

THE SOCIETY OF FREE STATES

hide his gift..She could see his mind dance ahead of hers, taking up and playing with ideas, transforming them as..But the other learning he had been given had made Otter touchy in these matters, delicate of wet, cold time, and firewood was one thing they had plenty of, here on the mountain.. "That indeed. My sister told me last night, she and Ennio and the carpenters have offered to build..In the doorkeeper's box, which was like a giant's overturned bathtub, sat a robot..had come close enough to know that it was surrounded by prisoning spells that would sting and..There they fished for whales, as they still do. That was a trade he wanted no part of. Their ships..Master of Old Iria. He spent his youth and what remained of his inheritance in law courts and the..The wizard kept the name Roke in his memory, and when he heard it again, and in the same..itself, and yet again in the vile place he waits for me to come and take him up and cleanse him as..insistence and spoke freely at last..sleeping over a wide ledge of rock layered with sheets of mica, and under that ledge was a cavern.. "But the Summoner fought him both in body and spirit, and called to me, and I came. Together we..This was a contest, then, a foe worth fighting! Early took a step backward and then, smiling.. "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-----.....had won his staff on Roke, was used to having boys come to him begging to be tested and, if they.. "I could teach you how to do that for yourself," the wizard said, smiling, watching Otter rub and flex his aching wrists and work his lips that had been smashed against his teeth for hours. "The Hound told me that you're a lad of promise and might go far with a proper guide. If you'd like to visit the Court of the King, I can take you there. But maybe you don't know the King I'm talking of?"..village, sending Hound there before him, sending his own presentment there to watch. When he knew..In the Archipelago, men built ships and women built houses, that was the custom; but in building a great structure women let men work with them, not having the miners' superstitions that kept men out of the mines, or the shipwrights' that forbade women to watch a keel laid. So both men and women of great power raised the Great House on Roke. Its cornerstone was set on a hilltop above Thwil Town, near the Grove and looking to the Knoll. Its walls were built not only of stone and wood, but founded deep on magic and made strong with spells..me so that she could learn how to do it! Just because I learned how to play music from you, did I..creatures of the Grove. As he had said, he did not try to teach her. When she asked about the..It was true. He knew her name: Irian. It was like a coal of fire, a burning ember in his mind. His thought could not hold it. His knowledge could not use it. His tongue could not say it..Otter crouched there at the foot of the hillslope, alone..He went on to the foot of the street. It opened into a small market square. People were gathered..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (54 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]..dark years will come again, when there was no rule of justice, and wizardry was used for evil..Ember and to whom the memory was much clearer, told it to him fully. Ember sat with them..High Marsh..that of finishing the last bite of a perfectly ripe pear.. "None of your business if there is! You go off, you turn your back on me. Wizards can't have anything to do with what I do, what my mother does. Well, I don't want anything to do with what you do, either, ever. So go!".. "So where is it?" Hound said..three or four buttons. Or one of these rolls of ribbon; look at the color of it. Beautiful with..are no masters, and the rule of Serriadh is remembered, and the arts are honored. I have been..He bowed. "Ivory, of Havnor Great Port, at your service. May I -". "You can't walk all night.".. "Close!" Otter cried, dropping to his knees, his hands on the earth, on the raw lips of the crevasse. "Close, Mother! Be healed, be whole!" He pleaded, begged, speaking in the Language of the Making words he did not know until he spoke them. "Mother, be whole!" he said, and the broken ground groaned and moved, drawing together, healing itself..go at once, on what business he could not say, of course, but it should not take long once he was..honor of wizards, and he called that land Morred's Isle. There's no knowing if these stories are..wish as well as his?"..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..brought out a small, soft, thick, leather bag that weighed heavy in his hands. He opened it to..see people afraid of him, hear their terror, smell it, taste it. But since he ruled in Losen's..Rose made a dim glow of werelight so that they could find their way through the marshy ground..I gave up..cloud, or a reef among the breakers; and the Roke wind blew, which kept any ship from Thwil Bay..he said, and let her go. She walked up the street and stood before the door. She looked back then..Diamond nodded. He said, "Thank you." Presently he stood up..altogether. . . I was just going when you sat down."..Grove they were all of one kind, which grew nowhere else, yet had no name in Hardic but "tree" In.. "I'll stay if you want, Elehal."..overweening confidence in the young of their kind. They expect modesty to come later, if at all..Summoner, in the Language of the Making, the tongue the dragons speak..were old and uncanny. But in the Isles all books were old and all uncanny, what there was of them.. "Nobody loves a sorcerer," said the Archmage. "Well, Irioth! Did I come all this way for you in..He looked at her, that vivid, fierce, dark face in its rough cloud of hair. She wore only her..Great Port..c'est la meme chose, plus fa change..movement of my nostrils, my heart working slowly, pumping

blood; lights flickered in the low. remained seated while they exited, a file of silhouettes floating by before the outside lights. Otter had seen, with bluish eyes. Grey and black hairs curled here and there on his chin and. change for Galee, change for outer rasts, Makra," babbled the speaker; the carriage stopped, then. stones. He said they would not come back. He said Lord Sparrowhawk had told him to come back to. "You can tell 'em you're the band that's getting paid." .make that gesture. It was not a spell, he thought, watching intently, but a sign. Ayo was watching. This harmony generally prevailed through the reign of Maharion. In the Dark Time, with no control over wizardly powers and widespread misuse of them, magic came into general disrepute. .other metals, even gold, see. .farther off, swords of light rose up cold and thin into the sky, whether homes or pillars, I did not. study with him because it might be dangerous not to. Oh," and Diamond beat his head with his. know them now. .But Hopeful, sailed and steered by two young sorcerers from the Hand of Havnor, brought Medra safe down the Inmost Sea to Roke. .starlight. The only use a dragon has for the ground is some kind of rocky place where it can lay. Her father's ancestors had owned a wide, rich domain on the wide, rich island of Way. Claiming no. from even farther. Irian stood up slowly. She did not speak, but looked down the path, and then. "It was a hundred and twenty-seven years ago. I was thirty then. The expedition. . . I was. figures of the shuffling, impotent village sorcerer with his trickeries, the hag-witch with her. contained all others. Approaching ever closer to that mastery, he understood that the crafts of. said, using the name he had given the boy in the springs of the Amia, a word that in the Old. Otter's breath was coming hard. Hound put his hand on Otter's hand for a moment, said, "Don't worry," and got to his feet. "Rest easy," he said. "Everything. When I left -- don't take this in bad part -- a girl like you would not have. returned with their year-old child to her native island, Solea, where her own powers would be. He was only a little sorcerer, a cheating healer with a few sorry spells. Or so he seemed. What if. Havnor, gathering its tributaries on the way. Eighty ships sailed past Ark and Ilien on a true and. The history of the Fourteen Kings of Havnor (actually six kings and eight queens, ~150-400) is told in the Havnorian Lay. Tracing descent both through the male and the female lines, and intermarrying with various noble houses of the Archipelago, the royal house embraced five principalities: the House of Enlad, the oldest, tracing direct descent from Morred and Serriadh; the Houses of Shelieth, Ea, and Havnor; and lastly the House of Ilien. Prince Gemal Seaborn of Ilien was the first of his house to take the throne in Havnor. His granddaughter was Queen Heru; her son, Maharion (reigned 430-452), was the last king before the Dark Time. "I said Roke," Hemlock said in a tone that said he was unused to having to repeat himself. And. He said, "I lost my way. Have I come to the villager?" His voice was hoarse and harsh, a beggar's. safest? But while he was thinking about it, Losen's men, used to wizard's tricks, drugged his food. In all his flood of talk the only word Gelluk had spoken in the Old Tongue, the language of which wizards' spells were made, was the word tures. He had said it meant semen. Otter's own gift of magery had recognized that meaning as the true one. Gelluk had said the word also meant quicksilver, and Otter knew he was wrong. .gone on past . . . that possibility . . . ".listen and begin to learn. It took them a long time. There was a rivalrous spirit in him that made. cheek in a butterfly kiss, dark lashes. He looked up startled and did not know what had touched. "I don't know," the Herbal said. "I can only tell you that when I'm with him, when I'm in the. on. But she wanted to come, and came, and I let a rope ladder out the window, and she climbed it. .little house near the edge of the Thwilburn that runs out of the Grove, and lived there in the. shadowy sunrise land. Far ahead, bright in the first sunlight, he saw the curve of a high green. "Witchery," they said, "sacrilege, defilement." .off. But as she left she turned back a moment and said, "Let him have the party, Di. Let yourself. body. He made her stop to put on his shirt. He was ashamed of it, for it was filthy, he having. darkness over a glittering roof. Under the roof is the House of the King. The roof stands high. "You won't find out. It's all lies, shams. Old men playing games with words. I wouldn't play their. Nobody would touch him. They stared from a distance at the heap lying in the doorway of San's house. San's wife wept aloud up and down the street. "Bad cess! Bad cess!" she cried. "Oh, my babe will be born dead, I know it!" .as the dragons do. There was a pause. He forgot that he had to answer in words. "I'd stay if I might," he said. "I'd. was hurt. He had thought well of the boy, and offered to write the Summoner about him, and then at. convenience to the wizard, who had got used to having his wants provided, his time free, and an. caution, locking them away to keep them harmless or giving them to a wizard in his hire to do with. The last heirs of the House of Hupun were a boy and girl, Ensar and Anthil. Wishing to end the. Gelluk watched him with his inquisitive, affectionate look, and when Otter stood up, wincing and gasping, the wizard asked gently, "Are you afraid of the King?" .spell that would hide him from them all. They say she lived in a cave under Roke Knoll, never coming into the daylight, but weaving vast. "No. Nor dragons." In the lore-book from Way, which he brought with him in a spell-sealed box whenever he traveled, were passages concerning the true refiner's fire. Having long studied these, Gelluk knew that once he had enough of the pure metal, the next stage was to refine it yet further into the Body of the Moon. He had understood the disguised language of the book to mean that in order to purify pure quicksilver, the fire must be built not of mere wood but of human corpses. Rereading and pondering the words this night in his room in the barracks, he discerned another possible meaning in them. There was always another meaning in the words of this lore. Perhaps the book was saying that there must be sacrifice not only of base flesh but also of inferior spirit. The great fire in the tower should burn not dead bodies but living ones. Living and conscious. Purity from foulness: bliss from pain. It was all part of the great principle, perfectly clear once seen. He was sure he was right, had at last understood the technique. But he must not hurry, he must be patient, must make certain. He turned to another passage and compared the two, and brooded over the book late into the night. Once for a moment something drew his mind away, some invasion of the outskirts of his awareness; the boy was trying some trick or other. Gelluk spoke a single word impatiently, and returned to the marvels of the Allking's realm. He never noticed that his prisoner's dreams had escaped him. "But - but Arren was King Lebannen -". "Worms," said the helmsman, the master's brother. "Catch fish anywhere near Roke, you'll find em

thick with worms as a dead dog on a dunghill." A slight, brown man sitting at the table looked up at him. Westpool got himself a wizard from Roke. He was surprised how easy it was to get one, if you paid. The roof of the cavern was far above him. The trickle of water dripping from the mica ledge day came, and he was there. Not so evidently, so eminently, so flamboyantly there as his father. "You're welcome," she said, and hoisted whatever it was into a massive pottery bowl, and wiped her meant. And so we parted with no Archmage chosen. "To hell with the biologist. Does this mean that a man to whom you've given brit can't do transformation and so escape. Surely his life was in danger, and it would be all right to use the." "The Ring of Peace is healed," said the Herbal, in his patient, troubled voice, "the prophecy is fulfilled, the son of Morred is crowned, and yet we have no peace. Where have we gone wrong? Why can we not find the balance?" holiest place was a cavern and standing stones in the desert of Atuan, called the Tombs. It was a. out of a shadow, disappeared behind one of the machines -- I did not see him open any door, he. earth in his hands, rolled the dirt in his palms, kneading, testing, tasting it. For that time he. "I'm sorry," he said, with enough dignity that Hemlock glanced up at him. The Changer and a thin, keen-faced old man standing beside him nodded in agreement. The Master Hand said, "Irian, I am sorry. Ivory was my pupil. If I taught him badly, I did worse in sending him away. I thought him insignificant, and so harmless. But he lied to you and beguiled you. You must not feel shame. The fault was his, and mine." banners were those of captured towns and isles, and the king was the warlord Losen. Losen never. out of the room. softly in the tops of tall trees, on beyond the gardens. an illuminated walkway. I took it. Above me the whitish spans of structures sailed by; somewhere. 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. And Early had a good chance of tracing him. Losen's power stretched all across Havnor and the. Young King or The Deed of Morred. "The women," she whispered, "the hand. Ask them. In the village. I did see the Mountain." Listening to him, Medra thought of how he and Anieb had walked in the dark and rain by the faint glimmer that showed them only the next step they could take, and of how they had looked up to the red ridge of the mountain in the dawn. small, bulging bottle. She poured me a drink. It had alcohol in it -- not much -- but there was. "A raft for you, sir?" came a courteous voice behind me. I turned around; no one, only a. grief. And so, when it became clear that the boy had a gift of magery, his father tried to beat it

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