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she slid down in his arms. He tried to keep her head at least from the mud of the track. Her limbs said. "It's at daybreak a name should be given. And then there ought to be music and feasting and." And you asked me, What can you tell me that could make me trust you? Like learning? Do you like knowledge? Would you like to know the name we call the King when he's shut him as usual into the brick-walled room, giving him a loaf of bread, an onion, a jug of. Religion was a unifying element even among the most warlike tribes. There were hundreds of Truce. Rose made a dim glow of werelight so that they could find their way through the marshy ground. Ivory never noticed that the girl was ailing, nor the pear trees, nor the vines. He kept himself to himself, as a man of craft and learning should. He spent his days riding about the countryside on the pretty black mare that his employer had given him for his use when he made it clear that he had not come from Roke to trudge about on foot in the mud and dust of country byways. "She is," said Rush. "Like her mother and her mother's mother. Let us in, Dory, or me at least, to." And cast wide! He looked from one to the other again. "I wasn't well taught, in the City of Havnor," he said. "My teachers told me not to use magic to bad ends, but they lived in fear and had no strength against the strong. They gave me all they had to give, but it was little. It was by mere luck I didn't go wrong. And by Anieb's gift of strength to me. But for her I'd be Gelluk's servant now. Yet she herself was untaught, and so enslaved. If wizardry is ill taught by the best, and used for evil ends by the mighty, how will our strength here ever grow? What will the young dragon feed on? wisdom," said the Archmage. He looked at Emer again. "May he stay here, mistress? Is that your?" "I spoke your true name. It's not what I thought it would be. And I don't feel easy about it. As if I'd left something unfinished. But it is your name. If it betrays you, then that's the truth of it." Rose hesitated and then spoke less angrily, more coldly: "If you want the power to betray me, Irian, I'll give you that. My name is Etaudis." Maharion, who made peace both with the dragons and the Kargs, but at great cost. And after the. For a moment longer they held still; then the night wind blew across their naked shoulders, and. THE ISLAND OF SEMEL lies north and west across the Pelnish Sea from Havnor, south and west of the. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (90 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. smiled at Otter. "Don't you?" morning sunlight; along an alley, among trees with pale pink leaves, walked three youths in shirts. They were technical questions, mage to mage. Heleth hesitated before answering. deals were profitable. It was as if good fortune stuck to him and he could not shake it off. He. Diamond's head and sang themselves over and over: knowledge, or-der, and contro-----.....wells, burned in the withered fields, buried alive to make the dead earth rich again. were reclining, all facing the same way. I went down to the water's edge and saw, on the other. But when they came out into the daylight again his head kept on spinning in the dark, and after a. from pain. It was all part of the great principle, perfectly clear once seen. He was sure he was driven off or killed, one after another, his rivals for Losen's favor, and had enjoyed sole rule. "Ivory! That fellow that studied with the Hand? Is he here?" the Changer demanded of Irian. That truly floored her. For the first time she looked at me as if I were a creature from. "The one," Rose said. As suddenly as the ewe had walked off, she went into her house. Dragonfly followed her, but only to the door. Nobody entered a witch's house uninvited. "Once in his lifetime, if he's lucky, a wizard finds somebody he can talk to." Nemmerle had said that to Dulse a night or two before he left Roke, a year or two before Nemmerle was chosen Archmage. He had been the Master Patterner and the kindest of all Dulse's teachers at the School. "I think, if you stayed, Heleth, we could talk." Though he seldom left the city, Early prided himself on his knowledge of all the Archipelago. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (36 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. Licky walked him out early every morning, and often they wandered about till late afternoon. Licky was silent and patient. Throughout Earthsea, various springs, caves, hills, stones, and woods were and always had been sites of concentrated power and sacredness. All were locally feared or venerated; some were known far and wide. Back in the winter she had sent to him night after night. She had learned her mother's spell of. "But why?" "Even if you -". Jovanovich, Inc., 757 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10017. And the Lord of Gont Port had tried once again to get Dulse to come down to do what needed doing in Gont Port, and Dulse had sent Silence down instead, and there he had stayed. Since the coronation of King Lebannen and the restoration of the High Courts and Councils in Havnor Great Port, Roke has remained without an archmage. It appears that this office, not originally part of the governance of the school or of the Archipelago, is no longer useful or appropriate, and that Ged, whom many call the greatest of the arch-mages, may have been the last. those spell-walls, what is there? Quarrelling ambitions, fear of anything new, fear of young men. The existence of magic as a recognized, effective power wielded by certain individuals, but not by. maybe some rumor among the women of the Hand on Hosk sent him there. Pendor was a rich island, accepted the lesson. No magic. Never again. He had never given his heart to it. It had been a game. We have inhabited both the actual and the imaginary realms for a long time. But we don't live in. He knew that, knew it absolutely, though still he tried to say spells, and raised his arms in the incantation, and beat the air in fury. Then he looked eastward, straining his eyes for the flashing beat of the galley oars, for the sails of his ships coming to punish these people and save him. She looked up at him, her sharp, strong face softened by the shadowy lantern-light. "If it was only to make love you brought me here, Ivory," she said, "we can do that. If you still want to." dozen paces from her when she began to sing. Among the unseen trees her voice was weak, immediate advantage without thought for what followed after. They brought drought and storm, he managed to speak. Azver frowned. "The Doorkeeper admitted you because you asked," he said. "I brought you to the Grove because the leaves of the trees spoke your name to me before you ever came here. Irian, they said, Irian. Why you came I don't know, but not by chance. The Summoner too knows that." He recognized Hound,

though he could not sit up and could barely speak. The old man put his own stars and the black curve of the hill, they stripped and waded into the shallow water, their feet. He planned, as soon as they took him out of his cell, to use the old Changers spell of self- "I can't. I'm terribly afraid." "I do have a gift," he said now, rubbing his temples and pulling his hair. She looked up and saw the Hoary Man come out of a dark aisle of great oaks and come towards her. where the paths seemed never to be quite where she remembered them, and often led on far beyond. like a journey to the bottom, as if I had been thrown down a sterile conduit, and this colossal. now. From the very first moment I was invariably behind in everything that went on, and the. It would be Berry at the door, though why he knocked she didn't know. "Come in, you fool!" she said, and he knocked again, and she put down her mending and went to the door. "Can you be drunk already?" she said, and then saw him. were moonshine. Obsessed with tricking the girl, he had fallen into the trap he laid for her. They walked without light except for the faint werelight Gelluk sent before them. They went through long-disused levels, yet the wizard seemed to know every step, or perhaps he did not know the way and was wandering without heed. He talked, turning sometimes to Otter to guide him or warn him, then going on, talking on. semen. I am Turre and he is me...". master's sending him all about the range to do what can be done. It's too late for many. ". "Come back," the Windkey said to the men. At that, the witch stopped walking. She hissed like a cat. "Tell anyone?" "She saved me but I couldn't save her," he said fiercely to the men and women of the mountain village. He still would not let her go, holding the rain-wet, stiffened body against him as if to defend it. The witch shook her iron-grey head once. "I can't tell you." Her 'can't' did not mean 'won't'. Dragonfly waited. "It's the power, like I said. It comes just so." Rose stopped her spinning and looked up with one eye at a cloud in the west; the other looked a little northward of the sky. "You're there in the water, together, you and the child. You take away the child-name. People may go on using that name for a use-name, but it's not her name, nor ever was. So now she's not a child, and she has no name. So then you wait. You open your mind up, like. Like opening the doors of a house to the wind. So it comes. Your tongue speaks it, the name. Your breath makes it. You give it to that child, the breath, the name. You can't think of it. You let it come to you. It must come through you to her it belongs to. That's the power, the way it works. It's all like that. It's not a thing you do. You have to know how to let it do. That's all the mastery. ". buckets, going to the pump. She would not use the stream water for anything at all, these days. It was their mage Ogion whom the people saw stand alone on the roof of the signal tower on the legs. He studied the ground where some crumbs of fresh dirt lay and the grass was bent. He stroked. King Maharion himself, the story says, journeyed to Selidor to "weep by the sea." He retrieved. perspective. It was hard to rest the eye on anything that was not in motion, because the. Priestkings, In the year 840 of the Archipelagan count, one of the two Priest-kings poisoned the. "That's a formality. We senior sorcerers may carry a staff when we're on Roke's business. Which I sped on. I discovered a remarkable thing: there was no sensation of braking or acceleration, as if. as well as preserving- ". "No," she said, "only me... But there's a great deal of seeking and finding to be done in the Grove. Enough to keep even you from being restless. Why north?" "Many claimed Maharion's throne, but none could keep it, and the quarrels of the claimants divided. when he was talking to the work, and insisted that he do his carpentry with tools, in silence. their courtesy but the words would not come. She nodded stiffly to them, turned round, and strode. her ear. Deed of Erreth-Akbe, which bards sing at the Long Dance of midsummer. "Which district?" better, perhaps, had people ceased to do it. . . without artificial means. ". That was no doubt Kalessin taking Ged home, multiplied by sailors making a good story better. But. to do, to learn? What is she, that you ask this for her?" fault and they would know nothing about it. He thought about it for a long time, working out how. Not long since, he had sent for Hound on some business, and when it was done the old man had said. The Osskili use the Hardic runes to write their language, since they trade mostly with Hardic-speaking lands. There were no wizards serving Losen now except Early and a couple of humble sorcerers. Early had. without front walls. Approaching them, I found low, dimly lit cubicles, in which stood rows of. becomes elegant, and what everybody knows is true turns out to be what some people used to think. The boy shook his head at each question. He shut his eyes; his mouth was already shut. He stood there, intensely gathered, suffering: drew breath: looked straight into the wizard's eyes. "Nothing. But, then, it's only a thought, and I don't have the slightest intention. . .". The Summoner looked up at Irian. Slowly he raised his arms and the white staff in the invocation. "To reach out the Hand to Enlad and Ea. I've never gone there. We know nothing about their wizardries. Enlad of the Kings, and bright Ea, eldest of isles! Surely we'll find allies there". remained motionless for a few seconds, then slowly went along the shore, following its uneven. They began, however, with the peaches. gave me courage. I stood and looked. Someone brushed by me; I caught the fragrance of. "Nothing to do with us, that lot at the old place," Birch said, displeased. The tactful Ivory asked no more. But he wanted to see the girl as beautiful as a flowering tree. He rode past Old Iria regularly. He tried stopping in the village at the foot of the hill to ask questions, but there was nowhere to stop and nobody would answer questions. A wall-eyed witch took one look at him and scuttled into her hut. If he went up to the house he would have to face the pack of hellhounds and probably a drunk old man. But it was worth the chance, he thought; he was bored out of his wits with the dull life at Westpool, and was never slow to take a risk. He rode up the hill till the dogs were yelling around him in a frenzy, snapping at the mare's legs. She plunged and lashed out her hooves at them, and he kept her from bolting only by a staying-spell and all the strength in his arms. The dogs were leaping and snapping at his own legs now, and he was about to let the mare have her head when somebody came among the dogs shouting curses and beating them back with a strap. When he got the lathered, gasping mare to stand still, he saw the girl as beautiful as a flowering tree. She was very tall, very sweaty, with big hands and feet and mouth and nose and eyes, and a head of wild dusty hair. She was yelling, "Down! Back to the house, you carrion, you vile sons of bitches!" to the whining, cowering dogs. monstrous eggs with iron mauls." Hearing of this, Orm's dragon anger woke again, and he "leapt for. touching the beasts and healing them.

And you know what the cattleman gave him? Six pennies! Can. He had made a little heap of bits of eggshell on the ground by his knee. He arranged the white. His power was gone, he was not a mage. So presently the Masters of Roke met to choose a new. He was cheating, hiding his power, a rival hiding his power? A jealous rival. He must be stopped. His Herbal came back from the woods and sat down beside him on the bench a while. In the middle of. tempered, having learned the uselessness of impatience in the work that must be done. Sometimes. In Losen's service was a man who called himself Hound, because, as he said, he had a nose for. "Did you know that, Irian?" the Doorkeeper asked her. softly forward, her slave oarsmen sleeping on their benches, the free men of her crew all asleep. had used with her at first, before she showed him she hated it. "Why would you be a man?" The Summoner, who had been standing with his back to them, facing the fireless hearth, turned. he spent riding out to scattered groups of cattle that had wandered up towards the feet of the. the world, there are still women of the Hand. That net hasn't broken after so many years. How was. Ayo and Mead were much alike, and Otter saw in them what Anieb might have been: a short, slight, quick woman, with a round face and clear eyes, and a mass of dark hair, not straight like most people's hair but curly, frizzy. Many people in the west of Havnor had hair like that. "This is the way in, sir." defend the heaps of stones and earth they had piled over their dead. guess Otak did. But he did no harm to the man at all, but fell down in a swoon himself. And now he. banners were those of captured towns and isles, and the king was the warlord Losen. Losen never. greatest healer of all Earthsea, who lives in far Narveduen, and when he comes, your highness will. "So when the Windkey returned, we were nine again. But divided. For the Summoner said we must meet. because after all they had been friends, companions, and he had done all this for her. "Courage!" left the Book of Names with a woman in the Ninety Isles for safekeeping. "A long silence. Silence asked about keeping goats; and each time the memory gave him a quiet satisfaction, like. her a piece of money, a little Enladian crownpiece of gold. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (95 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. substance but of dizzying motion. Rushing upward, enormous fountains of a liquid denser than. side, on the sand, a female dancer. She appeared to be naked, but the whiteness of her body was. capital of the Kargad Empire and treated with King Thoreg as its ruler. But a year or so later he saw Diamond out in the back garden with his playmate Rose. The children. A reddish seam remained, a scar through the dirt and gravel and uprooted grass. sun. It was broad day and raining when her last hard breath was not followed by another. "Come to the shallows," he said. knowing. I preferred not to ask, so I turned away. A young man, wearing something that looked. He strode from the house, turned, and set a fire spell on it so that it burst into flames, thatch and walls and every window spouting fire. Women ran out of it screaming. They had been hiding no doubt in the back room; he paid them no attention. "Hound," he thought. He spoke the summoning, using Hound's true name, and the old man came to him as he was bound to do. He was sullen, though, and said, "I was in the tavern, down the way there, you could have said my use-name and I'd have come." "Ran away! Why?" "Because he's a wizard! Because you're a woman, with no art, no knowledge, no learning!" land to land." If he went along the coast of the Great Isle, in many of those villages he might. "So the vulgar call it, or quicksilver, or the water of weight. But those who serve him call him the King, and the Allking, and the Body of the Moon." His gaze, benevolent and inquisitive, passed over Otter and to the tower, and then back. His face was large and long, whiter than any face Otter had seen, with bluish eyes. Grey and black hairs curled here and there on his chin and cheeks. His calm, open smile showed small teeth, several of them missing. "Those who have learned to see truly can see him as he is, the lord of all substances. The root of power lies in him. Do you know what we call him in the secrecy of his palace?" power over him now. He could walk into it and out of it as if it were mere lines painted on the. I must be going now, I told them voicelessly, with my lips only. I began to back off in the. running his hands over the wood and talking to it, that he couldn't see why they made a fuss over. A wizard, as Halkel defined the term, was a man who received his staff from a teacher, himself a. "You're not," Irian said. She thought him between thirty and forty, though it was hard to tell; "There are good men there," he said. "Great and wise the Archmage certainly was. But he's gone. And the Masters . . . Some hold aloof, following arcane knowledge, seeking ever more patterns, ever more names, but using their knowledge for nothing. Others hide their ambition under the grey cloak of wisdom. Roke is no longer where power is in Earthsea. That's the Court in Havnor, now. Roke lives on its great past, defended by a thousand spells against the present day. And inside those spell-walls, what is there? Quarrelling ambitions, fear of anything new, fear of young men who challenge the power of the old. And at the centre, nothing. An empty courtyard. The Archmage will never return."

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