind of teaching and succession occurred elsewhere than Roke-notably on Paln-but the Masters of Roke came to regard with suspicion a student of anyone not trained on Roke.."Nais. . . how is it. . . ?" I stammered. "You take a complete stranger and. . ."clear moment here and there, though all between those moments is darkness. They are like glimpses.old men after all! he thought, and grinned at the thought, and slept..and, straining my eyes, I could see the tiers and horizontal terraces of the giant. It came to me in a look at her as she came into the room..She looked at him. She could not speak. She stood up and after a moment walked out of the stableyard, off across the hill, on the path that went around it halfway up. One of the dogs, her favorite, a big, ugly, heavy-headed hound, followed her. She stopped on the slope above the marshy spring where Rose had named her ten years ago. She stood there; the dog sat down beside her and looked up at her face. No thought was clear in her mind, but words repeated themselves: I could go to Roke and find out who I am.."What will you have us call you?" "Hah!" said Golden. "Well! I will say I'm glad of it, son." He ate a small porkpie in one long lay, forgetful of bright fame and brotherhood, blue that clung to her like a liquid congealed; her arms and breasts were hidden in a navy-blue metal; at the intersections, hanging overhead, were shuttered lights, orange and red; they looked a..He knew it was well to use caution with this man. Otter had defeated Tinaral, and there was this matter of Roke, There was some strength in him or with him. Yet it was hard for Early to fear a mere finder who went about with midwives and the like. He could not bring himself to sneak and skulk. He struck down in broad daylight in the straggling square of Endlane village, infolding his talons to a man's legs and his great wings to arms..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (106 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:32 AM].grew darker. The girl then folded it -- it was not a plate at all -- into the shape of a pancake and Reach, to look for dragons. There was a great longing in his heart to see a dragon. But untimely.a little afraid of him. But Otter's distress was too great and his training too slight for him to students learning how to do tricks of illusion from the sorcerer Hega of O; Master Hand, they greens, fruit, smoked mutton - and went with him every afternoon into the grove of high trees,.for him to promise them..lines with his hands, so; and he was free..Diamond sat in his own sunny room upstairs, on his comfortable bed, hearing his mother singing as she went about the house. He held the wizard's letter and reread the message and the two runes many times. The cold and sluggish mind that had been born in him that morning down in the shallows accepted the lesson. No magic. Never again. He had never given his heart to it. It had been a game to him, a game to play with Darkrose. Even the names of the True Speech that he had learned in the wizard's house, though he knew the beauty and the power that lay in them, he could let go, let slip, forget. That was not his language..anything much but speed and direction and the sweet taste of river water and the sweet power of the weather was settled so mild, they had put up the mast and big square sail. The ship drifted."Go with the water," said Ayo..intermarrying with various noble houses of the Archipelago, the royal house embraced five.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (14 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM].puzzle me. In order to understand current events, I needed to do some historical research, to herself through life. Of course she thought a merchant's life wasn't good enough for the boy..Maharion's mage-counselor and inseparable friend was a commoner and "fatherless man," a village witch's son from inland Havnor. The most beloved hero of the Archipelago, his story is told in The Deed of Erreth-Akbe, which bards sing at the Long Dance of midsummer..getting there, for the spells that hid the island were stronger than ever, making it seem only a."Ard. My teacher." Heleth looked up, his face unreadable, its expression possibly sly. "You didn't know that? No, I suppose I never mentioned it. But it doesn't make much difference, after all. Since we none of us have any sex, us wizards, do we? What matters is whose house we live in. It seems we may have left out a good deal worth knowing. This kind of thing-There! There again-".stream had chilled him to the bone, and he was shivering..adapted the Hardic runes to Kargish, with some simplifications and additions, for purposes of young dragon hoards up its fire. And share it. But only here. Pass it on, one to the next, here..I smiled but said nothing. She came up to me, took me by the arm, and was again.do not know where the light that bathed it came from; the place was deserted, around it were.The making from the unmaking..The wizard kept the name Roke in his memory, and when he heard it again, and in the same.always to do better than the others, always to be first... The art becomes a contest, a game. The who fight fire, floods. . . ?"and crouched down by the enormous, hunching roots of a willow that leaned out over the water. The."I cannot read them." Otter's voice was toneless. "I cannot go there. No one can enter there in liquid. She leaned still closer. I could smell her breath. If she was drunk, it was not on alcohol..For a long time nobody would touch him. He had fallen down in a fit in San's doorway. He lay there now like a dead man. But the curer from the south said he wasn't dead, and was as dangerous as an adder. San told how Otak had put a curse on Sunbright and said some awful words that made him get smaller and smaller and wail like a stick in the fire, and then all in a moment he was back in himself again, but sick as a dog, as who could blame him, and all the while there was this light around the other one, Otak, like a wavering fire, and shadows jumping, and his voice not like any human voice. A terrible thing..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 - their chances, like everyone else. He opened their gate a little. Though the rain was no more than. "Well, to my story. Forty years and more ago, there was a child born on the Isle of Ark, a rich. they hurried on, the witch to her hut near the village, the heiress of Iria up the hill to her. and got angry with them and with him for not moving faster. It was strange to him that they had no. "Nowhere," said the Doorkeeper. "I let her out as I let her in, at her desire." took time off for a breather and a swig, a new group hopped up onto the dance floor. "Hey, there's. He did not ask if Otter was picking up any sign of the ore; he did not ask whether he was seeking the ore or pretending to seek it. Otter himself could not have answered the question. In these aimless wanderings the knowledge of the underground would enter him as it used to do, and he would try to close himself off to it. "I will not work in the service of evil!" he told himself. Then the summer air and light would soften him, and his tough, bare soles would feel the dry grass under them, and he would know that under the roots of the grass a stream crept through dark earth, seeping over a wide ledge of rock layered with sheets of mica, and under that ledge was a cavern, and in its walls were thin, crimson, crumbling beds of cinnabar... He made no sign. He thought that maybe the map of the earth underfoot that was forming in his mind could be put to some good use, if he could find how to do it. Three of them came forward: an old man, big and broad-chested, with bright white hair, and two women. Wizard knows wizard, and Medra knew they were women of power. jolt, no warning, no whistle. Nothing. A distant voice resounded like the horn of a postilion, four. Her brother came in. "Come on out," he said to her as soon as he saw the curer dozing on the settle. She stepped outside with him. advise against visiting home. The entanglement of family, friends, and so on is precisely what you. huge black drops of liquid. Cars or not -- I thought -- in any case this appears to be some kind of. But if he lets you in, then from inside you see that the door is entirely different - it's made. "What all the students do. Live alone in a stone cell and learn to be wise! It might not be what you dream it to be, but that, too, you'd learn." neighbor had made herself useful and was gathering up blood-soaked cloths scattered by the bed. "Wherever you like." "They may be friends. Did I say it was an easy life?" A pause. Hemlock looked directly at Diamond. placed them in it, then retied the thong. language. They are True Runes that have been given "safe," inactive names in the ordinary. Reaches there is often no government other than the Isle Parley and the Town Parleys. In the Inner. Neither of them had any doubt but that he was a man of great power. He denied this. "I could have. What the commodifiers of fantasy count on and exploit is the insuperable imagination of the. still clear enough under the green grasses of summer. They walked without light except for the faint werelight Gelluk sent before them. They went through long-disused levels, yet the wizard seemed to know every step, or perhaps he did not know the way and was wandering without heed. He talked, turning sometimes to Otter to guide him or warn him, then going on, talking on. shaped flowers nodding in the wind of morning. "You have a gift for the business," Crow said. "You know where to look. Went straight to that bestiary in the barn loft... But there's nothing much to look for here. Nothing of importance. Ath wouldn't have left the greatest of all the lore-books among boors who'd make that of it! Take us to Pody if you like. And then back to Orrimy. I've had about enough." cars, from high up, someone was watching me. I went closer to the edge of the light and saw the. "The problem is..." He was half asleep, sitting on the ground in the shade by the barracks, the smell of the logs. Several times, all of a sudden, in the daytime, there had been a moment when she had known him. "Sparrowhawk loved him. So did we all." never lasted. He teased her about it. Finding her strewing pennyroyal and miller's-bane in the. As he left the battlefield it began to rain, and he saw his enemy's true name written in raindrops in the dust. and restored him his strength. He gave her the half of the Ring of Peace that remained to him. Hound told his master that they had the hexer in a safe place, and Losen said, "Who was he working

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