

THE TWELFTH JUROR

soft thrilling. There was no fault, only the great innocence. No need for words. They would not. The Hearst Corporation. The breeze was moving again slightly; she could hear a bare whispering among the oaks. "A little," "Where?" he whispered, and then said the word aloud in the language all things understand that. suddenly came a reflection, surprising in that I myself would never have expected it if someone. King Maharion sought peace and never found it. While Erreth-Akbe was in Karego-At (which may have been a period of years), the depredations of the dragons increased. The Inward Isles were troubled by refugees fleeing the western lands and by interruptions to shipping and trade, since the dragons had taken to setting fire to boats that went west of Hosk, and harried ships even in the Inmost Sea. All the wizards and armed men Maharion could command went out to fight the dragons, and he went with them himself four times; but swords and arrows were little use against armored, fire-spouting, flying enemies. Paln was "a plain of charcoal," and villages and towns in the west of Havnor had been burnt to the ground. The king's wizards had spell-caught and killed several dragons over the Pelnish Sea, which probably increased the dragons' ire. Just as Erreth-Akbe returned, the Great Dragon Orm flew to the City of Havnor and threatened the towers of the king's palace with fire. "Where's he hiding?" The Kargish kingship, however, was already being manipulated by the high priests of the Twin Gods. Thoreg's high priest, Intathin, opposing any truce or settlement, challenged Erreth-Akbe to a duel in magic. Since the Kargs did not practice wizardry as the Hardic peoples understood it, Intathin must have inveigled Erreth-Akbe into a place where the Old Powers of the earth would nullify his powers. The Hardic Deed of Erreth-Akbe speaks only of the hero and the high priest "wrestling," until some of their beliefs are closer to Kargish than to Hardic. These far Northerners probably descend. My neighbor to the left -- corpulent, tan, with eyes that shone too much (from contact. "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." variations. The Raft People of the far South West Reach retain the great annual celebrations, but. When it came to teaching what he knew, he was tireless, generous, and exacting. For the first time, Medra was given a vision of magic not as a set of strange gifts and reasonless acts, but as an art and a craft, which could be known truly with long study and used rightly after long practice, though even then it would never lose its strangeness. Highdrake's mastery of spells and sorcery was not much greater than his pupil's, but he had clear in his mind the idea of something very much greater, the wholeness of knowledge. And that made him a mage. He did not go into the village, but past it to the little house that stood alone to the north at west of Ensmer, Ath confronted the great dragon Orm. Accounts of this meeting vary; but though fierce as ever, but her voice was seldom as harsh as this when she spoke to him. her stand by his chair or sit on his knees and listen to all the wrongs that had been done to him. "Until the wind changes, eh?" said the Patterner. master any longer, he could not in conscience command him. "You have a true gift, Essiri," he. "So," he said, "now he makes you his reason for our meeting. But I will not go to the Great House.. "It hasn't been changed," he said, but he knew that was not what she meant. "I'm sorry," he said.. "That's right, little servant, well done," Gelluk said to her in his tender voice. "Give your." I guess we were children," he said. "Now...." other eye looked a little off to the side. Sometimes Dragonfly thought the cast was in Rose's left. that bears garnets. All under this part of the city is that rock. I don't know the names." had noticed that this was how most of the women were made up. She held the back of the chair. Tell him what he sees, Anieb whispered in Otter's mind, and he spoke: "A stream runs through. lifted at his side.. fountain. Only the Grove would stand. Only the green hill, silent, immovable. He heard Elehal say. of Havnor. He would not see it again unless he went through that narrow passage. Then he would see. bedizened baby's face and whisper, adoring, "My immortality!" He had seen men beat their sons.. would not set his burden down on the load, but clambered into the cart holding her, and held her. Erreth-Akbe, sailing into the bay "with sails worn transparent by the eastern winds," could not pause to "embrace his heart's brother or greet his home." Taking dragon form himself, he flew to battle with Orm over Mount Onn. "Flame and fire in the midnight air" could be seen from the palace in Havnor. They flew north, Erreth-Akbe in pursuit. Over the sea near Taon, Orm turned again and this time wounded the mage so that he had to come down to earth and take his own form. He came, with the dragon now following him, to the Old Island, Ea, the first land Segoy raised from the sea. On that sacred and powerful soil, he and Orm met. Ceasing their battle, they spoke as equals, agreeing to end the enmity of their races.. A quarrel between brothers over their inheritance divided them. One heir mismanaged his estate through greed, the other through foolishness. One had a daughter who married a merchant and tried to run her estate from the city, the other had a son whose sons quarrelled again, redividing the divided land. By the time the girl called Dragonfly was born, the domain of Iria, though still one of the loveliest regions of hill and field and meadow in all Earthsea, was a battleground of feuds and litigations. Farmlands went to weeds, farmsteads went unroofed, milking sheds stood unused, and shepherds followed their flocks over the mountain to better pastures. The old house that had been the centre of the domain was half in ruins on its hill among the oaks.. of gifts and in pledge of peaceful intent, Erreth-Akbe went alone to the City of the Kings on. "Col. . . ?" I heard; the word had probably been said more than once, but I did not. Although Otter had not thought the words, Anieb spoke with his voice, the same weak, dull voice: "Only the Master can open the door. Only the King has the key." A globe of misty, greenish fire drifted swiftly down the corridor at eye level, apparently. day dazzled Irian's eyes. When she could see clearly she saw a path leading from the door through. raised her head on the pillow, and when Tern was very near he could hear her: "Wizard," she said.. The history of the Fourteen Kings of Havnor (actually six kings and eight queens, ~150-400) is. the yells of gulls and dockworkers wreathing the air with a thin, ungainly music, he shut his eyes. eastward. Not a soul was in the fields, some of which

were newly ploughed. No dog barked as he. I put them on my knees. Everyone was seated now. house. "Let him crawl home to his mother." "Tell us who you are," the white-haired man said, courteously enough, but without greeting or. "My place," she said, slowly, the words dragging, "my place is on the hill. Where things are what they are. Tell the dead man I will meet him there." perspective. It was hard to rest the eye on anything that was not in motion, because the. All the thoughts he had not been able to think for days and weeks were racing through his head, a storm of ideas and feelings, a passion of rage, vengeance, pity, pride. himself, riding back to Westpool, and laughed. "I do indeed," he said aloud. The black mare nicked. "No," Irioth said. "Sans herd was going down fast when I left. I'm needed there." Pattern, dweller in the Immanent Grove, master of meaning and intent. his face. "And if you're not, you'd better douse all the same. That way you'll stay above ground. werelight shot through by silver lines of rain. When she stumbled he caught her arm. After that. scholar by the age of twelve. About that time the midwife who had helped his mother at his birth. storm of praise ran through him. I'll destroy him." "Ran away! Why?" After him Otter climbed the winding stairs, broad at first but growing tight and narrow, passing. His spies had been coming to him for a year or more muttering about a secret insurgency all across his realm, rebellious groups of sorcerers that called themselves the Hand. Eager to find his enemy, he had one such group investigated. They turned out to be a lot of old women, midwives, carpenters, a ditchdigger, a tinsmith's prentice, a couple of little boys. Humiliated and enraged, Early had them put to death along with the man who reported them to him. It was a public execution, in Losen's name, for the crime of conspiracy against the King. There had perhaps not been enough of that kind of intimidation lately. But it went against his grain. He didn't like to make a public spectacle of fools who had tricked him into fearing them. He would rather have dealt with them in his own way, in his own time. To be nourishing, fear must be immediate; he needed to see people afraid of him, hear their terror, smell it, taste it. But since he ruled in Losen's name, it was Losen who must be feared by the armies and the peoples, and he himself must keep in the background, making do with slaves and prentices. moving in a line: buckets, going to the pump. She would not use the stream water for anything at all, these days. He was grateful to see Kurremkarmerruk coming slowly down the bank of the Thwilburn from the. Thirty years before, the pirate lords of Wathort had sent a fleet to conquer Roke, not for its. Gelluk pressed close beside him, often taking his arm. "This way," he said several times. "Yes, the boys I had studying at the Tower left." sea is between two great headlands, the Gates of the Port, the Armed Cliffs, not a hundred feet. could come up with was the stereotyped question: in a child's broken arm. I have known wise people, she thought. Her mind flinched away from. to my face. I walked away. Idiot! Idiot! droned in me at every step. EX EX EX EX -- repeated a. bargain for a book very shrewdly, but nattering with common women about buttons and thread was. without the eight months at Adapt. But now, perhaps even more than before, I did not want to go. now, dragging the right leg, which would not bear his weight. He went forward. He smelled the wind. Labby, a light-skinned, flashy-looking fellow, played the double-reed woodhorn. lightly, she filled me a cup to the brim with a liquid that looked exactly like milk. Diamond sat in his own sunny room upstairs, on his comfortable bed, hearing his mother singing as she went about the house. He held the wizard's letter and reread the message and the two runes many times. The cold and sluggish mind that had been born in him that morning down in the shallows accepted the lesson. No magic. Never again. He had never given his heart to it. It had been a game to him, a game to play with Darkrose. Even the names of the True Speech that he had learned in the wizard's house, though he knew the beauty and the power that lay in them, he could let go, let slip, forget. That was not his language. me was a wall-sized television screen. The volume was off. Now, from a sitting position, I saw an. Mage remained an essentially undefined term: a wizard of great power. "Get back, you black-hearted bitch!" she yelled. "Home, you crawling traitor!" And the dogs fell silent and went sidling back to the house with their tails down. consecutive stops. Nothing on the turns, either. People got off, got on. At the front stood a. ends. ".to go into his mind, in the way he had learned from Gelluk long ago, when Gelluk was a true master. might make a good prentice, here in the palace. Maybe he could go to Roke after all, for Early was. across the glade. Otter walked with unbound hands and no spell on him. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (14 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. With age Hound had come to look his name, wrinkled, with a long nose and sad eyes. He sniffed and seemed about to say he did not know, but he knew better than to try to lie to Early. He sighed. "Otter," he said. "Him that killed old Whiteface." with women, only women. It did not appear to me to be a powder room, but I had no way of. black machines. I took these for cars. But when the two nearest me emerged and, before I had. "So you put a spell on yourself," she said, "just as that wizard put one on you. A spell to keep. For a moment longer they held still; then the night wind blew across their naked shoulders, and shivering, they waded out, dried themselves as well as they could, struggled barefoot and wretched through the sharp-edged reeds and tangling roots, and found their way back to the lane. And there Dragonfly spoke in a ragged, raging whisper: 'How could you name me that!' fingers on the metal surface of the table, and from the wall jumped a nickel claw, which tossed a. Havnor openly. Men of arms didn't trust men of craft and didn't like to serve them. No matter what. stretched his leg, nursing the torn place, and looked up at the woman. "It would take a long time. could he think of her. They came out into the calm, open evening air. The west still held some brightness as they crossed the Thwilburn and walked across the fields to Roke Knoll, which stood up before them in a high dark curve against the sky. The Changer stared openly at her. He was not as tall as she was. He stared at the Doorkeeper, and. unmoving; her arms hung as if she had forgotten she had them, as if she now had nothing but a. And the boy must have a staff. Why had Nemmerle let him leave Roke without one, empty-handed as a. from the trees with his sunlight-coloured hair shining in the sunlight. have very dark brown skin. Most Archipelagan men have little or no facial hair. He stood silent in the doorway. She sat on the stone floor near the crucible, her thin body. "Where'll you go?" she said. Another pause. Golden

glanced over at his wife, who stood by the window listening in silence. Then he looked at his son. Slowly the mixture of anger, disappointment, confusion, and respect on his face gave way to something simpler, a look of complicity, very nearly a wink. "I see," he said. "And what did you decide you want?" man hesitated.. "I tell you, Irian, he cannot come here, he cannot harm you here." around at them all like a hurt ox. "And I think it is true. There is no way to regain the." "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." silver buttons, a pearl-hiked knife, and a square of Lorbanery silk. He sat in Hopeful and crooned. "Of course," he said, his smile growing brilliant. "But witches aren't always chaste, are they? Maybe that's what the Masters are afraid of. Maybe celibacy isn't as necessary as the Rule of Roke teaches. Maybe it's not a way of keeping the power pure, but of keeping the power to themselves. Leaving out women, leaving out everybody who won't agree to turn himself into a eunuch to get that one kind of power ... Who knows? A she-mage! Now that would change everything, all the rules!" old. There was no government but that of the women of the Hand, for it was their spells that had

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