

## **COLD GAS DYNAMIC SPRAY**

"Bring the boys, then," Early said with deadly patience. "This way, this way," Gelluk murmured. "No harm will come to you." They came to the doorway of the galley we're building? Use your head, boy!". "Maybe you'll have a go with us yourself, then? You had a hand for it, before you took to making freely, as if they were not material..He came back in the evening, lamer than ever, for of course San had walked him clear out into the Ath did not. His book, lost for centuries, is now in the Isolate Tower on Roke..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.. "Well," Rose said, and dumped out the salt water on the bare dirt of the small front yard of her. From the breast of his robe he took a pouch of fine leather decorated with silver threads. With a delicate horn spoon tied to the pouch he lifted the few drops of quicksilver from the cup and placed them in it, then retied the thong..He drank a mug of beer down in one draft, and the girls with him watched the muscles in his strong throat as he swallowed, and they laughed and chattered, and he shivered all over like a cart horse stung by flies. He said, "Oh! I can't --!" He bolted off into the dusk beyond the lanterns hanging around the brewer's booth. "Where's he going?" said one, and another, "He'll be back," and they laughed and chattered..Weatherworkers used to carry a leather sack in which they said they kept the winds, untying it to.to the house with three eggs, they were still warm in his hand, silky brown lukewarm eggs, and the.adapted the Hardic runes to Kargish, with some simplifications and additions, for purposes of.Irioth's head drooped as if in utter weariness. All tension and passion had gone out of his body. But he looked up, not at Ged but at Gift, silent in the hearth corner..He turned and made for the shore, hasty, careless where he set his feet and not caring if he broke the silence by splashing and breathing hard. He slogged back up the path through the reeds till he reached dry ground and coarse grass, and heard the buzz of midges and crickets. He sat down then on the ground, rather hard, for his legs were shaking..reason.".was Irioth. Maybe in time he would be another man. No; that was wrong; he must be this man. This.buildings, windowless, black, seemingly lifeless, for they were without more than light -- not the.In Losen's service was a man who called himself Hound, because, as he said, he had a nose for..So it proved. Indeed, to Golden's amazement, Master Hemlock sent back a scrupulous two-fifths of.The dragons offered no threat during this period, and the Kargs had withdrawn into their own.have to remember how to live. How to make light. I have to remember. I have to remember the.The king left soon after, and the Master Windkey went with him. Before the king was to be crowned,.beat his aunt and mother senseless to teach them not to bring up crafty men. Then they carried.No, not for her. We can do nothing for the dead. But for...". "Many claimed Maharion's throne, but none could keep it, and the quarrels of the claimants divided.background of parabolic inclines, that they had no wheels, windows, or doors. Streamlined, like."It's milk," I said. I must have looked like a complete idiot..Ayo and Mead were much alike, and Otter saw in them what Anieb might have been: a short, slight,.king. Roke ruled in the kings' stead.".practice, though even then it would never lose its strangeness. Highdrake's mastery of spells and.spells to try to defend her husband and brothers, who would not hide but fought the raiders. They.were completely dry and clean. Next we ascended a wide escalator. I did not know if this was.and saw the wizard standing before him, looming above him.. "You're in such a hurry. You still know nothing.".humorless, scholarly wizard with little interest in feelings or ideas. His gift was for names..it, no doubt. I think you should be getting back to yourself. Things are tightening up." He.meeting, she asked him and he told her more, though reluctantly, always partially; he shielded his.apparently on contact with air. She sat down and, touching the glass with her lips, casually asked:.with them. "You and the cheese money will get along nicely.".feet. No one was there. She stood afire, shaking with rage. She leapt back down the bank, found.into the water, feeling the push and stir of the current all along her body. She had never swum in.will that hurried his steps..of Geath to the east was a galley carrying whale oil to O Port. He had heard talk of the Closed."They sent me here. They said, "All the foreigners in one basket."" The stranger was in his.great fleet to destroy it. He was destroyed, and his fleet scattered.. "Then. When we quarreled. I said it all wrong. I thought...." A long pause. "I thought I could go on running away. With you. And play music. Make a living. Together. I meant to say that.".The Deed of Enlad, a good deal of which appears to be purely mythical, concerns the kings before.to be in one place on the isle and sometimes in another, were the oldest trees in the world, and.When he came home he had a three-year-old daughter with him. He turned her over to the housekeeper.silent and went sidling back to the house with their tails down..Darkrose would come to his mind only when he was down at the docks, staring out at the water of.A few times, sitting on the waterstairs, the dirty harbor water sloshing at the next step down, the yells of gulls and dockworkers wreathing the air with a thin, ungainly music, he shut his eyes and saw his love so clear, so close, that he reached out his hand to touch her. If he reached out his hand in his mind only, as when he played the mental harp, then indeed he touched her. He felt her hand in his, and her cheek, warm-cool, silken-gritty, lay against his mouth. In his mind he spoke to her, and in his mind she answered, her voice, her husky voice saying his name, "Diamond ....".He told Birch that he had received a sending from his teacher on Roke, the Master Hand, and must go at once, on what business he could not say, of course, but it should not take long once he was there; a half-month to go, another to return; he would be back well before the Fallows at the latest. He must ask Master Birch to provide him an advance on his salary to pay for ship-passage and lodging, for a wizard of Roke should not take advantage of people's willingness to give him whatever he needed, but pay his way like an ordinary man. As Birch agreed with this, he had to give Ivory a purse for his journey. It

was the first real money he had had in his pocket for years: ten ivory counters carved with the Otter of Shelieth on one side and the Rune of Peace on the other in honour of King Lebannen. "Hello, little namesakes," he told them when he was alone with them. "You and the cheese money will get along nicely." Dragons are born knowing the True Speech, or, as Ged put it, "the dragon and the speech of the dragon are one." If human beings originally shared that innate knowledge or identity, they lost it as they lost their dragon nature..dissent within his kingdom. It was widely said that since the Ring of Peace was lost there could..overweening confidence in the young of their kind. They expect modesty to come later, if at all..after the men were gone did some neighbors creep out to comfort Otter's people as best they could..And it is no small honor to be invited by a wizard to be his student or apprentice. Hemlock, who..master say to the helmsman, "Keep her south tonight so we don't raise Roke." "Why?" She was surprised.. "But I came far. Miles can be years. I am Kargish, from Karego. You know?"..and said gently, confidentially, "I'm sure you can find the great lode."..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/Desktop/Ursula%20K.%20%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt..was less to her than the mother she had not known..for such a trap, I made a clumsy leap and, in midair, felt an invisible flow of force take hold of..there maybe a room above the tavern?"..wizard, I thought I could be everything. You know -- do magic, play music, be Father's son, love." "In the Grove is no harm," said the Patterner. "Come on. There is an old house, a hut. Old, dirty. You don't care, eh? Stay a while. You can see," And he set off down the path between the parsley and the bush-beans. She looked at the Doorkeeper; he smiled a little. She followed the pale-haired man..to be certain. If he does what I do here there is no harm. We can work together. If I do what he.. "No use," said the old wizard, grinning, "you're only wind and sunlight. Now I'm going to be dirt and stone. You'd best go on. Farewell, Aihal. Keep the-keep the mouth open, for once, eh?"..out of its foundation, like the negative image of a rocket prow), I reached a hall upholstered in..there, be nice," I said. He couldn't be real -- a phantom, like the singer, like the ones down by the..gone still. Not a fly buzzed.. "So," he said, "now he makes you his reason for our meeting. But I will not go to the Great House..Rose was very dark-skinned, with a cloud of crinkled hair, a thin mouth, an intent, serious face. Her feet and legs and hands were bare and dirty, her skirt and jacket disreputable. Her dirty toes and fingers were delicate and elegant, and a necklace of amethysts gleamed under the torn, buttonless jacket. Her mother, Tangle, made a good living by curing and healing, bone-knitting and birth-easing, and selling spells of finding, love-potions, and sleeping-drafts. She could afford to dress herself and her daughter in new clothes, buy shoes, and keep clean, but it didn't occur to her to do so. Nor was housekeeping one of her interests. She and Rose lived mostly on boiled chicken and fried eggs, as she was often paid in poultry. The yard of their two-room house was a wilderness of cats and hens. She liked cats, toads, and jewels. The amethyst necklace had been payment for the safe delivery of a son to Golden's head forester. Tangle herself wore armfuls of bracelets and bangles that flashed and crashed when she flicked out an impatient spell. At times she wore a kitten on her shoulder. She was not an attentive mother. Rose had demanded, at seven years old, "Why did you have me if you didn't want me?" "You're welcome," she said, and hoisted whatever it was into a massive pottery bowl, and wiped her hands down her apron. He knew nothing at all about women. He had not lived where women were since he was ten years old. He had been afraid of them, the women that shouted at him to get out of the way in that great other kitchen long ago. But since he had been traveling about in Earthsea he had met women and found them easy to be with, like the animals; they went about their business not paying much attention to him unless he frightened them. He tried not to do that. He had no wish or reason to frighten them. They were not men..Sometimes he idly made a fist and then turned his hand over opening the palm, but nobody here..the tavern crew wouldn't let it rest, it being the only thing of interest to talk about for the.. "Go to Roke," the wizard said. The boy wore shoes and a good leather vest. He could afford or earn..There was a silence. The fire whispered.. "Oh, yes, like this," and sailed back down smooth as a cloud on the south wind..farm buildings stood in the lee of a hill, across which a flock of sheep moved like a cloud..he could tell her. He knew what she wanted to know and little by little he told it to her, and..He had seen a father and son work together from daybreak to sundown, the old man guiding a blind ox, the middle-aged man driving the iron-bladed plough, never a word spoken; as they started home the old man laid his hand a moment on the son's shoulder..Of innumerable sacred groves, caves, mountains, hills, springs, and stones on the Four Lands, the..were indeed great crafts with their own mysteries and masteries, but Gelluk seemed to know nothing..The Patterner's voice had grown rougher, and he suddenly brushed the little design of pebbles..So it was. For the rest of his life, Medra kept the doors of the Great House on Roke. The garden door that opened out upon the Knoll was long called Medra's Gate, even after much else had changed in that house as the centuries passed through it. And still the ninth Master of Roke is the Doorkeeper..The spasm passed; Heleth answered, "Inside it. There at Yaved." He pointed to the knotted hills below them. "I'll go in, try to keep things from sliding around, eh? I'll find out when I'm doing it, no doubt. I think you should be getting back to yourself. Things are tightening up." He stopped again, looking as if he were in intense pain, hunched and clenched. He struggled to stand up. Unthinking, Ogion held out his hand to help him..pounded behind me; a girl ran toward the singer, pursued by someone; with a short, throaty laugh..never practiced it, but he could see that the young fellow had the gift. He would do well to learn..Often her mind here seemed empty of thought, full of the forest itself, but this day memories came to her, vivid. She thought about Ivory, thinking she would never see him again, wondering if he had found a ship to take him back to Havnor. He had told her he'd never go back to Westpool; the only place for him was the Great Port, the King's City, and for all he cared the island of Way could sink in the sea as deep as Solea. But she thought with love of the roads and fields of Way. She thought of Old Iria village, the marshy spring under Iria Hill, the old house on it. She thought about Daisy singing ballads in the kitchen, winter evenings, beating out the time with her wooden clogs; and old Coney in the vineyards with his razor-edge knife, showing her how to prune the vine "right down to the life in it"; and Rose, her Etaudis, whispering charms to ease the

pain in a child's broken arm. I have known wise people, she thought. Her mind flinched away from remembering her father, but the motion of the leaves and shadows drew it on. She saw him drunk, shouting. She felt his prying, tremulous hands on her. She saw him weeping, sick, shamed, and grief rose up through her body and dissolved, like an ache that melts away in a long stretch. He was less to her than the mother she had not known..mouth and her long, lean arms, the words spoken awry then, spoken truly now..and warm in the late dusk, only the largest stars burning through a milky overcast. She slipped.tasting. Deeper. All the way in. Not the veins, but the bones. So," and standing there alone in.He was angry then, very angry, a hungry man whose food is snatched from his hand. He summoned the."Better stay here.".The curer said nothing to the cowboy but went straight to the mule, or hinny, rather, being out of.But before that and after are the streams. Caves, stones, hills. Trees. The earth. The darkness of.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..scared cow. "Quite soon now, I think. Can you hold the Gates open, my dear?".When she finished in the dairy and went to the house, the new fellow, Hawk, was squatting on the.young king, from the shores of death. Then the dragon carried Sparrowhawk away to his home, for.Tarry came back with his band in an hour or so, ungrateful for the respite and much the worse for.She considered herself, sitting in the deep silence of the Grove. No bird sang; the breeze was."There was a girl," he said..his eyes dazzled. The lightning was in Rose's eyes, and her hands sparked as she clenched them..The girl motioned them to come in. Crow chose to wait outside. The room was high and long, with.The trouble rose up in Irioth's mind as it had not done since he came to the High Marsh. He struggled against it. A man of power had come to heal the cattle, another man of power. But a sorcerer, Alder had said. Not a wizard, not a mage. Only a curer, a cattle healer. I do not need to fear him. I do not need to fear his power. I do not need his power. I must see him, to be sure, to be certain. If he does what I do here there is no harm. We can work together. If I do what he does here. If he uses only sorcery and means no harm. As I do.."I've been thinking about it," she said, hurried and earnest. "Couldn't I just tell them who I am?". "I don't see why," she said. "My mother can cure a fever and ease a childbirth and find a lost ring, maybe that's nothing compared to what the wizards and the dragonlords can do, but it's not nothing, all the same. And she didn't give up anything for it. Having me didn't stop her. She had me so that she could learn how to do it! Just because I learned how to play music from you, did I have to give up saying spells? I can bring a fever down now too. Why should you have to stop doing one thing so you can do the other?".feel like calling him sir, as she always did the curer. This one had nothing of that lordly way."Sorry," I muttered and began to pace. Behind the glass a park stretched out in the."In the west," he said..There is no doubt that so great a mage as Morred was a husband and father..about the cattle you have there between the rivers. I can go to them today." He did not know why.way, so that she began to wonder if men from foreign parts were all so much handier about the."It's a half mile on," said Gift..a lighter; for an instant I was seized by a blind rage; I set my jaw, narrowed my eyes, and..comfort to talk to him even if he was no longer there, "is get into the mountain, right inside;now here I was flying. This final journey was to end in fifteen minutes..All the rumors of Roke had said that it was spell-defended and charm-hidden, invisible to ordinary."Mother," he said, on his knees there, "Mother, open to me.".She got him onto his bed, pulled the shoes off his feet, and left him sleeping. Berry came in late.learn a few hundred to several thousand of these characters as a major part of their few years of.That gave her pause. She stood silent. "It's the name the witch Rose of my village on Way gave me.,By that time there were many people of the Hand who knew what was afoot on Roke. Young people came.they are spoken.. "Every reason," said the Summoner..naming truly, is a great power. To know the true name is to have power, as you know, mistress. And."But you can't hide true power," Medra said. "Not for long. It dies in hiding, unshared..brass the wide, vaned wings opened and the dragon sprang up into the air, circled Roke Knoll once,..misunderstood and nearly flattened itself out like a bed. I jumped up. This was idiotic! More.they went on pressed close side by side for comfort and for the little warmth. They walked slower,.trying to clean his legs. "Dirt, dirt," he said, gently patting the ground he sat on. Then, very."Not hiding at all. Went about the city, talking to people. Went to see his mother in Endlane.,and regular speaking and hearing of the classics keeps the archaic language meaningful (and."Why not? Why does it have to be a witch or a sorcerer? What do you do?".great sweeps sliding in their oarlocks, the chained slaves struggling and shouting on their

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