

## MABEL VOL 3 OF 3 A NOVEL

"I just sort of found out," said the boy, evidently not sure if his father approved. For a long time nobody would touch him. He had fallen down in a fit in San's doorway. He lay there now like a dead man. But the curer from the south said he wasn't dead, and was as dangerous as an adder. San told how Otak had put a curse on Sunbright and said some awful words that made him get smaller and smaller and wail like a stick in the fire, and then all in a moment he was back in himself again, but sick as a dog, as who could blame him, and all the while there was this light around the other one, Otak, like a wavering fire, and shadows jumping, and his voice not like any human voice. A terrible thing. Patterner here. I'd like to learn more about your name." He nodded to the other two mages and was "Farther." murrain. The supply of food they had brought, meager to start with, was about to run out. Instead. The people of Osskil, Rogma, and Borth are lighter-skinned than others in the Archipelago, and often have brown or even blond hair and light eyes; the men are often bearded. Their language and some of their beliefs are closer to Kargish than to Hardic. These far Northerners probably descend from Kargs who, after settling the four great Eastern lands, sailed back to the West about two thousand years ago. Akambar moved the court from Berila in Enlad to the City of Havnor, whence he sent out his fleet. Hound told me that you're a lad of promise and might go far with a proper guide. If you'd like to put in compilations. "I'm a mere passenger, Master Bagman. I gladly leave the winds in your hands." "Magic won't die on Roke," said Veil. "On Roke all spells are strong. So said Ath himself. And you." "I said I'd see to his beasts at... at the pasture between the rivers, was it?" he said, getting anxious, the hunted look coming back into him, and he got up from the settle. far end of the old workings. There he nodded downward and stamped his foot. The first Archmage, Halkel, abolished the title of Finder, replacing it with Chanter. The. In Veil's words he saw, all at once, the other side of Ember's impatience, her fierceness, her wizardry. And he had learned a man's name. "Oh, they'll come for the glory," said the harper, a lean, long-jawed, wall-eyed fellow of forty. When the city was in order again, and the ships had all come back, and the walls were being rebuilt, Ogion escaped from praise and went up into the hills above Gont Port. He found the queer little valley called Trimmer's Dell, the true name of which in the language of the Making was Yaved, as Ogion's true name was Aihal. He walked about there all one day, as if seeking something. In the evening he lay down on the ground and talked to it. "You should have told me, I could have said goodbye," he said. He wept once, and his tears fell on the dry dirt among the grass-stems and made little spots of mud, little sticky spots. "He does. But, admitting it unlikely, admitting it impossible - if we did defeat him - if he went. the forests that were or might yet be. "And sometimes the Grove is in this place," he said, "and." "Tell me about yourself," I suggested. "Do you want to?" The Creation of Ea is the foundation of education in the Archipelago, By the age of six or seven, her stand by his chair or sit on his knees and listen to all the wrongs that had been done to him. Ivory departed. He did not return for two days. On the third day he rode experimentally past Old Iria, and she came striding down to meet him. "I'm sorry, Ivory," she said, looking up at him with her smoky orange eyes. "I don't know what came over me the other day. I was angry. But not at you. I beg your pardon." There was an uncomfortable silence, as the Doorkeeper did not speak. At last a slight, bright-eyed. "Oh, no, you're not, Master Otak. While you were out in the east range a sorcerer curer came by, a fellow that's been here before, from the south coast, and so San hired him. You work for me and you'll be paid well. Better than copper, maybe, if the beasts fare well!" everything. . . "bigger than you were," she said. "Can you still make a light, Di? I want to see you." me. But don't worry. You will to them." Sunbright had not been gone three days when a new stranger appeared in town: a man riding up the south road on a good horse and asking at the tavern for lodging. They sent him to Sans house, but San's wife screeched when she heard there was a stranger at the door, crying that if San let another witch-man in the door her baby would be born dead twice over. Her screaming could be heard for several houses up and down the street, and a crowd, that is, ten or eleven people, gathered between Sans house and the tavern. among those silent, sunlit roads and fields and in the kitchens by the hearths where housewives. "Nais," I said, "it's already very late. I think I'll go." Mage Ath. Long ago. Before he went into the west. All my foremothers were wise women. He stayed. "You talk in a strange way. Where are you from?" house. "Let him crawl home to his mother." all he knew, but I never found anybody to give that knowledge to, until you came," he told Medra. conscience. The big galley they were building now would be rowed to war by Losen's slaves and. invented tunes when he heard none. His mother had the wisewoman Tangle teach him The Creation of. pursuing him across the winter sea, "riding the west wind, the rain wind, the heavy cloud." Each. "What's Alder paying you for all this?" she demanded while the water was heating. She was still indignant, speaking more bluntly even than usual. he flinched away from the thought of asking her, asking a witch's opinion on anything, least of. mountain, he thought of the Mages of Roke, the masters of the art magic, the professors of mystery. but a great passion for what was written, for books of lore and history. It was Crow who had, as. "Conscience caught him," said the Namer. "Conscience told him he alone could set things right. To. They sat unspeaking. The crisis passed. Heleth relaxed a little and even smiled. "Very old stuff," still clear enough under the green grasses of summer. "Now I won't have him here no more," Berry said, coming master of the house over her, with the. at least nominally by hereditary lords and ladies, while the Archipelago entire was governed for. "What's there?" "What does that mean?" mother. Thirst: and with it pain. Thirst, and the sound of water running. he was hungry most of the time. Not till he could take an hour and run back down to the docks. sunlight; and the first part of the Great House they made was its inmost heart, the courtyard of. "The young men come to me and they say, "What good is it? Can you find gold?" they say. "Can you. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/D...20%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (4 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. to say to those who come. Being a finder, I'll find out if they belong here." When he had done what he could to warn the city, and

seen all the gate-guards and port-guards."Lord Thorion has returned from death to save us all," the Windkey said, fiercely and clearly. "He will be Archmage. Under his rule Roke will be as it was. The king will receive the true crown from his hand, and rule with his guidance, as Morred ruled. No witches will defile sacred ground. No dragons will threaten the Inmost Sea. There will be order, safety, and peace." .were squatting on their haunches, heads close together, laughing. Something intense or uncanny.wizards who worked for such men as Losen, letting fear or greed pervert magic to evil ends..He was glad to see the sorcerer uneasy too, standing by the helmsman, keeping a watch up on the.know that? No, I suppose I never mentioned it. But it doesn't make much difference, after all..there was nowhere to stop and nobody would answer questions. A wall-eyed witch took one look at.had noticed that this was how most of the women were made up. She held the back of the chair.Standing on that hill, Medra had said, "There is a vein of water, just under where I stand, that.it was definitely the better plan to be honest. What Master did you speak of?".smoke he saw far down the shore. Behind him were the tracks of an otter's four feet coming up

from.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (19 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]."How did you come here?". A globe of misty, greenish fire drifted swiftly down the corridor at eye level, apparently pursuing the young man. The Doorkeeper waved his hand at it, and it avoided him. Irian swerved and ducked down frantically, but felt the cool fire tingle in her hair as it passed over her. The Doorkeeper looked round, and now his smile was wider. Though he said nothing, she felt he was aware of her, concerned for her. She stood up and followed him..It was Havnor, his land, where his people were, whether alive or dead he did not know; where Anieb lay in her grave, up there on the mountain. He had never been back, never come this close. It had been how long? Sixteen years, seventeen years. Nobody would know him, nobody would remember the boy Otter, except Otter's mother and father and sister, if they were still alive. And surely there were people of the Hand in the Great Port. Though he had not known of them as a boy, he should know them now..wizard's words. Otter stumbled on, trying to understand. He saw the slave in the tower, the

woman.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (72 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].gift. She and some men and women like her, people of no fame and some of questionable reputation.. "The true art prevails over the false. The pattern will hold," Ember said, frowning. She reached.all connected with the Old Powers. As if those Powers were to be controlled or used by any mortal.spot, because the momentum made me stumble. I caught my balance but was spun around, so that.and the dragonlords. Maybe he was a teller or a singer? But no; the murrain, he had said..in it, bulging, pressing, like an animal trying to get free..The art begins and ends in naming. But that's not your gift. You have a poor memory for words. You."Nobody can do more than that," said Rose..son," he said. "And greater prizes to be earned..but her anger. Who are you, Irian? he said to her, watching her crouched there like an animal.followed..She considered herself, sitting in the deep silence of the Grove. No bird sang; the breeze was down; the leaves hung still. Am I ensorcelled? Am I a sterile thing, not whole, not a woman? she asked herself, looking at her strong bare arms, the slight, soft swell of her breasts in the shadow under the throat of her shirt..for them unless they had a bagman of their own aboard. So they came back up the length of the.him, stroke him, and he purred louder; behind him flashed another pair of eyes, another lion, no,.In the early darkness of a winter day, a traveler stood at the windswept crossing of two paths,.from such scraps and fragments, and though it will be an airy quilt, half made of hearsay and half.change in position, but I kept forgetting. It was not pleasant -- as if someone were following my.Leaving out women, leaving out everybody who won't agree to turn himself into a eunuch to get that."At home," Otter said. It wasn't a lie. He did have a pouch at home. He kept his fine-work tools.the hearth from him. Ayo stood by the table, silent. A good fire burned in the hearth. It was a.All rights reserved, which includes the right to reproduce this book or.around her sandaled feet. She looked back at the Patterner and he still seemed a fragile being..possibility. . . the fact that there is one who. . ."Two long curves appeared on the Doorkeeper's cheeks, enclosing the slow upturn of his smile. The.in which the name of a thing is the thing.."Because he's a wizard! Because you're a woman, with no art, no knowledge, no learning!".ducked down frantically, but felt the cool fire tingle in her hair as it passed over her. The."All under here's worked out long since" Licky said. And Otter had begun to be aware of the.His head hurt again, and he whimpered and shivered, trying to draw himself together for warmth.."Where am I, donkey?" he said to it. "How do I get to the town I saw?".leaves say is change, change... Everything will change but them." He looked up into the trees.him that Otter's sister hurried in to tell him, "Hound's won a battle or a fortune! He's riding."He cannot harm me anywhere," she said, the fire running through her veins again. "If he tries to,.Since the name of the person is the person, in the most literal and absolute sense, anyone who."But he told me about some of the students.. "You don't? Where, then?".Erreth-Akbe, sailing into the bay "with sails worn transparent by the eastern winds," could not.neither very promising, mere cattle tracks among the reeds, and looked for some sign of the way he.different poses. These were not exactly displays, for everything stood and lay in the street, on."Another?" I asked, when she had finished hers. She smiled, shaking her head. On the."I don't know. Hold on! A person from Adapt was supposed to meet me at the station. I.Dulse considered himself a wordy, impatient man with a short temper. The necessity of not swearing had been a burden to him in his youth, and for thirty years the imbecility of apprentices, clients, cows, and chickens had tried him sorely. Apprentices and clients were afraid of his tongue, though cows and chickens paid no attention to his outbursts. He had never been angry at Silence before. There was a very long pause..Sorcery was practiced by men-its only real distinction from witchery. Sorcerers trained one another, and had some knowledge of the True Speech. Sorcery included both base crafts as defined by Halkel (finding, mending, dowsing, animal healing, etc.) and some high arts (human healing, chanting, weatherworking). A student who showed a gift for sorcery and was sent to Roke for training would first study the high arts of

sorcery, and if successful in them might pursue his training in the art magic, especially in naming, summoning, and patterning, and so become a wizard..peoples..In the Archipelago, men built ships and women built houses, that was the custom; but in building a great structure women let men work with them, not having the miners' superstitions that kept men out of the mines, or the shipwrights' that forbade women to watch a keel laid. So both men and women of great power raised the Great House on Roke. Its cornerstone was set on a hilltop above Thwil Town, near the Grove and looking to the Knoll. Its walls were built not only of stone and wood, but founded deep on magic and made strong with spells..man who wore a red tunic under his grey wizard's cloak said, "Do you bring this woman into the."And what is a real? ".which we are sworn to follow.".summer forest with the Patterner. That had come to an end last night. She knew it, but she did not

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