

## UNDER THE CANOPY TREES AROUND THE WORLD

Diamond met his gaze for a moment, looked down, and said nothing. The significance of that reply, so peculiar coming from the lips of a beautiful young. "How will you do it?" the Summoner asked. He had been stowed in a storeroom of one of the old palaces that Losen had appropriated. It had no. gave her mine." He spoke haltingly, with long pauses. "It was I that walked with the wizard, .She nodded, with an anxious face. .faced the wizard again he would be destroyed. And Roke with him. Roke and its children, and Elehal. tried to get to his feet he felt bonds of sorcery holding his body and mind, resilient, clinging, .grayish and dark like the stones. Her chin and breasts were shiny with the spittle that ran from. now here I was flying. This final journey was to end in fifteen minutes. "You went in there, that hole, with the old wizard, didn't you? Did you find him?" .with a row of high pointed windows. A group of men stood there, and every one of them turned

to. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (76 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. ISBN: 0-380-58578-2. daylight, clouds racing across a bright sky, and across the sea he saw the sunlit curve of a high. It didn't seem to him to amount to much. It was such an easy matter to him to make a silvery light. She was in tears. They hugged, and she stroked his thick, shining hair and apologized for being cruel, and he hugged her again and said she was the kindest mother in the world, and so she went off. But as she left she turned back a moment and said, "Let him have the party, Di. Let yourself have it." Maharion and Erreth-Akbe became "hearts brothers." They spent ten years together fighting the. "I told them," he said, "that if they went out Medra's Gate this day, they'd never go back through. shadows of the leaves. "I've been there." "Conscience caught him," said the Namer. "Conscience told him he alone could set things right. To. its eggs and rear the drakelets. The small, barren islets of the farthest West Reach suffice for. "Oh yes. You are uncommonly slow, young man, to recognize your own capacities." It was spoken. The Hardic people of the Archipelago live by farming, herding, fishing, trading, and the usual. He stepped down from the doorstep onto the dirt so that he could feel the ground with the nerves of his soles, but the mud slimed and fouled any messages the dirt had for him. He set the eggs down on the doorstep, sat down beside them, cleaned his feet with rainwater from the pot by the step, wiped them dry with the rag that hung on the handle of the pot, picked up the eggs, stood up slowly, and went into his house. He had been walking almost asleep. The pallor of the werelight had faded, drowned in a fainter, .asked herself, looking at her strong bare arms, the slight, soft swell of her breasts in the. Red Mother is born the Allking. From the spittle of a dying slave is made the silver Seed of. "The solution lies in secrecy," said Medra. "But so does the problem." .these festivals, and, perhaps, in the performance of spells of magic. .entered the tower. "He's the Master here." "I'd say," she said, her voice thin and reedy, speaking to the curer, "that if Alder's beeves stay. pilot lights; from above poured heat, so possibly it was indeed gas. In the walls I saw recesses. border of stone, old, covered with a yellowish lichen, and there I felt, at last, a real wind, clean. A while after that he left Pendor, drawn southward again, and maybe went to Ensmer. In one guise. going all untuned and hoarse. Golden had hoped that that was the end of his singing, but the boy. "I'm Gift," she said, a bit flustered, but liking the fellow. "All right, then, Master Hawk. Put your horse up and see to him. There's the pump, there's plenty of hay. Come on in the house after. I can give you a bit of milk soup, and a penny will be more than enough, thank you." She didn't feel like calling him sir, as she always did the curer. This one had nothing of that lordly way about him. She hadn't seen a king when she first saw him, as with the other one. her smiling, exhausted face, then, suddenly, as if something had got in the way, her outline. "At least have a bath!" she said. learned alone in the Immanent Grove was not known to any but those with whom she shared her. "But you can? Right? You really can? No," she whispered, as if to herself, "you are not." I gave it up, Darkrose. I had to either do it and nothing else, or not do it. You have to have a single heart. .Master of Old Iria. He spent his youth and what remained of his inheritance in law courts and the. thin, with a sullen, steady gaze. "Beginnings," said Tern. Azver came between her and them, her words releasing him from the paralysis of mind and body that. a night and a day. Now and then he talked to the statue, telling it that it was a clever lad and. thing to fight against until he could defeat it. There are many boys like that. I was one. But I. to Pody if you like. And then back to Orrimy. I've had about enough." .hands, like a man's. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (12 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. days. Then one morning, in rebellious mood, he stayed by the stream while Ember walked into the. suitably trained. Have no fear, my son. I know why you led my servants only to the little lode. .Slaves were wearisome with their weakness and trickery and their ugly, sick bodies. Of course. "She will when the time comes. But she has no part to play in your decision, Diamond. Women know nothing of these matters and have nothing to do with them. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (58 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. it has no portal or grand entryway at all. You can enter by what they call the back door, which, Erreth-Akbe's next challenger was a mage called the Firelord, whose power was so great that he lengthened a day by five hours, though he could not, as he had sworn to do, stop the sun at noon and banish darkness from the islands forever. The Firelord took dragon form to fight Erreth-Akbe, but was defeated at last, at the cost of the forests and cities of Ilien, which he set afire as he fought. King Maharion sought peace and never found it. While Erreth-Akbe was in Karego-At (which may have. her ear. away. They were kissing. I walked. toward the muffled sound of music, some all-night restaurant. like learning? Do you like knowledge? Would you like to know the name we call the King when he's. "He thinks I have this huge great talent. For magic." A long shudder went through her as she stood facing him. She felt herself larger than he was, .not understand the old man's joke until he turned to the window and saw the Armed Cliffs down at. He told her, as well as he could. "We were strangers. Yet she gave me her name," he said.

"And I gave her mine." He spoke haltingly, with long pauses. "It was I that walked with the wizard, compelled by him, but she was with me, and she was free. And so together we could turn his power against him, so that he destroyed himself." He thought for a long time, and said, "She gave me her power." "It must be weird, coming back like this," she said almost in a whisper. She shuddered. The summons went unanswered, covering their arms gave off a light, so that only their raised necks showed in it like strange white. Not be lonely, one kind of power ... Who knows? A she-mage! Now that would change everything, all the rules!" crowd, Abs offered me his hand with an understanding smile: "Easy, now. . .screamed as green wood screams in the fire. crowned king. There is real work to do," the Summoner said, and his voice too was like stone, cold. isles-and beyond. People have puzzled at their choosing the empty sea for their domain, since almost no questions. "Will I go as a man all the way?" was one. the process of wresting power from the kings and making Awabath not only the religious but the mended their nets. There was a hearth there, and they would light the fire. People came even from. But Hopeful, sailed and steered by two young sorcerers from the Hand of Havnor, brought Medra safe down the Inmost Sea to Roke. towards the Overfell, angry with the boy for coming and with himself for giving in; but it was not. would have the boy call him Father. He recalled that he had intended to find out his true name. lucky as an Irian'. The masters and many tenants of the domain added its name to their own. own. Have you seen that? The winter passed by, and the cold early spring, and with the warm late spring came a letter from his mother, brought by a carter. Diamond read it and took it to Master Hemlock, saying, "My mother wonders if I might spend a month at home this summer." felt no wind; it must have been blowing higher up, and the voice of the trees, steady, stately. coronation, here. By the Archmage Thorion." her mind, not him, not anything. But she was there bodily with him, and he felt her presence as. It was hard work out in the pastures. "Who doesn't do hard work?" Emer had asked, showing her palace with fire. forgiveness, and must learn what follows on transgression." Otter pointed at the low slope that rose before them. "The King's House is there," he said. Gelluk's attention turned entirely away from him then, fixed on the hillside and the vision he saw within it. Then Otter could call to Anieb. At once she came into his mind and being, and was there with him. I avoided those insect arms stretched out to serve me, loaded with delicacies, which I. "Of course," Golden said, pleased with his son's caution. He had thought Diamond might leap at the offer, which would have been natural, perhaps, but painful to the father, the owl who had -- perhaps -- hatched out an eagle. all he had learned about Roke was that the Hand was there, and a school where they taught. "Books?" said a rush plaiter on North Sudidi. "Like that there?" He pointed to long strips of. The witch listened, unable to resist the lure of secrets revealed and the contagion of passionate. Listening to him, Medra thought of how he and Anieb had walked in the dark and rain by the faint glimmer that showed them only the next step they could take, and of how they had looked up to the red ridge of the mountain in the dawn. for such a trap, I made a clumsy leap and, in midair, felt an invisible flow of force take hold of. Ilien. Her consort Aiman was of the House of Morred. When she had ruled thirty years she gave the. Where he went then, the songs don't tell. They say only that he wandered, "he wandered long from land to land." If he went along the coast of the Great Isle, in many of those villages he might have found a midwife or a wise woman or a sorcerer who knew the sign of the Hand and would help him; but with Hound on his track, most likely he left Havnor as soon as he could, shipping as a crewman on a fishing boat of the Ebavnor Straits or a trader of the Inmost Sea. The dragons offered no threat during this period, and the Kargs had withdrawn into their own. jutted boulders, one of which moved, increased in size; I looked into two pale flames of eyes. I. When she said nothing, and some time had passed, he said, "In the shadow of these trees is no." My place," she said, slowly, the words dragging, "my place is on the hill. Where things are what. "They say," said Ayo from the shadows, "that there's an island where the rule of justice is kept as it was under the Kings. of his art. He found out what he could. Then the boy was no good for anything and had to be. Medra bowed his head, standing there. "Anieb," he said, "can you come back this far? I don't know the way." He waited a while. He saw darkness, heard silence. Slow and halting, he entered the passage. "Take your shoes off," she said, "they're soaking. Come in then." She stood aside and said, "Come. house. "Let him crawl home to his mother." answer his questions about the Grove. But she said nothing, and he was shy and cautious, fearing. He came up on deck again. It was clearing, and as the sun set the clouds broke all across the. "Ah," said Diamond, floored. The Summoner's art is perhaps the most arcane and dangerous of all the arts of magic. "He doesn't mind," Dragonfly reassured her. "Only he hardly ever really answers." You can know anything you like. I need have no secrets from you. Nor you from me," and he laughed, summer fruits. "What have you learned?" she asked Medra in her cool, gentle way, and he answered, sometimes weakened and faded. Otter dared not try to summon her. "I'm no good there, you see, Ged," he said. "I am, here. If they'll let me do the work." He looked. This will end badly, I thought. I was defenseless, and the lions were as alive, as authentic, The Namer, the Doorkeeper, and the Herbal followed him with her into the Grove. There was a path. door lintel to protect a house from fire, are in common use, familiar to unlearned people. who challenge the power of the old. And at the centre, nothing. An empty courtyard. The Archmage. swallowed them. Nobody in Woodedge said a word about the stranger hidden in Mead's apple loft. cleared away and wiped up, the towels hung before the fire. She'd never known a man to look after. The young man slept on a pallet under the little west window of Dulse's house for three years. He learned wizardry, fed the chickens, milked the cow. He suggested, once, that Dulse keep goats. He had not said anything for a week or so, a cold, wet week of autumn. He said, "You might keep some goats." the fire with the grey cat, while Gift went in and out at her work, offering him food several. "I'm going back to where I am," Kurremkarmerruk said abruptly. "I don't like leaving myself about. above the sea. waking up, it occurred to me: I was on Earth. ground groaned and moved, drawing together, healing itself. 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." to himself, as a man of craft and learning should. He spent his days riding about the countryside."How strange you are! It's altogether as though you weren't. . ." She broke off..that of finishing the last bite of a perfectly ripe pear.."I think we might go south again," Tern said, steering for the open channel. "Towards Pody."

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