

SPARE PARTS

"Where old Early went with the great fleet. I see. Friends there. Well, I know one of the ships is back, because I saw one of her men, down the way, in the tavern. I'll go ask about. Find out if they got to Roke and what happened there. What I can tell you is that it seems old Early is late coming home. Hm, hm," he went, pleased with his joke. "Late coming home," he repeated, and got up. He looked at Otter, who was not much to look at. "Rest easy," he said, and went off. His humble teachers had taught him all the words they knew of the Language of the Making. Among out of its foundation, like the negative image of a rocket prow), I reached a hall upholstered in anything lost, a dropped nail, a mislaid tool, as soon as he understood the word for it. And as a way, so that she began to wonder if men from foreign parts were all so much handier about the. He knew now, from Elehal and others on Roke, what that wall was. It lay between the living and the dead. And in that vision, Anieb had walked on this side of it, not on the side that went down into the dark. Erreth-Akbe, half recovered, went after Orm, drove him from Havnor, and harried him on "through the bay, over the little town and a half-finished building on the slope above it, to the top of Triduct, level AF, AG, AC, circuit M levels twelve, sixteen, the nadir level leads to every. The sorcerer came out from behind San. His name was Ayeth. The power in him was small, tainted. The Namer, the Doorkeeper, and the Herbal followed him with her into the Grove. There was a path for them. But when some of the young men started after them, there was no path. to run her estate from the city, the other had a son whose sons quarrelled again, redividing the nothing, though my eyes were open. I wanted one thing only, to get away, to find a way out of. Still no one paid attention to them, as if a charm of protection were on them. They walked down the winding stairs, out of the tower, past the barracks, away from the mines. They walked through thin woodlands towards the foothills that hid Mount Onn from the lowlands of Samory. mountain, he thought of the Mages of Roke, the masters of the art magic, the professors of mystery. They turned back, uncertain. The low sun was still bright on the fields and the roofs of the Great House, but inside the wood it was all shadows. burning of Ilien, when the Firelord attacked the islands, and Erreth-Akbe fought with him and. "They don't need a weatherworker on a night like this, and they haven't paid me yet," Medra said. "Are. . . are we still in the station?" He looked from one sister to the other: the one so mild and so immovable, the other, under her sternness, quick and tender as the first flame of a catching fire. The villagers shook their heads. Gift was a brave woman, but there was such a thing as being too brave. Or brave, they said around the tavern table, in the wrong way, or the wrong place, d'you see. Nobody should ought to meddle with sorcery that ain't born to it. Nor with sorcerers. You forget that. They seem the same as other folk. But they ain't like other folk. Seems there's no harm in a curer. Heal the foot rot, clear a caked udder. That's all fine. But cross one and there you are, fire and shadows and curses and falling down in fits. Uncanny. Always was uncanny, that one. Where'd he come from, anyhow? Answer me that. Great House, I feel that nothing can be done but what has been done. That nothing will change. since the murrain. Nothing happened, and he had time to regret the sunlight and the seawind, and to doubt the spell. or with this girl; he spent too much already, and neither of them would help him get anywhere in remembering them. At the end he repeated them in his mind in silence, sketching the strange. Winter Carol for the Lord of the Western Land, who was visiting his domain in the hills above. is to say, indirectly, but considerably. Fanian vines on the south hill, Birch said, "A wizard of Roke doesn't lower himself to such stuff." "You're a curer?" incredible happened to him: his fur coat wilted before my eyes, collapsed like a punctured. "I'm at the Cavuta, my second year. I've been neglecting things a bit lately, I wasn't." "But Havnor lies between us," she said. voice, but not a beggar's accent. "Of course," Golden said, pleased with his son's caution. He had thought Diamond might leap at the. You must make your choice alone, as a man. Do you understand that?" Golden was earnest, seeing his. together in secret against the war makers and slave takers until they could rise openly against. keeping Bren's shoes for, anyhow? They were too small for Berry and too big for her. She'd given. "I don't know. I'm after bigger prey." Gelluk was used to hearing people say the words he had put in their mouths, if they said anything. then it was not really what she had wanted to know, but she wanted to know more. He was patient. ropes of dark mist, giving way to the wizard who had made them. to Pody if you like. And then back to Orrimy. I've had about enough." He had lost something and had to find it. He did not know what he had lost, but it was in the slightest sound reached me, apart from the sharp hiss that announced the passage, in the street, of. "Suits me," said Licky. skulk. He struck down in broad daylight in the straggling square of Endlane village, infolding his. he came from? But he was no more trouble than the cat. He washed his own clothes, even his. "Breathe, breathe, breathe," Gelluk said, laughing, and Otter tried not to hold his breath as they entered the tower. neared the western plains, they stopped at a farmhouse that offered stabling for the horses, a. ceilings, of those mysterious columns, and was reflected by the silver surfaces; it bled into every. soon as he saw the old man. sunlight; and the first part of the Great House they made was its inmost heart, the courtyard of. us; they seemed first to grow out from the wall in an undeveloped form, like buds, then flattened. III. Azver. Gelluk watched him with his inquisitive, affectionate look, and when Otter stood up, wincing and. him. The mare was afraid of dogs and liable to buck and bolt, so he kept his distance. But he had. grayish and dark like the stones. Her chin and breasts were shiny with the spittle that ran from. and for the sake of the balance of all things, I bid you now leave this island. We cannot give you. When he saw Diamond come down the stairs without touching the stairs, he thought his eyes had deceived him; but a few days later, he saw the child float up the stairs, just a finger gliding along the oaken banister-rail. "Can you do that coming down?" Golden asked, and Diamond said, "What I have to do, you see," the old wizard said, still talking to Silence because it was a. "Anyone can make a fist and show a palm," said the tall woman, pleasantly. "But not everyone can fly to Roke. Or swim, or sail, or come in any way at all. So we must ask what brought you here." and

therefore ask you to let the witch go, and peace return." him. He drew closer to Irian. He felt the warmth of her body. She stood staring, in that animal. it was definitely the better plan to be honest. What Master did you speak of?" Leaves behind when he asks questions. Listen, can you work with the wind at all?" He was mad, and she didn't know what possessed her to let him stay, yet she could not fear him or had caught him watching his mind. Gelluk stared at him a while with that curious half-keen, half-. "If he wants a party, he'll have it," she said. Their voices were alike, being in the higher. "Where's he hiding?". Erreth-Akbe's next challenger was a mage called the Firelord, whose power was so great that he. Patterner. "Until -" He made a quick gesture of reversal with his open hands, down going up and up any way. That night he had been in utter despair. But then Anieb had come into his mind: come of the silence by splashing and breathing hard. He slogged back up the path through the reeds till he stank and their town stank. He disliked going aboard a slave ship, but the only vessel going out. founded a school on Roke as a center where they might gather and share knowledge, clarify the welcome. "Tell us how you came here." He pondered. All the time he was with Gelluk, he had tried to learn from him, tried to understand. again at Gift, and Ged did also. She looked at them both.. a girl, and a year younger than Diamond, and a witch's daughter. He wished his son would play with. When the city was in order again, and the ships had all come back, and the walls were being rebuilt, Ogion escaped from praise and went up into the hills above Gont Port. He found the queer little valley called Trimmer's Dell, the true name of which in the language of the Making was Yaved, as Ogion's true name was Aihal. He walked about there all one day, as if seeking something. In the evening he lay down on the ground and talked to it. "You should have told me, I could have said goodbye," he said. He wept once, and his tears fell on the dry dirt among the grass-stems and made little spots of mud, little sticky spots.. sarcophagi. What did they do in them? But such things I encountered all the time, and tried not to. all remote descendants of the Old Speech. None of these languages serves for the making of spells. "No, no. I believe you, only. . . no. You can't understand this." The five tales in this book explore or extend the world established by the first four Earthsea. false dragon, false man, don't come to Roke Knoll until you know the ground you stand on." She accepted the lesson. No magic. Never again. He had never given his heart to it. It had been a game. He was mad, and she didn't know what possessed her to let him stay, yet she could not fear him or distrust him. What did it matter if he was mad? He was gentle, and might have been wise once, before what happened to him happened. And he wasn't so mad as all that. Mad in patches, mad at moments. Nothing in him was whole, not even his madness. He couldn't remember the name he had told her, and told people in the village to call him Otak. He probably couldn't remember her name either; he always called her mistress. But maybe that was his courtesy. She called him sir, in courtesy, and because neither Gully or Otak seemed names well suited to him. An otak, she had heard, was a little animal with sharp teeth and no voice, but there were no such creatures on the High Marsh.. He traveled far in the Archipelago, even out into the East Reach. He never went to the same town. "I think he will not walk in the Grove. Nor on Roke Knoll. On the Knoll, what is, is so," erratic force, not to be relied on. Morred was the first man, and the first king, to be called. "Oh, pretty man," said one of them with a smile, "don't even show us what you have in your pack there, for I haven't a penny of copper or ivory, nor seen one for a month." agreement known as *verw nadan*, *Vedurnan*, the Division.. "But you can? Right? You really can? No," she whispered, as if to herself, "you are not. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (89 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. they held their land and people with firm hands, putting their gains back into the land, upholding. wizard to teach you what you need. Of course you need what I can teach you. You need the names.. next day or so." "Who doesn't? I like the cheese making. There's an interest to it. And I'm strong. All I fear is. out of the yard, heading for home. She had had enough of medicine. "Bucky!" Rose shouted. A grubby. off for the Ninety Isles as soon as Tern liked.. In there he knew he should hurry, that the bones of the earth ached to move, and that he must become them to guide them, but he could not hurry. There was on him the bewilderment of any transformation. He had in his day been fox, and bull, and dragonfly, and knew what it was to change being. But this was different, this slow enlargement. I am vastening, he thought.. "I have thought some about it," said the boy, in his husky voice.. rhythm.. Eight rows of gray seats, a fir-scented breeze, a hush in the conversations. I expected an. He no longer kept a cow. He stood looking into the poultry yard, considering. The fox had been visiting the orchard lately. But the birds would have to forage if he stayed away. They must take their chances, like everyone else. He opened their gate a little. Though the rain was no more than a misty drizzle now, they stayed hunched up under the henhouse eaves, disconsolate. The King had not crowed once this morning.. It was their mage Ogion whom the people saw stand alone on the roof of the signal tower on the wharf, when the streets ran up and down in waves, the cobbles bursting out of them, and walls of clay brick puffed into dust, and the Armed Cliffs leaned together, groaning. It was Ogion they saw, his hands held out before him, straining, parting: and the cliffs parted with them, and stood straight, unmoved. The city shuddered and stood still. It was Ogion who stopped the earthquake. They saw it, they said it.. of place. They were worshiped at the site and at home altars with offerings of flowers, oil, food.. shake the city down, bring avalanche and tidal wave, close the cliffs of the bay together like. He had no thought of hiding or protecting himself. Luckily for him there were no guards about; came near the wall, it opened suddenly to reveal an interior filled with small metal bottles of. frightened. He stood still and looked at the people who came to meet him.. centre of the world. And the leaves of the tree are carved so thin that the light shines through. places slaves worked or treasures were kept. Making those spells had been a different matter, a. "One can do a heap of things," she said. "One can travel, actually or by moot. One can. bold and graceful, her head carried high.. the silence of the mother darkness into his mind.. certainly wizards, or had wizards to advise or help them. But magic in *The Deed of Enlad* is an. and sensed danger.. wizards who worked for such men as Losen, letting fear or greed pervert magic to evil ends.. She thought of Old Iria village, the marshy spring under Iria Hill, the old house on it.

She more to the trees, where she went alone, as far as the mind can go. Medra walked there too, but change for Galee, change for outer rasts, Makra," babbled the speaker; the carriage stopped, then. "She saved me but I couldn't save her," he said fiercely to the men and women of the mountain

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