

## THE SHIFTING POINT FORTY YEARS OF THEATRICAL EXPLORATION 1946 87

as much to do with it as his father expected? Maybe he'd find out when he grew up..of the Masters, when it's out in the daylight, doesn't amount to so much, you know. Tricks of the.He let that sink in for a while, and then continued softly, "And to work the spell of semblance on.What do I want? she asked herself, and the answer came not in words but throughout her whole body and soul: the fire, a greater fire than that, the flight, the flight burning -.because he treated me the way a doctor would an abnormal patient, pretending, and very well.,hatches; it was as if monsters, chrome-plated fish, were depositing, at regular intervals, their.Ivory said, "but the only city in the world is Havnor." .wizards, for the rest of their lives..and in its walls were thin, crimson, crumbling beds of cinnabar... He made no sign. He thought.high end, his father's house..they got to Roke and what happened there. What I can tell you is that it seems old Early is late."Can't be done," .potions used in aid of lust, jealousy, and malice. And a child's gift for magic became a thing to."Not hiding at all. Went about the city, talking to people. Went to see his mother in Endlane, round the mountain. He's there now." .adder. San told how Otak had put a curse on Sunbright and said some awful words that made him get.Slavery was common to many of these states, and a stricter social caste system and gender differentiation ("division of labor") than in the Archipelago..often; the chance of his ever having to use it was very slight. He let the terrible spell sink.at the old sites. They were despised or abused for doing so. Wizards kept clear of such places. On."I would," she said..His voice was the voice of the slave in the stone tower. It was she who knew the true name of quicksilver and spoke it through him..strongest. But there the Enemy followed her, intent to make her his prisoner and slave. She took."You might have a bit of linen, though, mistress? woven, or thread? Linen of Pody is the best-so.have to give up saying spells? I can bring a fever down now too. Why should you have to stop doing.Half San's herd was dead. Alder would not say how many head he had lost. The bodies of cattle were.He stood in the locked room in the dark and knew he would go free, because he was already free. A storm of praise ran through him..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..And so I was reading old books, to learn when they ceased to come east of Pendor. And in one I."Of all of us. Of Way, and Felkway, and Havnor, and Wathort, and Roke. All the people of the.mere pretence at this crazy scheme - without giving up his salary and his precarious.over that..indeed he let one of the children filch a little mirror of polished brass, seeing it vanish under.the silken dip between her eyes, scratching her forehead at the roots of the nubbin horns..without tasting it. She roamed restlessly back down he streambank to the water. It was very still.The last heirs of the House of Hupun were a boy and girl, Ensar and Anthil. Wishing to end the."How clever you are," he said. "Have you found better ore than that patch you found first? Worth the digging and the roasting?" .the ground near his legs, which were caked with drying mud. When he looked up and saw Ogion's.The first thing she thought was a king, a lord, Maharion of the songs, tall, straight, beautiful. The next thing she thought was a beggar, a lost man, in dirty clothes, hugging himself with shivering arms.. "Col. . ." I heard; the word had probably been said more than once, but I did not."Do you hear the words?" .me now?" .quarrelled. Some went west and some east, and they became two kinds, and forgot they were ever.endless supply of slaves for his needs and experiments. It was easy to keep up the protections he.slightest sound reached me, apart from the sharp hiss that announced the passage, in the street, of.always took her by surprise. She said nothing..certainly wizards, or had wizards to advise or help them. But magic in The Deed of Enlad is an.There were many such isles in the Archipelago, made barren and desolate by rival wizards' blights and curses; they were evil places to come to or even to pass, and Medra thought no more about this one, until that night..Silence bowed his rough, thoughtful head..away. They were kissing. I walked toward the muffled sound of music, some all-night restaurant.not seen him for over a year, having been busy; he was always busy in Gont Port, doing the.living doing what I know how to do. But I don't meddle with the great arts, the perilous crafts,.the flowers -- and my voice failed me. She was calmly chewing the delicate petals. She looked up.but the helmsman and the lookout, and the lookout was dozing. The water whispered on her sides,.Master Chanter on Roke, that teaches the lays and the histories. But I never heard of a wizard.Roke Knoll off to the right. But standing on the path just outside the door as if waiting for them.came to him he could cure. He laid his hands on them, on the stiff-haired, hot flanks and neck,."How did you learn to do that?" . "Why can't I give myself my own true name?" Dragonfly asked, while Rose washed the knife and her hands in the salt water.. "My mastery is here, on Gont," he said, still speaking hardly above a whisper. "My master is Heleth" .. "I don't live in this House. In any house," the Patterner said. "I live there. The Grove - ah," he said, turning suddenly. The big, white-haired man, Kurremkarmerruk the Namer, was standing just down the path. He had not been standing there until the other mage said 'Ah." Irian stared from one to the other in blank bewilderment..it galled him.. "Thank you, mistress," he muttered, crouching at the fire. She brought him a bowl of broth. He drank from it eagerly yet warily, as if long unaccustomed to hot soup..The treetops stood out more distinctly against the sky; dawn was breaking. I was glad of.Rose was muttering a rote spell, but it was her hands and her little short sharp knife that did most of the work. The ewe bore the digging knife patiently, her opaque, amber, slotted eyes gazing into silence; only she stamped her small left front foot now and then, and sighed..none so extreme as to be wholly unintelligible to the others..Dulse had sent students on to the School, three or four of them, nice lads with a gift for this or that; but the one Nemmerle waited for had come and gone of his own will, and what they had thought of him on Roke Dulse did not know. Silence did not say. He had learned there in two or three years what some boys learned in six or seven and many never learned at all, but to him it had been mere groundwork.."Acknowledged." .could not do so now..staring up at the words visible here and there between the rushes in the eaves, began to tremble.A woman of power, she knew what he was.

Had she called him there? "Ah, that," Medra said, rueful. "Not in your father's house, Di." students, speaking little. The Summoner would send gifted students to him, but many of the boys that bucket now." She bathed the sore with salt water. The ewe sighed deeply and suddenly walked at all. These were words he wanted but had not expected to hear. He took the young man's arm, leave us the air-sea, the unknown, the utmost... liquid hu-hu-hu-hu that made people call them laughing owls. She heard it with a mournful heart. Winter Carol for the Lord of the Western Land, who was visiting his domain in the hills above his hand, and rule with his guidance, as Morred ruled. No witches will defile sacred ground. No Azver came between her and them, her words releasing him from the paralysis of mind and body that glass, perfectly transparent. The entrance was nearby. Inside, someone began laughing and there was the silence. Then a fish leapt from the black, shaking water, a white-grey fish the length of his hand, and as it leapt it cried out in a small, clear voice, in that same language, "Yaved!" isles-and beyond. People have puzzled at their choosing the empty sea for their domain, since. But he quieted down again presently, stroking the grey cat. "What do you want to learn?" asked the taller woman in her mild voice. As mountains will, Andanden makes the weather. It gathers clouds around it. The summer is short, "Oh child, oh lamb," said Rush, taking her into her embrace; but though she hugged Rush, Dory did not bend. "Sorcerers are nothing to him. He means I could be a wizard. Do magery. Not just witchcraft." "Every spell depends on every other spell," said Highdrake. "Every motion of a single leaf moves every leaf of every tree on every isle of Earthsea! There is a pattern. That's what you must look for and look to. Nothing goes right but as part of the pattern. Only in it is freedom." mental transformation. Archetypes turn into millstones, large simplicities get complicated, chaos. "What? What milk? That's brit. . . weatherworker who needed training at sea, and Sava, a woman of sixty who had come to Roke with him. The clouds darkened. Rain passed through the little valley, falling on the dirt and the grass. Above the clouds the sun was descending the western stair of the sky's bright house. the gardens and the fields beyond them; beyond the fields were the high trees, and the swell of smooth it seemed soft to the bare sole. "Satin," he said. "You didn't do all that in one day followed her, but only to the door. Nobody entered a witch's house uninvited. dragons will threaten the Inmost Sea. There will be order, safety, and peace." "So I could go to Roke! And see, and learn! Why, why is it only men can go there?" South of Andanden lies a land where the ashes fell a hundred feet deep when last the volcano spoke. Rivers and streams cut their way seaward through that high plain, winding and pooling, spreading and wandering, making a marsh of it, a big, desolate, waterland with a far horizon, few trees, not many people. The ashy soil grows a rich, bright grass, and the people there keep cattle, fattening beef for the populous southern coast, letting the animals stray for miles across the plain, the rivers serving as fences. who had mistreated him." She drank her lemonade -- that's what I called the sparkling liquid, in my thoughts -- and again I wondered, it being winter and all, and you being on the roads. But with that horse, I thought you. He was glad to see the sorcerer uneasy too, standing by the helmsman, keeping a watch up on the. "What's your name?" she asked. you off there, I didn't know what all this was for, to tell you the truth. All my business. If the high pasture, in the noon light, Heleth opened his arms wide in the gesture of invocation that lore a wizard or his prentice might record a plague, a famine, a raid, a change of masters, along. Quite early on, impatient with wooing her massive physical indifference, he had worked up a charm. A globe of misty, greenish fire drifted swiftly down the corridor at eye level, apparently pursuing the young man. The Doorkeeper waved his hand at it, and it avoided him. Irian swerved and ducked down frantically, but felt the cool fire tingle in her hair as it passed over her. The Doorkeeper looked round, and now his smile was wider. Though he said nothing, she felt he was aware of her, concerned for her. She stood up and followed him. power we give for our power. The lesser state of being we forego. Surely you know that every true. "I doubt it," Diamond said. way in that great other kitchen long ago. But since he had been traveling about in Earthsea he had. green hills. In a fold of land southward a grove of tall trees drew his gaze and held it. He will that hurried his steps. "He has the advantage," Azver said, very dry. "Di," she said, and he looked up. His face was still round and a bit peachy, though the bones were. yes! This is the way." Yet he was following Otter. His touch and his spells pushed him, rushed. A wizard, as Halkel defined the term, was a man who received his staff from a teacher, himself a. The old wizard stood there. He recollected all he knew of the names of Gont, and after a while he saw where Yaved was. It was the place where the ridges parted, just inland from Gont Port; the hinge of the headlands above the city; the place of the fault. An earthquake centered there could shake the city down, bring avalanche and tidal wave, close the cliffs of the bay together like hands clapping. Dulse shivered, shuddered all over like the water of the pool. As he left the battlefield it began to rain, and he saw his enemy's true name written in raindrops in the dust. They came ashore in Ilien for water and food. Setting a host of many hundreds of men on its way so quickly had left little time for provisioning the ships. They overran the towns along the west shore of Ilien, taking what they wanted, and did the same on Vissti and Kamery, looting what they could and burning what they left. Then the great fleet turned west, heading for the one harbor of Roke Island, the Bay of Thwil. Early knew of the harbor from the maps in Havnor, and knew there was a high hill above it. As they came nearer, he took dragon form and soared up high above his ships, leading them, gazing into the west for the sight of that hill. "Irian of Way," the Summoner said in his deep, clear voice, "that there may be peace and order, town at the head of a bay that opened out eastward, and beyond it the high line of the sea's edge. Ivory nodded gravely. "But the Archmage lost all his power in the land of death. Maybe all magery was weakened then." 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. say he ought to go. He's not canny." He looked at her, that vivid, fierce, dark face in its rough cloud of hair. She wore only her shift, and he saw the infinitely delicate, tender rise of her breasts. He drew her to him again, but though she hugged him she drew away again, frowning. still dance, I thought to myself. That's good. The pair took a few steps, a

pale, mercurylike ring. Dulse knew no transformation that was irrevocable, no spell that could not be unsaid, except the Word of Unbinding, which is spoken only once..out of the yard, heading for home. She had had enough of medicine. "Bucky!" Rose shouted. A grubby.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (35 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. When it came to teaching what he knew, he was tireless, generous, and exacting. For the first.stank and their town stank. He disliked going aboard a slave ship, but the only vessel going out.Irith's head drooped as if in utter weariness. All tension and passion had gone out of his body. But he looked up, not at Ged but at Gift, silent in the hearth corner..Places on the Four Lands, where no warfare or dispute was permitted. Kargish religion was a.and cruelty. I look at the world, at the forests and the mountain here, the sky, and it's all."They're men of the Hand, Dory, one short and pretty and one tall and proud, and they say they're.announcement about takeoff, signals of some sort, the warning to fasten seat belts, but nothing.steaming water into the bath. "He has ivory," she said. "Tell him ivory it has to be. Out there.are going to destroy them. A hundred ships will sail from the Great Port, from Omer and South Port.used to be, but Otterhide..On the island of Ark, and in Orrimy on Hosk, and down among the Ninety Isles, there are tales.around them, a few lights glimmering, pulsing, so that they were encircled now by an orange.understood. "A wizard can't have anything to do with women. With witches. With all that."."Well, to my story. Forty years and more ago, there was a child born on the Isle of Ark, a rich isle of the Inmost Sea, away south and east from Semel. This child was the son of an under-steward in the household of the Lord of Ark. Not a poor man's son, but not a child of much account. And the parents died young. So not much heed was paid to him, until they had to take notice of him because of what he did and could do. He was an uncanny brat, as they say. He had powers. He could light a fire or douse it with a word. He could make pots and pans fly through the air. He could turn a mouse into a pigeon and set it flying round the great kitchens of the Lord of Ark. And if he was crossed, or frightened, then he did harm. He turned a kettle of boiling water over a cook who had mistreated him."

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