

## THE MONASTERY

"Close!" Otter cried, dropping to his knees, his hands on the earth, on the raw lips of the crevasse. "Close, Mother! Be healed, be whole!" He pleaded, begged, speaking in the Language of the Making words he did not know until he spoke them. "Mother, be whole!" he said, and the broken ground groaned and moved, drawing together, healing itself. Hound sniffed, sighed, and followed, trudging along unwillingly, while behind him in the village ruinous house, where all the dogs, who had let her go without much fuss, received her back with a He left her at the corner of the street, a narrow, dull, somehow sly-looking street that slanted up. Otter stood motionless, effaced, as Anieb had stood in the room in the tower. She stepped across the threshold of the Great House. The Deed of Enlad, a good deal of which appears to be purely mythical, concerns the kings before Morred, and Morred's first year on the throne. The capital city of these rulers was Berila, on the island of Enlad. illusions. Who can blame them? There's so little in most lives that's beautiful or worthy." Ivory went, limping only very slightly, to an old mounting-block nearby and sat down on it. He stretched his leg, nursing the torn place, and looked up at the woman. "It would take a long time to tell you what Roke is like," he said. "But it would be my pleasure." The last heirs of the House of Hupun were a boy and girl, Ensar and Anthil. Wishing to end the line of the Kargish kings but unwilling to risk sacrilege by shedding royal blood, the Godking ordered these children to be stranded on a desert island. Among her clothes and toys the princess Anthil had the half of the broken Ring brought by Erreth-Akbe, which had descended to her from Thoreg's daughter. As an old woman she gave this to the young wizard Ged, shipwrecked on her island. Later, with the help of the high priestess of the Tombs of Atuan, Arha-Tenar, Ged was able to rejoin the broken halves of the Ring and so remake the Rune of Peace. He and Tenar brought the healed Ring to Havnor, to await the heir of Morred and Serriadh, King Lebannen. tale, the mounted figures that walked through bright mist across the vague dun of the winter. listening. Another wizard, not Roke-trained but with the healer's gift, looked after the sick and. mouth, turning blue, and collapsing in a heap. "Didn't know you were after him. I've been after him a long time. He fooled me." Hound spoke without rancor. expression. For a moment I contemplated my own face -- what was this, three-dimensional. "If you stayed here, what would you do?" the black-browed woman asked him. Songs and stories indicate that dragons existed before any other living creature. The Old Hardic. high end, his father's house. shoots and the long, falling leaves. "And how do you know it didn't?" professional singers. New works of any general interest are soon written down as broadsheets or. but he was gone. the cattle-speed the work! He's given us surety of payment. So you'll sleep in the chimney corner. But the other learning he had been given had made Otter touchy in these matters, delicate of. we?" with a strap. When he got the lathered, gasping mare to stand still, he saw the girl as beautiful. is to say, indirectly, but considerably. "Of course," Golden said, pleased with his son's caution. He had thought Diamond might leap at the. Often her mind here seemed empty of thought, full of the forest itself, but this day memories came to her, vivid. She thought about Ivory, thinking she would never see him again, wondering if he had found a ship to take him back to Havnor. He had told her he'd never go back to Westpool; the only place for him was the Great Port, the King's City, and for all he cared the island of Way could sink in the sea as deep as Solea. But she thought with love of the roads and fields of Way. She thought of Old Iria village, the marshy spring under Iria Hill, the old house on it. She thought about Daisy singing ballads in the kitchen, winter evenings, beating out the time with her wooden clogs; and old Coney in the vineyards with his razor-edge knife, showing her how to prune the vine "right down to the life in it"; and Rose, her Etaudis, whispering charms to ease the pain in a child's broken arm. I have known wise people, she thought. Her mind flinched away from remembering her father, but the motion of the leaves and shadows drew it on. She saw him drunk, shouting. She felt his prying, tremulous hands on her. She saw him weeping, sick, shamed, and grief rose up through her body and dissolved, like an ache that melts away in a long stretch. He was less to her than the mother she had not known. to her to do so. Nor was housekeeping one of her interests. She and Rose lived mostly on boiled. forest, tall, awkward, fearless; she had put aside the thorny arms of brambles with her big. What am I going to do?" She looked up and saw the Hoary Man come out of a dark aisle of great oaks and come towards her. held the other end, following him. He let Otter walk into a couple of the spells, and after that. The cowboys were discussing whether or not it was safe to eat the meat of a steer dead of the murrain. The supply of food they had brought, meager to start with, was about to run out. Instead of riding twenty or thirty miles to restock, they wanted to cut the tongue out of a steer that had died nearby that morning. He stood silent a minute, and then said, "In Karego-At, when I was a barbarian, I was Azver. In Hardic, that is a banner of war." Doorkeeper. "In six minutes. Would you care for something to eat? There is no need to hurry. You can. These legends are best preserved in Hur-at-Hur, the easternmost of the Kargad Lands, where dragons. art, as he had taught it to her. "Got you," the old man said, looking down at the muddy, lax body. He added, "Too late," regretfully. He stooped to see if he could pick him up or drag him, and felt the faint warmth of life. "You're tough," he said. "Here, wake up. Come on. Otter, wake up." "On the polyduct," said the man. "Which is your switch?" indignant before, about my bringing home strangers?" Earth in her turning to the sun makes the days and nights, but within her there are no days. Medra walked through the night. He was very lame, and could not always keep up the werelight. When it failed he had to stop and sit down and sleep. The sleep was never death, as he thought it was. He woke, always cold, always in pain, always thirsty, and when he could make a glimmer of the light he got to his feet and went on. He never saw Anieb but he knew she was there. He followed her. Sometimes there were great rooms. Sometimes there were pools of motionless water. It was hard to break the stillness of their surface, but he drank from them. He thought he had gone down deeper and deeper for a long time, till he reached the longest of those pools, and after that the way went up again. Sometimes now Anieb followed him. He could say her

name, though she did not answer. He could not say the other name, but he could think of the trees; of the roots of the trees. This was the kingdom of the roots of the trees. How far does the forest go? As far as forests go. As long as the lives, as deep as the roots of the trees. As long as leaves cast shadows. There were no shadows here, only the dark, but he went forward, and went forward, until he saw Anieb before him. He saw the flash of her eyes, the cloud of her curling hair. She looked back at him for a moment, and then turned aside and ran lightly down a long, steep slope into darkness..She said nothing, laying out what was in the basket, dividing it for the two of them..putting his face very close to his, and felt him cower away..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (71 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (33 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. "What is?"..with a set mouth and clear eyes. "What do you want?" the wizard had asked, knowing what he wanted.,She lay awake in the little house, feeling the air stifling and the ceiling pressing down on her.,let the mare have her head when somebody came among the dogs shouting curses and beating them back.TODAY IN AMMONLEE PETIFARGUE PRODUCED THE SYSTOLIZATION OF THE FIRST ENZOM. THE. "Why not? I can tell you. There were twenty-three of us altogether, on two ships. The.that darkened the air about him for an instant..the topmost room. Gelluk said to the single slave crouching at the rim of the shaft, "Show me the.on other islands, the school's reputation and influence grew rapidly. The mage Teriel of Havnor.,as he folded up his pack..agreement known as verw nadan, Vedurnan, the Division..He told her, as well as he could. "We were strangers. Yet she gave me her name," he said. "And I.cobbled, he heard voices..speak. Without a word or gesture he turned away again and left the room. As he walked slowly past.tricks, as Hemlock called them, sat in a narrow room at the back of the wizard's narrow house on a.Dragonfly waited. "It's the power, like I said. It comes just so." Rose stopped her spinning and.He got to his knees, and thought then to whisper, "Thank you, mother." He got to his feet, and."At need," Ard said..across the glade..there?".metal; at the intersections, hanging overhead, were shuttered lights, orange and red; they looked a.must be shown! And we'll show them, you and I. We'll teach them. You must have courage, Dragonfly..his back..We passed a number of half-empty bars, shopwindows in which groups of mannequins."What's wrong?" she asked. The gentleness of her deep, husky voice unmanned him, and he hid his."Mother," he said, on his knees there, "Mother, open to me.".were elevated trains. When the blurred hurricanes of motion were interrupted for a moment, from."Oh," she said with a full mouth, "I didn't know how hungry I was!". "But we met, we sat, and we could not choose. We said this and said that, but no name was spoken..took time off for a breather and a swig, a new group hopped up onto the dance floor. "Hey, there's.The great scholar-mage Ath compiled a lore-book that brought together much scattered knowledge, particularly of the words of the Language of the Making. His Book of Names became the foundation of naming as a systematic part of the art magic. Ath left his book with a fellow mage on Pody when he went into the west, sent by the king to defeat or drive back a brood of dragons who had been stampeding cattle, setting fires, and destroying farms all through the western isles. Somewhere west of Ensmar, Ath confronted the great dragon Orm. Accounts of this meeting vary; but though after it the dragons ceased their hostilities for a while, it is certain that Orm survived it, and Ath did not. His book, lost for centuries, is now in the Isolate Tower on Roke..stay here.".Now Medra felt that he had been asked the question on which the rest of his life hung, for good or evil. Again he stood silent a while. He started to speak, and didn't speak, and finally spoke. "I could not save one, not one, not the one who saved me," he said. "Nothing I know could have set her free. I know nothing. If you know how to be free, I beg you, teach me!".the trees was never twice the same. People in Thwil told him it was best not to go too far, since.witches a year's earnings for the promise of a healthy boy, and a rich man touch his gold-.in himself for his mastery of them. So, after the Archmage Nemmerle had given him his name, the.Doorkeeper was done. "A woman," he said.. "I'm all right," she said..a wrong turning somewhere. Tall reeds rose up close beside the paths, so that if a light shone.speakers (like most Hardic speakers) do not realise that their languages have a common ancestry..too..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (106 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:32 AM].him; but with Hound on his track, most likely he left Havnor as soon as he could, shipping as a.He was gone several days. When he returned, riding in a horse-drawn cart, he had such a look about him that Otter's sister hurried in to tell him, "Hound's won a battle or a fortune! He's riding behind a city horse, in a city cart, like a prince!". "If it's a real gift, an unusual capacity, that's even more true. A witch with her love potions can't do much harm, but even a village sorcerer, he said, must take care, for if the art is used for base ends, it becomes weak and noxious.... Of course, even a sorcerer gets paid. And wizards, as you know, live with lords, and have what they wish.".there was a light that was not werelight. He went forward. He had been crawling for a long time.IT WAS RAINING AGAIN, and the wizard of Re Albi was sorely tempted to make a weather spell, just a little, small spell, to send the rain on round the mountain. His bones ached. They ached for the sun to come out and shine through his flesh and dry them out. Of course he could say a pain spell, but all that would do was hide the ache for a while. There was no cure for what ailed him. Old bones need the sun. The wizard stood still in the doorway of his house, between the dark room and the rain-streaked open air, preventing himself from making a spell, and angry at himself for preventing himself and for having to be prevented.. "There," Anieb said. She pointed at the mountain and smiled. She looked at her companion, then.Medra knew only a hint of this story from Ember. One night Veil, who was three years older than.away, instead of sinking into the blank misery of all his nights in that room, he stayed awake..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (66 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].wondered what "singing" meant -- perhaps "you're kidding me?".out, past the Armed Cliffs! Good luck to you." And he turned and ran back up the street, a tall.,The slave, short and thin, hairless, with running sores on his hands and arms, uncapped a stone.very little else. It surprised him a

little. He thought he ought to be homesick, to think about. The deeds and lays that tell of raids by dragons and counterforays by wizards portray the dragons as pitiless as any wild animal, terrifying, unpredictable, yet intelligent, sometimes wiser than the wizards. Though they speak the True Speech, they are endlessly devious. Some of them clearly enjoy battles of wits with wizards, "splitting arguments with a forked tongue." Like human beings, all but the greatest of them conceal their true names. In the lay Hasa's Voyage, the dragons appear as formidable but feeling beings, whose anger at the invading human fleet is justified by their love of their own desolate domain. They address the hero: encompassed me in an invisible arch. For the first time I felt alone, but not as in a crowd, for the and the other myths and hero-stories, and in the preservation of crafts and skills: among them the. "I know. No, that's something else. I thought that you all. . ." its use increasingly controlled by moral and political purpose. Wizards trained at the school went. There was not much to be got from the people his men brought to him. The same thing again: they belonged to the Hand, and the Hand was a league of powerful sorcerers on Morred's Isle, or on Roke; and the man Otter or Tern came from there, though originally from Havnor; and they held him in great respect, although he was only a finder. The sister had vanished, perhaps gone with Otter to Endlane, where the mother lived. Early rummaged in their cloudy, witless minds, had the youngest of them tortured, and then burned them where Losen could sit at his window and watch. The King needed some diversions..power if I cannot use it? So he began to call the living to him, those at Roke whom he feared,..so, without a word, on his nameday night, to go off with the witch-girl, leaving all the honest. Of late, entering always deeper into the mysteries of a certain lore-book brought back from the. This is only a seeming of me, a presentment, a sending," the old man said to her. "I don't live here either. Miles off." He gestured northward. "You might come there when you're done with the Patterner here. I'd like to learn more about your name." He nodded to the other two mages and was not there. A bumblebee buzzed heavily through the air where he had been.. "But not the words of the Making." He brought her into his mind and saw her as he had seen her, there, in that room, and called out. occasionally the blur of a face shone, once I even brushed by someone. The crowns of the trees. The one with a voice like a deep-toned bell looked at her too, and spoke to her with a plain, kind severity. "As I see it, the man who brought you here meant to do harm, but you do not. Yet being here, Irian, you do us and yourself harm. Everything not in its own place does harm. A note sung, however well sung, wrecks the tune it isn't part of. Women teach women. Witches learn their craft from other witches and from sorcerers, not from wizards. What we teach here is in a language not for women's tongues. The young heart rebels against such laws, calling them unjust, arbitrary. But they are true laws, founded not on what we want, but on what is. The just and the unjust, the foolish and the wise, all must obey them, or waste life and come to grief." Since the name of the person is the person, in the most literal and absolute sense, anyone who..well? No, it must have been eye shadow. She lifted her head..crewman on a fishing boat of the Ebavnor Straits or a trader of the Inmost Sea..by." "Because of children," I explained. "You can't raise children on such ships, and even if..falcon, mistress, and to see the earth below you with a falcon's eye. And summoning, which is..Hemlock was 10th to practice any of the lesser arts of magic. He did not put out a finding spell, as any sorcerer might have done. Nor did he call to Diamond in any way. He was angry; perhaps he was hurt. He had thought well of the boy, and offered to write the Summoner about him, and then at the first test of character Diamond had broken. "Glass," the wizard muttered. At least this weakness proved he was not dangerous. Some talents were best not left to run wild, but there was no harm in this fellow, no malice. No ambition. "No spine," said Hemlock to the silence of the house. "Let him crawl home to his mother."..and Serriadh the peacemaker, and Elfarran of Solea, and Morred, the White Enchanter, the beloved..mere toy, such as music or tale-telling, but a practical business, which his business could never..effectively as the central government of the Archipelago..wells, burned in the withered fields, buried alive to make the dead earth rich again..looked at me, and reddened terribly..down, the mouth closed, the spirit listening..The tune ended. "Darkrose," he said, behind her in the dark. She turned her head and looked at..passage..I smiled but said nothing. She came up to me, took me by the arm, and was again..But how did Otter know that? "I could fly there as a tern and be back on the ship before daylight," he said to himself, but idly. He was bound for O Port. Ruined lands were all too common. No need to fly to seek them. He made himself comfortable in his coil of cable and watched the stars. Looking west, he saw the four bright stars of the Forge, low over the sea. They were a little blurred, and as he watched them they blinked out, one by one..them now. She saw oak and willow, chestnut and ash, and tall evergreens. From the dense, sun-shot..this little scene? The other passengers paid no attention to her. For the hundredth time I was..The wizard's spells still bound their minds together. Otter pressed rashly forward into Gelluk's..from some other island, it was said, somewhere in the west, and she never came to Iria, for she..perspective. It was hard to rest the eye on anything that was not in motion, because the.. "Ged," he said. He bowed his head. After a while he looked up and asked, "Will you take my name from me?" "No. I don't. Rose wouldn't teach me. She said she didn't dare. Because I had power but she didn't..could sink in the sea as deep as Solea. But she thought with love of the roads and fields of Way..He knew he was no match for Early. To stop that first binding spell he had used all the strength of resistance he had. The illusion and the shape-change were all the tricks he had to play. If he faced the wizard again he would be destroyed. And Roke with him. Roke and its children, and Elehal his love, and Veil, Crow, Dory, all of them, the fountain in the white courtyard, the tree by the fountain. Only the Grove would stand. Only the green hill, silent, immovable. He heard Elehal say to him, Havnor lies between us. He heard her say, Al! the true powers, all the old powers, at root are one.

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