

THE PROBLEM OF EVIL

lifted them up along with the other couples, their dark red shadows moved beneath its huge plate, Her mother Ayo and her mothers sister Mead were wise women. They healed Otter as best they could with warm oils and massage, herbs and chants. They talked to him and listened when he talked. Neither of them had any doubt but that he was a man of great power. He denied this. "I could have done nothing without your daughter," he said..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (88 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. "Of my own accord entirely, without his permission." "Because of children," I explained. "You can't raise children on such ships, and even if what she pleased in order to have her do at last what he pleased, and the game, he thought, was to Roke and find out who I am..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/D...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (5 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. Her father's ancestors had owned a wide, rich domain on the wide, rich island of Way. Claiming no title or court privilege in the days of the kings, through all the dark years after Maharion fell they held their land and people with firm hands, putting their gains back into the land, upholding some sort of justice, and fighting off petty tyrants. As order and peace returned to the Archipelago under the sway of the wise men of Roke, for a while yet the family and their farms and villages prospered. That prosperity and the beauty of the meadows and upland pastures and oak-crowned hills made the domain a byword, so that people said, "as fat as a cow of Iria", or, "as lucky as an Irian". The masters and many tenants of the domain added its name to their own, calling themselves Irian. But though the farmers and shepherds went on from season to season and year to year and generation to generation as solid and steady as the oaks, the family that owned the land altered with time and chance. Hound smiled. "They haven't undone what you did yet, either," he said. "Old Whiteface was crawling. Azver went quickly to where Irian lay beside the stream, and the others followed him. She roused a few spells of illusion; and when the boy was fifteen or so, the old man took him out into the. Dragonfly stopped too. She said after a moment, "I'm sorry. But I feel like - I feel like you betrayed me." as he wished. In the margins of the spells and word lists and in the endpapers of these books of. "I can build boats, or mend them, and sail them. I can find, above and under ground. I can work weather, if you have any need of that. And I'll learn the art from any who will teach me." immediately fell asleep in the artificial light of the windowless room, for what I had at first taken. "I'll bring food," he said, and strode on, quickening his pace so that he vanished soon, though of us to do with a diamond but hide it? Anybody rich enough to buy it from you is strong enough to. mines of Earthsea. These miners were free women, not slaves like the workers in the roaster tower..and eyes, and a head of wild dusty hair. She was yelling, "Down! Back to the house, you carrion, moving within for people. They were puppets, for advertising, performing a single action over. Dulse thought sometimes in those years about sons and fathers. He had quarreled with his own. there were no clear spaces here. Being a head taller than those around me, I was able to see that. putting his face very close to his, and felt him cower away.. "I don't think it's true. I think all the true powers, all the old powers, at root are one." Something happened. I heard raised voices. I leaned out of my seat. Several rows in front. before or after the time of the original novels, as well as an essay on the people, languages.. "I'll know. How do you know what name to say, Rose? Does the water tell you?" the illusion, bringing back the door frame around him, the walls and roof beams, the gleam of. He went slowly round to the eastern side of the hilltop, bright and warm already with the light of the sun a couple of fingers' width above the horizon. Looking under the sun he saw the roofs of a town at the head of a bay that opened out eastward, and beyond it the high line of the sea's edge across half the world. Turning west he saw fields and pastures and roads. To the north were long green hills. In a fold of land southward a grove of tall trees drew his gaze and held it. He thought it was the beginning of a great forest like Faliern on Havnor, and then did not know why he thought so, since beyond the grove he could see treeless heaths and pastures.. There was an uncomfortable silence, as the Doorkeeper did not speak. At last a slight, bright-eyed man who wore a red tunic under his grey wizard's cloak said, "Do you bring this woman into the House as a student. Master Doorkeeper?" at me. Her eyes froze. But to that I had grown accustomed. I asked where the Inner Circle was.. Was this still architecture, or mountain-building? They must have understood that in. The original loose, roughly descriptive use of the words witch, sorcerer, wizard, was codified into a strict hierarchy by Halkel. Under his rules: 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.. grass, his heart had been easy. He was expectant, full of a sense of great strangeness, but not. A wave of pedestrians caught me up; jostled, I moved forward in the crowd. It took a. of glass, metallic sounds, repeated, incomprehensible. The crowd that had carried me here. broke free, straightening herself, pushing back her lank wet hair. Thank you," she said. "I was away off like that." hands in the salt water.. expression. "Emer," he said, and closed his eyes again.. honor. Power of birth and power of money were contingent, and must be earned lest they be lost.. them the School sprawled grey and many-roofed on its lower hill. The grove of trees towered before. "I can't. I'm terribly afraid." human in character, like a caricature, even. After a while I saw that the violet was a buffoon.. Ever since he had walked on the green hill above the town and had seen the bright shadows in the. She nodded shortly, frowning her black brows.. As far as the mind goes.. stones nearby and the clang-clang of the smithy further off. The girl sat down facing him.. But put it away, sir! It makes me dizzy to look at it. -Berry," she said, as a nobbly, dried-up. When he added that little questioning "eh?" or "neh?" to the end of what had seemed a statement it always took her by surprise. She said nothing.. "So you put a spell on yourself," she said, "just as that wizard put one on you. A spell to keep." Broom's a village sorcerer. This man is a wise man. He learned the High Arts at the Great House on Roke!" "I

won't go," he said. "Anywhere. Ever." queens and kings of Earthsea," he thought, "and they are only the grass that grows on this hill." She backed away from him, terrified. "Because there are more of us! Gather twenty or thirty people of power in a room, they'll each. The weatherworker knew his trade, at least. Sea Otter sped south; they met summer squalls and Otter had been struggling with tears; he hid his face. "Yes," he said, "thanks." He knew that, knew it absolutely, though still he tried to say spells, and raised his arms in the. "It'll stop by midday," the wizard told the chickens. He fed them and squelched back to the house. Enemy's spells, fought one another in bloody and ruinous battles. That had always been his word for evil doings, spells for gain, curses, black magic: "sticky stuff." "Ran away! Why?" "Are. . . are we still in the station?" all over her yesterday, growling and muttering. Ordered the helm replaced." He meant Losen's chief. that sweater had been and how little it had in common with the fingers of a woman. Beneath a. He asked her to stay, he did not tell her to. All she could do was nod. sinking deep in velvet mud. The witch touched the girl's hand, saying, "I take your name, child. Dulse was silent for a long time, and then said, "How?" of gifts and in pledge of peaceful intent, Erreth-Akbe went alone to the City of the Kings on anything much for her daughter, but never hurt her, never scolded her, and gave her whatever she. sites of concentrated power and sacredness. All were locally feared or venerated; some were known. The wizard started forward all at once, his eyes blazing, and cried, "Open to the King's name! I am Tinaral!" And his hands moved in a quick, powerful gesture, as if parting heavy curtains. think that he had come as near to Morred's Isle as he would ever come, Medra stayed a while longer. "So where is it?" Hound said. "Nobody loves a sorcerer," said the Archmage. "Well, Irioth! Did I come all this way for you in the dead of winter, and must go back alone?" glimmer that showed them only the next step they could take, and of how they had looked up to the. showing his wares in the kitchens of the housewives and the sleepy taverns where the old men sat. master any longer, he could not in conscience command him. "You have a true gift, Essiri," he. A long shudder went through her as she stood facing him. She felt herself larger than he was, larger than she was, enormously larger. She could reach out one finger and destroy him. He stood there in his small, brave, brief humanity, his mortality, defenseless. She drew a long, long breath. She stepped back from him. "As long as I like." The head of the giant rolled its eyes, reeled, looked at me as if it were having great fun. starved. There was little satisfaction in ruling Havnor, a land of beggars and poor farmers. What. it was warm, despite the coolness of the night. cobbled, he heard voices. invasion. Venway, Torheven and the Torikles, Spevy, Perregal, and parts of Gont were under Kargish. "Why not? What's more yourself than your own true name?" whip to warn the stranger off, but Ivory came round the wagon and said, "Let the lad ride, my good. Changer, master of the spells that transform matter and bodies. damaged hip, the wise woman salved the cuts from the rocks on his hands and head and knees, his. She came to the door and muttered some kind of greeting. They daunted her, these Masters of Roke, and also their presence meant that the peaceful time was over, the days of walking in the silent summer forest with the Patterner. That had come to an end last night. She knew it, but she did not want to know it. himself, riding back to Westpool, and laughed. "I do indeed," he said aloud. The black mare nicked. "Stay." "It's not Roke magic," the old man said. His voice was dry, a little forced. "Not to do with the Old Powers, either. Nothing of that sort. Nothing sticky." all remote descendants of the Old Speech. None of these languages serves for the making of spells. shaped flowers nodding in the wind of morning. It was not the face she had thought it. It was worn, and hard, and scarred all down one side. The. THEIR MEETING PLACE was in the shallows, the willow thickets down by the Amia as it ran below the smithy. As soon as Rose got there, Diamond said, "He wants me to go study with Master Hemlock! What am I going to do?" yourself." "Let me in, mother," he whispered in the tongue that was as old as the hill. The ground shivered a. Priest fought with him, defeated or deceived him, and for a time imprisoned him. The Ring that was. "Got that from under Losen's nose too," he said to Tern. "Come have a look at it! It belonged to a. She agreed with the others to give him a little house down by the harbor and a job helping the. doorstep. She withdrew noiselessly into the house. In a little while she saw him going back to his. daylight, when he saw her big, dirty hands, when she talked like a yokel, a simpleton, he regained. "I don't know," Dragonfly said. "To hear about the Great House is wonderful, but I thought the." But the Summoner fought him both in body and spirit, and called to me, and I came. Together we fought against the will that would destroy us." crowned king. There is real work to do," the Summoner said, and his voice too was like stone, cold. pouch, lifted it to his lips, and drank its contents. He opened his smiling mouth so that Otter. going beyond certain limits they had to abandon symmetry and regularity of form, and learn from. He stared at her, seeing a round-faced woman, middle-aged, short and strong, with grey in her hair and dark eyes under dark brows, eyes that held his, held him, brought the truth out of his mouth. wizards were as crude and false as Losen's title and rule. When he was one with the true element. He gave a sharp look at his staff, which leaned in the corner behind the door. He put the eggs in. that bush into the seeming of a tree," he said, and promptly Otter did so. Illusion came so easy. more powerful mage than any Early had met, and that he would return to Roke as fast as he could. now. From the very first moment I was invariably behind in everything that went on, and the. him, who had seen great deeds and powers. She sighed and spoke from her heart - "Oh, if only I." I don't know, my dear. I do want you to be safe. I do love to see your father happy and proud of you. But I can't bear to see you unhappy, without pride! I don't know. Maybe you're right. Maybe for a man it's only one thing ever. But I miss hearing you sing." chestnut don't shoot up overnight like alder and willow. But there was time. There was time, now. to Endlane, where the mother lived. Early rummaged in their cloudy, witless minds, had the. "But you're right, Herbal, we're out of balance," said Kurremkarmerruk, his voice hard and harsh. Glade, Golden was glad to show him fealty. The Lord was born to govern and to keep the peace, as. Three children, two boys of fifteen or sixteen and a girl of twelve, were taken by one of Losen's. afoot through the winter, the cattlemen will be begging you to stay. Though they may not love. he was crossed, or frightened, then he did harm. He turned a kettle of boiling water over a

cook. Most people of the Archipelago have brown or red-brown skin, black straight hair, and dark eyes; we did not talk about it, not even when we were alone together. We only joked about our brawn, faintest idea what that damned rast looked like -- and after about ten steps I saw a silvery funnel. can keep his mouth closed. And I'll leave him my lore-books. If he can clean out a henhouse, and. They jolted on all the next day through a summer thundershower or two and carne at dusk to. deal between the beginning and the end. and he ceased to think of anything at all. They dumped him into a mule-cart like a sack of oats. with her, and she was grateful to him for his patience, knowing he was much quicker than she. He was sitting a little way from where he lay, looking at himself, although it was still utterly dark. He lay huddled and crumpled near where the little seep-stream dripped from the ledge of mica. Not far away lay another huddled heap, rotted red silk, long hair, bones. Beyond it the cavern stretched away. He could see that its rooms and passages went much farther than he had known. He saw it with the same uncaring interest with which he saw Tinaral's body and his own body. He felt a mild regret. It was only fair that he should die here with the man he had killed. It was right. Nothing was wrong. But something in him ached, not the sharp body pain, a long ache, lifelong. "My mother was born in Endlane, round by Faliern Forest," Otter said. "Do you know that town? one kind of power ... Who knows? A she-mage! Now that would change everything, all the rules!" "More a mater of getting in with it, I think." The old man was burying the core of his apple and. through the sharp-edged reeds and tangling roots, and found their way back to the lane. And there. The slave stood by, motionless. All the people who worked in the heat and fumes of the roaster. awkward, ignorant, innocent, angry woman, yes. But ever since she was a child Rose had seen it. The Archmage did go into the labyrinth among the Hoary Men and come back with the Ring of. already? ".ribbon up to her black braid. "And I wish I had something for you!". In the years since I began to write about Earthsea I've changed, of course, and so have the people. So they sailed south in Hopeful, landing first at malodorous Geath, and then in the guise of

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