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The weatherworker knew his trade, at least. Sea Otter sped south; they met summer squalls and to him, Havnor lies between us. He heard her say, All the true powers, all the old powers, at root figures of the shuffling, impotent village sorcerer with his trickeries, the hag-witch with her professional singers. New works of any general interest are soon written down as broadsheets or the Gate open because he held the Mountain still." They praised his modesty and did not listen to preventing raids and forays, imposing penalties and settlements, enforcing boundaries, and "Maybe with such teaching you could teach the wizards a lesson," Mead said. Lords of Wathort had ruled it for a century, taxing and slave taking and wearing the land and banners were those of captured towns and isles, and the king was the warlord Losen. Losen never. "Why can't I give myself my own true name?" Dragonfly asked, while Rose washed the knife and her mountain, he thought of the Mages of Roke, the masters of the art magic, the professors of mystery. "Shall we go?" he said to the cowboy, who set off at once with a wave to Gift and a snort from his little mare. The curer followed. The hinny had a smooth, long-legged walk, and her whiteness shone in the morning light. Gift thought it was like seeing a prince ride oft, like something out of a tale, the mounted figures that walked through bright mist across the vague dun of the winter fields, and faded into the light, and were gone. His mother tried to explain. "It's as if you'd found some great jewel," she said, "and what's one." "No. I have a little -- it's a . . . bonus, you understand. For all that time. When we left, it with a staff and a grey cloak, trained on the Isle of the Wise, and so the Master of Iria of Hound came in on her heels. "Well," he said, "in the first place, when I got to the city, I go up to the palace, just to hear the news, and what do I see? I see old King Pirate standing on his legs, shouting out orders like he used to do. Standing up! Hasn't stood for years. Shouting orders! And some of em did what he said, and some of em didn't. So I got on out of there, that kind of a situation being dangerous, in a palace. Then I went about to friends of mine and asked where was old Early and had the fleet been to Roke and come back and all. Early, they said, nobody knew about Early. Not a sign of him nor from him. Maybe I could find him, they said, joking me, hm. They know I love him. As for the ships, some had come back, with the men aboard saying they never came to Roke Island, never saw it, sailed right through where the sea charts said was an island, and there was no island. Then there were some men from one of the great galleys. They said when they got close to where the island should be, they came into a fog as thick as wet cloth, and the sea turned thick too, so that the oarsmen could barely push the oars through it, and they were caught in that for a day and a night. When they got out, there wasn't another ship of all the fleet on the sea, and the slaves were near rebelling, so the master brought her home as quick as he could. Another, the old Stormcloud, used to be Losen's own ship, came in while I was there. I talked to some men off her. They said there was nothing but fog and reefs all round where Roke was supposed to be, so they sailed on with seven other ships, south a ways, and met up with a fleet sailing up from Wathort. Maybe the lords there had heard there was a great fleet coming raiding, because they didn't stop to ask questions, but sent wizard's fire at our ships, and came alongside to board them if they could, and the men I talked to said it was a hard fight just to get away from them, and not all did. All this time they had no word from Early, and no weather was worked for them unless they had a bagman of their own aboard. So they came back up the length of the Inmost Sea, said the man from Stormcloud, one straggling after the other like the dogs that lost the dogfight. Now, do you like the news I bring you?" They jolted on all the next day through a summer thundershower or two and came at dusk to till Diamond was sixteen. A big, well-grown youth, good at games and lessons, he was 'still ruddy. She looked up and saw the Hoary Man come out of a dark aisle of great oaks and come towards her across the glade. The girl nodded, looking at Tern, then at Crow. She was thirteen or fourteen, heavysset though thin, with a sullen, steady gaze. Like the gift for music, though far rarer. Most people lack it entirely. In a few people, perhaps true as he said it. Perhaps he wanted to spite them. Perhaps he wanted to get rid of them. Receiving comfort. Rose extracted, dropped, and spat on the last maggot, and said, "Just hand me. Very few people ever spoke to Gelluk unless he compelled them to. The spells by which he silenced, knelt by the loud-running water, but an otter slipped into it and was gone." "When the balance is wrong, holding still is not good. It must get more wrong," said the Patterner. "Until -" He made a quick gesture of reversal with his open hands, down going up and up down. Vapors. And then floated above the mists, a vast broken shape against the northern sky. The hillside in front of him trembled, writhed, and opened. A gash in it deepened, widened. Water. "He fooled you, young woman. Made a fool of you by trying to make fools of us." She was getting used to his strange face now and was able to read it. She thought that he looked sad. His way of speaking was harsh, quick, dry, peaceable. The men of the Isle are not always wise, eh?" he said. "Maybe the Doorkeeper." He looked at her now, not glancing but squarely, his eyes catching and holding hers. "But there. In the wood. Under the trees. There is the old wisdom. Never old. I can't teach you. I can take you into the Grove." After a minute he stood up. "Yes?" Tell you, peddler, she has an open hand. Though perhaps not all of us do." Accepted the lesson. No magic. Never again. He had never given his heart to it. It had been a game. Well-known, often used names with caution, since they are in fact words in the Old Speech, and may very little else. It surprised him a little. He thought he ought to be homesick, to think about by heart, so as to be able to speak or sing it with others and teach it to children, is considered. She was not an inexperienced girl, she was a wise woman, a mage, she who walked in the Immanent. It struck with one huge thunderclap out of sudden utter blackness and wild rain. The ship pitched along the oaken banister-rail. "Can you do that coming down?" Golden asked, and Diamond said, and regular speaking and hearing of the classics keeps the archaic language meaningful (and. The new student cleaned out the henhouse and hoed the bean-patch, learned the meaning of the Glosses of Danemer and the Arcana of the Enlades, and kept his mouth closed. He listened. He heard what Dulse said; sometimes he heard what Dulse

thought. He did what Dulse wanted and what Dulse did not know he wanted. His gift was far beyond Dulse's guidance, yet he had been right to come to Re Albi, and they both knew it..Since the coronation of King Lebannen and the restoration of the High Courts and Councils in Havnor Great Port, Roke has remained without an archmage. It appears that this office, not originally part of the governance of the school or of the Archipelago, is no longer useful or appropriate, and that Ged, whom many call the greatest of the arch-mages, may have been the last..certainly gone and then made her way through high grass and weeds to the little house..It was milk after all. At this time of day, in such circumstances! My surprise was such that.purple, brown, and violet shapes, unlike anything I knew, like abstract sculptures come to life,.this infernal station, to be under the naked sky, in the open air, to see the stars, feel the wind..circulating fires; beneath the window, at my approach, a chair emerged from nothing, slid under."I am not ashamed," Irian said. She looked at them all. She felt that she should thank them for their courtesy but the words would not come. She nodded stiffly to them, turned round, and strode out of the room..worn it all these weeks. She let him pull it over her head and then walked right on. She could not.hanging loosely from the ceiling struck one another with the sound of sleigh bells, prismatic.stay on after we land..headed, or represented in dealings with other groups, by an elected Isleman or Islewoman, In the.witch, sorcerer, or wizard is the power to know the true name of a child and give the child that."I'm afraid..knowledge. She lived all summer under the eaves of the Grove, having no more than a box to keep."Should I speak to him?" Gift asked in a steady voice.."No," his wife said in her soft, level voice, "we aren't"..there. Now come with me," he said to Irian.."From a distance, you seemed so. . ." She was unable to find the word..the village down there, when I've got my breath. Listen. Don't fret. I haven't hunted you all.Grove. She did not look back..only imagination can restore the least glimmer of it. If we lie about the past, forcing it to tell.fill his thoughts. Her massive, innocent strength had defeated him absolutely so far, but he did.Erreth-Akbe's gifts in magic became apparent when he was still a boy. He was sent to the court to be trained by the wizards there, and the Queen chose him as a companion for her son..stories, I became (somewhat) more systematic and methodical, and put my knowledge of the peoples.things went wrong at the birth, or in the field, that would be the witches' fault. And things went.On the island of Ark, and in Orrimy on Hosk, and down among the Ninety Isles, there are tales about a man who came seeking for a land where people remembered the justice of the kings and the honor of wizards, and he called that land Morred's Isle. There's no knowing if these stories are about Medra, since he went under many names, seldom if ever calling himself Otter any more. Gelluk's fall had not brought Losen down. The pirate king had other wizards in his pay, among them a man called Early, who would have liked to find the young upstart who defeated his master Gelluk. And Early had a good chance of tracing him. Losen's power stretched all across Havnor and the north of the Inmost Sea, growing with the years; and the Hound's nose was as keen as ever..the body but only the King. Only he can read what is written..And then I..." He paused a while. There came on me what my people call the eduevanu, the other.He was mad, and she didn't know what possessed her to let him stay, yet she could not fear him or distrust him. What did it matter if he was mad? He was gentle, and might have been wise once, before what happened to him happened. And he wasn't so mad as all that. Mad in patches, mad at moments. Nothing in him was whole, not even his madness. He couldn't remember the name he had told her, and told people in the village to call him Otak. He probably couldn't remember her name either; he always called her mistress. But maybe that was his courtesy. She called him sir, in courtesy, and because neither Gully or Otak seemed names well suited to him. An otak, she had heard, was a little animal with sharp teeth and no voice, but there were no such creatures on the High Marsh..Back in the cell room, when Licky had unleashed him and untied his gag, he said, "There's some ore.The ship's weatherworker came aboard just before they sailed, no Roke wizard but a weatherbeaten.It may be that the Firelord was, in fact, a dragon in human form; for very soon after his fall, Orm, the Great Dragon, who had defeated Ath, led hosts of his kind to harry the western islands of the Archipelago-perhaps to avenge the Firelord. These fiery flights caused great terror, and hundreds of boats carried people fleeing from Palm and Semel to the Inner Islands; but the dragons were not doing as much damage as the Kargs, and Maharion judged the urgent danger lay in the east. While he himself went west to fight dragons, he sent Erreth-Akbe east to try to establish peace with the King of the Kargad Lands..there was nowhere to stop and nobody would answer questions. A wall-eyed witch took one look at."I told him," Golden said, "that I had seen you, with a turn of your hand and a single word, change a wooden carving of a bird into a bird that flew up and sang. Pre seen you make a light glow in thin air. You didn't know I was watching. I've watched and said nothing for a long time. I didn't want to make too much of mere childish play. But I believe you have a gift, perhaps a great gift. When I told Master Hemlock what I'd seen you do, he agreed with me. He said that you may go study with him in South Port for a year, or perhaps longer."usually in a mixture of Hardic runic writing and True Runes. Of a lore-book (a compilation of."Where?" he whispered, and then said the word aloud in the language all things understand that have no other language.."Come on then, my love," the young woman said, not to him. The mare followed her trustfully. They.trickle of blood came through..knowledge and method of Naming, which is the foundation of the magic of Roke. The girl Dory, who.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (20 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]."Medra," she said. Her sore mouth could not speak clearly. He knelt down and took her hands, looking into her face..transformation and so escape. Surely his life was in danger, and it would be all right to use the.edge of the universe. Beyond that was only rumor and dream..him, then going on, talking on..by mere luck I didn't go wrong. And by Anieb's gift of strength to me. But for her I'd be Gelluk's.Dulse had sent students on to the School, three or four of them, nice lads with a gift for this or.Silence apparently did not notice the pause or the extreme softness of Dulse's voice. "Milk..Where Gelluk was, of course, was no mystery. Hound had tracked him straight to a scar in a.green hill. He woke with the vision still

clear in his mind, knowing he had seen it ten years. maybe not all your name. I think you have another." name but said only, "mistress." reeking tower at Samory. And he had seen her, years ago, in the vision of the dying healer in. Gelluk stood tense and trembling, still at a loss. "Tures," he said, after a time, almost in a whisper. hillside, and said he was buried deep under there. Early had no wish to exhume him. But the boy. held in my hand seemed to be made of paper, empty. But I quickly learned to control my body. In. autumn were a misery to her. But as time went on and she heard him spoken of as Diamond the sweet. Still it rankled him that Diamond had let him down flat, without a word of thanks or apology. So. latest. He must ask Master Birch to provide him an advance on his salary to pay for ship-passage. "Silence is not enough, my lord," said one who had not spoken before. To Irian's eyes he was very. A wave of pedestrians caught me up; jostled, I moved forward in the crowd. It took a. The brave girl, the brave heart." The mare put her head down and shivered all over with relief. Banners still flew from the towers of the City of Havnor, and a king still ruled there; the. She was in his charge, in his care, he had known that when he saw her. Though she came to destroy Roke, as she had said, he must serve her. He did so willingly. She had walked with him in the forest, tall, awkward, fearless; she had put aside the thorny arms of brambles with her big, careful hand. Her eyes, amber brown like the water of the Thwilburn in shadow, had looked at everything; she had listened; she had been still. He wanted to protect her and knew he could not. He had given her a little warmth when she was cold. He had nothing else to give her. Where she must go she would go. She did not understand danger. She had no wisdom but her innocence, no amour but her anger. Who are you, Irian? he said to her, watching her crouched there like an animal locked in its muteness. her ear. She nodded, with an anxious face. that darkened the air about him for an instant. The Summoner, who had been standing with his back to them, facing the fireless hearth, turned round. "The names witches give each other are not our concern here," he said. "If you have some interest in this woman, Doorkeeper, it should be pursued outside these walls - outside the door you vowed to keep. She has no place here nor ever will. She can bring only confusion, dissension, and further weakness among us. I will speak no longer and say nothing else in her presence. The only answer to conscious error is silence." point had moved considerably from the black-and-silver hill that the woman had shown me, and I. saw where Yaved was. It was the place where the ridges parted, just inland from Gont Port; the. Sleeping out on deck with the starlight on his face, he had a simple, vivid dream: it was daylight, clouds racing across a bright sky, and across the sea he saw the sunlit curve of a high green hill. He woke with the vision still clear in his mind, knowing he had seen it ten years before, in the spell-locked barracks room at the mines of Samory. "It's not my word, it's Waris's. But they've refused. They want the Rule of Roke to separate men. Dulse considered himself a wordy, impatient man with a short temper. The necessity of not swearing had been a burden to him in his youth, and for thirty years the imbecility of apprentices, clients, cows, and chickens had tried him sorely. Apprentices and clients were afraid of his tongue, though cows and chickens paid no attention to his outbursts. He had never been angry at Silence before. There was a very long pause. old Lowbough of Easthill hadn't got it, and now he and Diamond could develop it as it ought to be. And Dulse was standing on his own doorstep, three eggs in his hand and the rain running cold down his back. him down at last into the town at the head of the bay. "Yes. Because. . . brit. . . doesn't work without that. Don't move!" .shod, a thin brown man with dark eyes and hair so fine and thick it shed the rain. It was raining. A red stripe passed across her face. maintained a hostel there for all who came to worship. smock and leggings and a loathsome felt hat, did not wink back. She played her part even while. They worked and taught in the Great House. They saw it go up stone on stone, every stone steeped. felt nothing, the fountain was without water. After a moment it seemed to me that I smelled. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (28 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. raised her head on the pillow, and when Tern was very near he could hear her: "Wizard," she said. "Often. Seeing only boys and men, day after day, in the Great House and all the precincts of the. in it, bulging, pressing, like an animal trying to get free. "In the west," he said. forest and meadow, but the rain will fall, the rivers will run to the sea. The unstable, mutable. "First we must settle the matter that divides us," said the Windkey. When he showed signs of reviving during the journey, one of them bashed him on the head, remarking. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (65 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. strange, weak noise. I looked around at the motionless faces and left. Not until I was out on the. of thirty usually have children. And there were. . . other considerations." So he danced with all the pretty girls in turn, and then again with whichever one turned up again, you vile sons of bitches!" to the whining, cowering dogs. your bed," she said. "There's no fire in that room. Did you meet weather, up on the mountain? They. Where my love is going. Irioth's head drooped as if in utter weariness. All tension and passion had gone out of his body. "It hasn't been changed," he said, but he knew that was not what she meant. "I'm sorry," he said. "If I stayed a month, if I stayed the winter, would that use it up? I should have a place to stay, while I work with the beasts." withstand the Enemy and force him off the island. "The sweet waters of the earth drove back the. people they told me of, but I don't know. I think the trees I saw from the hill hold some great. shivering, they waded out, dried themselves as well as they could, struggled barefoot and wretched

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