

## JOURNAL CIRCULAR THINKING

opens all the greater spells; and he spoke..The new student cleaned out the henhouse and hoed the bean-patch, learned the meaning of the Glosses of Danemer and the Arcana of the Enlades, and kept his mouth closed. He listened. He heard what Dulse said; sometimes he heard what Dulse thought. He did what Dulse wanted and what Dulse did not know he wanted. His gift was far beyond Dulse's guidance, yet he had been right to come to Re Albi, and they both knew it..falcon, mistress, and to see the earth below you with a falcon's eye. And summoning, which is."Even if you -".shoots and the long, falling leaves.."All the foreigners in one basket," said the taverner, and this was repeated that night at the tavern several dozen times, an inexhaustible source of admiration, the best thing anybody'd said since the murrain.."What did you mean, Master Hemlock, in saying that you had protected me here?"..mother's dying of. No healer could cure her. But she could heal the scrofula, and touch for pain.."Somebody's been coming around," he said, incredulous that she could turn against him. "Who's been after you?"..throne the first year of history. By this system, "present time" in the account you are reading is..bellows and the steady roar of the fire. "Come, come see how he flies in the air, making himself..plumed feet of cart horses, fearless. The comfort of their breath on his head. A long time ago. He..not natural. With short, unsteady steps she ran to the water; when her body was reflected in it, she.."What's the matter, Emer?" said the curer, turning his thin face and strange eyes to her..storm of praise ran through him.."The Patterner sent for us," said the Master Herbal. He looked uncomfortable. Noticing a clump of..CENTER, although that surely did not mean the center of the city. At any rate, I let myself be led..Sunbright had not been gone three days when a new stranger appeared in town: a man riding up the south road on a good horse and asking at the tavern for lodging. They sent him to Sans house, but San's wife screeched when she heard there was a stranger at the door, crying that if San let another witch-man in the door her baby would be born dead twice over. Her screaming could be heard for several houses up and down the street, and a crowd, that is, ten or eleven people, gathered between Sans house and the tavern..gone a little mad. This brit. . . well, it's like handcuffing everyone because someone might turn..She tried to smile.."Of all the innocence," Gift said, hissing the word. "He'll skin you." She dumped a kettleful of.."But the spirit of rivalry worked in the boy as he grew to be a man. It's a strong spirit on Roke..His sudden tension and immobility, the strained face and inward look, were like those of a woman in labor when her womb contracts. That was Ogion's thought, even as he said, "What did you mean, "in the Mountain?"..said, "Might be a good idea. Come to Roke. Safer.".."Who doesn't? I like the cheese making. There's an interest to it. And I'm strong. All I fear is..Losen shouted, beating his paralyzed legs with his weak hands..Dragonfly said softly, "From Iria.".."Who's to lay this floor?" he said, now merely querulous..Although Otter had not thought the words, Anieb spoke with his voice, the same weak, dull voice:..before the staggers begin. And those not struck yet, he says he can keep it off em. So the..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..The voices of the mages talking were like the voices of the stream running. The stream said its.."Well, so I have to learn from him," said Dragonfly..He walked down the straggling street of Purewells to Sans house, which was about midway, opposite the tavern. San, a hardbitten man in his thirties, was talking to a man on his doorstep, a stranger. When they saw Irioth they looked uneasy. San went into his house and the stranger followed..the fountain, where the tree Elehal had planted now stood tall, its berries reddening..a poor cart that goes only in one direction,"..would have with him a force no mage could withstand. Had not even Morred been nearly brought down.."To reach out the Hand to Enlad and Ea. I've never gone there. We know nothing about their..He slept there, on the ground. At sunrise he got up and walked by the high road over to Re Albi. He did not go into the village, but past it to the little house that stood alone to the north at the beginning of the Overfell. The door of the house stood open..wish as well as his?"..looking into her face..glory was there in the palaces of the city when nobody lived in them but crawling slaves? He could..mended their nets. There was a hearth there, and they would light the fire. People came even from..Diamond sat upright and still. He had been getting some of his father's height and girth lately..I should laugh or cry; the nonexistent singer hummed something softly. I did not want to listen. I..weakened, and controlled all who approached him were so habitual to him that he gave them no..Her father's ancestors had owned a wide, rich domain on the wide, rich island of Way. Claiming no..the city was beautiful and peaceful and the people prosperous.."I don't know," he said, but he tried to bring the werelight round them, and after a while the.."Yes. Of course."..and therefore ask you to let the witch go, and peace return."..you, to make it so complete and deep that the Masters of Roke will see you as a man and nothing..House. When they came there, it was late afternoon. He went down to the stream and drank from it..raised both his arms outward and up, very slowly but steadily, unstayed by anything the other man..their blood ran mingled, making the sand red..was oily, colorless, and slightly effervescent under the surface; at the same time it darkened..wandered the day before, and that perhaps I was even looking from the bottom of the dark..She nodded, with an anxious face..keep from falling. At the brink of the water he stood still. He stooped to rub his ankle. He..To which Silence of course had said nothing, letting him hear what he had said and feel its foolishness thoroughly..see people afraid of him, hear their terror, smell it, taste it. But since he ruled in Losen's..Wide steps ran down, silvery like a mute waterfall. The desolation surprised me; since.."Well, why can't you do it all? The magic and the music, anyhow? You can always hire a bookkeeper."..trash. That was no life for a merchant's son who was to inherit and manage his father's properties..but he was gone..made himself look as decent as he could, and went up through the town to the

fine house at the haste. "What brought you here, Azver?" the Namer asked. "I've often thought of asking you. A long, long. Dragonfly stopped too. She said after a moment, "I'm sorry. But I feel like - I feel like you. For a long time nobody would touch him. He had fallen down in a fit in San's doorway. He lay there. were passages concerning the true refiner's fire. Having long studied these, Gelluk knew that once. and houses, purifying wells, and sitting on the councils of the city, seldom speaking but always. "Make the light," she said. Her voice was a whimper, plaintive. "Can't you make the light?" returned to the marvels of the Allking's realm. He never noticed that his prisoner's dreams had. "Those are spells of illusion only, of seeming. But there are true changes, and true summonings.. "No. I don't. Rose wouldn't teach me. She said she didn't dare. Because I had power but she didn't know what it was." file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/D...%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (4 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. and sent the healing into his hands with the words of power spoken over and over. After a while. bit impatient with the singing and the trinkets. "There are more important things for you to do. Two days later, when they had reopened the old shaft and begun digging towards the ore, the wizard. made and put against the front wall of the house. He looked upstream at her, crouching motionless. "Worm eaters." "Go on, Deyala. I'll stay here." The Herbal went off. Azver sat down on the rough bench Irian had. They came out again among the ploughlands and pastures in the warm evening. As they walked back to. the message that Elfarran had escaped with the baby to an islet in the Jaws of Enlad. did not stir. The aisles of the trees were endlessly different and all the same. He did not know. "Go on now," said Mead. warmth and weight of her touch that he had wasted so much time wanting. gigantic letters that flew above the sea of heads like rows of burning tightrope-walkers, the. which she found hard to do. She wept to think of Diamond hungry, sleeping hard. Cold nights of. Then Dragonfly came back to herself and called to Ivory and ran down the hill to meet him. "I will. He did not ask if Otter was picking up any sign of the ore; he did not ask whether he was seeking. even to have it come to them unsought. Since such knowledge can be betrayed or misused, it is. The wind blew in the dry grass. The Creation of Ea is the foundation of education in the Archipelago, By the age of six or seven, all children have heard the poem and most have begun to memorise it. An adult who doesn't know it by heart, so as to be able to speak or sing it with others and teach it to children, is considered grossly ignorant. It is taught in winter and spring, and spoken and sung entire every year at the Long Dance, the celebration of the solstice of summer. all he knew, but I never found anybody to give that knowledge to, until you came," he told Medra. ONE WINTER AFTERNOON on the shore of the Onneva River where it fingers out into the north bight. - the statues?. Great House, all the mages, many of the students. Leading them was Thorion the Summoner, tall in. father said, "Diamond," diamond being in his estimation the one thing more precious than gold. defiling, essentially wicked. lenses?) -- suddenly disappeared; his seat expanded at the sides, which rose and joined to form a. Masters, she thought, trying to defend the bright image of Roke, until one day he gave in to her. thunder-squall came pelting on that wind, and Ivory went down to the cabin, but Dragonfly stayed. since the murrain. Otter walked on a mile, brooding; then circled back, leading Licky to a hillock not far from the. almost no questions. "Will I go as a man all the way?" was one. seemed about to say he did not know, but he knew better than to try to lie to Early. He sighed. Sometimes the word used is alherath, "true-word-beings," "those who say true words," speakers of. Spring came late again that year, cold and stormy. Medra set to boat-building. By the time the peaches flowered, he had made a slender, sturdy deep-sea boat, built according to the style of Havnor. He called her Hopeful. Not long after that he sailed her out of Thwil Bay, taking no companion with him. "Look for me at the end of summer," he said to Ember. sun. "She'll be all right," she said. "There's a gash, but if you'll wash it with warm salt water. that would make me trust you?" and he had no answer for her. was empty, clear. She stood still and her soul seemed to go into that sky and be gone, gone out of. "That's the roaster tower," said Licky. "Where they cook the cinnabar to get the metal from it. keenly and strangely as when she had come to his summoning. The rain ran down her naked head and. He resolved to wait and watch. Being a patient man with a strong will, he did so for four years, till Diamond was sixteen. A big, well-grown youth, good at games and lessons, he was 'still ruddy-faced and bright-eyed and cheerful. He had taken it hard when his voice changed, the sweet treble going all untuned and hoarse. Golden had hoped that that was the end of his singing, but the boy went on wandering about with itinerant musicians, ballad-singers and such, learning all their trash. That was no life for a merchant's son who was to inherit and manage his father's properties and mills and business, and Golden told him so. "Singing time is over, son," he said. "You must think about being a man." "But not the words of the Making." carthorses, jolting slowly along, his legs angling. Down by Jackass Hill an uncouth figure rose up. of a house to the wind. So it comes. Your tongue speaks it, the name. Your breath makes it. You. done nothing without your daughter," he said. times better than he ever did." So for a half-month or more of the hot days of summer, Irian slept in the Otter's House, which was. too, that he was dealing with someone quite ordinary. When that became impossible, he would. "Come" she said, "before you fall asleep there," and he followed her obediently to Berry's room, which wasn't much more than a cupboard built onto the corner of the house. Her room was behind the chimney. Berry would come in, drunk, in a while, and she'd put down the pallet in the chimney corner for him. Let the traveler have a good bed for a night. Maybe he'd leave a copper or two with her when he went on. There was a terrible shortage of coppers in her household these days. "Don't set off my wardrobe," she said. She was already in the other room. "What now?" mind. No one, no matter how strong or wise or great, can rightly own and use another. Otter felt as if he were being brought back to vivid life from interminable, dreary, dazed half sentience. At the wizards touch he did not feel the horror of the spellbond, but rather a gift of energy and hope. He told himself not to trust this man, but he longed to trust him, to learn from him. Gelluk was powerful, masterful, strange, yet he had set him free. For the first time in weeks Otter walked with unbound hands and no spell on him. Another pause. Golden glanced over at his wife, who stood by the window listening in silence. Then he looked

at his son. Slowly the mixture of anger, disappointment, confusion, and respect on his face gave way to something simpler, a look of complicity, very nearly a wink. "I see," he said. "And what did you decide you want?". He was half asleep, sitting on the ground in the shade by the barracks, the smell of the logs. palace with fire..think that he had come as near to Morred's Isle as he would ever come, Medra stayed a while longer. people, Morred withdrew.. "Suits me," said Licky..would be sure to reach Ark before the Long Dance..knowing how, I found myself inside -- we were moving. The carriage tore along, the people. to himself, as a man of craft and learning should. He spent his days riding about the countryside. "Destroy us? Destroy this hill? The trees there?" She looked down to a grove of trees not far from the hill. "Maybe Segoy who made them could unmake them. Maybe the earth will destroy herself. Maybe she'll destroy herself through our hands, in the end. But not through yours. False king, false dragon, false man, don't come to Roke Knoll until you know the ground you stand on." She made one gesture of her hand, downward to the earth..arrogant, she wished she could want him; but she didn't and couldn't, and so she had thought him. with a spell, if I have to. And the band, they're all right. Labby isn't as bad as he looks..wizards most of all..large warmth. "Will you lead me, dear Ulla? Will you lead me where I need to go?". inside a rocky grotto. It was like ten, fifty Gothic naves formed out of stalactites; veined deposits. Return From The Stars. Since the coronation of King Lebannen and the restoration of the High Courts and Councils in. thick grey hair flowed loose about his face. "I know you found that little patch for them to dig.. "Why would you come to the Marsh?" she asked. She had a right to ask, having taken him in, yet she

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