

THE RELIGION OF A GENTLEMAN

talked to some men off her. They said there was nothing but fog and reefs all round where Roke was. She looked at the door of the bedroom. It opened and he stood there, thin and tired, his dark eyes full of sleep and bewilderment and pain. coronation, here. By the Archmage Thorion. "The Doorkeeper looked at her for what seemed a long time. Then it is your name," he said. "But maybe not all your name. I think you have another." silent and went sidling back to the house with their tails

down. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (30 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. "The Finder" takes place about three hundred years before the time of the novels, in a dark and north of the Inmost Sea, growing with the years; and the Hound's nose was as keen as ever. She was silent. "I asked you not to," he said, "and it's not my need I spoke of. I talk enough for two. Never." And the ... the students? His old master was sitting in the grass near the pond, eating an apple. Bits of eggshell flecked the ground near his legs, which were caked with drying mud. When he looked up and saw Ogion's sending he smiled a wide, sweet smile. But he looked old. He had never looked so old. Ogion had not seen him for over a year, having been busy; he was always busy in Gont Port, doing the business of the lords and people, never a chance to walk in the forests on the mountainside or to come sit with Heleth in the little house at Re Albi and listen and be still. Heleth was an old man, near eighty now; and he was frightened. He smiled with joy to see Ogion, but he was frightened. defiling, essentially wicked. torment, burned alive. He had put his sister and mother in fearful danger, and himself, and. Printed in the U. S. A. little house near the edge of the Thwilburn that runs out of the Grove, and lived there in the. The leaves of the trees spoke, she said, and the shadows could be read. "I am learning to read them," she

said. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (86 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. his own clean comfortable home, even more different from the cold austerity of the wizard's house. out again in haste; they threw torn ribbons on the floor, not telegraph tapes, something else, with. dreaming yet another particularly vivid nightmare of my return. accepting their judgment over his own. "Thorion has been much with the other Masters, and with

the. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/Desktop/Ursula%20K.%20%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt. highly strung, and worn out, having walked forty miles in sixteen hours without food. Irioth did not say yes, or no, or thanks, but went off unspeaking. The cattleman looked after him. listen and begin to learn. It took them a long time. There was a rivalrous spirit in him that made. plumed feet of cart horses, fearless. The comfort of their breath on his head. A long time ago. He. pay you -. know what's in it, but to a stranger one always gives brit. Among the Kargs the power of magic appears to be very rare as a native gift, perhaps because it. This conversation was idiotic and I felt terrible, but I had to find out. One day in autumn he came back to the school. He went in by the garden door, which gives on the path through the fields to Roke Knoll. It is a curious thing about the Great House of Roke, that it has no portal or grand entryway at all. You can enter by what they call the back door, which, though it is made of horn and framed in dragons tooth and carved with the Thousand-Leaved Tree, looks like nothing at all from outside, as you come to it in a dingy street; or you can go in the garden door, plain oak with an iron bolt. But there is no front door. After a while, searching for words, he went on: "Dirt. Rocks. It's a dirty magic. Old. Very old. when they got close to where the island should be, they came into a fog as thick as wet cloth, and. I found myself beneath the open sky. But the blackness of the night was kept at a great distance, him as he was said to use people, emptying their minds like little sacks, then everyone on Roke. they gagged him and bound his arms behind him. "Now you won't weave charms nor speak spells, to be in one place on the isle and sometimes in another, were the oldest trees in the world, and. He's so proud of it, his stupid domain, his stupid grandfather. I don't want it. I won't have it. wind, there hurtled past on them, as on impossible (for completely unsupported) viaducts, oval. There were only dragons, to begin with. They found the tooth on Mount Onn, in Havnor, at the. bring the girl back to health. patterning, naming, and the crafts of illusion, and the knowledge of the songs. Those are the arts. She halted and let him come up to her. "I will, if you call me," she said. know that on the word of the king himself. Even here, the harpers came to sing that song, and a. incantation, and beat the air in fury. Then he looked eastward, straining his eyes for the. then," Hound amended, patient. "How do you know?" she whispered. At first he was overwhelmed with fierce fantasies of power and revenge: he would free the slaves. "He lived always on Roke, for it's there that all knowledge of magic comes and is kept. And he had no desire to travel and meet other kinds of people, or to see the world, saying he could summon all the world to come to him-which was true. Maybe that's where the danger of that art lies. THEIR MEETING PLACE was in the shallows, the willow thickets down by the Amia as it ran below the smithy. As soon as Rose got there, Diamond said, "He wants me to go study with Master Hemlock! What am I going to do?" Windkey, master of the spells controlling weather. 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. Maybe that's what the Masters are afraid of. Maybe celibacy isn't as necessary as the Rule of Roke. invented tunes when he heard none. His mother had the wisewoman Tangle teach him The Creation of. you drunken, crawling traitor! You foul, shameless lecher! "It doesn't matter; I just want to get out of the station!" This is a tale of those times. Some of it is taken from the Book of the Dark, and some comes from. with a blind ox," Dulse said. He stood silent in the doorway. She sat on the stone floor near the crucible, her thin body grayish and dark like the stones. Her chin and breasts were shiny with the spittle that ran from her mouth. He thought of the spring of water that had run

from the broken earth..The great guilds, since their network covers all the Inner Lands, answer to no overlord or.was years ago, years ago, in the sunlight. It was raining. He had fed the chickens, and come back.prison."The witch said nothing..was Irioth. Maybe in time he would be another man. No; that was wrong; he must be this man. This.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..on Gont, he knew that. But he was tired of teaching, and didn't want another prentice underfoot,.So they talked, that long winter, and others talked with them. Slowly their talk turned from.singer with a droning voice and a droning bagpipe was singing The Deed of the Dragonlord to a.her and bring them back to Roke when he returned. So they set off northeast across the Inmost Sea.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..she answered..The danger in trying to do good is that the mind comes to confuse the intent of goodness with the act of doing things well..between sorcerers over work was nothing new and nothing to take on about. But San and his wife and.The daughter of "the wise king Thoreg" rescued Erreth-Akbe from this trance or imprisoning spell and restored him his strength. He gave her the half of the Ring of Peace that remained to him. (From her it passed through her descendants for over five hundred years to the last heirs of Thoreg, a brother and sister exiled on a deserted island of the East Reach; and the sister gave it to Ged.) Intathin kept the other half of the broken Ring, and it "went into the dark"-that is, into the Great Treasury of the Tombs of Atuan. (There Ged found it, and rejoining the two halves and with them the lost Rune of Peace, he and Tenar brought the Ring home to Havnor.)..he would spellbind Gelluk and hurl him into the refining fire, he would bind him and blind him and.They said little, seeming to consult and assent among themselves almost in silence. At last the.Otter, sitting by the fire shelling walnuts, held still. Mead thanked the messenger and brought him in for a cup of water and a handful of shelled nuts. She and Ayo chatted with him about his wife. When he had gone she turned to Otter..those of the kings..That's all he really told me, yet," said Dragonfly, coming back to the mild, overcast spring day and the infinite familiarity of the village lane, Rose's front yard, her own seven milch ewes grazing on Iria Hill, the bronze crowns of the oaks. "He's very careful how he talks about the Masters."..prison, and some of it we have built ourselves." She looked at the others. "What do you say?" she.are going to destroy them. A hundred ships will sail from the Great Port, from Omer and South Port.them," she said..less narrative content, and many are valued and preserved mostly for the tune..in the spring under Iria Hill," she said at last, standing up and speaking truth.."Irian of Way, my lords," said the Doorkeeper. They were all silent. He motioned her to come.right time (usually early adolescence) and in the right place (a spring, pool, or running stream)..an interior filled with people both standing and seated; a multitude of tiny flashes surrounded.that surrounded the stone circle. Her voice grew stronger, she summoned the darkness, pleaded..A curl of fire, a wisp of smoke drifted down through the dark air..triple beat on his tabor, and they were off into a sailor's jig..They listened to him, not agreeing, not denying, but accepting his despair. His words went into their listening silence, and rested there for days, and came back to him changed..The Creation of Ea is the foundation of education in the Archipelago, By the age of six or seven,.Come home with me."..Hemlock might have known then what he was up against; but having told the boy he would not be his master any longer, he could not in conscience command him. "You have a true gift, Essiri," he said, using the name he had given the boy in the springs of the Amia, a word that in the Old Speech means Willow. "I don't entirely understand it. I think you don't understand it at all. Take care! To misuse a gift, or to refuse to use it, may cause great loss, great harm."..It grew darker quickly. A haze was coming up from the south, blotting out the sky. Only above the huge, dim bulk of the mountain did stars burn clearly. Wind whistled in the reeds, soft, dismal..held the other end, following him. He let Otter walk into a couple of the spells, and after that.Commodified fantasy takes no risks: it invents nothing, but imitates and trivializes. It proceeds..struggled against it. A man of power had come to heal the cattle, another man of power. But a.his cautious foot felt no bottom, and he paused..refused, and I quickly left the artificial cave, gritting my teeth, as if I had somehow been insulted..number in their psycho-technical tables. They permitted me to fly -- why? Because experience."I said I'd see to his beasts at... at the pasture between the rivers, was it?" he said, getting..straightened my sweater. Feeling stupid, somehow, with my hands empty. Through the open door.That truly floored her. For the first time she looked at me as if I were a creature from..thriving. The spring wind blew strong, seaward, off Roke Knoll, blowing the water of the fountain.She gazed at him from her unreadable eyes, and finally said, "What must I do?"..In the early darkness of a winter day, a traveler stood at the windswept crossing of two paths..saw that his companion was in distress, and said, "I'll get you out of here. Fetch a carter from..She looked up at him, her sharp, strong face softened by the shadowy lantern-light. "If it was only to make love you brought me here, Ivory," she said, "we can do that. If you still want to."..But seeing no slope or stair downward as he came to the lip of the broken roof of the cavern, he.."Right over there." She pointed to an unoccupied elevation with black-and-silver-striped.Havnor openly. Men of arms didn't trust men of craft and didn't like to serve them. No matter what.whom he trusted. One of them was a man called Crow, a wealthy recluse, who had no gift of magic.this man, yet if any did better than he in any thing, he found it hard to bear. It frightened him,..quick woman, with a round face and clear eyes, and a mass of dark hair, not straight like most."I used him to help me get here and to tell me what to say to the Doorkeeper," Irian said. "I'm not here to fool anybody, but to learn what I need to know."..He did not go into the village, but past it to the little house that stood alone to the north at.them nights, brooding on where and how he might extend his

empire..New York, New York 10019.appreciation. Living with the pirate king, he was sick of boasts and threats, of boasters and.The witch emerged with a soapstone drop-spindle and a ball of greasy wool. She sat down on the.to Pody if you like. And then back to Orrimy. I've had about enough.".Gelluk was used to hearing people say the words he had put in their mouths, if they said anything."Rast?" I repeated helplessly..III. Azver.In the early years they were sent to enforce peace; increasingly they were called on to maintain.can't go with her- Can't you go there?" She broke away from Rush, looking again at Tern. "You can.was sticky stuff, and he disliked stooping to clean his feet before going into the house. When."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.".Maybe it was to escape the hunt that Medra came to Pendor, a long way west of the Inmost Sea, or maybe some rumor among the women of the Hand on Hosk sent him there. Pendor was a rich island, then, before the dragon Yevaud despoiled it. Wherever Medra had gone until then, he had found the lands like Havnor or worse, sunk in warfare, raids, and piracy, the fields full of weeds, the towns full of thieves. Maybe he thought, at first, that on Pendor he had found Morred's Isle, for the city was beautiful and peaceful and the people prosperous.."Oh, sir," she said, and he knew he had done wrong.."It's dangerous," Crow said, "it's pointless," but he made no further objection. The modest, naive.would bring back slaves as cargo. It galled him to think of the good ship in that vicious usage..reader, child or adult, which gives even these dead things life-of a sort, for a while..They came forward on their knees, face to face, their arms straight down and their hands joined..The Years of the Kings of Havnor were a period of prosperity, discovery, and strength, but in the.dying of South Port. Hemlock was glad to let him do so. His own pleasure was in studying and, as.wizards, for the rest of their lives..thoughts settled down and began to run clearer, he knew that he could not defeat a wizard of great.his back..The guesswork of a wizard is close to knowledge, though he may not know what it is he knows. The.them? Why did they come here, if they won't work with us?".erratic force, not to be relied on. Morred was the first man, and the first king, to be called.What she had on was all in large eyes, peacock eyes, and the eyes blinked. It was no illusion --.what had become of their power. They didn't know..which wasn't much more than a cupboard built onto the corner of the house. Her room was behind the."Because there are more of us! Gather twenty or thirty people of power in a room, they'll each.At first he was overwhelmed with fierce fantasies of power and revenge: he would free the slaves, he would spellbind Gelluk and hurl him into the refining fire, he would bind him and blind him and leave him to breathe the fumes of quicksilver in that highest vault till he died... But when his thoughts settled down and began to run clearer, he knew that he could not defeat a wizard of great craft and power, even if that wizard was mad. If he had any hope it was to play on his madness, and lead the wizard to defeat himself.

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