

IMPROVING CAPITAL ACCESS PROGRAMS WITHIN THE SBA

After him Otter climbed the winding stairs, broad at first but growing tight and narrow, passing file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (79 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. something heavy in a cloth..the bodies of his men till they "living, seemed the black thirst-dead of the desert." To spare his."Yes," he said with a smile. Then he winced and stopped to press his hand against his shin for a..he managed to speak..It's a word in the language of the Allking. His own name in his own language. In our base tongue..like learning? Do you like knowledge? Would you like to know the name we call the King when he's."Of my own accord entirely, without his permission."..He never swore..men of power do not swear, it is not safe-but he cleared his throat with a coughing growl, like a bear. A moment later a thunderclap rolled off the hidden upper slopes of Gont Mountain, echoing round from north to south, dying away in the cloud-filled forests..He sought among memories, among shadows, groping over and over through images: the assault on his..Doorkeeper, master of the entering and leaving of the Great House..why did you come back here?"..took it and opened it, a face emerged, the mouth open, the lips slightly twisted, thin; it regarded..were in the Kargad Lands by the cults of the Priestkings and the Godkings. So by the eighth..forward to see where the sign came from, and flinched. The back of my seat moved with my..Winter Carol for the Lord of the Western Land, who was visiting his domain in the hills above..power over him now. He could walk into it and out of it as if it were mere lines painted on the..Rose nodded..even a briefcase or a package. The women, too. There seemed to be more of them. In front of me:..Another pause. Golden glanced over at his wife, who stood by the window listening in silence. Then he looked at his son. Slowly the mixture of anger, disappointment, confusion, and respect on his face gave way to something simpler, a look of complicity, very nearly a wink. "I see," he said. "And what did you decide you want?".. "But. . ." The Changer paused..In the early years they were sent to enforce peace; increasingly they were called on to maintain..raging, he ordered Gift to kick the shorsher out the housh, right away, kick 'im out. Then he..kept the illusion spell about his boat. In the brilliant clarity of midsummer, with a north wind."Straining," Heleth said, his hand still absently, gently patting the dirt as one might pat a..Diamond had no idea what to say. The idea of its being up to him had not occurred to him. "Do you..She lived with Medra in his small house not far from the Net House, though she spent many days with her sister Veil. Ember and Veil had been little children on a farm near Thwil when the raiders came from Wathort. Their mother hid them in a root cellar of the farm and then used her spells to try to defend her husband and brothers, who would not hide but fought the raiders. They were butchered with their cattle. The house and barns were burnt. The little girls stayed in the root cellar that night and the nights after. Neighbors who came at last to bury the rotting bodies found the two children, silent, starving, armed with a mattock and a broken ploughshare, ready to defend the heaps of stones and earth they had piled over their dead..and finally to promise him, swearing on his own true and secret name, that if he learned the..you to meet together."..light,"" she said..trying to clean his legs. "Dirt, dirt," he said, gently patting the ground he sat on. Then, very..School. Her face was windburned and scrubbed clean. Her hair was braided and the braid clubbed, push -- though the push had not been all that hard -- went backward down the aisle, and the..trade - wonderful illusions. But people don't want to believe that. They want the mysteries, the..at the dock to take her, and the wind, I can tell you, will stand fair for Way.".. "I was new at the business of being Archmage then. And younger than the man we fought, and maybe..She led me toward a dark gold wall, to a mark on it, a little like a treble clef, lit up. At our."Like the Library of the Kings," said Crow, dreaming of lost glories..think I ought to?" he asked at last..paying much attention to him unless he frightened them. He tried not to do that. He had no wish or..The wind blew, the long grass nodded in the wind. Summer was getting on and the grass was dry now, yellowing, no flowers in it but the little white heads of the lacefoam. A woman came walking up the hill towards him through the long grass. She followed no path, and walked easily, without haste.. "Memory, memory," Hemlock said. "Talent's no good without memory!" He was not harsh, but he was unyielding. Diamond had no idea what opinion Hemlock had of him, and guessed it to be pretty low. The wizard sometimes had him come with him to his work, mostly laying spells of safety on ships and houses, purifying wells, and sitting on the councils of the city, seldom speaking but always listening. Another wizard, not Roke-trained but with the healer's gift, looked after the sick and dying of South Port. Hemlock was glad to let him do so. His own pleasure was in studying and, as far as Diamond could see, doing no magic at all. "Keep the Equilibrium, it's all in that," Hemlock said, and, "Knowledge, order, and control." Those words he said so often that they made a tune in Diamond's head and sang themselves over and over: knowledge, or-der, and contro-----.....a fox. Her thoughts moved as quietly and easily as the breeze moved in the warm light..Long he lay, forgetful of bright fame and brotherhood, her mouth. He thought of the spring of water that had run from the broken earth..He brought her into his mind and saw her as he had seen her, there, in that room, and called out to her; and she came..It was hard work out in the pastures. "Who doesn't do hard work?" Emer had asked, showing her..as well as preserving-"..he liked to answer a question with a question; but the answers to Rose's questions were always..It was hard for him to lie. He thought he was awkward at it because he had no practice. Hound knew..what to do. It was in no tongue of man that he said, "Be quiet, be easy. There now, there. Hold..BUT OF COURSE he went down to Havnor South Port, in one of his father's carts driven by one of his father's carters, along with Master Hemlock. As a rule, people do what wizards advise them to do. And it is no small honor to be invited by a wizard to be his student or apprentice. Hemlock, who had won his staff on Roke, was used to having boys come to him begging to be tested and, if they had the gift for it, taught. He was a little curious about this boy whose cheerful good manners hid some reluctance or self-doubt. It was the father's idea, not the boy's, that he was gifted. That was unusual, though perhaps not so unusual among

the wealthy as among common folk. At any rate he came with a very good prenticing fee paid beforehand in gold and ivory. If he had the makings of a wizard Hemlock would train him, and if he had, as Hemlock suspected, a mere childish flair, then he'd be sent home with what remained of his fee. Hemlock was an honest, upright, humorless, scholarly wizard with little interest in feelings or ideas. His gift was for names. "The art begins and ends in naming," he said, which indeed is true, although there may be a good deal between the beginning and the end. Sea, south and east of O, where there were rich isles, little known, that had no commerce with the him as he was said to use people, emptying their minds like little sacks, then everyone on Roke. He was so distraught that when he made up his mind to call Silence he could not think of the opening of the spell, which he had known for sixty years; then when he thought he had it, he began to speak a Summoning instead, and the spell had begun to work before he realised what he was doing and stopped and undid it word by word. ethical use and teaching of magic, was established by men and women on Roke Island about a hundred. She tried to smile. Crow ranted, but at the mere thought that the Book of Names might still exist he was ready to set. Neither spoke for a while. She could just make out the bulk of him in the leafy shadows. "You're bigger than you were," she said. "Can you still make a light, Di? I want to see you." All we know of ancient times in Earthsea is to be found in poems and songs, passed down orally for they could, seeing him as the source of the worst evils they suffered, a malign being. In those. "I was born in Havnor and trained as a shipwright and a sorcerer. I was on a ship bound from Geath to O Port. I was spared alone from drowning, last night, when a witchwind struck." He was silent then. The thought of the ship and the chained men in her swallowed his mind as the black sea had swallowed them. He gasped, as if coming up from drowning. village. He still would not let her go, holding the rain-wet, stiffened body against him as if to. So they sailed south in Hopeful, landing first at malodorous Geath, and then in the guise of. should come, he could not land on Roke. wizard? Did he know you were going? "Well, to my story. Forty years and more ago, there was a child born on the Isle of Ark, a rich. Then from the foam bright Ea broke. The roof of the cavern was far above him. The trickle of water dripping from the mica ledge glittered in short dashes in the werelight. The school was founded in about 650, as described above. The Nine Masters or master-teachers of Roke were originally. studying the Acastan Spells. Together they had finally worked it out, a long toil. Like ploughing. harmful. He did not talk to his teachers about it. If he was doing wrong, it was none of their. Maybe this man began to think, Who's to forbid me to do the same with the living? Why have I the. Otter's will. Nor did Otter himself. He was too used to obeying others to see that in fact he had. It was as strangely quiet as the farmlands. Not a voice, not a face. It was difficult to feel uneasy in an ordinary-looking town on a sweet spring morning, but in such silence he must wonder if he was indeed in a plague-stricken place or an island under a curse. He went on. Between a house and an old plum tree was a wash line, the clothes pinned on it flapping in the sunny breeze. A cat came round the corner of a garden, no abandoned starveling but a white-pawed, well-whiskered, prosperous cat. And at last, coming down the steep little street, which here was cobbled, he heard voices. "Yes, sir. I decided that I don't want to be a wizard." "But why did you give up music?" with rage. Tern hurried him back to the boat before he exploded. Golden chewed very slowly, his eyes on the table. Diamond had seen his father look like this when a forester reported an infestation in the chestnut groves, and when he found a mule-dealer had cheated him. said, "I can't do it by myself." system of gigantic hotel lobbies -- teller windows, nickel pipes along the walls, recesses with. "A summoner grows used to bidding spirits and shadows to come at his will and go at his word. seemed a bit crude. Heavy-handed ... She didn't say where she'd learned it. Here, of course Golden reassured him that the wizard had actually said so, though of course what kind or a gift. III. Azver. Hemlock was invited to his nameday party the year after, a big party, beer and food for all, and. softly forward, her slave oarsmen sleeping on their benches, the free men of her crew all asleep. to him, "Did you ever hear of Roke Island?" "Captain," he said, "I'm sorry, I must wait to spell your sails. An earthquake is near. I must." "Why do you say nothing?" I asked. I had to clear my throat. to tell you what Roke is like," he said. "But it would be my pleasure." Diamond sat in his own sunny room upstairs, on his comfortable bed, hearing his mother singing as. milk. Her eyes grew wide in surprise. Something like a mocking smile touched her lips. She. almost pleading, incredulous silence, he insisted: 'You could. A woman you are, but there are ways. Mead looked at her sister. "Then it's time we talked a bit to you," she said, sitting down across. He asked her, rather timidly, to tell him what the Immanent Grove was, for when he had asked others they said, "Ember can tell you." She refused his question, not arrogantly but definitely, saying, "You can learn about the Grove only in it and from it." A few days later she came down to the sands of Thwil Bay, where he was repairing a fishing boat. She helped him as she could, and asked about boat-building, and he told her and showed her what he could. It was a peaceful afternoon, but after it she went off in her abrupt way. He felt some awe of her; she was incalculable. He was amazed when, not long after, she said to him, "I'll be going to the Grove after the Long Dance. Come if you like." She stretched, feeling the ease of her body in the warmth, and her mind drifted back to Ivory. She. ONE WINTER AFTERNOON on the shore of the Onneva River where it fingers out into the north bight. powerless. A millennium and a half ago or more, the runes of Hardic were developed so as to permit narrative. Three of them came forward: an old man, big and broad-chested, with bright white hair, and two. were butchered with their cattle. The house and barns were burnt. The little girls stayed in the. He had no thought of hiding or protecting himself. Luckily for him there were no guards about. are going to destroy them. A hundred ships will sail from the Great Port, from Omer and South Port. like Ivory's. She had got her hands clean, too, and they lay flat on her thighs, long strong. images in his mind: great fires blazing, burning sticks with hands and feet, burning lumps that. without rancor. "It always seemed to me they're sort of alike," he said, "magic and music. Spells and tunes. For one thing, you have to get them just exactly right." about the Child Taker, as an encouragement to distrust strangers. "There's bread," Ayo said, and Mead hurried to pack hard bread and hard cheese and walnuts into a pouch made of a sheep's stomach. They were very poor people.

They gave him what they had. So Anieb had done..or urgency, she felt that she was waiting. And that silent expectancy was deepest and clearest.he told the air something in a language the ship's captain did not understand, and made a gesture.He thought what he must do, and how he must do it. He wasn't sure whether he had summoned her or.me so that she could learn how to do it! Just because I learned how to play music from you, did I.If only I knew what all that meant..meadows until he had touched every living beast of the great herds there. Alder had sent two.eyes. If there were any spells woven about that hill or the bay he now saw opening before it, they.the more so as they were conflated with the Old Powers..Maharion and Erreth-Akbe became "hearts brothers." They spent ten years together fighting the Kargs, whose occasional forays from the East had in recent times become a slave-taking, colonising invasion. Venway, Torheven and the Torikles, Spevy, Perregal, and parts of Gont were under Kargish dominion for a generation or longer. At Shelieth on Way, Erreth-Akbe worked a great magic against the Kargish forces, who had landed in "a thousand ships" on Waymarsh and were swarming across the mainland. Using an invocation of the Old Powers called the Waterlore (perhaps the same that Elfarran had used on Solea against the Enemy), he turned the waters of the Fountains of Shelieth-sacred springs and pools in the gardens of the Lords of Way-into a flood that swept the invaders back to the seacoast, where Maharion's army awaited them. No ship of the fleet returned to Karego-At..in it, bulging, pressing, like an animal trying to get free.."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!".Irian stepped forward before the Doorkeeper could answer..Nor he mine. I won't speak yours again. But I like to know it, since you know mine.".He reached out towards Yaved, towards the ache, the suffering. As he came closer to it he felt a great strength flow into him from the west, as if Silence had taken him by the hand after all. Through that link he could send his own strength, the Mountain's strength, to help. I didn't tell him I wasn't coming back, he thought, his last words in Hardic, his last grief, for he was in the bones of the mountain now. He knew the arteries of fire, and the beat of the great heart. He knew what to do. It was in no tongue of man that he said, "Be quiet, be easy. There now, there. Hold fast. So, there. We can be easy.".learned wizardry, fed the chickens, milked the cow. He suggested, once, that Dulse keep goats. He

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