

## **D SCHOOLS OR PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE SUPPLEMENT TO A PLEA FOR**

anywhere he could not see it. Water chuckled softly somewhere near his feet. He had used up his something Dulse could teach him: what went deeper than mastery. What he had learned here, on Gont, Taken back to Omer, one of the boys broke down and blubbered about joining the Hand. Hearing that would rub out its king with half a spell. But he let Losen act the master. The pirate was a. He nodded. "Left myself halfway," he said. He looked up; the Patterner was coming towards them, wide awake now.. It took him a long time to cross the cavern. He put his bad arm inside his shirt and kept his good. "Obviously," he replied with a certain caution.. This is a tale of those times. Some of it is taken from the Book of the Dark, and some comes from. for a wizard, Heleth was silent as a stone about some things. Ogion, who respected silence, had. Irian had waited some hours in the Doorkeeper's chamber, a low, light, bare room with a small-paned window looking out on the kitchen-gardens of the Great House - handsome, well-kept gardens, long rows and beds of vegetables, greens, and herbs, with berry canes and fruit trees beyond. She saw a burly, dark-skinned man and two boys come out and weed one of the vegetable plots. It eased her mind to watch their careful work. She wished she could help them at it. The waiting and the strangeness were very difficult. Once the Doorkeeper came in, bringing her a plate with cold meat and bread and scallions, and she ate because he told her to eat, but chewing and swallowing were hard work. The gardeners went away and there was nothing to watch out the window but the cabbages growing and the sparrows hopping, and now and then a hawk far up in the sky, and the wind moving softly in the tops of tall trees, on beyond the gardens.. to living voice.. He stood silent a minute, and then said, "In Karego-At, when I was a barbarian, I was Azver. In.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (70 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]." "When he gets himself a girl," Golden said, in answer to whatever it was she had been saying.. a wide, fine net of resistance. Even now there were strands and knots of that net left. Medra had. summers.. "- do not wish Thorion to be Archmage. Also the Master Herbal, though he digs and says little.. "All spells use at least a word of the Old Speech.. though the village witch or sorcerer may not. the earth, reminding the wizards and mages that their power was not theirs, but lent to them.. SOURCES OF HISTORY. already?".. laid out six copper pennies in it, one by one. "Now then! That's fair and square!" he said.. Archmage, here, in the Grove, as always. But not as always.. thing to fight against until he could defeat it. There are many boys like that. I was one. But I. him that Otter's sister hurried in to tell him, "Hound's won a battle or a fortune! He's riding. He brought her into his mind and saw her as he had seen her, there, in that room, and called out. everywhere. If it had not been cold weather the Marsh would have reeked of rotting flesh. None of. choice, really. There was only one way for him to go.. arms to wide feathered wings, and the eagle flew up and off across the wind.. directions; beyond them darkness and small letters, moving along the floor: TERMINAL PARK. "Yaved!".. shake the city down, bring avalanche and tidal wave, close the cliffs of the bay together like. "My mastery is here, on Gont," he said, still speaking hardly above a whisper. "My master is Heleth".. "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.. " "But why-?".. He saw the lines of the spells that held him, heavy cords of darkness, a tangled maze of lines all. one in a hundred, it is a latent, cultivable talent. In a very few people it is manifest without. behind it said, "Come in!".. Medra did not answer at once. "Chance," he said at last, "favoring long desire. Not art. Not knowledge. I think I've come to the place I sought, but I don't know. I think you may be the people they told me of, but I don't know. I think the trees I saw from the hill hold some great mystery, but I don't know. I only know that since I set foot on that hill I've been as I was when I was a child and first heard The Deed of Enlad sung. I am lost among wonders.. " There were many such isles in the Archipelago, made barren and desolate by rival wizards' blights. oarmaster, after asking several questions of the master and Medra, began to roar at the slaves and. the city was beautiful and peaceful and the people prosperous.. powerful spells of protection woven and rewoven by the wise women of the island, and had no. "Go on, Deyala. I'll stay here." The Herbal went off. Azver sat down on the rough bench Irian had. own. Have you seen that?".. "There's bread," Ayo said, and Mead hurried to pack hard bread and hard cheese and walnuts into a. need to touch down either on water or on earth; they live on the wing, aloft in air, sunlight.. all but the greatest of them conceal their true names. In the lay Hasa's Voyage, the dragons. Tern.. Diamond had no idea what to say. The idea of its being up to him had not occurred to him. "Do you. She reached out and touched his hand. He drew his breath sharply.. "Everything is practice," Tangle said. She was never ill-natured. She seldom thought to do. through him, Roke. If Early (of whom he knew only his use-name and reputation) caught him and used. "Maybe you can find that island," said Ayo.. bone-white frame.. "I swear that. . .".. crafts and arts of a nonindustrial society. Their population is stable and has never overcrowded. She turned away from him and them and went on up the hill in the gathering darkness. As she went. and ship traffic dwindled under piracy, cities and towns withdrew inside defensive walls; arts.. to stare at me with suspicion and amazement.. Knowledge of these places and powers was the heart of religion in the Kargad Realm. In the. city man and a saltwater man, he knew little of farms and their animals, but he thought the donkey. Deeds, lays, songs, and popular ballads are still composed as oral performances, mostly by. her name, while he walked to meet her. He made out the big head more by touch than sight, stroking. murrain. The supply of food they had brought, meager to start with, was about to run out. Instead. violence, their actors to dolls, and their truth- telling to sentimental platitude. Heroes. Its owner was one of four men who called themselves Master of Iria. The other three called him. set in the lid, which seemed a kind and pretty gift to Diamond and his

mother. But Golden was a. "Ach, it's a witch's den," Crow said, at the whiff of herbs and aromatic smoke, and he stepped. But a year or so later he saw Diamond out in the back garden with his playmate Rose. The children were squatting on their haunches, heads close together, laughing. Something intense or uncanny about them made him pause at the window on the stairs landing and watch them. A thing between them was leaping up and down, a frog? a toad? a big cricket? He went out into the garden and came up near them, moving so quietly, though he was a big man, that they in their absorption did not hear him. The thing that was hopping up and down on the grass between their bare toes was a rock. When Diamond raised his hand the rock jumped up in the air, and when he shook his hand a little the rock hovered in the air, and when he flipped his fingers downward it fell to earth..but fair's fair, right? You wouldn't ask me to pay you what I have in mind to pay you, would you.the dogfight. Now, do you like the news I bring you?".because it dies and dies and so lives. I will not let this dead hand touch me. Or touch the king.THEIR MEETING PLACE was in the shallows, the willow thickets down by the Amia as it ran below the court for the general good and to study the ethical bases and constraints of their practice.. "Come with me to the Grove," she said..The Other Wind (to be published soon). A dragon bridge..movement of my nostrils, my heart working slowly, pumping blood; lights flickered in the low. "Now the King is in my body, the noble guest of my house. He won't make me slaver and vomit or cause sores on my body; no, for I don't fear him, but invite him, and so he enters into my veins and arteries. No harm comes to me. My blood runs silver. I see things unknown to other men. I share the secrets of the King. And when he leaves me, he hides in the place of ordure, in foulness itself, and yet again in the vile place he waits for me to come and take him up and cleanse him as he cleansed me, so that each time we grow purer together." The wizard took Otter's arm and walked along with him. He said, smiling and confidential, "I am one who shifts moonlight. You will not know another such. And more than that, more than that, the King enters into my seed. He is my semen. I am Turres and he is me..."His old master was sitting in the grass near the pond, eating an apple. Bits of eggshell flecked the ground near his legs, which were caked with drying mud. When he looked up and saw Ogion's sending he smiled a wide, sweet smile. But he looked old. He had never looked so old. Ogion had not seen him for over a year, having been busy; he was always busy in Gont Port, doing the business of the lords and people, never a chance to walk in the forests on the mountainside or to come sit with Heleth in the little house at Re Albi and listen and be still. Heleth was an old man, near eighty now; and he was frightened. He smiled with joy to see Ogion, but he was frightened..far line of the sea. Then he remembered what was worth remembering..was getting hot.."Oh child, oh lamb," said Rush, taking her into her embrace; but though she hugged Rush, Dory did not bend.."All right," she said finally. "I'm not keeping you. But now this. . ." She was confused..The voices of the mages talking were like the voices of the stream running. The stream said its.Golden did not praise the boy, not wanting to making him self-conscious or vain about what might be a passing, childish gift, like his sweet treble voice. There was too much fuss already made over that..He swept out the dust and leaves that had blown in the open door across the polished wood. He set Heleth's mattress and blanket in the sun to air. "I'll stay here a while," he thought. "It's a good house." After a while he thought, "I might keep some goats."There was a pause, and Diamond said, "So you saw to it...that I...".With age Hound had come to look his name, wrinkled, with a long nose and sad eyes. He sniffed and.Rose was muttering a rote spell, but it was her hands and her little short sharp knife that did most of the work. The ewe bore the digging knife patiently, her opaque, amber, slotted eyes gazing into silence; only she stamped her small left front foot now and then, and sighed.."They may be friends. Did I say it was an easy life?" A pause. Hemlock looked directly at Diamond..Medra had been thinking, once again, and still unavailingly, how he could leave Havnor at once and unnoticed, when the wizard came.."Acknowledged." "So at last he summoned his own master, the Summoner of Roke, taking him unawares..willpower, or the strength of the spell the girl had laid on him. Their conversation was in the.there, be nice," I said. He couldn't be real -- a phantom, like the singer, like the ones down by the.sun to come out and shine through his flesh and dry them out. Of course he could say a pain spell..Great House, all the mages, many of the students. Leading them was Thorion the Summoner, tall in."You can? Is it allowed?" "Our problem is with men," Veil said, "if you'll forgive me, dear brother. Men are of more account.looked up at her face. No thought was clear in her mind, but words repeated themselves: I could go.of meaningless words, and the vision he had described-a vast, red-walled palace where silver runes.Elehal. But when I come back I'll stay. What I need to find I'll find here. Haven't I found it.Crow was delighted to get a water-stained bestiary from the time of Akambar in return for five."Right over there." She pointed to an unoccupied elevation with black-and-silver-striped.So for a half-month or more of the hot days of summer, Irian slept in the Otter's House, which was.he said, and let her go. She walked up the street and stood before the door. She looked back then.,without knowing him, right away. . ."It was no use trying to impress her; all she said was, "Ships don't trade much to Roke, do they? Will it take a long time to find one to take us, do you think?".told you. Sir.".The Changer stood silent, and then he said quietly, with respect, "My friend, what is it you think.the same root comes the noun esege, "creative force, breath, poetry."..by in a few long breaths, a quivering of leaves, a bird singing far off and another answering it.the Doorkeeper spoke to. She saw the man's face change, saw his eyes shift to her in a brief.,she was not an inexperienced girl, she was a wise woman, a mage, she who walked in the Immanent.He came through the halls and stone corridors to the inmost place, the marble-paved courtyard of the fountain, where the tree Elehal had planted now stood tall, its berries reddening..He quickened her base clay with the true seed. But she will not give birth to the King. She is.fifty or sixty years earlier..A millennium and a half ago or more, the runes of Hardic were developed so as to permit narrative.the Sword, her heart grew lighter. And once, when Golden was down 'at South Port, she and Tangle.The spasm passed; Heleth answered, "Inside it. There at Yaved." He pointed to the knotted hills below them. "I'll go in, try to keep things from sliding around, eh? I'll find out when I'm doing it, no doubt. I think you should be getting back to yourself. Things are tightening up." He stopped again, looking as

if he were in intense pain, hunched and clenched. He struggled to stand up. Unthinking, Ogion held out his hand to help him..hands clapping. Dulse shivered, shuddered all over like the water of the pool..Medra took her hand and put his forehead against it. Telling his story he had kept back tears. He could not do so now.

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