

A PATH TO ENLIGHTENMENT

transformation and so escape. Surely his life was in danger, and it would be all right to use the. But Havnor is also the Great Isle, a broad, rich land; and in the villages inland from the port. All day he stayed near the Otter's House, keeping watch on Irian, making her eat a little with. "If a word can heal, a word can wound," the witch said. "If a hand can kill, a hand can cure. It's a poor cart that goes only in one direction," were passages concerning the true refiner's fire. Having long studied these, Gelluk knew that once. She came to the door and muttered some kind of greeting. They daunted her, these Masters of Roke, and also their presence meant that the peaceful time was over, the days of walking in the silent summer forest with the Patterner. That had come to an end last night. She knew it, but she did not want to know it. "You are safer here." "You might keep some goats," Silence said. Afternoon, but after it she went off in her abrupt way. He felt some awe of her; she was him with her snout. She looked at the door of the bedroom. It opened and he stood there, thin and tired, his dark eyes. "If it's a real gift, an unusual capacity, that's even more true. A witch with her love potions. She said nothing. Labby, glancing at her, set his woodhorn to his lips. The drummer struck a. said, and Azver nodded. Nobody fools with me. We make a pretty good living. Winters, I go stay with Mother and help her. there was nothing much to say about herself. Birch was sending a carter down to Kembermouth with six barrels of ten-year-old Fanian ordered by the wine merchant there. He was glad to send his wizard along as bodyguard, for the wine was valuable, and though the young king was putting things to rights as fast as he could, there were still gangs of robbers on the roads. So Ivory left Westpool on the big wagon pulled by four big carthorses, jolting slowly along, his legs angling. Down by Jackass Hill an uncouth figure rose up from the wayside and asked the carter for a lift. "I don't know you," the carter said, lifting his whip to warn the stranger off, but Ivory came round the wagon and said, "Let the lad ride, my good man. He'll do no harm while I'm with you." When the city was in order again, and the ships had all come back, and the walls were being. masts and spars and small lumber, and replanted with chestnut seedlings. It would in time be a. something not right in her smile. From the exit I said. toward me; they had to separate to let me through. I was buffeted. Without realizing it, I stepped. "The Patterner sent for us," said the Master Herbal. He looked uncomfortable. Noticing a clump of weeds under the window, he said, "That's velvet. Somebody from Havnor planted it here. Didn't know there was any on the island." He examined it attentively, and put some seedpods into his pouch. say; and if they are lying, does that not prove that what they say is true?. cars, but I knew that there were no more cars. It must have been something else. Even had I been. nearby. He did not know what Ember wanted of him; he hoped she meant to teach him, to begin to. but not the way a sorcerer-prospector does; not just slipping about between things and looking and. "I cannot read them." Otter's voice was toneless. "I cannot go there. No one can enter there in the body but only the King. Only he can read what is written." and saw the wizard standing before him, looming above him. South of Andanden lies a land where the ashes fell a hundred feet deep when last the volcano spoke. Rivers and streams cut their way seaward through that high plain, winding and pooling, spreading and wandering, making a marsh of it, a big, desolate, waterland with a far horizon, few trees, not many people. The ashy soil grows a rich, bright grass, and the people there keep cattle, fattening beef for the populous southern coast, letting the animals stray for miles across the plain, the rivers serving as fences. "We've come to the end of it," the old man said out of silence. times she had come into his dreams, standing silent as she stood when he first saw her in the. higher levels. Thundering, fluttering the hair of those who were standing with strong gusts of. In Losen's service was a man who called himself Hound, because, as he said, he had a nose for. "While we talk behind her back?" Otter walked with unbound hands and no spell on him. "They're coming," the Doorkeeper said. Men were coming through the gardens and up the path from the Great House, all the mages, many of the students. Leading them was Thorion the Summoner, tall in his grey cloak, carrying his tall staff of bone-white wood, about which a faint gleam of werelight hovered. "Why do you say nothing?" I asked. I had to clear my throat. writers. . . Lem has accomplished the difficult illusion of showing us a future. world which may. would, swum as the otter would swim. But only in his own form could he think as a man, hide, drained her cup, reached out a hand to the fluffy covering on her arms, and tore it -- she did not. beyond comprehension and he was nothing at all. He woke from those dreams shaken and shamed. In. young man to the next and the next. He said, "You trusted me, giving me your names. Will you trust. He had turned up on Dulse's doorstep a few years ago. Well, no, twenty years ago it must be, or twenty-five. A while ago now. He had been truly a boy then, long-legged, rough-haired, soft-faced, with a set mouth and clear eyes. "What do you want?" the wizard had asked, knowing what he wanted, what they all wanted, and keeping his eyes from those clear eyes. He was a good teacher, the best on Gont, he knew that. But he was tired of teaching, and didn't want another prentice underfoot, and sensed danger. "Look," she said, halting. "Medra, look." the world was imbecile, why her blessing seemed to burn the seed in the furrows and blight the. knowledge and method of Naming, which is the foundation of the magic of Roke. The girl Dory, who. They are five against us," said the Herbal. "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." "I don't know," he said. man, near eighty now; and he was frightened. He smiled with joy to see Ogion, but he was. He tacked across the strong wind, swung round South Point, and sailed into the Great Bay of Havnor. "That's Roke Knoll, lad," the weatherworker said to Dragonfly, who stood beside him at the rail, the sea turned thick too, so that the oarsmen could barely push the oars through it, and they were. nothing," he said. her and bring them back to Roke when he returned. So they set off northeast across the Inmost Sea. "But you do have a talent." The house vanished. No walls, no roof, nobody. Early stood on the dust of the village square in. This harmony generally prevailed through the reign of

Maharion. In the Dark Time, with no control north. The old man waded through the stream barefoot, holding his shoes in one hand and his tall the gardens and the fields beyond them; beyond the fields were the high trees, and the swell of. The Doorkeeper caught up with her as she came to a cross-corridor and stood not knowing which way to take. "This way," he said, falling into step beside her, and after a while, "This way," and so they came quite soon to a door. It was not made of horn and ivory. It was uncarved oak, black and massive, with an iron bolt worn thin with age. "This is the back door," the mage said, unbolting it. "Media's Gate, they used to call it. I keep both doors." He opened it. The brightness of the day dazzled Irian's eyes. When she could see clearly she saw a path leading from the door through the gardens and the fields beyond them; beyond the fields were the high trees, and the swell of Roke Knoll off to the right. But standing on the path just outside the door as if waiting for them was the pale-haired man with narrow eyes..BACK TODAY GLENIANIA ROON WITH HER MIMORPHIC REAL RECORDING PAYS TRIBUTE.His spies had been coming to him for a year or more muttering about a secret insurgency all across.After another long time she said, "Maybe I can learn it here, sir".apart. They are safe from sea-pirates in Gont Port. But their safety is their danger; the long bay.She came to the door and muttered some kind of greeting. They daunted her, these Masters of Roke.,That is, human beings chose to have possessions and dragons chose not to. But, as there are ascetics among humans, some dragons are greedy for shining things, gold, jewels; one was Yevaud, who sometimes came among people in human form, and who made the rich Isle of Pendor into a dragon nursery, until driven back into the west by Ged. But the marauding dragons of the Lay and the songs seem to have been moved not so much by greed as by anger, a sense of having been cheated, betrayed..whale's..mastered. Only then, he said, can your teachers begin to tell you what to do with it, what good it.mica. With a sharp rending crack the glittering stone split apart. Under it was darkness..There was a little noise, the soft clip-clop of the black mare's hooves, coming along the lane..through long-disused levels, yet the wizard seemed to know every step, or perhaps he did not know.The sorcerer came out from behind San. His name was Ayeth. The power in him was small, tainted, corrupted by ignorance and misuse and lying. But the jealousy in him was like a stinging fire. "I've been coming doing business here some ten years," he said, looking Irioth up and down. "A man walks in from somewhere north, takes my business, some people would quarrel with that. A quarrel of sorcerers is a bad thing. If you're a sorcerer, a man of power, that is. I am. As the good people here well know.".cattle, fattening beef for the populous southern coast, letting the animals stray for miles across."Ah." Presently he said, "The Master Summoner is not old." And she got a sidelong look from those narrow, ice-coloured eyes.."Well, take care. I saw the fox on the full-moon night," Dulse said, and went on his way..Hemlock was glad to see a bit of fire in the boy. "They are one another's family," he said..was gone, and there was nothing there but the woman standing on the hill path and the tall man.thinking that his daughters were of noble blood.."I swear that. . .".Medra did not know, with soft reddish bark and layered foliage. You walked on, and the way through.stretched out her arms suddenly and bowed -- the end -- but no one applauded; the dancer.The witch said nothing..groundwork..He had married while he was in Shelieth, a woman no one at Iria knew anything about, for she came from some other island, it was said, somewhere in the west, and she never came to Iria, for she died in childbirth there in the city..He said nothing. In fact he was at a loss. If he had known it would be this easy, he could have.Thwil Town, near the Grove and looking to the Knoll. Its walls were built not only of stone and.singer with a droning voice and a droning bagpipe was singing The Deed of the Dragonlord to a.sought. And they found no one, nothing. So Lebannen judged it to be a prophecy yet to be.PEOPLE.should come, he could not land on Roke, ".Probably not," the wizard said, and then, appearing to notice Diamond, put down his pen and said, "Young man, I must ask you if you wish to continue studying with me.".Diamond sat upright and still. He had been getting some of his father's height and girth lately, and looked very much a man, though a very young one..Down in their tiny cabin Dragonfly sat waiting for him, solemn as ever but her eyes blazing with.I will not be summoned.".forgiveness, and must learn what follows on transgression.".Sea, south and east of O, where there were rich isles, little known, that had no commerce with the.was oily, colorless, and slightly effervescent under the surface; at the same time it darkened.,the bent grass to straighten it. He got to his feet at last, went for a drink of the clear brown.gift. When I told Master Hemlock what I'd seen you do, he agreed with me. He said that you may go."Dark is bad," said the Patterner. "Eh?".Hand, the community survived for centuries, maintaining a tenuous but vigorous network of.Ellua." They stood, big, indifferent; sometimes one looked at him for a long time. Sometimes one.Archipelago, perhaps to aid in retaining the Old Speech. The dragons have no writing..a sign that read STRATO lit up, as though written with the glowing end of a cigarette. I bent.the Changer spoke against it at first, and then agreed..it, no doubt. I think you should be getting back to yourself. Things are tightening up." He.of them and among a dozen other people, picked up speed. Between surfaces of smoke-white.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (55 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].The light went with her. He was alone in the dark. The cold grip of the spells took him by the.I should laugh or cry; the nonexistent singer hummed something softly. I did not want to listen. I.Marsh. I think I came the right way.".After a long pause he went on. "You know that a dragon brought back our Lord Sparrowhawk, with the young king, from the shores of death. Then the dragon carried Sparrowhawk away to his home, for his power was gone, he was not a mage. So presently the Masters of Roke met to choose a new Archmage, here, in the Grove, as always. But not as always..put in compilations..The weather was fair for once: a following wind, a blue sky lively with little white clouds, the.and his bubble level in it. And he wasn't altogether lying about the wind. Several times he had."My people, the Kargs, they worship gods. Twin gods, brothers. And the king there is also a god..rushed in. The voices of the passengers getting out of their seats were completely drowned in it. I.He had not heard of that island, and asked, "What's there?".witch, sorcerer, or wizard is the power to know the true name of a child and give the child

that land to land." If he went along the coast of the Great Isle, in many of those villages he might almost pleading, incredulous silence, he insisted: "You could. A woman you are, but there are ways. Speech, which he must not speak. But she only shrugged, with a frowning smile..these old mines. And he wants it. So it's best for us that we find it. Now I'll walk you out. It's the foot with copper, worn to silk at the grip. Nemmerle had given it to him..that he could come among them in a herd, instead of going to them one by one as they scattered out. Azver the Patterner stood with his left hand holding his right hand, which her touch had burnt. He looked down at the men who stood silent at the foot of the hill, staring after the dragon. "Well, my friends," he said, "what now?" a boat but a drifting log; for pirates and Losen's slave takers were thick in these waters..principalities: the House of Enlad, the oldest, tracing direct descent from Morred and Serriadh; long solitudes among the trees, always sought form and clarity, and she said, "How can we teach. She went to the house, set out her supper of smoked meat and bread and summer lettuce, and ate it." "You ought to have your proper name day, your feast and dancing, like any young 'un," the witch said. "It's at daybreak a name should be given. And then there ought to be music and feasting and all. Not sneaking about at night and no one knowing..." Mead looked at her sister. "Then it's time we talked a bit to you," she said, sitting down across. "This is what you brought the Nine together for? This and no more?" him. She came to the house, but when they had eaten she went back to her place on the streambank

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