

BUMBLEBEE AND OTHER STORIES

forest and meadow, but the rain will fall, the rivers will run to the sea. The unstable, mutable, stylized conches were shooting forth, while above them raced the words INFOR INFOR INFOR. She followed the Doorkeeper down a stone passageway. Only at the end of it did she think to turn. sold a child out of poverty to work for him, he paid them in true ivory; if they sold a child to. He gave a sharp look at his staff, which leaned in the corner behind the door. He put the eggs in the larder, ate an apple quickly because he was hungry, and took his staff. It was yew, bound at the foot with copper, worn to silk at the grip. Nemmerle had given it to him. "I've walked on dirt for seventy-five years," Dulse had said. "A few more won't kill me!" close in mind and could touch him if she reached out. But at night she knew only his blank. that she might see me, I walked more and more slowly. I was already in the ring of brightness. put him on a ship for Roke. They thought maybe the Masters there could tame him. "But on Roke, they learn to use power well, not for harm, not for gain." He did not forgive his son. It would have made a happy ending, but he would not have it. To leave so, without a word, on his nameday night, to go off with the witch-girl, leaving all the honest work undone, to be a vagrant musician, a harper twanging and singing and grinning for pennies -- there was nothing but shame and pain and anger in it for Golden. So he had his tragedy..listen and begin to learn. It took them a long time. There was a rivalrous spirit in him that made. "If you need to read the Mountain," his teacher had told him, "go to the Dark Pond at the top of. Silence smiled. He was pleased with himself..went to the pretty hinny and talked to her, calling her his dear, comforting her so that she would.made one gesture of her hand, downward to the earth..The house vanished. No walls, no roof, nobody. Early stood on the dust of the village square in. grab him by the arm, but my fingers passed clean through him and closed on air. I stood. Then she turned and went down the hill through the long grass, the way she had come..very little else. It surprised him a little. He thought he ought to be homesick, to think about. with the dead are counterfeits of magic, glass to the diamond, brass to the gold. They are fraud..She pondered - conversation with her was often a slow business - and said, "Rose always said I had. In a whisper the witch said, "Woman, be named. You are Irian." myself could have come up with better. They insisted on one thing only, that each of us fly. You look at what happens and try to see why it happens, you listen to what the people there tell. A globe of misty, greenish fire drifted swiftly down the corridor at eye level, apparently pursuing the young man. The Doorkeeper waved his hand at it, and it avoided him. Irian swerved and ducked down frantically, but felt the cool fire tingle in her hair as it passed over her. The Doorkeeper looked round, and now his smile was wider. Though he said nothing, she felt he was aware of her, concerned for her. She stood up and followed him.. "Of course," he said, his smile growing brilliant. "But witches aren't always chaste, are they? Maybe that's what the Masters are afraid of. Maybe celibacy isn't as necessary as the Rule of Roke teaches. Maybe it's not a way of keeping the power pure, but of keeping the power to themselves. Leaving out women, leaving out everybody who won't agree to turn himself into a eunuch to get that one kind of power ... Who knows? A she-mage! Now that would change everything, all the rules!" "Don't you understand?" he said, exasperated with her for not understanding, because he had not understood. "A wizard can't have anything to do with women. With witches. With all that." THE ISLAND OF SEMEL lies north and west across the Pelnish Sea from Havnor, south and west of the Enlades. Though it is one of the great isles of the Earthsea Archipelago, there aren't many stories from Semel. Enlad has its glorious history, and Havnor its wealth, and Palm its ill repute, but Semel has only cattle and sheep, forests and little towns, and the great silent volcano called Andanden standing over all. "It's not Roke magic," the old man said. His voice was dry, a little forced. "Not to do with the Old Powers, either. Nothing of that sort. Nothing sticky." "Ah." Presently he said, "The Master Summoner is not old." And she got a sidelong look from those. survived the dark years. Wanting praise, not history, the warlords burnt the books in which the. I can give you a bit of milk soup, and a penny will be more than enough, thank you." She didn't. like Ivory's. She had got her hands clean, too, and they lay flat on her thighs, long strong. though the Otter's House was still in sunlight. Kurremkarmerruk sat on the bench with his back. "Things don't mix," he said. "They ought to, but they don't. I found that out. When I left the wizard, I thought I could be everything. You know -- do magic, play music, be Father's son, love Rose.... It doesn't work that way. Things don't mix." Most people of the Archipelago have brown or red-brown skin, black straight hair, and dark eyes; the predominant body type is short, slender, small-boned, but fairly muscular and well-fleshed. In the East and South Reaches people tend to be taller, heavier boned, and darker. Many Southerners have very dark brown skin. Most Archipelagan men have little or no facial hair..that perhaps I was already outside the station and that this fantastic panorama of sloping glass..though it meant he would have his hands tied behind him and his mouth gagged and a leash buckled. gave him to put on, and ate a little food she gave him to eat, and lay down on the pallet she led. he finally spoke was, "I only wanted to make love to you." they might have gone away somewhere; by now I considered anything possible..the illusion, bringing back the door frame around him, the walls and roof beams, the gleam of. a tall white staff, the horn of a sea beast from the farthest North, stood in the decked prow of. Gelluk stopped and said nothing for some time, thinking, his face excited. Otter glimpsed the. The sorcerer looked at Dragonfly, who stood straight as a tree and said nothing..had equipped him with every kind of magic that could be needed in Iria of Westpool on Way. To. Irian was studying the Namer covertly but equally attentively, trying to see if she could tell if. nothing, though my eyes were open. I wanted one thing only, to get away, to find a way out of. All this time he and Gelluk were going on farther from the tower, away from Anieb, whose presence sometimes weakened and faded. Otter dared not try to summon her..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.. "Oh child, oh lamb," said Rush, taking her into

her embrace; but though she hugged Rush, Dory did. "I thought that that would. . . suit you." Otter crouched there at the foot of the hillslope, alone. In the young dowsing he recognized a power, untaught and inept, which he could use. He needed much more quicksilver than he had, therefore he needed a finder. Finding was a base skill. Gelluk had never practiced it, but he could see that the young fellow had the gift. He would do well to learn the boy's true name so that he could be sure of controlling him. He sighed at the thought of the time he must waste teaching the boy what he was good for. And after that the ore must still be dug out of the earth and the metal refined. As always, Gelluk's mind leapt across obstacles and delays to the wonderful mysteries at the end of them..that was a true joy, which may be enough to ask for, after all..The Patterner's voice had grown rougher, and he suddenly brushed the little design of pebbles. Only in Paln did wizards combine the two practices, in the arcane, esoteric, and reputedly. "So what brought you here?" the Changer asked, stern, but not hiding his curiosity.. "OK. And then you'll tell me. . . ?". Suddenly she looked at me, her cheeks darkened, it was a blush..she still scowled, sometimes she smiled, but she did not laugh. When she could, she went to the. That, too, I remembered. I didn't crush his fingers. I was quite calm. He wanted to say. choice, really. There was only one way for him to go.. "I forget-I always forget," he said, downcast again. "I forget the walls of the prison. I'm not. it included practices otherwise called "high arts," such as healing, chanting, changing, etc.. Weary, evil dreams of suffocation came to him, but took no hold on him. He breathed deep. He slept at last. He dreamed of long mountainsides veiled by rain, and the light shining through the rain. He dreamed of clouds passing over the shores of islands, and a high, round, green hill that stood in mist and sunlight at the end of the sea.. ritual, private and communal. There was no priesthood; any adult could perform the ceremonies and. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (16 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. "None of your business if there is! You go off, you turn your back on me. Wizards can't have. Enlad. "You might keep some goats," Silence said.. dogs yammered around him. "She broke it." The Changer absorbed that with a look of real amazement; but he did not question the Doorkeeper.. said, "Let us have the witch." Men and women of the Hand had joined together on Roke a hundred or more years ago, forming a. a little afraid of him. But Otter's distress was too great and his training too slight for him to. reason.. step, wiped them dry with the rag that hung on the handle of the pot, picked up the eggs, stood up. Where my love is going. with you drawing you to the particular attention of the Master Summoner.. opened and entered a great cavern. But though the roots of Roke are the roots of all the islands.. He had made a little heap of bits of eggshell on the ground by his knee. He arranged the white fragments into a curve, then closed it into a circle. "Yes," he said, studying his eggshells, then, scratching up the earth a bit, he neatly and delicately buried them. He dusted off his hands. Again his glance flicked to Irian and away.. Dulse thought sometimes in those years about sons and fathers. He had quarreled with his own father, a sorcerer-pro prospector, over his choice of a teacher; his father had shouted that a student of Ard's was no son of his, had nursed his rage and died unforgiving.. "Fragments," Crow said, dismissing his life's work. "Remnants!" He had no thought of hiding or protecting himself. Luckily for him there were no guards about;. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (13 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. patient, but the patience of the horse kind was wonderful, being freely given. Dogs were loyal,. the straw musty. Ivory felt no lust at all, though Dragonfly lay not three feet from him. She had. and their history together into "A Description of Earthsea." Its function is like that of the. and cruelty. I look at the world, at the forests and the mountain here, the sky, and it's all. if he was indeed in a plague-stricken place or an island under a curse. He went on. Between a. He sat down on his narrow bunk and looked at her sitting on her narrow bunk; they could not face. "There's people all over these parts, and maybe beyond, who think, as you said, that nobody can be. long solitudes among the trees, always sought form and clarity, and she said, "How can we teach. tower were naked or wore only breechclout and moccasins. Otter glanced again at the slave,. "If she knew I was alive," he said.. I smiled but said nothing. She came up to me, took me by the arm, and was again. It seemed that from Roke Knoll the whole extent of the Grove could be seen, yet if you walked in it you did not always come out into the fields again. You walked on under the trees. In the inner Grove they were all of one kind, which grew nowhere else, yet had no name in Hardic but "tree" In the Old Speech, Ember said, each of those trees had its own name. You walked on, and after a time you were walking again among familiar trees, oak and beech and ash, chestnut and walnut and willow, green in spring and bare in winter; there were dark firs, and cedar, and a tall evergreen Medra did not know, with soft reddish bark and layered foliage. You walked on, and the way through the trees was never twice the same. People in Thwil told him it was best not to go too far, since only by returning as you went could you be sure of coming out into the fields.. spell that would hide him from them all.. Rose watched her. She knew she did not know who Man was or what she might be. A big, strong, awkward, ignorant, innocent, angry woman, yes. But ever since she was a child Rose had seen something more in her, something beyond what she was. And when Irian looked away from the world like that, she seemed to enter that place or time or being beyond herself, utterly beyond Rose's knowledge. Then Rose feared her, and feared for her.. wizards, advisers to the kings.. without rancor.. sternness, quick and tender as the first flame of a catching fire.. ship in port, and none has come into Thwil Bay since the one that brought you, lady, and sailed. no true speech. From now on he could talk only the language of duty: the getting and the spending.. He was glad to see the sorcerer uneasy too, standing by the helmsman, keeping a watch up on the. She turned away from him and them and went on up the hill in the gathering darkness. As she went farther from them they saw her then, all of them, the great gold-mailed flanks, the spiked, coiling tail, the talons, and the breath that was bright fire. On the crest of the Knoll she paused a while, her long head turning to look slowly round the Isle of Roke, gazing longest at the Grove, only a blur of darkness in darkness now. Then with a rattle like the shaking of sheets of brass the wide, vaned wings opened and the dragon sprang up into the air, circled Roke Knoll once, and flew.. The last heirs of the House of Hupun were a boy and girl, Ensar

and Anthil. Wishing to end the line of the Kargish kings but unwilling to risk sacrilege by shedding royal blood, the Godking ordered these children to be stranded on a desert island. Among her clothes and toys the princess Anthil had the half of the broken Ring brought by Erreth-Akbe, which had descended to her from Thoreg's daughter. As an old woman she gave this to the young wizard Ged, shipwrecked on her island. Later, with the help of the high priestess of the Tombs of Atuan, Arha-Tenar, Ged was able to rejoin the broken halves of the Ring and so remake the Rune of Peace. He and Tenar brought the healed Ring to Havnor, to await the heir of Morred and Serriadh, King Lebannen..thirties, with a blunt face and a pleasant look, dressed plain, though the cob that stood behind.After a long time the door opened and several men came in. He could do nothing against them as.A slight, brown man sitting at the table looked up at him..You can know anything you like. I need have no secrets from you. Nor you from me," and he laughed,,"He only taught me names."..them nights, brooding on where and how he might extend his empire..ox, the middle-aged man driving the iron-bladed plough, never a word spoken; as they started home.The way one does research into nonexistent history is to tell the story and find out what.off her sandals and put her feet in the water. It was cool, but veins of sunwarmth ran through it..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (42 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. "Oh I see," Rose said after a moment. "But I don't see why you ran away."..of Ard's was no son of his, had nursed his rage and died unforgiving.. "For us," said Ember. "For us who live, in hiding, neither killed nor killing. The dead are dead.."Nobody loves a sorcerer," said the Archmage. "Well, Irioth! Did I come all this way for you in the dead of winter, and must go back alone?".."Better stay here."..She followed the Doorkeeper down a stone passageway. Only at the end of it did she think to turn back to see the light shine through the thousand leaves of the tree carved in the high door in its bone-white frame..her back. On her face was the same tranquil smile, directed at the empty rows of seats, which.ethical use and teaching of magic, was established by men and women on Roke Island about a hundred.the night, laying to in any bay or harbor; but there was no moorage on this crossing, and since.night came early under the rain clouds, and they could not see where to set their feet..place, a kind of bower deep in the willows, where they could hear the stream running over the.time, Medra was given a vision of magic not as a set of strange gifts and reasonless acts, but as

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