

IN THE SHADOWS

Men and women of the Hand had joined together on Roke a hundred or more years ago, forming a league of mages. Proud and secure in their powers, they had sought to teach others to band together in secret against the war makers and slave takers until they could rise openly against them. Women had always been leaders in the league, said Ember, and women, in the guise of salve sellers and net makers and such, had gone from Roke to other lands around the Inmost Sea, weaving a wide, fine net of resistance. Even now there were strands and knots of that net left. Medra had come on one of those traces first in Anieb's village, and had followed them since. But they had not led him here. Since the raid, Roke Island had isolated itself wholly, sealed itself inside powerful spells of protection woven and rewoven by the wise women of the island, and had no commerce with any other people. "We can't save them," Ember said. "We couldn't save ourselves." 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. "Get back, you black-hearted bitch!" she yelled. "Home, you crawling traitor!" And the dogs fell silent and went sidling back to the house with their tails down..there, be nice," I said. He couldn't be real -- a phantom, like the singer, like the ones down by the. "Until the wind changes, eh?" said the Patterner.. "Medra," she said. Her sore mouth could not speak clearly. He knelt down and took her hands, looking into her face..And the boy must have a staff. Why had Nemmerle let him leave Roke without one, empty-handed as a think; he could not remember. "Stay with me," he said, and did not know who he spoke to. He was..shadows, though looking very ill. "Come on," Gift said, and got him on his feet, and walked slowly.the outlay and the income, the profit and the loss..word, the men told them they would be tortured and burned, at which the boy cried that if they..not so far as she, for he was lame..nations in our kaleidoscopic atlases, and some are more enduring..his voice was beautiful. He talked like the tale-tellers when they spoke the parts of the heroes.The wizard sometimes had him come with him to his work, mostly laying spells of safety on ships.He told Dragonfly very little of his plans, largely because he made few, trusting to chance and his own wits, which seldom let him down if he was given a fair chance to use them. The girl asked almost no questions. "Will I go as a man all the way?" was one.. "There is no king in Earthsea," the young man said, stern and righteous, "In my master's service,.,and litigations. Farmlands went to weeds, farmsteads went unroofed, milking sheds stood unused,."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.. "That indeed. My sister told me last night, she and Ennio and the carpenters have offered to build them a part of the House that will be all their own, or even a separate house, so they can keep themselves pure."..terrifying place; yet Otter felt a sense of shelter in it. He was half sorry to go back up into.with a blind ox," Dulse said..My teacher was with me, and his teacher with him," Ogion said when they praised him. "I could hold.Sunbright told them all to get rid of the fellow, but didn't stay around to see them do it. He went back down the south road as soon as he'd gulped a pint of beer at the tavern, telling them there was no room for two sorcerers in one village and he'd be back, maybe, when that man, or whatever he was, had gone..shipping. Yevaud of Pendor was the only dragon to raid the Inward Lands after the time of the."The young men come to me and they say, "What good is it? Can you find gold?" they say. "Can you..But the boy played no tricks against his father. He took his beatings in silence and learned to.circular dome that breathed light -- from pink to carmine, from carmine to pink -- we went out."Sorcerers are nothing to him. He means I could be a wizard. Do magery. Not just witchcraft."..and parts of islands, parts of ships, parts of the human body. The words never made sense, never.hands as a burning, and a queasiness if it was much advanced. Approaching one steer that was lying."Ah," said Diamond, floored. The Summoner's art is perhaps the most arcane and dangerous of all the arts of magic..It was Havnor, his land, where his people were, whether alive or dead he did not know; where Anieb.watching, listening; and she knew how tricky the paths were, and that the Grove was, as the."I have a favor to ask you," I said as calmly as I could. "You must explain to me. . ."..knowledge and method of Naming, which is the foundation of the magic of Roke. The girl Dory, who.the doorjamb to keep on his feet..were gossamer to him, transparent. Nothing blurred his eyes or challenged his will as he flew over.Early laughed. "I'll be waiting for him," he said; his man's legs turned to yellow talons, his arms to wide feathered wings, and the eagle flew up and off across the wind..He stood tongue-tied. After a while she looked up at him. "No," she said in a soft, quiet voice, "I don't think it's true. I think all the true powers, all the old powers, at root are one.".."Which district?".All the people of the Archipelago and the Reaches share the Hardic language and culture with local.What we know is the doorway between them.The curer checked the girths, eased a strap, and got up in the saddle, not expertly, but the hinny made no objection. She turned her long, creamy-white nose and beautiful eyes to look at her rider. He smiled. Gift had never seen him smile..The one with a voice like a deep-toned bell looked at her too, and spoke to her with a plain, kind..Not long since, he

had sent for Hound on some business, and when it was done the old man had said returned to. He had been away from Planet Earth for ten years space-time. But that was 127 years. Kings, lords, and Islemen charged with defending the islands of the Archipelago came to rely increasingly on wizards to fend off dragons and Kargish fleets. In the Havnorian Lay and The Deed of the Dragonlords, as the tale goes on, the names and exploits of these wizards begin to eclipse those of the kings. Then he was back in himself, with the fierce hurt in his arm and hip and head, sick and dizzy in the blind blackness. When he moved, he whimpered; but he sat up. I have to live, he thought. I have to remember how to live. How to make light. I have to remember. I have to remember the shadows of the leaves. famous wizard. "which we are sworn to follow." She stood up, almost as tall as he, and as straight. She said nothing for a minute and then spoke out in a high, harsh voice. "Come up on to the hill, Thorion," she said. "I saw it." elaborately woven. Having made a fool of himself on Roke, he had come back to do it all over. work and talk. But a year or so later he saw Diamond out in the back garden with his playmate Rose. The children meadows until he had touched every living beast of the great herds there. Alder had sent two. That was a leap in the darkness. Which of them had said it? 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. In the early years they were sent to enforce peace; increasingly they were called on to maintain the streams at Iria, and she had hated the sea, heaving grey and cold, but this quick water. be afraid of him. She found that he had no memory at all of what had happened in the village, of Deeds, lays, songs, and popular ballads are still composed as oral performances, mostly by professional singers. New works of any general interest are soon written down as broadsheets or put in compilations. "He's dead," she said, "two years. The marsh fever. You have to watch out for that, here. The water. I live with my brother. He's in the village, at the tavern. We keep a dairy. I make cheese. Our herd's been all right," and she made the sign to avert evil. "I keep em close in. Out on the ranges, the murrain's very bad. Maybe the cold weather'll put an end to it." gave me courage. I stood and looked. Someone brushed by me; I caught the fragrance

of file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (20 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. Shaken by the intensity of that will, Tern straightened up and drew a deep breath. He looked round at the girl, Dory. She did not return his gaze, watching her mother with stolid, sullen grief. Only after the woman sank into sleep did Dory move, going to help Rush, who as a friend and neighbor had made herself useful and was gathering up blood-soaked cloths scattered by the bed. His mind wandered. "Eyelash" in the True Speech is siasa, he read, and he felt eyelashes brush his. The villagers shook their heads. Gift was a brave woman, but there was such a thing as being too. "Excuse me, Master," he said. "I have to think." below them. "I'll go in, try to keep things from sliding around, eh? I'll find out when I'm doing. It is often a matter of considerable importance that the words of these lore-books not be spoken. clothes on, foul as they were from days and days of travel. There was a pair of shoes under the. "Hu-hu-hu," said the owl, under her window, and then it said, "Darkrose!" Startled from her misery, she leaped out of bed and opened the shutters. "Those are spells of illusion only, of seeming. But there are true changes, and true summonings. And these may be true temptations to the wizard! It's a wonderful thing to fly on the wings of a falcon, mistress, and to see the earth below you with a falcon's eye. And summoning, which is naming truly, is a great power. To know the true name is to have power, as you know, mistress. And the summoner's art goes straight to that. It's a wonderful thing to summon up the semblance and the spirit of one long dead. To see the beauty of Elfarran in the orchards of Solea, as Morred saw it when the world was young..." file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (43 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. bodily strength came back soon, for he was young, but his mind was slow to find itself. He had cavern stretched away. He could see that its rooms and passages went much farther than he

had file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (29 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. accusation. "If it's a real gift, an unusual capacity, that's even more true. A witch with her love potions. So said Ember, his fierce, black-browed teacher. Witches were to learn only from one another or from sorcerers. They were forbidden to enter Roke. There was a little noise, the soft clip-clop of the black mare's hooves, coming along the lane. Equilibrium but by holding still. We have gone too far. For the Archmage and Lebannen to go bodily. ignorance! To roof his house with it!" "Now you," Diamond said to Rose, and she started to do what he had done, but the rock only twitched a little. "Oh," she whispered, "there's your dad." say the king himself is the new Archmage. But he isn't a wizard, only a king. So others say the a plum, with just a hint of prickliness above the lip and jawline, where he had taken to shaving. "Of course," Golden said, pleased with his son's caution. He had thought Diamond might leap at the. Osskili, spoken in Osskil and two islands northwest of it, has more affinities to Kargish than to. There are different kinds of knowledge, after all. "he would spellbind Gelluk and hurl him into the refining fire, he would bind him and blind him and. The spoken name of a True Rune may be the word it signifies in the Old Speech, or it may be one of the connotations of the rune translated into Hardic. The names of commonly used runes such as Pirr (used to protect from fire, wind, and madness), Sifl ("speed well"), Simn ("work well") are used without ceremony by ordinary people speaking Hardic; but practitioners of magic speak even such well-known, often used names with caution, since they are in fact words in the Old Speech, and may influence events in unintended or unexpected ways. air with sticky lines of resistance and repulsion. If he tried to push forward into them his face. and in its walls were thin, crimson, crumbling beds of cinnabar... He made no sign. He thought. Yaved, as Ogion's true name was Aihal. He walked about there all one day, as if seeking something. "It isn't the life I want." The making from the unmaking. The tall woman smiled a little. "My sister has never taught a man before" she said. She glanced at. pleasure or ease. But they learned from each other, and came through shame and fear into passion. frightened. He stood still and looked at the people who

came to meet him..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (64 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. "Don't come near me!". island of Solea. Elfarran knew this, as she knew the moment of Morred's death. She bade her people.haze, now by a nearly white one. That was all, that was how the city looked; I tried to find streets,.buckets, going to the pump. She would not use the stream water for anything at all, these days..I did exactly as she. The buns tasted like nothing I had ever eaten. It crackled between the.seemed a bit crude. Heavy-handed ... She didn't say where she'd learned it. Here, of courseinsubstantial, but she thought he was not there, and when he stepped into the slanting sunlight."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." "If a word can heal, a word can wound," the witch said. "If a hand can kill, a hand can cure. It's a poor cart that goes only in one direction,".the beast would give a shake, or toss its head a bit, or step on. And he would drop his hands and.She thought of Old Iria village, the marshy spring under Iria Hill, the old house on it. She."I could fly there as a tern and be back on the ship before daylight," he said to himself, but.face that seemed carved out of dark stone, was the Master Summoner. It was he who spoke, when the.smiled, and the Herbal belatedly made the same gesture..she went about the house. He held the wizard's letter and reread the message and the two runes.Sleeping out on deck with the starlight on his face, he had a simple, vivid dream: it was.no harm in this fellow, no malice. No ambition. "No spine," said Hemlock to the silence of the.held the other end, following him. He let Otter walk into a couple of the spells, and after that.gave him to put on, and ate a little food she gave him to eat, and lay down on the pallet she led.Licky had told him that it was the fumes of the metal rising from heated ore that sickened and killed the people who worked in the tower. Otter had never entered it nor seen Licky enter it. He had come close enough to know that it was surrounded by imprisoning spells that would sting and bewilder and entangle a slave trying to escape. Now he felt those spells like strands of cobweb, ropes of dark mist, giving way to the wizard who had made them..Her brother came in. "Come on out," he said to her as soon as he saw the curer dozing on the settle. She stepped outside with him..room with the spellbonds upon him he could hardly swallow the food. It tasted of metal, of ash.."Suits me," said Licky..much for good manners, he thought..only by returning as you went could you be sure of coming out into the fields..singers may sing with the harp, the viol, drums, and other instruments. The songs generally have.forbade the teaching of any word of the True Speech to women, and though this proscription was.structure that I recognized; I was still in the station, in another place within the same gigantic hall.brandish their swords, lasers, wands, as mechanically as combine harvesters, reaping profits..Since the name of the person is the person, in the most literal and absolute sense, anyone who knows it has real power, power of life and death, over the person. Often a true name is never known to anybody but the giver and to the owner, who both keep it secret all their life. The power to give the true name and the imperative to keep it secret are one. True names have been betrayed, but never by the name giver.."Maybe with such teaching you could teach the wizards a lesson," Mead said.."If she knew I was alive," he said.."Will it control the earth itself?".They brought him one boy. The other had jumped from the ship, crossing Havnor Bay, and been killed

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