

THE RED MOUNTAIN OF ALASKA

"My name's myself. True. But what's a name, then? It's what another calls me. If there was no down, the mouth closed, the spirit listening. Dragonfly spoke in a ragged, raging whisper: 'How could you name me that!'. '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.' shadows, trembling with speed and trailing long streaks of flame, their signal lights; then the in himself for his mastery of them. So, after the Archmage Nemmerle had given him his name, the. They worked and taught in the Great House. They saw it go up stone on stone, every stone steeped in spells of protection, endurance, peace. They saw the Rule of Roke established, though never so firmly as they might wish, and always against opposition; for mages came from other islands and rose up from among the students of the school, women and men of power, knowledge, and pride, sworn by the Rule to work together and for the good of all, but each seeing a different way to do it. Of late, entering always deeper into the mysteries of a certain lore-book brought back from the Isle of Way by one of Losen's raiders, Gelluk had become indifferent to most of the arts he had learned or had discovered for himself. The book convinced him that all of them were only shadows or hints of a greater mastery. As one true element controlled all substances, one true knowledge contained all others. Approaching ever closer to that mastery, he understood that the crafts of wizards were as crude and false as Losen's title and rule. When he was one with the true element, he would be the one true king. Alone among men he would speak the words of making and unmaking. He would have dragons for his dogs. "No use," said the old wizard, grinning, "you're only wind and sunlight. Now I'm going to be dirt. farm buildings stood in the lee of a hill, across which a flock of sheep moved like a cloud. Crafty men used weather as a weapon, sending hail to blight an enemy's crops or a gale to sink his. sailing up from Wathort. Maybe the lords there had heard there was a great fleet coming raiding. "Oh, yes, since he's cured half the herds and got paid six coppers for it, time for him to go, right enough! I'll have him here as long as I choose, and that's the end of it." which she found hard to do. She wept to think of Diamond hungry, sleeping hard. Cold nights of. The head of the giant rolled its eyes, reeled, looked at me as if it were having great fun. "I think, if you stayed, Heleth, we could talk." not a shred of power left in me to follow him with. So he got away from Roke. Clean gone. The next day she said, "I'm going to sit under the trees." Not sure what was expected of him, he followed her at a distance till they came to the inmost part of the Grove where all the trees were of the same kind, nameless yet each with its own name. When she sat down on the soft leaf mold between the roots of a big old tree, he found himself a place not far away to sit; and as she watched and listened and was still, he watched and listened and was still. So they did for several days. Then one morning, in rebellious mood, he stayed by the stream while Ember walked into the Grove. She did not look back. He groaned and scoured his scalp with his knuckles. He was sitting on the dirt in their old play. this year the patterns of the shadows and the branches and the roots, all the silent language of. great folk don't look for women to work together. Or to have thoughts about such things as rule or. saw the whole plan now was folly. There was no way he could disguise her that would fool the. Where he stood it was not wholly dark. The air moved against his face. Far ahead, dim, small, there was a light that was not werelight. He went forward. He had been crawling for a long time now, dragging the right leg, which would not bear his weight. He went forward. He smelled the wind of evening and saw the sky of evening through the branches and leaves of trees. An arched oak root formed the mouth of the cave, no bigger than a man or a badger needed to crawl through. He crawled through. He lay there under the root of the tree, seeing the light fade and a star or two come out among the leaves. "I could fly there as a tern and be back on the ship before daylight," he said to himself, but. grossly ignorant. It is taught in winter and spring, and spoken and sung entire every year at the. "My place," she said, slowly, the words dragging, "my place is on the hill. Where things are what. "I'd like to walk under your trees a bit, Azver," the Herbal said, with a long sigh. the bay, over the little town and a half-finished building on the slope above it, to the top of. windows, no wheels, not even lights, and careered as though blindly, at tremendous speed. The. "A madman might not drink," she said slowly, "but I never heard of such a thing, never. .." That would be only what the women of the Hand call it, keeping its meaning from the wizards and the pirates. To them no doubt it would bear some other name. "He does. But, admitting it unlikely, admitting it impossible - if we did defeat him - if he went back into death and left us here alive - what would we do? What comes next?" Ivory clapped his hand to his right leg. A dog's tooth had ripped his breeches at the calf, and a trickle of blood came through. ship's captain beside him walked on several steps and turned to see Ogion talking to the air. shoulder. She had a catlike head, black hair with a blue sheen, a profile that was perhaps too. "Silence is not enough, my lord," said one who had not spoken before. To Irian's eyes he was very. here, Irian, you do us and yourself harm. Everything not in its own place does harm. A note sung. He saw Irian staring at him in amazement. Thorion the Summoner speaks his true name," he said. "He died, eh?" one thing so you can do the other?" Veil came from Thwil Town that morning, bringing them a basket of bread, cheese, milk curds, summer fruits. "What have you learned?" she asked Medra in her cool, gentle way, and he answered, "That I'm a fool." sarcophagi. What did they do in them? But such things I encountered all the time, and tried not to. "To destroy you." From time to time in the years since then, Dulse remembered how he hadn't lost his temper when Silence asked about keeping goats; and each time the memory gave him a quiet satisfaction, like that of finishing the last bite of a perfectly ripe pear. whole "independence" escapade involved flying from one terminal to another, where someone. I had to smile; it was not a pleasant smile. summon them, in spirit or in flesh, to come to us. Only the dead may we summon. Only the shadows. opens all the greater spells; and he spoke. He went slowly round to the eastern side of the hilltop, bright and warm already with the light of. his eyes on that seed of light. Songs, all of which began as sung or

spoken texts, were written down and preserved as texts. They dragons and humans, but this may be because the poem in its presumed original form, in the within it. Then Otter could call to Anieb. At once she came into his mind and being, and was there. ONE. He saw the lines of the spells that held him, heavy cords of darkness, a tangled maze of lines all. "It is. . . so that. . . in order that it be impossible to. . . kill." "I don't know. I don't know yet." all a judgment on his son..that the working of any spell would rouse Gelluk. But at last, rashly, and in dread, for such..didn't know why her charm of healing caused the wound to gangrene, why the child she brought into. "I didn't mean to hurt Father's feelings," he said..raised both his arms outward and up, very slowly but steadily, unstayed by anything the other man..murrain. The supply of food they had brought, meager to start with, was about to run out. Instead. "What if you got to be a wizard! Oh! Think of the stuff you could teach me! Shapechanging -- We could be anything. Horses! Bears!" Irioth came up onto the doorstep. He did not go in, but spoke in the open door. "Master San, it's..with three warm eggs. When he was a child he had liked to walk in mud. He remembered enjoying the. "I am," he said, his composure regained..was fond of children and animals. He liked all beautiful things. It was pleasant to have a young..to speak a Summoning instead, and the spell had begun to work before he realised what he was doing..sorcerer, Alder had said. Not a wizard, not a mage. Only a curer, a cattle healer. I do not need..It may be that Segoy is or was one of the Old Powers of the Earth. It may be that Segoy is a name for the Earth itself. Some think all dragons, or certain dragons, or certain people, are manifestations of Segoy. All that is certain is that the name Segoy is an ancient respectful nominative formed from the Old Hardic verb seoge, "make, shape, come intentionally to be." From the same root comes the noun esege, "creative force, breath, poetry."..a collateral line of the House of Enlad, inheriting the throne from a cousin; his forebears were..steady magewind that bore them straight for Roke. Sometimes Early in his white silk robe, holding..and bellies touched, though their hands stayed down by their sides. They went on kissing..were gossamer to him, transparent. Nothing blurred his eyes or challenged his will as he flew over..change for Galee, change for outer rasts, Makra," babbled the speaker; the carriage stopped, then..to occur in. A few miners were working at the end of a long level..But after he had rested a couple of days, he asked her who the cattlemen of the village were, and. "I should go," she said. "I can walk in the Grove, but not live there. It isn't my - my place. And the Master Chanter said I did harm by being here."..great structure women let men work with them, not having the miners' superstitions that kept men..She looked at him without regret, or reproach, or shame..They came out into the calm, open evening air. The west still held some brightness as they crossed the Thwilburn and walked across the fields to Roke Knoll, which stood up before them in a high dark curve against the sky..dragons over the Pelnish Sea, which probably increased the dragons' ire. Just as Erreth-Akbe..He had married while he was in Shelieth, a woman no one at Iria knew anything about, for she came from some other island, it was said, somewhere in the west, and she never came to Iria, for she died in childbirth there in the city..Dulse knew no transformation that was irrevocable, no spell that could not be unsaid, except the Word of Unbinding, which is spoken only once..If the young sorcerer was seeking experience, he did not get much at Westpool. Whenever Birch had guests from Kembermouth or from neighboring domains, the herd of deer, the swans, and the fountain of golden wine made their appearance. He also worked up some very pretty fireworks for warm spring evenings. But if the managers of the orchards and vineyards came to the Master to ask if his wizard might put a spell of increase on the pears this year or maybe charm the black rot off the Fanian vines on the south hill, Birch said, "A wizard of Roke doesn't lower himself to such stuff. Go tell the village sorcerer to earn his keep!" And when the youngest daughter came down with a wasting cough, Birch's wife dared not trouble the wise young man about it, but sent humbly to Rose of Old Iria, asking her to come in by the back door and maybe make a poultice or sing a chant to bring the girl back to health..give Ivory a purse for his journey. It was the first real money he had had in his pocket for..all the miles to Woodedge. All he said was "She saved me," and the carter asked no questions..Priest fought with him, defeated or deceived him, and for a time imprisoned him. The Ring that was..with the animals, the dusky places. The cat leapt there, and then there was milk, and the deep."Stay". THIS IS THE FIRST PAGE of the Book of the Dark, written some six hundred years ago in Berila, on..For there had been times when he felt that, as he had summoned her living, so dead she might..understand a thing. Not a thing. It was they who had changed..mere finder who went about with midwives and the like. He could not bring himself to sneak

and..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (63 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].Losen, a sea-pirate who called himself King of the Inmost Sea, was then the chief warlord in the..someone were at my heels. The next street headed up and ended at an escalator. I thought that..wilderness of cats and hens. She liked cats, toads, and jewels. The amethyst necklace had been..drift of cloud, the long ridge of the mountain glimmered red.. "Lord Thorion has returned from death to save us all," the Windkey said, fiercely and clearly. "He..Otter passed the domed chamber of the roaster pit and its hurrying slaves, and climbed slowly up..It was hard to be aware of her through the wizard's talk and the constant, half-conscious controlling spells that wove a darkness round him. But when Otter could do so, then it was not so much as if she was with him, as that she was him, or that he was her. He saw through her eyes. Her voice spoke in his mind, stronger and clearer than Gelluk's voice and spells. Through her eyes and mind he could see, and think. And he began to see that the wizard, completely certain of possessing him body and soul, was careless of the spells that bound Otter to his will. A bond is a connection. He-or Anieb within him-could follow the links of Gelluk's spells back into Gelluk's own mind..back here, eh?" and walked off with his quick, silent step, lost almost at once in the dappled.. "Where's your mother?" he asked in a whisper..that she might see me, I walked more and more slowly. I was already in the ring of brightness..sleep all his nights in Woodedge. He prayed to it. "Take me and save me," he asked it. He made the..nursery, until driven back into the west by Ged. But the marauding dragons of the Lay and the..Rush glanced from one to the other with her keen, bright eyes. "Not only a

handy man," she said. He had just obtained, and was vastly proud of, an arcane treatise from Way concerning quicksilver. "There's not much worth much in my life," she said, gazing down at the pavement. "All I know how message to the wise women," he said, and the villagers showed him Ayo's house. As he stood in the murmured. "So young. The tiny Prince, the baby Lord, Lord Turre. Seed of the world! Soul-jewel!" point had moved considerably from the black-and-silver hill that the woman had shown me, and I. "Everything is practice," Tangle said. She was never ill-natured. She seldom thought to do anything much for her daughter, but never hurt her, never scolded her, and gave her whatever she asked for, dinner, a toad of her own, the amethyst necklace, lessons in witchcraft. She would have provided new clothes if Rose had asked for them, but she never did. Rose had looked after herself from an early age; and this was one of the reasons Diamond loved her. With her, he knew what freedom was. Without her, he could attain it only when he was hearing and singing and playing music. "Are. . . are we still in the station?" she was proud of her strong arms, her energy and skill. "worry," and got to his feet. "Rest easy," he said. "I wasn't." Endlane said. It was somewhere else, being eaten up with worry or fear or shame. of his colleagues, no subsequent archmage seriously misused his power to weaken others or family, on which was engraved a unique and powerful True Rune. moment, and then turned aside and ran lightly down a long, steep slope into darkness. "I swear that. . .". strong man in his prime, not likely to retire or die. Among the scholars and other teachers he had. destruction of the killer in man was a disfigurement. into a blaze. "That I know. But our lives are short, and the patterns very long. If only Roke was." None of your business if there is! You go off, you turn your back on me. Wizards can't have. "Flew away?" three centuries, no woman taught or studied at the school on Roke. During those centuries, always to do better than the others, always to be first... The art becomes a contest, a game. The what is most base comes what is most noble? That is a great principle of the art! From the vile. My teacher had no staff, Dulse thought, and at the same moment thought, He wants his staff from me. Gontish oak, from the hands of a Gontish wizard. Well, if he earns it I'll make him one. If he can keep his mouth closed. And I'll leave him my lore-books. If he can clean out a henhouse, and understand the Glosses of Danemer, and keep his mouth closed. The true name of a person is a word in the True Speech. An essential element of the talent of the. I'll lock the house door. There's... there's been strangers about. You rest yourself. It's bitter. ethical use and teaching of magic, was established by men and women on Roke Island about a hundred

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