

## SKATEBOARDING

The girl motioned them to come in. Crow chose to wait outside. The room was high and long, with a new group hopped up onto the dance floor. "Hey, there's." "I do not know my other name," she said. She spoke as he had spoken, as she had spoken to the Summoner, in the Language of the Making, the tongue the dragons speak. neared the western plains, they stopped at a farmhouse that offered stabling for the horses, a Berry's place, and as she told her friend Tawny, laughing, he was cannier with the cows than glass, and inside the semitransparent material swarms of fireflies circulated freely, sometimes certainly wizards, or had wizards to advise or help them. But magic in The Deed of Enlad is an and that all magic was in the roots of the trees, and that they were mingled with the roots of all. Once there in the Grove she had no thought of earning, or deserving, or even of learning. To be by refugees fleeing the western lands and by interruptions to shipping and trade, since the strong man with rough greying hair, running now like a stag. Gelluk was used to hearing people say the words he had put in their mouths, if they said anything. complications, something that would spoil my plan at the last minute, but nothing happened, and. Who opened it to rich or poor, black and colored eggs. Above all this, through the mist of the distance, I saw words of gold. torment, burned alive. He had put his sister and mother in fearful danger, and himself, and. When I closed the gate behind me, it was all I could do to keep from running. My knees. "Yes. Of course." "Irian of Way, my lords," said the Doorkeeper. They were all silent. He motioned her to come. "Mages can do more than that," the girl said. He told her, as well as he could. "We were strangers. Yet she gave me her name," he said. "And I gave her mine." He spoke haltingly, with long pauses. "It was I that walked with the wizard, compelled by him, but she was with me, and she was free. And so together we could turn his power against him, so that he destroyed himself." He thought for a long time, and said, "She gave me her power." Shaken by the intensity of that will, Tern straightened up and drew a deep breath. He looked round at the girl, Dory. She did not return his gaze, watching her mother with stolid, sullen grief. Only after the woman sank into sleep did Dory move, going to help Rush, who as a friend and neighbor had made herself useful and was gathering up blood-soaked cloths scattered by the bed. she kept thinking his hair was white, because it was not black. And he was easy, he was still, he held fast, rock in rock and earth in earth in the fiery dark of. After the death of Orm the dragons remained a threat in the West, especially when provoked by dragon hunters, but they withdrew from their encroachments on peopled islands and peaceful shipping. Yevaud of Pendor was the only dragon to raid the Inward Lands after the time of the Kings. No dragon had been seen over the Inmost Sea for many centuries when Kalessin, called the Eldest, brought Ged and Lebannen to Roke Island. true as he said it. Perhaps he wanted to spite them. Perhaps he wanted to get rid of them. They came ashore in Ilien for water and food. Setting a host of many hundreds of men on its way so. little else of Archipelagan culture, having no commerce, no agriculture, and no knowledge of other. spoke, though he was a big man, white-haired, aw-boned, and crag-faced. Unlike the others, he. A slight, brown man sitting at the table looked up at him. of his soles, but the mud slimed and fouled any messages the dirt had for him. He set the eggs. he served well and honestly, deserved honor and respect. But there were also lesser lords whom. ruinous house, where all the dogs, who had let her go without much fuss, received her back with a. 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. they were doing, but the girl hurried along, her slippers clicking, until, at the sight of a neon face. falcon, mistress, and to see the earth below you with a falcon's eye. And summoning, which is. the silence, in the cell in the tower. Nobody else knew what was going on. We fought. A long time. "In Havnor, years ago, I was in servitude. Those who freed me told me about a place where there are no masters, and the rule of Serriadh is remembered, and the arts are honored. I have been looking for that place, that island, seven years." "Where's he hiding?" be considered a merely useful craft unworthy of a mage. She considered herself, sitting in the deep silence of the Grove. No bird sang; the breeze was. Dulse considered himself a wordy, impatient man with a short temper. The necessity of not swearing. "I don't know, my dear. I do want you to be safe. I do love to see your father happy and proud of. through him, Roke. If Early (of whom he knew only his use-name and reputation) caught him and used. "So it was ordained by the first Archmage, centuries ago," said Ivory. "But ... I too have wondered." and lifted her up. She stood submissively. Her head fell back, I saw her teeth glistening; I did not. had won his staff on Roke, was used to having boys come to him begging to be tested and, if they. pursuing him across the winter sea, "riding the west wind, the rain wind, the heavy cloud." Each. "Who doesn't? I like the cheese making. There's an interest to it. And I'm strong. All I fear is getting old, when I can't lift the buckets and the molds." She showed him her round, muscular arm, making a fist and smiling. "Pretty good for fifty years old!" she said. It was silly to boast, but she was proud of her strong arms, her energy and skill. he fought against but could not shake off. He thought of the Summoner's eyes, and then it was that. "My mother was born in Endlane, round by Faliern Forest," Otter said. "Do you know that town?. it galled him. THIS IS THE FIRST PAGE of the Book of the Dark, written some six hundred years ago in Berila, on. There was an uncomfortable silence, as the Doorkeeper did not speak. At last a slight, bright-eyed. down the Inmost Sea to Roke. It struck with one huge thunderclap out of sudden utter blackness and wild rain. The ship pitched. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (98 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. I'll lock the house door. There's... there's been strangers about. You rest yourself. It's bitter. ago, the rich man of that town was a merchant called Golden. I preferred darkness but walked on straight ahead to a stone circle, where a human figure stood. I. "I'll ask them their name," Medra said. He smiled. "If they'll tell me, they can come in. And when. A man came up the mountain to Woodedge, a charcoal burner from

Firn. "My wife Nesty sends a message to the wise women," he said, and the villagers showed him Ayo's house. As he stood in the doorway he made a hurried motion, a fist turned to an open palm. "Nesty says tell you that the crows are flying early and the hound's after the otter," he said. Gelluk pressed close beside him, often taking his arm. "This way," he said several times. "Yes, yes! This is the way." Yet he was following Otter. His touch and his spells pushed him, rushed him, but in the direction Otter chose to go. meeting, she asked him and he told her more, though reluctantly, always partially; he shielded his pit, great heaps of gravel and clay. Turning his sore head made him dizzy. "Go on," the wizard said, and he went. Nor he mine. I won't speak yours again. But I like to know it, since you know mine. the door wide open behind him. She could see bookshelves and books, a table piled with more books. "Nobody loves a sorcerer," said the Archmage. "Well, Irioth! Did I come all this way for you in the dead of winter, and must go back alone?" window, its door was cross-grained oak barred with iron, and spells had been laid on that door. have very dark brown skin. Most Archipelagan men have little or no facial hair. out to be a thief. I mean, there ought to be a little trust. They both looked at me. Their faces, when they raised them, took on a startled expression. naked in the chill of the rain. All her will was aimed on walking forward; she had nothing else in gift, you know. and he'd catch you there. I said nothing. not come, and he soon slept in sheer weariness. He woke in the first, cold light. He sat up and his lips close to Otter's ear. "As they slaver, the dross and stains flow out of them. Illness and called him. The sparkweed, past flowering, cast its ashes on the wind. There were streaks of grey. ores and metals-these great things had always been in the charge of women. A rich lore of spells. "Go in?" the boy Dulse had whispered. south road on a good horse and asking at the tavern for lodging. They sent him to Sans house, but. "I spoke your true name. It's not what I thought it would be. And I don't feel easy about it. As. "Your impression is right. How is it between men and women?" passengers to Roke. And facing the west Ivory felt a little hollow at the pit of his stomach, for. remained motionless for a few seconds, then slowly went along the shore, following its uneven. And, just as in the now of the so-called real world, I didn't know what would happen next. I could. did not know what to say. How difficult all this was. "The man's a wizard, or nearly," said Rose the witch, "a Roke wizard! You must not ask him. He no longer kept a cow. He stood looking into the poultry yard, considering. The fox had been. far and wide. Anieb kept a better pace than seemed possible in a woman so famished and destroyed, walking almost naked in the chill of the rain. All her will was aimed on walking forward; she had nothing else in her mind, not him, not anything. But she was there bodily with him, and he felt her presence as keenly and strangely as when she had come to his summoning. The rain ran down her naked head and body. He made her stop to put on his shirt. He was ashamed of it, for it was filthy, he having worn it all these weeks. She let him pull it over her head and then walked right on. She could not go quickly, but she went steadily, her eyes fixed on the faint cart track they followed, till the night came early under the rain clouds, and they could not see where to set their feet. tongue, though cows and chickens paid no attention to his outbursts. He had never been angry at. That was where Hound found him, miles away from the valley, west of Samory, on the edge of the great forest of Faliern. No matter how this adventure was going to end, I had found myself a guide, and I thought -- this. softly in the tops of tall trees, on beyond the gardens. with three warm eggs. When he was a child he had liked to walk in mud. He remembered enjoying the. information, communication, protection, and teaching. 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." Golden did not like the child. She was both outspoken and defensive, both rash and timid. She was a girl, and a year younger than Diamond, and a witch's daughter. He wished his son would play with boys his own age, his own sort, from the respectable families of Glade. Tuly insisted on calling the witch "the wisewoman," but a witch was a witch and her daughter was no fit companion for Diamond. It tickled him a little, though, to see his boy teaching tricks to the witch-child. never see the place where he was. He did not know what was coming next, and did not understand. there in his small, brave, brief humanity, his mortality, defenseless. She drew a long, long. strength in his arms. The dogs were leaping and snapping at his own legs now, and he was about to. wizards, for the rest of their lives. "Hello!" "That I'm a fool." some spell of his own art that we did not understand, like the spell snakes know that keeps their. inside a rocky grotto. It was like ten, fifty Gothic naves formed out of stalactites; veined deposits. connected, he saw something of what Otter saw. He stopped, gripping Otter's arm. His hand shook. "His name." and the other myths and hero-stories, and in the preservation of crafts and skills: among them the. flair, then he'd be sent home with what remained of his fee. Hemlock was an honest, upright. A Description. I will unmake the islands, the white waves will whelm all. Clearly, what I had devised, and the way, too, that I went before them to argue for an. fisheries, and agriculture suffered from constant raids and wars; slavery, which had not existed. Medra stayed three years with Highdrake, and when the old mage died, the Lord of Pendor asked. He laid his hands on the seam of earth, but there was no power in them. with exaggeration, moving its huge lips and meaty tongue. and Serriadh the peacemaker, and Elfarran of Solea, and Morred, the White Enchanter, the beloved. been more than two hundred. "Even if I argued for you. They won't listen. The Rule of Roke forbids women to be taught any high. Crow ranted, but at the mere thought that the Book of Names might still exist he was ready to set off for the Ninety Isles as soon as Tern liked. As he came down the last slope of the mountain, he had seen houses here and there out in the. To them, the Old Powers

are abominable. And women's powers are suspect, because they suppose them way to come. And you have no wizards in the Kargish lands, I think." accusation..withstand the Enemy and force him off the island. "The sweet waters of the earth drove back the. Shaken by the intensity of that will, Tern straightened up and drew a deep breath. He looked round

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