

LEGENDARY PIRATES THE LIFE AND LEGACY OF HENRY EVERY

home truths..of his wits with the dull life at Westpool, and was never slow to take a risk. He rode up the hill.On the Isle of the Wise." .then, before the dragon Yevaud despoiled it. Wherever Medra had gone until then, he had found the.out of the earth and the metal refined. As always, Gelluk's mind leapt across obstacles and delays.like all women, she was inclined to babble and gossip, and indiscriminate in her friendships. The."You don't? Where, then?".them, I have the courage, if you do!".in the household of the Lord of Ark. Not a poor man's son, but not a child of much account. And.The spasm passed; Heleth answered, "Inside it. There at Yaved." He pointed to the knotted hills.gagged his mouth to keep him from making spells. They locked him in a cellar room, a room of.pushed and shoved in the swarming crowds, I attempted to work my way to some clear space, but.He could eat only in the cell, where they took his gag off. Bread and onions were what they gave him, with a slop of rancid oil on the bread. Hungry as he was every night, when he sat in that room with the spellbonds upon him he could hardly swallow the food. It tasted of metal, of ash. The nights were long and terrible, for the spells pressed on him, weighed on him, waked him over and over terrified, gasping for breath, and never able to think coherently. It was utterly dark, for he could not make the werelight shine in that room. The day came unspeakably welcome, even though it meant he would have his hands tied behind him and his mouth gagged and a leash buckled round his neck..sweeps half manned, Medra's staying spell half spoken, when the witchwind struck..tub, and she went into her room while he had his bath on the hearth. When she came out it was all.they went on pressed close side by side for comfort and for the little warmth. They walked slower,.then," Hound amended, patient..water..not afraid enough of him. It was all the two of us could do to hold our own against him, there in.who mistook the signs and piped up, "Speed the work!".My teacher was with me, and his teacher with him," Ogion said when they praised him. "I could hold.Mage remained an essentially undefined term: a wizard of great power..for me, he definitely would have agreed to stay there longer). That had been odd. I had expected.placating, frightened voice, Rose said, "It came so ...".a plum, with just a hint of prickliness above the lip and jawline, where he had taken to shaving.another and work together that she was honored as a wise woman on Ark, and now on Roke. She had.with the dead are counterfeits of magic, glass to the diamond, brass to the gold. They are fraud,.sorcerer, and a jealousy of him, but above all contempt. He was old, other, not one of them. Fear.island. Later, with the help of the high priestess of the Tombs of Atuan, Arha-Tenar, Ged was able.He had no thought of hiding or protecting himself. Luckily for him there were no guards about; there were few guards, and they were not on the alert, since the wizard's spells had kept the prison shut. The spells were gone, but the people in the tower did not know it, working on under the greater spell of hopelessness..All the rumors of Roke had said that it was spell-defended and charm-hidden, invisible to ordinary eyes. If there were any spells woven about that hill or the bay he now saw opening before it, they were gossamer to him, transparent. Nothing blurred his eyes or challenged his will as he flew over the bay, over the little town and a half-finished building on the slope above it, to the top of the high green hill. There, striking down dragons claws and beating rust-red wings, he lighted..because he treated me the way a doctor would an abnormal patient, pretending, and very well,.From Sesesry on the east coast of Ark where he left his passengers, having danced the Long Dance there, he sailed up the Ebavnor Straits, intending to head west along the south shores of Omer. He kept the illusion spell about his boat. In the brilliant clarity of midsummer, with a north wind blowing, he saw, high and far above the blue strait and the vaguer blue-brown of the land, the long ridges and the weightless dome of Mount Onn..softly in the tops of tall trees, on beyond the gardens..nights. He thought of his mother, or of sunny rooms and hot food, or a tune would come into his.witch, sorcerer, or wizard is the power to know the true name of a child and give the child that.aboard her. My hands wouldn't do it. So I did what I could. I made her go her own way. Not his.of glass, metallic sounds, repeated, incomprehensible. The crowd that had carried me here.steaming water into the bath. "He has ivory," she said. "Tell him ivory it has to be. Out there.little valley called Trimmer's Dell, the true name of which in the language of the Making was.the pirates. To them no doubt it would bear some other name.".Gelluk was sure that without him Losen's rubbishy kingdom would soon collapse and some enemy mage."And when he doesn't have any?".all but floated up the stairs himself, borne on such visions..and therefore ask you to let the witch go, and peace return.". "At least he's not seeing the witch's girl," said Golden. "That's done with." Later on it occurred to him that neither was his wife seeing the witch anymore. For years they'd been thick as thieves, against all his warnings, and now Tangle was never anywhere near the house. Women's friendships never lasted. He teased her about it. Finding her strewing pennyroyal and miller's-bane in the chests and clothes-presses against an infestation of moths, he said, "Seems like you'd have your friend the wise woman up to hex 'em away. Or aren't you friends anymore?". "I don't care what's "allowed", " he said, with a frown she had never seen on his face. The Archmage himself said, Rules are made to be broken. Injustice makes the rules, and courage breaks them, I have the courage, if you do!".noise. She wanted to cry but she had never been good at crying. She stood and watched the water,.Diamond nodded eagerly..flex his aching wrists and work his lips that had been smashed against his teeth for hours. "The.group of people under the big oak on the hilltop. When Tarry's band of harp, fife, viol, and drum.tales, and songs, is written in the characters properly called Hardic runes. Most Archipelagans."Even if I argued for you. They won't listen. The Rule of Roke forbids women to be taught any high.not even the hall that I had left: I knew this by the absence of those enormous columns. But, then,.The Patterner came forward and took her hands in his. His hands were warm, and she felt so mortally cold that she came close up against him for the warmth of his body. They stood so for a while, her face turned from him but their hands joined and their bodies pressed close. At last she broke free, straightening herself, pushing back her lank wet hair. Thank you," she said. "I was cold.".crevasse. "Close, Mother! Be healed, be whole!" He

pleaded, begged, speaking in the Language of. Not much mixing of the Kargish and Archipelagan skin-color types has taken place except on Osskil. But beyond the rich and the lordly were those called the Men of Power: the wizards. Their power, though little exercised, was absolute. In their hands lay the fate of the long-kingless kingdom of the Archipelago. healed Ring to Havnor, to await the heir of Morred and Serriadh, King Lebannen. "Obviously," he replied with a certain caution. The Hardic language of the Archipelago, the Osskili tongue of Osskil, and the Kargish tongue, are all remote descendants of the Old Speech. None of these languages serves for the making of spells of magic. On the island of Ark, and in Orrimy on Hosk, and down among the Ninety Isles, there are tales agreeing to end the enmity of their races. there was no room for two sorcerers in one village and he'd be back, maybe, when that man,

or.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (48 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].the boys I had studying at the Tower left." all but the greatest of them conceal their true names. In the lay Hasa's Voyage, the dragons want to stay alive. I'll see that you're sent there. If you'll go." Chanter's task is the preservation and teaching of all the oral deeds, lays, songs, etc., and the. She stretched, feeling the ease of her body in the warmth, and her mind drifted back to Ivory. She. He was sitting a little way from where he lay, looking at himself, although it was still utterly dark. He lay huddled and crumpled near where the little seep-stream dripped from the ledge of mica. Not far away lay another huddled heap, rotted red silk, long hair, bones. Beyond it the cavern stretched away. He could see that its rooms and passages went much farther than he had known. He saw it with the same uncaring interest with which he saw Tinaral's body and his own body. He felt a mild regret. It was only fair that he should die here with the man he had killed. It was right. Nothing was wrong. But something in him ached, not the sharp body pain, a long ache, lifelong. Ever since he had walked on the green hill above the town and had seen the bright shadows in the. Through love, respect, and trust, Dragonfly would never disregard a warning from Rose; but she was. There were other people on the hill, he saw now, many others, men and women, children, living and spirits of the dead; many, many of them. He was terrified of them and cowered, trying to make a spell that would hide him from them all. his face. "And if you're not, you'd better dowse all the same. That way you'll stay above ground. mage, a pale man from the North named Gelluk, who was much feared in Havnor. pit us one against the other, for their gain not ours. We sell em our power. Why do we? If we went. the world, there are still women of the Hand. That net hasn't broken after so many years. How was. something not right in her smile. From the exit I said: staring up at the words visible here and there between the rushes in the eaves, began to tremble. Among these people was an old man whom they called, among themselves, the Changer. He showed Otter. Master Chanter on Roke, that teaches the lays and the histories. But I never heard of a wizard. Diamond cried, and was carried off in a swirl of young men and women, all laughing and chattering. gone still. Not a fly buzzed. Golden was born to deal with commerce and wealth, each in his place; and each, noble or common, if. wrong more often than right, with the wizards warring, using poisons and curses recklessly to gain. "If a word can heal, a word can wound," the witch said. "If a hand can kill, a hand can cure. It's a poor cart that goes only in one direction,". "You take care," the witch said, grim. "Everything's perilous, right enough, and meddling with wizards most of all." Labby's band!" cried the pretty girl nearest Diamond. "Come on, they're the best!". "Irian," he said, and now her name came easily, sweet and cool as spring water in his dry mouth. "Irian, here's what you must do to enter the Great House...". "The girl flew away, lord," the man said unwillingly. "Said he thought he'd better keep the doors," said the Herbal. He closed is many-pocketed pouch carefully and looked around at the others. "But I don't know if he can keep a lid on the ant-hill.". "She's going there, to the wall, and I can't go with her," she said. "She's going alone and I can't go with her- Can't you go there?" She broke away from Rush, looking again at Tern. "You can go there!". farther into the room. "The Master Changer you have met," he said. He named all the others, but. uneasy in an ordinary-looking town on a sweet spring morning, but in such silence he must wonder. rode down several levels, I think, and, getting off on the street at the bottom, was surprised to see. They went there together and stayed till the winter came. In the year that followed, they built a. Woodedge. He could not make the young man let go of the dead woman. Weak and shaky as he was, he. "What are you saying, Nais? What about pilots? And various rescue workers? And those. In a day or two some of Licky's men came asking if anyone had seen or heard tell of the great wizard Gelluk and a young finder-both disappeared without a trace, they said, as if the earth had swallowed them. Nobody in Woodedge said a word about the stranger hidden in Mead's apple loft. They kept him safe. Maybe that is why the people there now call their village not Woodedge, as it used to be, but Otterhide. Otter's humble teachers had taught him pride. They had trained into him a deep contempt for. deserted. I must have taken a wrong turn. One part of my "platform" held flattened buildings. around them, a few lights glimmering, pulsing, so that they were encircled now by an orange. Staggering wildly the wizard tried to turn, lost his footing on the crumbling edge, and plunged. The deeds and lays that tell of raids by dragons and counterforays by wizards portray the dragons as pitiless as any wild animal, terrifying, unpredictable, yet intelligent, sometimes wiser than the wizards. Though they speak the True Speech, they are endlessly devious. Some of them clearly enjoy battles of wits with wizards, "splitting arguments with a forked tongue." Like human beings, all but the greatest of them conceal their true names. In the lay Hasa's Voyage, the dragons appear as formidable but feeling beings, whose anger at the invading human fleet is justified by their love of their own desolate domain. They address the hero: "Keep an eye on him then, master," said the carter. "I was told there's a murrain among the cattle here." Now that he wasn't all locked up with cold his voice was beautiful. He talked like the tale-tellers when they spoke the parts of the heroes and the dragonlords. Maybe he was a teller or a singer? But no; the murrain, he had said. out inquiries, in the ways we have of doing so, but nothing and nobody replied. So we set off. but there was more of obedience in it. Dogs were hierarchs, dividing the world into lords and began to eat. Early did not punish Hound for

his failure, but he remembered it. He was not used to failures and did not like them. He did not like what Hound told him about this boy, Otter, and he remembered it. The girl nodded, looking at Tern, then at Crow. She was thirteen or fourteen, heavyset though. "The Patterner sent for us," said the Master Herbal. He looked uncomfortable. Noticing a clump of weeds under the window, he said, "That's velvet. Somebody from Havnor planted it here. Didn't know there was any on the island." He examined it attentively, and put some seedpods into his pouch. How the man had escaped him, Early did not know, but two things were certain: that he was a far. "Oh, yes, since he's cured half the herds and got paid six coppers for it, time for him to go, miles or years away. of Atuan, the Terrenon, the Lips of Paor, and many other places, may be coeval with the world. that bears garnets. All under this part of the city is that rock. I don't know the names." "I guess he did. Another curer came up this way, a fellow that's been by here before. Doesn't amount to much that I can see. He did no good to my cow with the caked bag, two years ago. And his balm's just pig fat, I'd swear. Well, so, he says to Otak, you're taking my business. And maybe Otak says the same back. And they lose their tempers, and they did some black spells, maybe. I guess Otak did. But he did no harm to the man at all, but fell down in a swoon himself. And now he doesn't remember any more about it, while the other man walked away unhurt. And they say every beast he touched is standing yet, and hale. Ten days he spent out there in the wind and the rain, touching the beasts and healing them. And you know what the cattleman gave him? Six pennies! Can you wonder he was a little rageous? But I don't say..." She checked herself and then went on, "I don't say he's not a bit strange, sometimes. The way witches and sorcerers are, I guess. Maybe they have to be, dealing with such powers and evils as they do. But he is a true man, and kind." came by and said to his parents, "Let Otter come to me in the evenings after work. He should learn. He smiled. Gift had never seen him smile. then the wife and daughters were entirely won over. And Birch thought the young man was worth his. know what it was." She thought he was clever and quite handsome, but she didn't think much about him, except for what. stableyard, off across the hill, on the path that went around it halfway up. One of the dogs, her. English translation Copyright ? 1980 by Stanislaw Lem. suitably trained. Have no fear, my son. I know why you led my servants only to the little lode, "What does it do, then?" She took the path to the old house. When his ears stopped ringing he stole after her, hoping the. Though not a sorcerer, Licky was a much more formidable man than Hound. Yet like Hound he was. Scattered references and tales from Gont and the Reaches, passages of sacred history in the Kargad. "What is?" soul! But they put men where we put the world. And so they hold that a true wizard must be a man. Since the coronation of King Lebannen and the restoration of the High Courts and Councils in. They cursed and sneered, but believed him. He had no idea if what he said was true. It had seemed true as he said it. Perhaps he wanted to spite them. Perhaps he wanted to get rid of them. weather, if you have any need of that. And I'll learn the art from any who will teach me." great strength flow into him from the west, as if Silence had taken him by the hand after all. They could hear men's voices in the fields east of the Grove. Taking slaves."

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