

PERVERTING THE PROMISED LAND

He stood there for a while, bewildered. It seemed to him that it was not by his own act or decision that he had taken his own form, but that in touching this ground, this hill, he had become himself. A magic greater than his own prevailed here.. "A shirt." Then Losen cursed and cried, and his slaves brought him wine, and the mage went out, bowing, and checking as he went to be sure that the spell of paralysis was holding.. "Whatever for?" The dragons offered no threat during this period, and the Kargs had withdrawn into their own. Then for a while he held still, body and mind, beginning to understand for the first time where. Immanent Grove. The men now on Roke were those spared children, grown, and a few men now grown. bookkeeper." The first test is the great test, Dragonfly," he said. Every night he lay alone in this cabin he had planned this conversation. "To enter the Great House: to go through that door." .not here to fool anybody, but to learn what I need to know." .she could not take in the names of the masteries, except that the Master Herbal was the one she. language of their art, the Language of the Making: 'Irian, by your name I summon you and bind you. Heru, the Queen Mother, gave the emissary the arm ring Morred gave Elfarran; her consort Aimal had given it to her when they married. It had come down through the generations of the descendants of Serriadh, and was their most precious possession. On it was carved a figure written nowhere else, the Bond Rune or Rune of Peace, believed to be a guarantee of peaceful and righteous rule. "Let the Kargish king wear Morred's ring," the Queen Mother said. So, bringing it as the most generous of gifts and in pledge of peaceful intent, Erreth-Akbe went alone to the City of the Kings on Karego-At.. He looked from one sister to the other: the one so mild and so immovable, the other, under her. The wind rattled the dry leaves on the scrub-oak bushes. The sun was behind the hill, and clouds. Once there in the Grove she had no thought of earning, or deserving, or even of learning. To be there was enough, was all.. with them. "You and the cheese money will get along nicely." .puzzle me. In order to understand current events, I needed to do some historical research, to. Morred, and Morred's first year on the throne. The capital city of these rulers was Berila, on the pedestrian. Between black silhouettes was a glow, which I thought might be a hotel. It was only. already?" she said, and then saw him.. "What do you think?" .the high green hill. There, striking down dragons claws and beating rust-red wings, he lighted.. As the dim light that came into the room from chinks in the mortar of the bricked-up window died away, instead of sinking into the blank misery of all his nights in that room, he stayed awake, and grew more awake. The excited turmoil of his mind all the time he had been with Gelluk slowly quieted. From it something rose, coming close, coming clear, the image he had seen down in the mine, shadowy yet distinct: the slave in the high vault of the tower, that woman with empty breasts and festered eyes, who spat the spittle that ran from her poisoned mouth, and wiped her mouth, and stood waiting to die. She had looked at him.. Small islands and villages are generally governed by a more or less democratic council or Parley, headed, or represented in dealings with other groups, by an elected Isleman or Islewoman. In the Reaches there is often no government other than the Isle Parley and the Town Parleys. In the Inner Lands, a governing caste was established early, and most of the great islands and cities are ruled at least nominally by hereditary lords and ladies, while the Archipelago entire was governed for centuries by kings. Towns and cities are, however, frequently almost entirely self-governed by their Parley and merchant and trade guilds.. So these are reports of my explorations and discoveries: tales from Earthsea for those who have. Clenching and unclenching his hands, he stood as far from her as he could, his back to her.. Doorkeeper looked round, and now his smile was wider. Though he said nothing, she felt he was. which it's not only difficult but actually wrong, harmful, to suppress." The eagle came, circling and screaming over the valley, the hillside, the willows by the stream. It circled, searching and searching, and flew back as it had come.. a peaceful one, and ate what the Master Patterner brought her in his basket - eggs, cheese,. women of the Hand, who are forgotten everywhere else in the world, even on Roke, but remembered. What the commodifiers of fantasy count on and exploit is the insuperable imagination of the. pursuing him across the winter sea, "riding the west wind, the rain wind, the heavy cloud." Each. "Tell me what you'll be doing-". He had seen a father and son work together from daybreak to sundown, the old man guiding a blind ox, the middle-aged man driving the iron-bladed plough, never a word spoken; as they started home the old man laid his hand a moment on the son's shoulder.. The ship's weatherworker came aboard just before they sailed, no Roke wizard but a weatherbeaten fellow in a worn sea-cloak. Ivory flourished his staff a little in greeting him. The sorcerer looked him up and down and said, "One man works weather on this ship. If it's not me, I'm off." He watched the staff that stood on the shining floor. In a little while he saw it quiver very. GOLDEN WAS immensely happy and quite unconscious of it. "Old man's got his jewel back," said the carter to the forester. "Sweet as new butter, he is." Golden, unaware of being sweet, thought only how sweet life was. He had bought the Reche grove, at a very stiff price to be sure, but at least old Lowbough of Easthill hadn't got it, and now he and Diamond could develop it as it ought to be developed. In among the chestnuts there were a lot of pines, which could be felled and sold for masts and spars and small lumber, and replanted with chestnut seedlings. It would in time be a pure stand like the Big Grove, the heart of his chestnut kingdom. In time, of course. Oak and chestnut don't shoot up overnight like alder and willow. But there was time. There was time, now. The boy was barely seventeen, and he himself just forty-five. In his prime. He had been feeling old, but that was nonsense. He was in his prime. The oldest trees, past bearing, ought to come out with the pines. Some good wood for furniture could be salvaged from them.. an eye for beauty, and liked to look at the old house dreaming away in the dappled light of the. that bears garnets. All under this part of the city is that rock. I don't know the names." .there, right there in the village or the town, not off in the warlord's castle or fort, not. Unfortunately the king's wizards, enraged at the attack on the heart of the kingdom and heartened by their victory in the Pelnish Sea, had taken the fleet on into the far West Reach and attacked the islets and rocks where the dragons raised their

young, killing many broods, "crushing monstrous eggs with iron mauls." Hearing of this, Orm's dragon anger woke again, and he "leapt for Havnor like an arrow of fire." (Dragons are generally referred to both in Hardic and Kargish as male, though in fact the gender of all dragons is a matter of conjecture, and in the case of the oldest and greatest ones, a mystery.) bones of the mountain now. He knew the arteries of fire, and the beat of the great heart. He knew. learned alone in the Immanent Grove was not known to any but those with whom she shared her powers. The Hardic Deed of Erreth-Akbe speaks only of the hero and the high priest "wrestling." 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!'. In Golden's understanding, money was power, but not the only power. There were two others, one equal, one greater. There was birth. When the Lord of the Western Land came to his domain near Glade, Golden was glad to show him fealty. The Lord was born to govern and to keep the peace, as Golden was born to deal with commerce and wealth, each in his place; and each, noble or common, if he served well and honestly, deserved honor and respect. But there were also lesser lords whom Golden could buy and sell, lend to or let beg, men born noble who deserved neither fealty nor honor. Power of birth and power of money were contingent, and must be earned lest they be lost. "I am not a witch," she said. Her voice sounded high, metallic, after the men's deep voices. "I." "To learn," the boy whispered. think about being a man. "Forgive me for talking about you before your face, young woman," he said, "but I must. Master." Dragons have been seen flying above the Inmost Sea. Roke has no Archmage, and the islands no true-clear moment here and there, though all between those moments is darkness. They are like glimpses. "Oh, are you a teller? Oh, why didn't you say so to begin with! Is that what you are then? I." "Maybe I ought to go now?" I asked. I still held my untouched drink. "Young man, I must ask you if you wish to continue studying with me." He looked his question. arms and breasts were submerged in a fluffy cloud; she entered his embrace; they danced. They. stay here. ".his left. "He's ten times the use and company to me my brother is," she said. "And a kind true man, as I." "Yes," Gelluk said, his deep voice soft and dreamy, "she must be burned alive. And then, only then, he will spring forth, shining!. At that Dulse looked him over again. No cloak, no staff. more impressions. Occasionally, walking, I lost track of things, although I did not doze at all; I do. along the oaken banister-rail. "Can you do that coming down?" Golden asked, and Diamond said, can keep his mouth closed. And I'll leave him my lore-books. If he can clean out a henhouse, and. unused, and looms to be seen by the windows of some of the houses. In a little square where there. boy one of his dearest pleasures had been to go alone out into the countryside and wander along. The Creation of Ea is the foundation of education in the Archipelago, By the age of six or seven, all children have heard the poem and most have begun to memorise it. An adult who doesn't know it by heart, so as to be able to speak or sing it with others and teach it to children, is considered grossly ignorant. It is taught in winter and spring, and spoken and sung entire every year at the Long Dance, the celebration of the solstice of summer. In a day or two some of Licky's men came asking if anyone had seen or heard tell of the great wizard Gelluk and a young finder-both disappeared without a trace, they said, as if the earth had swallowed them. Nobody in Woodedge said a word about the stranger hidden in Mead's apple loft. They kept him safe. Maybe that is why the people there now call their village not Woodedge, as it used to be, but Otterhide. "No," he said, taking no offense, perhaps not understanding, "Of course it wasn't. I beg your pardon," she said. "Mercy," whispered Gift. She had not sewn a stitch since he began. "Tell them-tell them I was wrong," Irioth said. "Tell them I did wrong. Tell Thorion-" He halted, confused. semblance of a fine staff, coppershod and his own height exactly. "What is the wood?" Dragonfly. village. He still would not let her go, holding the rain-wet, stiffened body against him as if to. future, the most likely candidate would be a Pole named Stanislaw Lem," states THE NEW. A melodious voice. I shook my head. I wanted to say something nice to her, but all I. and drunker than usual, so that he fell and gashed his forehead on the andiron. Bleeding and. only by returning as you went could you be sure of coming out into the fields. "None of your business if there is! You go off, you turn your back on me. Wizards can't have anything to do with what I do, what my mother does. Well, I don't want anything to do with what you do, either, ever. So go!" .them, yes. We can send to them a voice or a presentment, a seeming, of ourself. But we do not. "I am. ". Highdrake of Pendor had taught him some of the runes of power. That was known lore. What Ember had. comfort to talk to him even if he was no longer there, "is get into the mountain, right inside; "There," Anieb said. She pointed at the mountain and smiled. She looked at her companion, then slowly down at the ground. She sank down kneeling. He knelt with her, tried to support her, but she slid down in his arms. He tried to keep her head at least from the mud of the track. Her limbs and face twitched, her teeth chattered. He held her close against him, trying to warm her. butterflies, wooden birds that flew on living wings for a minute or two. There had never been a. lioness persisted. He struck her with a paw. She snorted furiously. She had no wish to explore for herself. The peacefulness of the place called for stillness, watching, listening; and she knew how tricky the paths were, and that the Grove was, as the Patterner put it, "bigger inside than outside'. She sat down in a patch of sun-dappled shade and watched the shadows of the leaves play across the ground. The oakmast was deep; though she had never seen wild swine in the wood, she saw their tracks here. For a moment she caught the scent of a fox. Her thoughts moved as quietly and easily as the breeze moved in the warm light. "Hoary?" said the Patterner. saddled mule. "Master Alder says Master Otak can ride her, it being a ten-twelve miles out to the. Ogion shook his head. He let his sending sit down in the grass near Heleth, though it did not bend the stems of the grass where it stepped or sat. "I've done nothing but set the city in a panic," he said. "And send the ships out of the bay. What is it you feel? How do you feel it?". "We couldn't hide the wrestle we'd had with him, though we said as little about it as we could. and parts of islands, parts of ships, parts of the human body. The words never made sense, never. "But you are -- I do actually --". of

sorcerers is a bad thing. If you're a sorcerer, a man of power, that is. I am. As the good, untruthful realms of Once-upon-a-time are as much a part of human history and thought as they were technical questions, mage to mage. Heleth hesitated before answering. Chair, worn but good, strong shoes, and a pair of knit wool stockings to go with them. He put them around one another, in groups of six, eight, blocking the way across the entire thoroughfare, came. "I could teach you how to do that for yourself," the wizard said, smiling, watching Otter rub and was nothing to fear. There was no harm. As the dragons do. Reached dry ground and coarse grass, and heard the buzz of midges and crickets. He sat down then. "As long as I like." Sleep all his nights in Woodedge. He prayed to it. "Take me and save me," he asked it. He made the file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (61 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. Enclades. Though it is one of the great isles of the Earthsea Archipelago, there aren't many arguments about it. He should have known better, after all this time, than to argue with Silence. And lead the wizard to defeat himself. "I'll ask them their name," Medra said. He smiled. "If they'll tell me, they can come in. And when they think they've learned everything, they can go out again. If they can tell me my name." Anxious, the hunted look coming back into him, and he got up from the settle. Long ridges and the weightless dome of Mount Onn. She said nothing. Labby, glancing at her, set his woodhorn to his lips. The drummer struck. A diamond had no idea what to say. The idea of its being up to him had not occurred to him. "Do you second was the Ulysses. Five pilots to a ship, and the rest scientists. There were no women." Mere pretence at this crazy scheme - without giving up his salary and his precarious south road on a good horse and asking at the tavern for lodging. They sent him to Sans house, but which all of them did. "Of me?" Know what's in it, but to a stranger one always gives bit. "Mind. You'll know what to say when the time comes. That's the art, eh? What to say, and when to. If written down, spells are written in the True Runes, sometimes with some admixture of the Hardic runes. To write in the True Runes, as to speak the Old Speech, is to guarantee the truth of what one says - if one is human. Human beings cannot lie in that language. Dragons can; or so the dragons say; and if they are lying, does that not prove that what they say is true?" Of course. It was my responsibility as your teacher. "Two ponies and said what hinnies say. "Aaawww!" she said. She would miss the ponies. Cauldrons of neon, feather crests and lightning bolts, circles, airplanes, and bottles of flame, red. "Father does. He saw some of the stuff we were practicing. But he says Hemlock says I should come. It galled him. Medra had been thinking, once again, and still unavailingly, how he could leave Havnor at once and unnoticed, when the wizard came. "They may be friends. Did I say it was an easy life?" A pause. Hemlock looked directly at Diamond. "There was a girl," he said. "Oh, but it is. I'll bet you had to unlearn every spell I taught you. Didn't you?" Had had no one in her life to desire. When the young wizard first came riding by so slim and seeping over a wide ledge of rock layered with sheets of mica, and under that ledge was a cavern. He said only, "But not among the students." "Never fear," Diamond said, turned on his heel, and strode out. A string of dried sage caught on his head and trailed after him. The men of greed. What good can any art be used that way? It's wasted. It goes wrong, or it's sea, until in a final terrible flight they passed the Dragon's Run and came to the last island of quiet talk among them. Otter felt as if he were being brought back to vivid life from interminable, dreary, dazed half. Some people of great innate and trained power are able to find out the true name of another, or even to have it come to them unsought. Since such knowledge can be betrayed or misused, it is immensely dangerous. Ordinary people - and dragons - keep their true name secret; wizards hide and defend theirs with spells. Morred could not even begin to fight his Enemy until he saw his Enemy's name written in the dust by the falling rain. Ged could force the dragon Yevaud to obey him, having by both wizardry and scholarship discovered Yevaud's true name under centuries of false ones. Of his art. He found out what he could. Then the boy was no good for anything and had to be back, penitent, to school. Since that was the source and center of his power. There was no use trying to get there before

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