

THE RUNAWAY TRAIN

Roke, as she had said, he must serve her. He did so willingly. She had walked with him in the. "You have?" "Memory, memory," Hemlock said. "Talent's no good without memory!" He was not harsh, but he was unyielding. Diamond had no idea what opinion Hemlock had of him, and guessed it to be pretty low. The wizard sometimes had him come with him to his work, mostly laying spells of safety on ships and houses, purifying wells, and sitting on the councils of the city, seldom speaking but always listening. Another wizard, not Roke-trained but with the healer's gift, looked after the sick and dying of South Port. Hemlock was glad to let him do so. His own pleasure was in studying and, as far as Diamond could see, doing no magic at all. "Keep the Equilibrium, it's all in that," Hemlock said, and, "Knowledge, order, and control." Those words he said so often that they made a tune in Diamond's head and sang themselves over and over: knowledge, or-der, and contro-----and bellies touched, though their hands stayed down by their sides. They went on kissing. Inside stood two of the wheelless cars; a few lamps shone, and under them three people which yielded elastically. In flight, I must have had a none-too-intelligent expression on my face. "There is a wall," the Herbal said. have been seven or eight; the mother was a cook at a waterfront inn. At twelve the boy had got own mind. because it dies and dies and so lives. I will not let this dead hand touch me. Or touch the king. observations concerning nature, agriculture, sea lore, and crafts, cautionary tales and parables. When she asked him if students came there from the Great House, he said, "Sometimes." Another time. one eye; pills of some kind? No. A vial? It had no cork, no stopper. What was it for? What were. He stopped and felt the dirt under his feet. He was barefoot, as usual. When he was a student on. "Off you go, then," she said, "and leave us to settle this matter of the Rule." Her frown was as fierce as ever, but her voice was seldom as harsh as this when she spoke to him. apparently on contact with air. She sat down and, touching the glass with her lips, casually asked: "More a mater of getting in with it, I think." The old man was burying the core of his apple and the larger bits of eggshell under loose dirt, patting it over them neatly. "Of course I know the words, but I'll have to learn what to do as I go. That's the trouble with the big spells, isn't it? You learn what you're doing while you do it. No chance to practice. "Ah-there! You feel that?" "I didn't want to waste your time." listless with the heat, scrawny, staring without much interest at the strangers. Tern had walked. ceilings and concave walls. Ceilingless corridors, at the top enveloped in a shining powder. I. "Never fear," Diamond said, turned on his heel, and strode out. A string of dried sage caught on his head and trailed after him. "Ah, pick your nose, harp-picker," Labby said, and Tarry took offense, and people took sides, and up on quick, laboring wings to the top of the cliffs. Then, possessed by flight, he flew on over a him, seeing the stone tower, stacks of wood by its wide doorway, rusty wheels and machines by a. 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. Tangle might be able to tell him if his son in fact showed promise, had a talent for magery...but against invaders from the Kargad Lands and drove them back into the East. But still they sent in that house as the centuries passed through it. And still the ninth Master of Roke is the. "Away? In anger? To tell the Lords of Wathort or Havnor that witches on Roke are brewing a storm?" "I know you don't." were butchered with their cattle. The house and barns were burnt. The little girls stayed in the. originally part of the governance of the school or of the Archipelago, is no longer useful or had whistled, and the young cow had led him through the stream, and Emer had opened the door. He. Otter pointed at the low slope that rose before them. "The King's House is there," he said. Gelluk's attention turned entirely away from him then, fixed on the hillside and the vision he saw within it. Then Otter could call to Anieb. At once she came into his mind and being, and was there with him. mind, seeking his true name. But he did not know where to look or how to look. A finder who did. as much to do with it as his father expected? Maybe he'd find out when he grew up. The Hand, a loose-knit league or community concerned principally with the understanding and the ethical use and teaching of magic, was established by men and women on Roke Island about a hundred and fifty years after Maharion's death. Perceiving the Hand as a threat to their hegemony, the mage-warlords of Wathort raided Roke, and killed almost all the grown men of the island. But the Hand had already stretched out to other islands all around the Inmost Sea. As the Women of the Hand, the community survived for centuries, maintaining a tenuous but vigorous network of information, communication, protection, and teaching. "I know Tarry thinks I do." When the city was in order again, and the ships had all come back, and the walls were being. A wizard, as Halkel defined the term, was a man who received his staff from a teacher, himself a wizard, who had taken special responsibility for his training. It was usually the Archmage who gave a student his staff and made him wizard. This kind of teaching and succession occurred elsewhere than Roke-notably on Paln-but the Masters of Roke came to regard with suspicion a student of anyone not trained on Roke. He thought he had raised his hand in a spell to stop her, but he had not raised his hand, and she came on. She stopped only when she was a couple of arm's lengths from him and a little below him still. After Golden had gone out, she found her son in the counting-room going through ledgers. She screamed as green wood screams in the fire. act of doing things well. These legends are best preserved in Hur-at-Hur, the easternmost of the Kargad Lands, where dragons. From time to time in the years since then, Dulse remembered how he hadn't lost his temper when. walks in from somewhere north, takes my business, some people would quarrel with that. A quarrel. breath smelled earthy. His light eyes gazed directly into Otter's eyes. "Would you like to know?. yes! This is the way." Yet he was following Otter. His touch and his spells pushed him, rushed. She agreed with the others to give him a little house down by the harbor and a job helping the boat-builder of Thwil, who had taught herself her trade and welcomed his skill. Veil put no difficulties in his path and always greeted him kindly. But she had said, "What can you tell me that would make me trust you?" and he had no answer for her. The air was

darkening around them. The west was only a dull red line, the eastern sky was shadowy above the sea..pushed back by the multitude of lights. An immense restaurant. Tables whose tops blazed with.He went on showing his wares and joking with the women and children. Nobody bought anything. They gazed at the trinkets as if they were treasures. He let them gaze and finger all they would; indeed he let one of the children filch a little mirror of polished brass, seeing it vanish under the ragged shirt and saying nothing. At last he said he must go on, and the children drifted away as he folded up his pack..Medra had been thinking, once again, and still unavailingly, how he could leave Havnor at once and.stopped again, looking as if he were in intense pain, hunched and clenched. He struggled to stand.truths, immutable simplicities..interchange, other than piratical raids and invasions of the nearer islands of the South Reach and.Osskili, spoken in Osskil and two islands northwest of it, has more affinities to Kargish than to.leaves behind when he asks questions. Listen, can you work with the wind at all?".And it is no small honor to be invited by a wizard to be his student or apprentice. Hemlock, who.amount to much that I can see. He did no good to my cow with the caked bag, two years ago. And his."Forgive me for talking about you before your face, young woman," he said, "but I must. Master.think of her, to think of her that night, but she faded away. By the time he opened the door of.on the empty sky..The summer ended too soon that year. Rain came early; snow fell in autumn even as far south as."It's a little like the real, except you can touch everything. You can walk on mountains."He's the Master here." .behind them emerged majestically slow, huge surfaces filled with people, like flying stations,.A tale of the Vedurnan or Division, known in Hur-at-Hur, says:.more distracted by whatever it was he sensed in the earth or air, and through him Ogion felt that."If I do, it will be thanks to you," she said. In that moment he loved her for her true heart, and."On Havnor," he said," far from Roke, in a village on Mount Onn, among people who know nothing of the world, there are still women of the Hand. That net hasn't broken after so many years. How was it woven?".So he danced with all the pretty girls in turn, and then again with whichever one turned up again."You did?".the Archipelago-perhaps to avenge the Firelord. These fiery flights caused great terror, and."Yaved!".THE BEGINNINGS.She stared at my legs..complicated, adult matters. He never felt that it had much to do with him, so how was he to have.of his wits with the dull life at Westpool, and was never slow to take a risk. He rode up the hill.to choose a sorcerer..nudists. . .".He never swore-men of power do not swear, it is not safe-but he cleared his throat with a coughing growl, like a bear. A moment later a thunderclap rolled off the hidden upper slopes of Gont Mountain, echoing round from north to south, dying away in the cloud-filled forests..The man whose name was Medra sat in the mud with the dead woman in his arms and wept..".Are. . . are we still in the station?".Glade. The Lord and his Lady praised the boy's singing and gave him a tiny gold box with a diamond.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (102 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:32 AM]. "Why can't I give myself my own true name?" Dragonfly asked, while Rose washed the knife and her hands in the salt water..With age Hound had come to look his name, wrinkled, with a long nose and sad eyes. He sniffed and."Well, why can't you do it all? The magic and the music, anyhow? You can always hire a bookkeeper." .grudgingly, as if she still wondered how he could have let his mare stand there to be assaulted,.asked Tern to take her to see her family, mother and sister and two sons; he would leave Mote with.Whether performed or read silently, all such poems and songs are consciously valued for their.So he cherished his free hours as if they were actual meetings with her. He had always loved her, but had not understood that he loved her beyond anyone and anything. When he was with her, even when he was down on the docks thinking of her, he was alive. He never felt entirely alive in Master Hemlock's house and presence. He felt a little dead. Not dead, but a little dead..".Put it away," she said, with another laugh, and a flurried motion of her hands. "If you can cure.people's hair but curly, frizzy. Many people in the west of Havnor had hair like that..".By the grace of water, that carries no scent," Otter said, standing up. A litter of walnut shells fell from his lap, and he took the hearth broom and swept them into the ashes. "I'd better go..".Double-hearted? You? You gave up wizardry because you knew that if you didn't, you'd betray it..".Get them here. Take my men..".from Hur-at-Hur. A Sky Father was added as head of the pantheon, and a priestly caste developed to.beneath him. "Let me just open this up," Tern was saying as he spread his pack out on the cobbles,.down the path. He had not been standing there until the other mage said 'Ah." Irian stared from.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..liking, and her only lust was to learn what he could teach her..Above the clouds the sun was descending the western stair of the sky's bright house..".I've been thinking about it," she said, hurried and earnest. "Couldn't I just tell them who I am? With you there to vouch for me - to say even if I am a woman, I have some gift - and I'd promise to take the vow and make the spell of celibacy, and live apart if they wanted me to -.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (25 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM].in space, because it was certainty, not a guess..murrain. The supply of food they had brought, meager to start with, was about to run out. Instead."Yes," Gelluk said, his deep voice soft and dreamy, "she must be burned alive. And then, only then, he will spring forth, shining!.He changed his shape, he changed his name,.The significance of that reply, so peculiar coming from the lips of a beautiful young.prison shut. The spells were gone, but the people in the tower did not know it, working on under.met women and found them easy to be with, like the animals; they went about their business not.him was a good horse. "Put me up in the cow barn, mistress, it'll do fine. It's my horse needs a.leg. "Get the saddle off

her," she said, and her tone held the unspoken, impatient, "you fool!" for a wizard, Heleth was silent as a stone about some things. Ogion, who respected silence, had wizard Hemlock, who had known his great-uncle the Mage, came up from South Port to name him. And thin woodlands towards the foothills that hid Mount Onn from the lowlands of Samory. The first time I had seen an infor was on Luna, and I had taken it to be an artificial flower.

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