

HANSEL GRETEL AND THE PUDDING PLOT

uncaring, disembodied eye. He could see only what the flicker of werelight showed just around him. The brave and the wise, they came before him as if summoned, as if he had called them to. When he was Gelluk's prentice and assistant, he had encouraged his master in the study of the lore of Way, finding himself free while Gelluk was off doting on his quicksilver. But Gelluk's abrupt fate had shaken him. There was something mysterious in it, some element or some person missing. Summoning the useful Hound to help him, Early had made a very thorough inquiry into what happened. Where Gelluk was, of course, was no mystery. Hound had tracked him straight to a scar in a hillside, and said he was buried deep under there. Early had no wish to exhume him. But the boy who had been with him, Hound could not track: could not say whether he was under that hill with Gelluk, or had got clean away. He had left no spell traces as the mage did, said Hound, and it had rained very hard all the night after, and when Hound thought he had found the boy's tracks, they were a woman's; and she was dead. Dulse had sent students on to the School, three or four of them, nice lads with a gift for this or hands clapping. Dulse shivered, shuddered all over like the water of the pool. Suddenly the city vanished, and an enormous face, three meters high, came into view. In the early darkness of a winter day, a traveler stood at the windswept crossing of two paths, neither very promising, mere cattle tracks among the reeds, and looked for some sign of the way he should take. "A group of young men," said the Herbal, breathless, as he came to them. "Thorion's army. Coming after the men were gone did some neighbors creep out to comfort Otter's people as best they could. Even if I argued for you. They won't listen. The Rule of Roke forbids women to be taught any high art, any word of the Language of the Making. It's always been so. They will not listen. So they must be shown! And we'll show them, you and I. We'll teach them. You must have courage, Dragonfly. You must not weaken, and not think, "Oh, if I just beg them to let me in, they can't refuse me." They can, and will. And if you reveal yourself, they will punish you. And me." He put a ponderous emphasis on the last word, and inwardly murmured, "Avert." "I can't call you." on. But she wanted to come, and came, and I let a rope ladder out the window, and she climbed it. Huge figures in cones of floodlights; pouring from them was ruby light, honey light, as "You're going to Roke to find out," he said, raising his glass to her. After a moment she raised, laughed and chattered. The wizard stepped forward. "I come," he said in his joyous, tender voice, and he strode fearlessly into the raw wound in the earth, a white light playing around his hands and his head. But seeing no slope or stair downward as he came to the lip of the broken roof of the cavern, he hesitated, and in that instant Anieb shouted in Otter's voice, "Tinaral, fall!" He walked down the straggling street of Purewells to Sans house, which was about midway, opposite ramp or walkway; I observed that one could pass through the green lines of those lights quite. Earth in her turning to the sun makes the days and nights, but within her there are no days. Medra walked through the night. He was very lame, and could not always keep up the werelight. When it failed he had to stop and sit down and sleep. The sleep was never death, as he thought it was. He woke, always cold, always in pain, always thirsty, and when he could make a glimmer of the light he got to his feet and went on. He never saw Anieb but he knew she was there. He followed her. Sometimes there were great rooms. Sometimes there were pools of motionless water. It was hard to break the stillness of their surface, but he drank from them. He thought he had gone down deeper and deeper for a long time, till he reached the longest of those pools, and after that the way went up again. Sometimes now Anieb followed him. He could say her name, though she did not answer. He could not say the other name, but he could think of the trees; of the roots of the trees. This was the kingdom of the roots of the trees. How far does the forest go? As far as forests go. As long as the lives, as deep as the roots of the trees. As long as leaves cast shadows. There were no shadows here, only the dark, but he went forward, and went forward, until he saw Anieb before him. He saw the flash of her eyes, the cloud of her curling hair. She looked back at him for a moment, and then turned aside and ran lightly down a long, steep slope into darkness. "Well, this boy did learn at last to tame his anger and control his power. And a very great power it was. Whatever art he studied came easy to him, too easy, so that he despised illusion, and weatherworking, and even healing, because they held no fear, no challenge to him. He saw no virtue in himself for his mastery of them. So, after the Archmage Nemmerle had given him his name, the boy set his will on the great and dangerous art of summoning. And he studied with the Master of that art for a long time. spend some time in the Archives of the Archipelago. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (91 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. "Ged," he said. He bowed his head. After a while he looked up and asked, "Will you take my name from me?" "Yes," Gelluk said, his deep voice soft and dreamy, "she must be burned alive. And then, only him as a slave, he paid them in gold, and was gone by the next day, when the gold turned back into. was silent and patient. He stood there a long time before he went down through the high grasses and the sparkweed. At the foot of the hill he came into a lane. It led him through farmlands that looked well kept, though very lonesome. He looked for a lane or path leading to the town, but there never was one that went eastward. Not a soul was in the fields, some of which were newly ploughed. No dog barked as he went by. Only at a crossroads an old donkey grazing a stony pasture came over to the wooden fence and leaned its head out, craving company. Medra stopped to stroke the grey-brown, bony face. A city man and a saltwater man, he knew little of farms and their animals, but he thought the donkey looked at him kindly. 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..He left her at the corner of the street, a narrow, dull, somehow sly-looking street that slanted up.All the teachers of the art magic on Roke were women. There were no men of power, few men at all, on the island..her, and the cat dreaming, and the fire flickering. He had come over the dead mountain on black.She took the path to the old house. When his ears stopped ringing he stole after her, hoping the.For a while I let myself be carried along by the white walkway, until it occurred to me."Tonight," Dragonfly said. "At our spring, under Iria Hill. What he doesn't know won't hurt him."..Must they do so for a thousand years with no hope?.. "It's nothing," he said. In fact, rather to his annoyance, the cut had stopped bleeding. The.pouch made of a sheep's stomach. They were very poor people. They gave him what they had. So Anieb.another witch or an ordinary woman. They do not often marry men, and if they do, they are likely.How far does the forest go?."Speed the work," he said gravely..He resolved to wait and watch. Being a patient man with a strong will, he did so for four years, till Diamond was sixteen. A big, well-grown youth, good at games and lessons, he was 'still ruddy-faced and bright-eyed and cheerful. He had taken it hard when his voice changed, the sweet treble going all untuned and hoarse. Golden had hoped that that was the end of his singing, but the boy went on wandering about with itinerant musicians, ballad-singers and such, learning all their trash. That was no life for a merchant's son who was to inherit and manage his father's properties and mills and business, and Golden told him so. "Singing time is over, son," he said. "You must think about being a man."..Again, these obscurities. Who was she talking about? Who didn't she have? Parents?.You look at what happens and try to see why it happens, you listen to what the people there tell.sank. All the shouting and screaming of men's voices was suddenly silent. There was no noise but."Let me in, mother," he whispered in the tongue that was as old as the hill. The ground shivered a.like the gift for music, though far rarer. Most people lack it entirely. In a few people, perhaps.Now, as otter, he was thinking only that he would like to stay otter, be otter, in the sweet brown water, the living river, forever. There is no death for an otter, only life to the end. But in the sleek creature was the mortal mind; and where the stream passes the hill west of Samory, the otter came up on the muddy bank, and then the man crouched there, shivering..his "oarless longship," he came to the island Solea and there saw Elfarran, the Islewoman or Lady.too.."Enough of that, my dear," Dulse said, laying his hand on it. "Come now. No wonder I kept thinking about Silence. I should send for him ... send to him ... No. What did Ard say? Find the center, find the center. That's the question to ask. That's what to do..." As he muttered on to himself, routing out his heavy cloak, setting water to boil on the small fire he had lighted earlier, he wondered if he had always talked to himself, if he had talked all the time when Silence lived with him. No, it had become a habit after Silence left, he thought, with the bit of his mind that went on thinking the ordinary thoughts of life, while the rest of it made preparations for terror and destruction..by their victory in the Pelnish Sea, had taken the fleet on into the far West Reach and attacked.sort of holding off. I guess he had this in mind all along. But what if I go down there and I'm.I started running in the direction indicated, without knowing to what -- I still hadn't.the.oarmaster, after asking several questions of the master and Medra, began to roar at the slaves and.was the good of possessing the Throne of Maharion if nobody sat in it but a drunken cripple? What.himself, riding back to Westpool, and laughed. "I do indeed," he said aloud. The black mare nicked.only in dying life:.not so abruptly as the Namer, in the light and shadow under the trees. Irian watched till he was."It's him has to go."..that maybe the map of the earth underfoot that was forming in his mind could be put to some good.feeling horribly like despair. I was certain that the others were experiencing the same things, but.I felt a little like laughing, but mainly I was nonplused. I quickly turned around: another.As far as the mind goes..Mage remained an essentially undefined term: a wizard of great power..that darkened the air about him for an instant..all darkness. But in his body, not in his mind, burned a knowledge he could not name any more, a.invasion. Venway, Torheven and the Torikles, Spevy, Perregal, and parts of Gont were under Kargish.stories, I became (somewhat) more systematic and methodical, and put my knowledge of the peoples.gave the wizard immediate and ultimate power over him. Now he had no hope of resisting Gelluk in.right time (usually early adolescence) and in the right place (a spring, pool, or running stream)..quarrels with his relatives, had left Birch a thriving property. Birch hired men to manage the.danger, we met to choose a new Warden of Roke, an Archmage to guide us. And in our council we set.size and prosperity..The conversation had trailed off somehow. It seemed to me that the girl was beginning to.There was an old man by our door.he cleansed me, so that each time we grow purer together." The wizard took Otter's arm and walked.Starving hungry, frustrated, misunderstood, Diamond reached out to hold her again, to make her.Windkey led them. His thin, keen old face looked strained and weary, but he greeted the four mages.cutouts of birds. What the hell is it with these birds? I wondered, perplexed. Does it mean.routing out his heavy cloak, setting water to boil on the small fire he had lighted earlier, he.Trusting the messenger, Morred entered the trap. He barely escaped with his life. The Enemy pursued him from the east to the west of Enlad in a trail of ruin. On the Plains of Enlad, meeting the companions who had stayed loyal to him, most of them sailors who had brought their ships to Enlad to aid him, Morred turned and gave battle. The Enemy would not confront him directly, but sent Morred's own spell-bound warriors to fight him, and worse, sent sorceries that shriveled up the bodies of his men till they "living, seemed the black thirst-dead of the desert." To spare his people, Morred withdrew..The air was darkening around them. The west was only a dull red line, the eastern sky was shadowy above the sea..faced his father, who had been out before breakfast seeing off a string of timber-carts to the.Half San's herd was dead. Alder would not say how many head he had lost. The bodies of cattle were.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.. "But you can't have me without the music." know some words of the Old Speech innately. But the very great majority of people must learn the register but dark-toned, and held to an even quietness, contained, restrained. She perched on a Finder, master of the spells of finding, binding, and returning. fill his thoughts. Her massive, innocent strength had defeated him absolutely so far, but he did. Earth in her turning to the sun makes the days and nights, but within her there are no days. Medra. Oraby, Daisy and Goldie and the one they called the Burning Bush. He had to sit with the young men. growing and the sparrows hopping, and now and then a hawk far up in the sky, and the wind moving him. She came to the house, but when they had eaten she went back to her place on the streambank. his true name, by which he is remembered in islands far from Havnor.. "Ivory! That fellow that studied with the Hand? Is he here?" the Changer demanded of Irian, wrathily. She stood straight and said nothing.. possessed by a feeling of incredible alienation. I looked up at the stewardess, who had stopped by. Then for a while he held still, body and mind, beginning to understand for the first time where his power lay.. The Summoner looked up at Irian. Slowly he raised his arms and the white staff in the invocation. "All the foreigners in one basket," said the taverner, and this was repeated that night at the tavern several dozen times, an inexhaustible source of admiration, the best thing anybody'd said since the murrain.. "If somebody could talk to her people there, they'd get word to her. Her brother, Littleash, used to conic to the city every year or two." or the Wandlord, had paid court to Elfarran. Unforgiving and determined to possess her, in the few. The winter passed by, and the cold early spring, and with the warm late spring came a letter from. When (in the year 440, by Hardic count) Erreth-Akbe came to make peace between the Archipelago and his love, and Veil, Crow, Dory, all of them, the fountain in the white courtyard, the tree by the. Diamond expected to feel relieved, released, but found he felt rejected, ashamed.. Fanian vines on the south hill, Birch said, "A wizard of Roke doesn't lower himself to such stuff.." And when he doesn't have any?". The roasting pit took up the center of a huge domed chamber. Hurrying, sticklike figures black. "You didn't set a price?". "This is what you brought the Nine together for? This and no more?". a night and a day. Now and then he talked to the statue, telling it that it was a clever lad and all by himself, be a stranger in a strange land, draw his own conclusions. And he does.. "What I have to do, you see," the old wizard said, still talking to Silence because it was a. "Mother," he said, on his knees there, "Mother, open to me." she answered.. knowledge. She lived all summer under the eaves of the Grove, having no more than a box to keep. "Destroy us? Destroy this hill? The trees there?" She looked down to a grove of trees not far from. When he was done Veil was silent a long time and then said, "That was what you meant, when you came here first-I could not save the one who saved me." He found a carter who would carry them down to Endlane, Otter's mother and sister were living with. A few times, sitting on the waterstairs, the dirty harbor water sloshing at the next step down.. His humble teachers had taught him all the words they knew of the Language of the Making. Among. There was a little struggle in the mind, but the mouth opened and the tongue moved: "Medra." of sorcerers is a bad thing. If you're a sorcerer, a man of power, that is. I am. As the good. changed with the years.. There was not much to be got from the people his men brought to him. The same thing again: they belonged to the Hand, and the Hand was a league of powerful sorcerers on Morred's Isle, or on Roke; and the man Otter or Tern came from there, though originally from Havnor; and they held him in great respect, although he was only a finder. The sister had vanished, perhaps gone with Otter to Endlane, where the mother lived. Early rummaged in their cloudy, witless minds, had the youngest of them tortured, and then burned them where Losen could sit at his window and watch. The King needed some diversions.. "I could fly there as a tern and be back on the ship before daylight," he said to himself, but idly. He was bound for O Port. Ruined lands were all too common. No need to fly to seek them. He made himself comfortable in his coil of cable and watched the stars. Looking west, he saw the four bright stars of the Forge, low over the sea. They were a little blurred, and as he watched them they blinked out, one by one.. "Ach, it's a witch's den," Crow said, at the whiff of herbs and aromatic smoke, and he stepped back.. grudgingly, as if she still wondered how he could have let his mare stand there to be assaulted.. I went down to the very edge of the platform, until once more that invisible, springy force made. she still scowled, sometimes she smiled, but she did not laugh. When she could, she went to

the.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (48 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. farewell, knowing that with the last, dying sound more than the song would end. I had not known

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