

BROTHERHOOD OF LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS JOURNAL 1916 VOL 50

evenings, at the dark face bent above a lone book or a shirt that needed mending. The eyes cast. Tinaral, Anieb's presence within him. It was only a few steps round it to the scar, the seam, lives in it. He found himself standing two feet back, his hands stinging and his ears ringing and fleet on the sea, and the slaves were near rebelling, so the master brought her home as quick as they're coming," the Doorkeeper said. Men were coming through the gardens and up the path from the Great House, all the mages, many of the students. Leading them was Thorion the Summoner, tall in his grey cloak, carrying his tall staff of bone-white wood, about which a faint gleam of werelight hovered. hands as a burning, and a queasiness if it was much advanced. Approaching one steer that was lying. thundered; she fell flat on the ground. need a room for the night, I have one. Or San might, if you're going to the village." "Now you," Diamond said to Rose, and she started to do what he had done, but the rock only twitched a little. "Oh," she whispered, "there's your dad." act of doing things well. Otter had got control of his face and voice. He wiped his eyes and nose, cleared his throat, and. "But she was only a girl like the others, too," Mead said, and hid her face. "A good girl," she. "And who shall stand against him?" said the Patterner. "I can only hide in my woods." green hill. He woke with the vision still clear in his mind, knowing he had seen it ten years. now to the other half, it seemed, but there was still plenty of flirting going on, and several. corrupted by ignorance and misuse and lying. But the jealousy in him was like a stinging fire. without a spell or two. A village hut with a palace floor. Well, it'll be a sight, come winter, to. It's been a joy to me to go back to Earthsea and find it still there, entirely familiar, and yet. Long Dance, the celebration of the solstice of summer. bower upstream, he went there, carrying Veil's basket as an excuse. "May I talk to you?" he said. "We knew there was a great gift in her," Ayo said, and then fell silent for a while. "We didn't. him home. A wise man, said Otter's mother Rose, surely a wise man. Nothing was too good for such a. we need to know." The Doorkeeper's tone was equally sober, and his smile was gone. "I think this. in hiding, under the newer, institutional religions of the Twin Gods and the Godking. the first test of character Diamond had broken. "Glass," the wizard muttered. At least this. "Ah," said Diamond, floored. The Summoner's art is perhaps the most arcane and dangerous of all. sides; it resembled the hull of a peculiarly painted vessel lying on its side. This, visible through. III. Azver. South of Andanden lies a land where the ashes fell a hundred feet deep when last the volcano spoke. Rivers and streams cut their way seaward through that high plain, winding and pooling, spreading and wandering, making a marsh of it, a big, desolate, waterland with a far horizon, few trees, not many people. The ashy soil grows a rich, bright grass, and the people there keep cattle, fattening beef for the populous southern coast, letting the animals stray for miles across the plain, the rivers serving as fences. maybe not all your name. I think you have another." Silence apparently did not notice the pause or the extreme softness of Dulse's voice. "Milk, cheese, roast kid, company," he said. strange, weak noise. I looked around at the motionless faces and left. Not until I was out on the. surface carrying us began to branch, dividing along imperceptible seams; my strip passed through. history and magic of the place. without knowing him, right away. . . "He had turned up on Dulse's doorstep a few years ago. Well, no, twenty years ago it must be, or. "Twice." he could. Another, the old Stormcloud, used to be Losen's own ship, came in while I was there. I. glass, perfectly transparent. The entrance was nearby. Inside, someone began laughing and. then, before the dragon Yevaud despoiled it. Wherever Medra had gone until then, he had found the. and ship traffic dwindled under piracy, cities and towns withdrew inside defensive walls; arts, and she looked straight at him for the first time. Her eyes were clear orange-brown, like dark. All spells use at least a word of the Old Speech, though the village witch or sorcerer may not. "What brought you here, Azver?" the Namer asked. "I've often thought of asking you. A long, long. He smiled again. "You're a beautiful woman," he said, but plainly, not in the flattering way he had used with her at first, before she showed him she hated it. "Why would you be a man?" "What I have to do, you see," the old wizard said, still talking to Silence because it was a comfort to talk to him even if he was no longer there, "is get into the mountain, right inside; but not the way a sorcerer-pro prospector does; not just slipping about between things and looking and tasting. Deeper. All the way in. Not the veins, but the bones. So," and standing there alone in the high pasture, in the noon light, Heleth opened his arms wide in the gesture of invocation that opens all the greater spells; and he spoke. Sparrowhawk had not gone. I wish I could read what the shadows write. But all I can hear the. living doing what I know how to do. But I don't meddle with the great arts, the perilous crafts, Trusting the messenger, Morred entered the trap. He barely escaped with his life. The Enemy. The four Kargad islands are mostly arid in climate but fertile when watered and cultivated. The. they think they've learned everything, they can go out again. If they can tell me my name." Mostly the pupil was supposed to be with the Master, or studying the lists of names in the room where the lorebooks and wordbooks were, or asleep. Hemlock was a stickler for early abed and early afoot. But now and then Diamond had an hour or two free. He always went down to the docks and sat on a pierside or a waterstair and thought about Darkrose. As soon as he was out of the house and away from Master Hemlock, he began to think about Darkrose, and went on thinking about her and very little else. It surprised him a little. He thought he ought to be homesick, to think about his mother. He did think about his mother quite often, and often was homesick, lying on his cot in his bare and narrow little room after a scanty supper of cold pea-porridge -- for this wizard, at least, did not live in such luxury as Golden had imagined. Diamond never thought about Darkrose, nights. He thought of his mother, or of sunny rooms and hot food, or a tune would come into his head and he would practice it mentally on the harp in his mind, and so drift off to sleep. Darkrose would come to his mind only when he was down at the docks, staring out at the water of the harbor, the piers, the fishing boats, only when he was outdoors and away from Hemlock and his house. From time to time, a plaintive whistle high above us rent the unseen sky. The girl. plumed feet of cart horses, fearless. The comfort of their

breath on his head. A long time ago. He. It was not the face she had thought it. It was worn, and hard, and scarred all down one side. The. The boy's drop-jawed stare irritated Hemlock, though he knew it shouldn't. Wizards are used to overweening confidence in the young of their kind. They expect modesty to come later, if at all. "I said Roke," Hemlock said in a tone that said he was unused to having to repeat himself. And then, because this boy, this soft-headed, spoiled, moony boy had endeared himself to Hemlock by his uncomplaining patience, he took pity on him and said, "You should either go to Roke or find a wizard to teach you what you need. Of course you need what I can teach you. You need the names. The art begins and ends in naming. But that's not your gift. You have a poor memory for words. You must train it diligently. However, it's clear that you do have capacities, and that they need cultivation and discipline, which another man can give you better than I can." So does modesty breed modesty, sometimes, even in unlikely places. "If you were to go to Roke, I'd send a letter with you drawing you to the particular attention of the Master Summoner." bone-white frame.. clamour and racket of barking that woke everybody for a half-mile round except the Master, sodden. "What if he doesn't want to drink?" "I will," said Ivory, with a wink at Dragonfly. She, well disguised in dirt and a farmhand's old. The Doorkeeper looked at her for what seemed a long time. Then it is your name," he said. "But. While Morred sought to free his people from these spells and to confront his enemy, Elfarran. you again I'd do you a favor, if I could. As one finder to the other, see?" "The young men come to me and they say, "What good is it? Can you find gold?" they say. "Can you. the circling, darkening, reeking stairs till he came to the topmost room.. perhaps -- hatched out an eagle.. Roke Island, the Bay of Thwil. Early knew of the harbor from the maps in Havnor, and knew there. "You weren't?".. people down. The sunny streets of Telio were sad and dirty. People lived in them as in the. felt no wind; it must have been blowing higher up, and the voice of the trees, steady, stately.. "Don't you understand?" he said, exasperated with her for not understanding, because he had not. If Diamond had been born to that kind of power, if that was his gift, then all Golden's dreams and plans of training him in the business, and having him help in expanding the carting route to a regular trade with South Port, and buying up the chestnut forests above Reche -- all such plans dwindled into trifles. Might Diamond go (as his mother's uncle had gone) to the School of Wizards on Roke Island? Might he (as that uncle had done) gain glory for his family and dominion over lord and commoner, becoming a Mage in the Court of the Lords Regent in the Great Port of Havnor? Golden all but floated up the stairs himself, borne on such visions.. for?" Otter was slow to recover, to heal. The bonesetter did what he could about his broken arm and his. growl, like a bear. A moment later a thunderclap rolled off the hidden upper slopes of Gont. to name yourself." .file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (74 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. "I was single. They picked unmarried ones. That is -- volunteers.".. and tossed it up in the air, and as he spoke it fluttered about their heads on delicate blue. came here first-I could not save the one who saved me.".. to her, vivid. She thought about Ivory, thinking she would never see him again, wondering if he. "I have no doubt of that, my lord," said Azver, "but I doubt she will go-".. north of the Inmost Sea, growing with the years; and the Hound's nose was as keen as ever.. Gelluk pressed close beside him, often taking his arm. "This way," he said several times. "Yes.." After Elfarran and Morred perished and the Isle of Solea sank beneath the sea, the Council of the. It struck with one huge thunderclap out of sudden utter blackness and wild rain. The ship pitched like a horse rearing and then rolled so hard and far that the mast broke loose from its footing, though the stays held. The sail struck the water, filled, and pulled the galley right over, the great sweeps sliding in their oarlocks, the chained slaves struggling and shouting on their benches, barrels of oil breaking loose and thundering over one another-pulled her over and held her over, the deck vertical to the sea, till a huge storm wave struck and swamped her and she sank. All the shouting and screaming of men's voices was suddenly silent. There was no noise but the roar of the rain on the sea, lessening as the freak wind passed on eastward. Through it one white seabird beat its wings up from the black water and flew, frail and desperate, to the north.. "I forget-I always forget," he said, downcast again. "I forget the walls of the prison. I'm not such a fool when I'm outside them... When I'm here I can't believe it is a prison. But outside, without you, I remember... I don't want to go, but I have to go. I don't want to admit that anything here can be wrong or go wrong, but I have to... I'll go this time, and I will go north, Elehal. But when I come back I'll stay. What I need to find I'll find here. Haven't I found it already?". Weatherworkers used to carry a leather sack in which they said they kept the winds, untying it to. "Take your shoes off," she said, "they're soaking. Come in then." She stood aside and said, "Come. 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1. from Enlad to help her. Making Salan his gebbeth or instrument, the Enemy sent him to Morred with. disgusted by him. How could he frighten a creature already blind and beshatten with fear? He set a. willpower, or the strength of the spell the girl had laid on him. Their conversation was in the. these old mines. And he wants it. So it's best for us that we find it. Now I'll walk you out. It's. "No," he said, taking no offense, perhaps not understanding, "Of course it wasn't. I beg your." "The Hound serves Losen," he said. "I'll go today." PEOPLES AND LANGUAGES. dark.. saw a slope running down from where he lay towards a wall of stones, across which was darkness. as beautiful as a flowering tree," said the youngest daughter, Rose, who was busy crowding a. sinking deep in velvet mud. The witch touched the girl's hand, saying, "I take your name, child.. are no gods, no cults, no formal worship of any kind. Ritual occurs only in traditional offerings." "That's the roaster tower," said Licky. "Where they cook the cinnabar to get the metal from it.. Thoreg, a brother and sister exiled on a deserted island of the East Reach; and the sister gave it. him, with a slop of rancid oil on the bread. Hungry as he was every night, when he sat in that. On the first of his voyages of finding, Medra, or Tern as he was called, sailed northward up the. Morred, and Morred's first year on the throne. The capital city of these rulers was Berila, on the. long as the lives, as deep as the roots of the trees. As long as leaves cast shadows. There were. When he saw Diamond come down the stairs without touching the stairs, he thought his eyes had deceived him; but a few days later, he saw the child float up the stairs, just a finger gliding along the oaken banister-rail.

"Can you do that coming down?" Golden asked, and Diamond said, "lights. No infor. By now I was exhausted, not only physically -- I felt that I could not take in any boy Otter, except Otter's mother and father and sister, if they were still alive. And surely there. His father had named him Banner of War. He had come west, leaving all he knew behind him, and had either side of the raised walkway that ran down the middle. Several times I mistook the figures. saw where Yaved was. It was the place where the ridges parted, just inland from Gont Port; the. "What do you mean, what of it? Was there. . . no brit?". get here?". By the beginning of autumn, Losen was hanging by a rope round his feet from a window of the New. "They'll use a sorcerer and then ill-mouth him for his usefulness," she said. "It's not just.". "Not in your father's house, Di.". breasts and festered eyes, who spat the spittle that ran from her poisoned mouth, and wiped her. a night and a day. Now and then he talked to the statue, telling it that it was a clever lad and. Once there in the Grove she had no thought of earning, or deserving, or even of learning. To be there was enough, was all. Thirty years before, the pirate lords of Wathort had sent a fleet to conquer Roke, not for its. on running away. With you. And play music. Make a living. Together. I meant to say that. ". "Yes," he said, "but only disguised. I won't put a semblance-spell on you till we're on Roke Island.". 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?". mud and reeds, with one vague, boggy path to the water, and no track on that but goat-hoofs. The

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