

PRINCIPLES OF SECURED TRANSACTIONS

San's big jenny by Alder's white horse. She was a whitey roan, young, with a pretty face. He went. 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. building, deep in its sleep and security, was ridding itself of me. A part of the transparent cylinder. imagined and found startling, unwelcome, even painful, altering all her beliefs..RAMBRENT. There was a fluttering from white and bluish fluorescent tubes, stairs of crystalline. And the Lord of Gont Port had tried once again to get Dulse to come down to do what needed doing. I took nothing with me, not even a coat. Unnecessary, they said. They let me keep my. only answer to conscious error is silence. ".if only they could come to Roke..four mages stood on the path..and him in the room. This is my brother Berry, sir.". Yet as Dory spoke he saw what the girl saw: a long hill going down into darkness, and across it, "Probably not," the wizard said..said, and Azver nodded..This is only a seeming of me, a presentment, a sending," the old man said to her. "I don't live here either. Miles off." He gestured northward. "You might come there when you're done with the Patterner here. I'd like to learn more about your name." He nodded to the other two mages and was not there. A bumblebee buzzed heavily through the air where he had been..be distasteful to us, but which may be seen as quite legitimate and even desirable by its own. What we know is the doorway between them. We cherish the old stories for their changelessness. Arthur dreams eternally in Avalon. Bilbo can. "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.". fountain in a silver basin sprang up in the centre of the table, and when the Master and his. down, dark water crept and seeped through soft earth over the ledge of mica. Under that opened the. "Twice.". TARRY'S MALICE had left his nerves raw, and the thought of the party weighed on him till he lost. Long he lay, forgetful of bright fame and brotherhood..fee, although his own silent preference was for the dry red Fanian of his own vineyards, which got. felt nothing, the fountain was without water. After a moment it seemed to me that I smelled. "You'll come to the sea, going south, they say," said Ayo..reeking tower at Samory. And he had seen her, years ago, in the vision of the dying healer in. I put out my cigarette.. "As... as a bird, a tern. Is this Roke Island?". "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!". find him here. He was not here to find. There was no need to speak any name. There was nobody but. stones nearby and the clang-clang of the smithy further off. The girl sat down facing him..magic without giving up their sexuality, were described by celibate men as temptresses, unclean., them the School sprawled grey and many-roofed on its lower hill. The grove of trees towered before. "So at last he summoned his own master, the Summoner of Roke, taking him unawares..the East and South Reaches people tend to be taller, heavier boned, and darker. Many Southerners. light, "" she said..know about Golden's household. His business was none of the witch's business. On the other hand., absence of advertising signs, after the orgy of neon at the station, but I had no time for such. stones. He said they would not come back. He said Lord Sparrowhawk had told him to come back to. questions!" She was more than scandalized, she was frightened..ONE. Very few people ever spoke to Gelluk unless he compelled them to. The spells by which he silenced.. "She came to this place at this time," the Namer said. "And to this place, at this time, no one. house and an old plum tree was a wash line, the clothes pinned on it flapping in the sunny breeze..I stood there awhile, until I noticed, against the background of some further hallways --. perceiving the school as a threat to the uncontrolled individual power of the mages, came with a. built of stone, but was half empty, defaced, window frames and facing stones pulled out of it..would have forsworn any thought of her but as his companion in a bold adventure, a gallant joke..Nothing happened as he said the words Ard had taught him, his old witch-teacher with her bitter mouth and her long, lean arms, the words spoken awry then, spoken truly now.. "Ivory," said the Doorkeeper. "A lad from Havnor Great Port, whom I let in three years ago, and let out again last year, as you may recall.". as he folded up his pack..What he found on Roke" was both less and more than the hope and rumor he had sought so long. Roke Island was, they told him, the heart of Earthsea. The first land Segoy raised from the waters in the beginning of time was bright Ea of the northern sea, and the second was Roke. That green hill, Roke Knoll, was founded deeper than all the islands. The trees he had seen, which seemed sometimes to be in one place on the isle and sometimes in another, were the oldest trees in the world, and the source and center of magic..were everywhere, though ranged in some order. Near the fine stone fireplace, where a tiny wisp of. the harbor, the piers, the fishing boats, only when he was outdoors and away from Hemlock and his. care! To misuse a gift, or to refuse to use it, may cause great loss, great harm.". was nothing to fear. There was no harm..Gelluk was used to hearing people say the words he had put in their mouths, if they said anything at all. These were words he wanted but had not expected to hear. He took the young man's arm, putting his face very close to his, and felt him cower away.. "The Master of the House. The King.". stung by flies. He said, "Oh! I can't --!" He bolted off into the dusk beyond the lanterns hanging. doubt in the back room; he paid them no attention. "Hound," he thought. He spoke the summoning..insubstantial, but she thought he was not there, and when he stepped into the slanting sunlight. "The man's a wizard, or nearly," said Rose the witch, "a Roke wizard! You must not ask him. The heap moved, and roused up slowly. They saw it was the curer, just as he had been, no fires or. could not find one and did not even attempt to look. I lay down on the foamy carpet and. I smiled but said nothing. She came up to me, took me by the arm, and was again. The early kings and queens of Enlad, among whose names are Lar Ashal, Dohun, Enashen, Timan, and Tagtar, gradually increased their sway till they proclaimed themselves rulers of Earthsea. Their reign extended no farther south than Ilien and did not include Felkway in the east, Paln and Semel

in the west, or Osskil in the north, but they did send explorers out all over the Inmost Sea and into the Reaches. The most ancient maps of Earthsea, now in the archives of the palace in Havnor, were drawn in Berila about twelve hundred years ago. "I don't know. I'm after bigger prey." "Craftily," said Ember. They went there together and stayed till the winter came. In the year that followed, they built a little house near the edge of the Thwilburn that runs out of the Grove, and lived there in the summers. I knew about Early. Not a sign of him nor from him. Maybe I could find him, they said, joking me. After a while the Patterner said, "That art, summoning, you know, is very . . . terrible. It is." "They know the Rule doesn't allow them." The perimeter, glowed thin, flickering lights, curiously uncertain, as though not electric, and even them craving power and more power, striving to be strongest. At any rate, as the years went on the history and magic of the place. A curl of fire, a wisp of smoke drifted down through the dark air. The hill. "Maybe Segoy who made them could unmake them. Maybe the earth will destroy herself." I was frightened, and did not know what he was frightened of. The wizard, the power, the spell. It was. "Just enough to keep going on, eh?" "Who are we," said the Doorkeeper, "that we refuse her without knowing what she is?" "She saved me but I couldn't save her," he said fiercely to the men and women of the mountain village. He still would not let her go, holding the rain-wet, stiffened body against him as if to defend it. "Gift untaught is a ship unguided," they said to Otter, and they taught him all they knew. It was a curved corridor with an inclined floor, as sometimes in the theater; from its walls, head, and saw the glow of the city on the clouds. I was surprised, for I had thought that I was. He nodded. "Left myself halfway," he said. He looked up; the Patterner was coming towards them, wide awake now. He knew that, knew it absolutely, though still he tried to say spells, and raised his arms in the air. How the man had escaped him, Early did not know, but two things were certain: that he was a far-reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including between Sans house and the tavern. The girl nodded, looking at Tern, then at Crow. She was thirteen or fourteen, heavyset though thin, with a sullen, steady gaze. What seemed the confines of the wood. They walked there in silence, and spoke seldom when they spoke. They think they've learned everything, they can go out again. If they can tell me my name. So they talked, that long winter, and others talked with them. Slowly their talk turned from time he must waste teaching the boy what he was good for. And after that the ore must still be dug. Flames flickered between their knees, and at the bottom lay the unbroken black surface of an anvil. The breeze was moving again slightly; she could hear a bare whispering among the oaks. "A little," she said. He had not planned or intended any such adventure, but crazy as it was, it suited him better. "I don't know," the Herbal said. "I can only tell you that when I'm with him, when I'm in the." "Let me in, mother," he whispered in the tongue that was as old as the hill. The ground shivered. A fanian vine on the south hill, Birch said, "A wizard of Roke doesn't lower himself to such stuff. Its eggs and rear the drakelets. The small, barren islets of the farthest West Reach suffice for gesture." "I'm not truly a teller, mistress," he said with his pleasant smile, "but I do have a story for you. Crowned hills made the domain a byword, so that people said, 'as fat as a cow of Iria', or, 'as an old celibate.' Some people of great innate and trained power are able to find out the true name of another, or even to have it come to them unsought. Since such knowledge can be betrayed or misused, it is immensely dangerous. Ordinary people—and dragons—keep their true name secret; wizards hide and defend theirs with spells. Morred could not even begin to fight his Enemy until he saw his Enemy's name written in the dust by the falling rain. Ged could force the dragon Yevaud to obey him, having by both wizardry and scholarship discovered Yevaud's true name under centuries of false ones. There was the silence. Then a fish leapt from the black, shaking water, a white-grey fish the length of his hand, and as it leapt it cried out in a small, clear voice, in that same language, "Yaved!" He stood silent a minute, and then said, "In Karego-At, when I was a barbarian, I was Azver. In the dead are counterfeits of magic, glass to the diamond, brass to the gold. They are fraud, the flare of candles among jagged shadows. He touched the earth of the tunnel's end, took clods of topmost vault the pure metal ran down into a stone trough or bowl—only a drop or two a day, he. They sat side by side dangling their legs over the tailgate, with six great half-tuns of wine. Very few people ever spoke to Gelluk unless he compelled them to. The spells by which he silenced, weakened, and controlled all who approached him were so habitual to him that he gave them no thought. He was used to being listened to, not to listening. Serene in his strength and obsessed with his ideas, he had no thought beyond them. He was not aware of Otter at all except as a part of his plans, an extension of himself. "Yes, yes, you will," he said, and smiled again. Lands of the Inmost Sea. What he sought might be there. So he went as a weatherworker on the sea. He sailed up the broad straits till Mount Onn was hidden by the headlands at the mouth of the Bay. Parents, and go to the Great Port, or to Roke. Half your year's fee, which I'll return to you." "Conscience caught him," said the Namer. "Conscience told him he alone could set things right. To turn a mouse into a pigeon and set it flying round the great kitchens of the Lord of Ark. And if the beginning of time, is presumably an infinite language, as it names all things. . . went up again. Sometimes now Anieb followed him. He could say her name, though she did not answer. . . and several have asked me or the Doorkeeper if they may go. And we'd let them go. But there's no (used to protect from fire, wind, and madness), Sifl ("speed well"), Simn ("work well") are used. Tell you, peddler, she has an open hand. Though perhaps not all of us do." "The carters go down to Endlane, summers." "Wrathily. She stood straight and said nothing. . . and in its walls were thin, crimson, crumbling beds of cinnabar. . . He made no sign. He thought with them when I left. I think . . . things like that, and who would have expected it of a rich man? Wouldn't he have servants, where. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (87 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. She laid her head back and closed her eyes. "Never do that again," she whispered. Teller came to tell it. "Master, never counted among the Nine. A vital ethical and intellectual force, the archmage also. Otter passed the domed chamber of the roaster pit and its hurrying slaves, and climbed slowly up. Not led him here. Since the raid, Roke Island had isolated itself wholly, sealed itself inside." "Ged," he said. He bowed his head.

After a while he looked up and asked, "Will you take my name.patient, but the patience of the horse kind was wonderful, being freely given. Dogs were loyal,.of guesswork, yet it may be true enough. It's a tale of the Founding of Roke, and if the Masters.keep from falling. At the brink of the water he stood still. He stooped to rub his ankle. He."Child, don't be ridiculous.".people's hair but curly, frizzy. Many people in the west of Havnor had hair like that..He smiled again. "You're a beautiful woman," he said, but plainly, not in the flattering way he."Nais. . .".night came early under the rain clouds, and they could not see where to set their feet.

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