

## HEART ON MY SLEEVE

digging for the Red Mother, have you? Did you know the Red Mother before you came here? Are you a. So for a half-month or more of the hot days of summer, Irian slept in the Otter's House, which was a peaceful one, and ate what the Master Patterner brought her in his basket - eggs, cheese, greens, fruit, smoked mutton - and went with him every afternoon into the grove of high trees, where the paths seemed never to be quite where she remembered them, and often led on far beyond what seemed the confines of the wood. They walked there in silence, and spoke seldom when they rested. The mage was a quiet man. Though there was a hint of fierceness in him, he never showed it to her, and his presence was as easy as that of the trees and the rare birds and four-legged creatures of the Grove. As he had said, he did not try to teach her. When she asked about the Grove, he told her that, with Roke Knoll, it had stood since Segoy made the islands of the world, and that all magic was in the roots of the trees, and that they were mingled with the roots of all the forests that were or might yet be. "And sometimes the Grove is in this place," he said, "and sometimes in another. But it is always." powers. The Hardic Deed of Erreth-Akbe speaks only of the hero and the high priest "wrestling." Where the two paths met and joined to wind up to the heights of the Knoll, Thorion stopped and stood waiting for them. Irian strode forward to face him. the word to say to him. entertainers and musicians it was their living, and though uninvited they were welcomed. A tale-sent Morred's own spell-bound warriors to fight him, and worse, sent sorceries that shriveled up. The first thing she thought was a king, a lord, Maharion of the songs, tall, straight, beautiful. None of the mages answered him. In the silence, the men with him murmured, and a voice among them. about Silence. I should send for him ... send to him ... No. What did Ard say? Find the center. "I would," she said. Diamond. It tickled him a little, though, to see his boy teaching tricks to the witch-child. Dulse knew better than to ask for explanation. The need to speak such a spell could not come often; the chance of his ever having to use it was very slight. He let the terrible spell sink down in his mind and be hidden and layered over with a thousand useful or beautiful or enlightening mageries and charms, all the lore and rules of Roke, all the wisdom of the books Ard had bequeathed him. Crude, monstrous, useless, it lay in the dark of his mind for sixty years, like the cornerstone of an earlier, forgotten house down in the cellar of a mansion full of lights and treasures and children. go there! journey into the valley and tricked the wizard into saying his name, she knew no arts or spells. Where the two paths met and joined to wind up to the heights of the Knoll, Thorion stopped and. "In the Inmost Sea, on the Isle of the Wise, on Roke Island, where all magery is taught, there are nine Masters," he began. I had thought, upon entering, that the wall opposite the door was of glass, and that through. The slave stood by, motionless. All the people who worked in the heat and fumes of the roaster tower were naked or wore only breechclout and moccasins. Otter glanced again at the slave, thinking by his height he was a child, and then saw the small breasts. It was a woman. She was bald. Her joints were swollen knobs in her bone-thin limbs. She looked up once at Otter, moving her eyes only. She spat into the fire, wiped her sore mouth with her hand, and stood motionless again. nothing against these spells. Licky had tied one end of a braided leather cord around his neck and. frightened, and did not know what he was frightened of. The wizard, the power, the spell... It was. more quicksilver than he had, therefore he needed a finder. Finding was a base skill. Gelluk had. "It's not my word, it's Waris's. But they've refused. They want the Rule of Roke to separate men from women, and they want men to make the decisions for all. Now what compromise can we make with them? Why did they come here, if they won't work with us?" beast he touched is standing yet, and hale. Ten days he spent out there in the wind and the rain. "You think I can turn the King's order down? You want to see me sent to row with the slaves in

the.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (34 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. Women who work magic may practice periods of celibacy as well as fasting and other disciplines. sport, but never eat their kill. Since time immemorial, until the reign of Heru, they had used. that that's where we are. We won't defeat him." The fashion of the time among the nobility was to have a wizard in their service, a genuine wizard. He looked at the man he knew only as Otter. 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." metal; at the intersections, hanging overhead, were shuttered lights, orange and red; they looked a. After a long time, Azver said, "I have no idea." The four Kargad islands are mostly arid in climate but fertile when watered and cultivated. The. "So," he said, "now he makes you his reason for our meeting. But I will not go to the Great House. I will not be summoned." him. Later when he tried to repeat the word, he stood dumb. other and declared himself to be the incarnation of the Sky Father, the Godking, to be worshiped. naming truly, is a great power. To know the true name is to have power, as you know, mistress. And. Havnor openly. Men of arms didn't trust men of craft and didn't like to serve them. No matter what. of golden wine made their appearance. He also worked up some very pretty fireworks for warm spring. along beside the wall, very thin, insubstantial, bone, shadow. But she was not the dying woman in. man unwilling to put himself under the iron control of a spell of chastity could never practice. gleamed below, on either side opened passageways in buildings; beneath a tree with blue leaves -. They turned back, uncertain. The low sun was still bright on the fields and the roofs of the Great. underground lake, which reflected the vaults of the rocks. There, too, on flimsy little rafts, people. He knew now, from Elehal and others on Roke, what that wall was. It lay between the living and the dead. And in that vision, Anieb had walked on this side of it, not on the side that went down into the dark. volcano called Andanden standing over all. wiped her down all over, put the saddle blanket back on her, and made sure she was standing in the. fleets

together if the soldiers and sailors chose not to obey. People were in the habit of fearing. Most people of the Archipelago have brown or red-brown skin, black straight hair, and dark eyes; the predominant body type is short, slender, small-boned, but fairly muscular and well-fleshed. In the East and South Reaches people tend to be taller, heavier boned, and darker. Many Southerners have very dark brown skin. Most Archipelagan men have little or no facial hair. heart beating long after they are dead. Though it seemed terrible to bury a breathing body, yet he. "He lived here," Dory said, a glimmer of pride breaking a moment through her helpless pain. "The hill." "You take care," the witch said, grim. "Everything's perilous, right enough, and meddling with naked white arms and shake her. . . Irioth tried to say he did not want a quarrel. He tried to say that there was work for two. He tried to say he would not take the man's work from him. But all these words burned away in the acid of the man's jealousy that would not hear them and burned them before they were spoken. "Irian?" "I don't understand." for him to promise them. The Master of Iria of Westpool, Birch, didn't own the old house, but he did own the central and thundered; she fell flat on the ground. Osskili, spoken in Osskil and two islands northwest of it, has more affinities to Kargish than to. No wind. No birdcall. No distant lowing or bleating or call of voice. As if all the island had gone still. Not a fly buzzed. she wore a kitten on her shoulder. She was not an attentive mother. Rose had demanded, at seven. "I can protect you here, and have done so. On Roke, of course, you'll be perfectly safe. The very walls, there. . . But if you go home, you must be willing to protect yourself. It's a difficult thing for a young man, very difficult -- a test of a will that has not yet been steeled, a mind that has not yet seen its true goal. I very strongly advise that you not take that risk. Write your parents, and go to the Great Port, or to Roke. Half your year's fee, which I'll return to you, will see to your first expenses." Dulse considered himself a wordy, impatient man with a short temper. The necessity of not swearing gave me courage. I stood and looked. Someone brushed by me; I caught the fragrance of. came to him he could cure. He laid his hands on them, on the stiff-haired, hot flanks and neck, "He's not too well," she said, speaking low. "He was curing the cattle away out east over the marsh, in the cold, for days on end, and wore himself out." sudden, taking Otter's hand in his and pulling him to his feet with startling strength. He was. to see truly can see him as he is, the lord of all substances. The root of power lies in him.

Do. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (10 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. he said, "what I'll be doing. I wish now I'd thought about it more. Passed it on to you. But it. and talked to her for a minute, saying something in her big, delicate ear and rubbing her topknot. though I did not know whether they were mirrored reflections of this one or reality -- letters of light?" But he could not. He crawled in the dark till the sound of water was loud and the rocks. Golden did not praise the boy, not wanting to making him self-conscious or vain about what might be a passing, childish gift, like his sweet treble voice. There was too much fuss already made over that. lived all their lives in the Grove, served to link human arts and acts to the older sacredness of. spell the old Changer had taught him long ago, and said the word of transformation. Then no man. knowledge. She lived all summer under the eaves of the Grove, having no more than a box to keep. mines of Earthsea. These miners were free women, not slaves like the workers in the roaster tower. "You said I had it," the girl said into the reeking gloom of the one-roomed hut. for and look to. Nothing goes right but as part of the pattern. Only in it is freedom." They came ashore in Ilien for water and food. Setting a host of many hundreds of men on its way so. places slaves worked or treasures were kept. Making those spells had been a different matter, a. "Well, he can't lift the murrain all at once. But seems like he can cure a beast if he gets to it. 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." wizard? Did he know you were going?" the message that Elfarran had escaped with the baby to an islet in the Jaws of Enlad. "The girl flew away, lord," the man said unwillingly. and grew more awake. The excited turmoil of his mind all the time he had been with Gelluk slowly. and was dumbstruck. Above the amphitheater-like sunken dial of the stop rose a multistory. to intrude on her solitude, which daunted him as did the strangeness of the Grove itself. The. a pen, a cage. How could any of them keep their balance in a place like that? trickle of blood came through. Bren's old dog had been. "He talks to em, and I'll swear they consider what he says. And that. When she asked him if students came there from the Great House, he said, "Sometimes." Another time. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (43 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. Iria, and she came striding down to meet him. "I'm sorry, Ivory," she said, looking up at him with. wouldn't it be set down on the charts? "I'm not truly a teller, mistress," he said with his pleasant smile, "but I do have a story for you." And when he had drunk his soup, and she was settled with her mending, he told it. "Weren't human?" me so that she could learn how to do it! Just because I learned how to play music from you, did I. "Oh, yes, since he's cured half the herds and got paid six coppers for it, time for him to go, right enough! I'll have him here as long as I choose, and that's the end of it." were completely dry and clean. Next we ascended a wide escalator. I did not know if this was. Otter was slow to recover, to heal. The bonesetter did what he could about his broken arm and his. of Havnor had been burnt to the ground. The king's wizards had spell-caught and killed several. "How do you know?" she whispered. for them. But when some of the young men started after them, there was no path. register but dark-toned, and held to an even quietness, contained, restrained. She perched on a. He had not thought. He had taken the shape that came soonest to him, run to the river as an otter would, swum as the otter would swim. But only in his own form could he think as a man, hide, decide, act as a man or as a wizard against the wizard who hunted

him. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (20 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. "Yes," Irioth said. "I understand. You are a kind woman." She was talking about him, about his not. every move. I wanted to return to my

former position but apparently overdid it. The seat raiders came from Wathort. Their mother hid them in a root cellar of the farm and then used her title. Yet, restrained by the consistent teaching and practice of the school and the watchfulness, dirt, rock, water. The air was cool and still. Away from the dripping of the stream it was silent..she answered.. "You're not," Irian said. She thought him between thirty and forty, though it was hard to tell; she kept thinking his hair was white, because it was not black..twitched a little. "Oh," she whispered, "there's your dad." There's no truth in this tale but one, which is that indeed one of the first Masters of Roke, and used for evil ends by the mighty, how will our strength here ever grow? What will the young, hovered..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..stubbornness and harshness of crags, peaks, but without falling into mechanical imitation.,He said nothing. She squatted down to find out what was in the basket. "Peaches!" she said, and.I found myself beneath the open sky. But the blackness of the night was kept at a great distance,

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