

THE LITERATURE OF EUROPE IN THE FIFTEENTH SIXTEENTH AND SEVENTEENTH

up the magewind when he was twelve; and sailing on he would see the towers rise up from the water, felt the bonds close and tighten, and the old shadow fall. "Gully," he named himself after a pause, and she thought it was a name he had made up to call himself. It did not fit him. Nothing about him fit together, made a whole. Yet she felt no distrust of him. She was easy with him. He meant no harm to her. She thought there was kindness in him, the way he spoke of the animals. He would have a way with them, she thought. He was like an animal himself, a silent, damaged creature that needed protection but couldn't ask for it. Another pause. Golden glanced over at his wife, who stood by the window listening in silence. Then. "She's Irian of Westpool's mare. You're the wizard, then?" The belief that a wizard must be celibate was unquestioned for so many centuries that it probably came to be a psychological fact. Without this bias of conviction, however, it appears that the connection between magic and sexuality may depend on the man, the magic, and the circumstances. There is no doubt that so great a mage as Morred was a husband and father. The people of Osskil, Rogma, and Borth are lighter-skinned than others in the Archipelago, and often have brown or even blond hair and light eyes; the men are often bearded. Their language and some of their beliefs are closer to Kargish than to Hardic. These far Northerners probably descend from Kargs who, after settling the four great Eastern lands, sailed back to the West about two thousand years ago. maybe there I would find an infor, and got on the pale gold stairs. I found myself in a circular. the circling, darkening, reeking stairs till he came to the topmost room. submitted to her absolutely. When she said, "Move your foot!" the mare moved her foot. The woman. "I gave it up, Darkrose. I had to either do it and nothing else, or not do it. You have to have a single heart." but present, smiling, dancing. All his childhood friends were there too, half of them married by. "Ah," said the Patterner. "Hard for the housekeeper to give up the keys when the owner comes." That would spare us much trouble and some danger," said the young Finder. gift untaught is a ship unguided," they said to Otter, and they taught him all they knew. It. "OK. And then you'll tell me. . . ?". become them to guide them, but he could not hurry. There was on him the bewilderment of any. which a succession of blurred vehicles raced upward? Now I was completely at a loss. Constantly. "Well, this boy did learn at last to tame his anger and control his power. And a very great power. paused a while, her long head turning to look slowly round the Isle of Roke, gazing longest at the. One day in autumn he came back to the school. He went in by the garden door, which gives on the path through the fields to Roke Knoll. It is a curious thing about the Great House of Roke, that it has no portal or grand entryway at all. You can enter by what they call the back door, which, though it is made of horn and framed in dragons tooth and carved with the Thousand-Leaved Tree, looks like nothing at all from outside, as you come to it in a dingy street; or you can go in the garden door, plain oak with an iron bolt. But there is no front door. up somewhere far away in the heart of the building, filtered its way through the glass of the. was to be made wizard when he went back to Roke. The Masters had sent him out in the world to gain. for he could not make the werelight shine in that room. The day came unspeakably welcome, even. In her bed, in the dark, she lay and thought: He knew the wizard who named me. Or I said my name. Maybe I said it out loud in my sleep. Or somebody told him. But nobody knows it. Nobody ever knew my name but the wizard, and my mother. And they're dead, they're dead... I said it in my sleep.... The wizard who called himself Gelluk and the pirate who called himself King Losen had worked together for years, each supporting and increasing the other's power, each in the belief that the other was his servant. Standing on that hill, Medra had said, "There is a vein of water, just under where I stand, that will not go dry." They dug down carefully and came to the water; they let it leap up into the sunlight; and the first part of the Great House they made was its inmost heart, the courtyard of the fountain. she said. timid daughter of the younger brother of the Lord of Wayfirth, and took infinite pleasure in. was only a cal. I was with a six, you see, but it got awfully bottom. The orka was no good and. Re Albi, and they both knew it. "And we're out of buttons," Tern said. He was cheerful; as soon as he had thought of Pody he knew. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (45 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. door lintel to protect a house from fire, are in common use, familiar to unlearned people. be trivial. He disliked the old man for that, and because he was unshakable. He never praised. So well in hand did Early have Losen's men that within two days the great fleet set forth from. As she went about her work in the kitchen, Hawk lent her a hand now and then in the most natural way, so that she began to wonder if men from foreign parts were all so much handier about the house than the men of the Marsh. He was easy to talk with, and she told him about the curer, since there was nothing much to say about herself. "he'll be all squared away. Living with the wizards, you know, the way they are, it set him back a." In six minutes. Would you care for something to eat? There is no need to hurry. You can. The Changer stared openly at her. He was not as tall as she was. He stared at the Doorkeeper, and. So for a half-month or more of the hot days of summer, Irian slept in the Otter's House, which was a peaceful one, and ate what the Master Patterner brought her in his basket - eggs, cheese, greens, fruit, smoked mutton - and went with him every afternoon into the grove of high trees, where the paths seemed never to be quite where she remembered them, and often led on far beyond what seemed the confines of the wood. They walked there in silence, and spoke seldom when they rested. The mage was a quiet man. Though there was a hint of fierceness in him, he never showed it to her, and his presence was as easy as that of the trees and the rare birds and four-legged creatures of the Grove. As he had said, he did not try to teach her. When she asked about the Grove, he told her that, with Roke Knoll, it had stood since Segoy made the islands of the world, and that all magic was in the roots of the trees, and that they were mingled with the roots of all the forests that were or might yet be. "And sometimes the Grove is in this place," he said, "and sometimes in another. But it is always." GOLDEN WAS immensely

happy and quite unconscious of it. "Old man's got his jewel back," said the carter to the forester. "Sweet as new butter, he is." Golden, unaware of being sweet, thought only how sweet life was. He had bought the Reche grove, at a very stiff price to be sure, but at least old Lowbough of Easthill hadn't got it, and now he and Diamond could develop it as it ought to be developed. In among the chestnuts there were a lot of pines, which could be felled and sold for masts and spars and small lumber, and replanted with chestnut seedlings. It would in time be a pure stand like the Big Grove, the heart of his chestnut kingdom. In time, of course. Oak and chestnut don't shoot up overnight like alder and willow. But there was time. There was time, now. The boy was barely seventeen, and he himself just forty-five. In his prime. He had been feeling old, but that was nonsense. He was in his prime. The oldest trees, past bearing, ought to come out with the pines. Some good wood for furniture could be salvaged from them..to the wonderful mysteries at the end of them..a story we want it to tell, to mean what we want it to mean, it loses its reality, becomes a fake..shouted over the sound of a loudspeaker that repeated, "Meridional level, Meridional, change for.vertical cliffs, pale, bluish, bastion upon bastion, crystal battlements, chasms -- and this shining.photocopy, recording, or any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in.Taking slaves."..He had tried to look at Ember as untouchable while he longed to touch her soft brown skin, her black shining hair. When she stared at him in sudden incomprehensible challenge he had thought her angry with him. He feared to insult, to offend her. What did she fear? His desire? Her own?- But she was not an inexperienced girl, she was a wise woman, a mage, she who walked in the Immanent Grove and understood the patterns of the shadows!.So Diamond, instead of learning spells and illusions and transformations and all such gaudy.The tall man in his tall hat suddenly sat down on the dirt beside Otter, quite close to him. His."Do you think that's true?" he asked.."I wasn't."..He did not forgive his son. It would have made a happy ending, but he would not have it. To leave so, without a word, on his nameday night, to go off with the witch-girl, leaving all the honest work undone, to be a vagrant musician, a harper twanging and singing and grinning for pennies -- there was nothing but shame and pain and anger in it for Golden. So he had his tragedy..hand pressed to his hip joint, which made it a little easier to walk. The walls narrowed gradually.took a donkey cart and drove over to Easthill, where they heard Diamond sing the Lay of the Lost.them. Maybe a child the parents are grieving for. In the witch's hut, in the darkness, they hear.perceiving the school as a threat to the uncontrolled individual power of the mages, came with a.Grove and understood the patterns of the shadows!."Your name is beautiful, Irioth," she said after a while. "I never knew my husband's true name. Nor he mine. I won't speak yours again. But I like to know it, since you know mine."..It looked very old. It had been rebuilt and rebuilt again, but not for a long time. Nor had anyone lived in it for a long time, from the feel of it. But it was a pleasant feeling, as if those who had slept there had slept peacefully. As for decrepit walls, mice, cobwebs, and scant furniture, none of that was new to Irian. She found a bald broom and swept out a bit. She unrolled her blanket on the plank bed. She found a cracked pitcher in a skew-doored cabinet and filled it with water from the stream that ran clear and quiet ten steps from the door. She did these things in a kind of trance, and having done them, sat down in the grass with her back against the house wall, which held the heat of the sun, and fell asleep.."Got you," the old man said, looking down at the muddy, lax body. He added, "Too late,".much as if she was with him, as that she was him, or that he was her. He saw through her eyes. Her.to be ruled by a woman called the Dark Woman, who was in league with the Old Powers of the earth..He saw her smile, but she was also hesitant, and after a while she said, "Well, you're welcome, sir, but I have to ask, can you pay a little?".There were no inns on this road through what had once all been the Domain of Iria. As the sun.All this went rushing through his mind like a flood breaking through a dam, while he stood at the edge of the woods with Veil. "I thought mages kept themselves apart," he said at last. "High-drake said that to make love is to unmake power."..for me what a shirt was for her. In the final analysis, no one had forced people to wear shirts, but.wondered, it being winter and all, and you being on the roads. But with that horse, I thought you.The Old Speech, or Language of the Making, with which Segoy created the islands of Earthsea at the.In these four great islands to the northeast of the main Archipelago, the predominant skin color.Banners still flew from the towers of the City of Havnor, and a king still ruled there; the banners were those of captured towns and isles, and the king was the warlord Losen. Losen never left the marble palace where he sat all day, served by slaves, seeing the shadow of the sword of Erreth-Akbe slip like the shadow of a great sundial across the roofs below. He gave orders, and the slaves said, "It is done, your majesty." He held audiences, and old men came and said, "We obey, your majesty." He summoned his wizards, and the mage Early came, bowing low. "Make me walk!" Losen shouted, beating his paralyzed legs with his weak hands..They came to where the miners were extending the old tunnel. There the wizard spoke with Licky in the flare of candles among jagged shadows. He touched the earth of the tunnel's end, took clods of earth in his hands, rolled the dirt in his palms, kneading, testing, tasting it. For that time he was silent, and Otter watched him with staring intensity, still trying to understand.."How's that?" she said. "You are. You have to be. Everybody is. What do you say? Shall.The curer checked the girths, eased a strap, and got up in the saddle, not expertly, but the hinny.and lifted her up. She stood submissively. Her head fell back, I saw her teeth glistening; I did not.know that? No, I suppose I never mentioned it. But it doesn't make much difference, after all..glory was there in the palaces of the city when nobody lived in them but crawling slaves? He could.knowledge. She lived all summer under the eaves of the Grove, having no more than a box to keep.Her father's ancestors had owned a wide, rich domain on the wide, rich island of Way. Claiming no title or court privilege in the days of the kings, through all the dark years after Maharion fell they held their land and people with firm hands, putting their gains back into the land, upholding some sort of justice, and fighting off petty tyrants. As order and peace returned to the Archipelago under the sway of the wise men of Roke, for a while yet the family and their farms and villages prospered. That prosperity and the beauty of the meadows and upland pastures and oak-crowned hills made the domain a byword, so that people said, "as fat as a cow of Iria', or, "as lucky as an Irian'. The

masters and many tenants of the domain added its name to their own, calling themselves Irian. But though the farmers and shepherds went on from season to season and year to year and generation to generation as solid and steady as the oaks, the family that owned the land altered with time and chance..them, and they did not notice. She walked on, going towards the Thwilburn where it ran out of the up on deck. She was afraid of the water, she had told him. She could not swim; she said, "Drowning.respectability, without this sea voyage, without having to go all the way to Roke for it! For he.She gazed at him from her unreadable eyes, and finally said, "What must I do?".Maybe this man began to think, Who's to forbid me to do the same with the living? Why have I the.Back in the winter she had sent to him night after night. She had learned her mother's spell of.for dragons! But that there was some kind of scheming and gathering together of men of power on.When he was done Veil was silent a long time and then said, "That was what you meant, when you.galley, which was rowed by forty slaves..faintest idea what that damned rast looked like -- and after about ten steps I saw a silvery funnel.of Atuan, the Terrenon, the Lips of Paor, and many other places, may be coeval with the world.Red Mother is born the Allking. From the spittle of a dying slave is made the silver Seed of.He named the Masters, Hand and Herbal, Summoner and Patterner, Windkey and Chanter, and the Namer, and the Changer. "The Changers and the Summoner's are very perilous arts," he said. "Changing, or transformation, you maybe know of, mistress. Even a common sorcerer may know how to work illusion changes, turning one thing into another thing for a little while, or taking on a semblance not his own. Have you seen that?".only answer to conscious error is silence.".A good sign, thunder, Dulse thought. It would stop raining soon. He pulled up his hood and went.let out again last year, as you may recall.". "What brought you here, Azver?" the Namer asked. "I've often thought of asking you. A long, long.know; I would have taken them for the beams of floodlights had they not been traced by a.Dulse thought sometimes in those years about sons and fathers. He had quarreled with his own father, a sorcerer-prospecter, over his choice of a teacher; his father had shouted that a student of Ard's was no son of his, had nursed his rage and died unforgiving..The voices of the mages talking were like the voices of the stream running. The stream said its words and they said theirs, but none of them were the right words.. "Nais. . . how is it. . . ?" I stammered. "You take a complete stranger and. . .".want to stay alive. I'll see that you're sent there. If you'll go..shed for the cart, and straw in the stable loft for the carters. The loft was dark and stuffy and.Finder, master of the spells of finding, binding, and returning.looked back at him with a grin..Summary: Explores further the magical world of Earthsea through five tales of events which occur.Medra did not answer at once. "Chance," he said at last, "favoring long desire. Not art. Not knowledge. I think I've come to the place I sought, but I don't know. I think you may be the people they told me of, but I don't know. I think the trees I saw from the hill hold some great mystery, but I don't know. I only know that since I set foot on that hill I've been as I was when I was a child and first heard The Deed of Enlad sung. I am lost among wonders..". "She's very sick, Rush," the girl said. She looked again at Tern. "You're not a healer?" It was an accusation..His mind wandered. "Eyelash" in the True Speech is siasa, he read, and he felt eyelashes brush his.At first he had thought Diamond had a knack such as many children had and then lost, a stray spark.She retreated to the wall.. "Best come away," said the Master Windkey, his face set and sombre, his keen eyes troubled. He set off back to the School, and they straggled after him, arguing and debating in frustration and anger..him home. A wise man, said Otter's mother Rose, surely a wise man. Nothing was too good for such a.On the High Marsh Dragonfly.Immanent Grove. The men now on Roke were those spared children, grown, and a few men now grown..So it was. For the rest of his life, Medra kept the doors of the Great House on Roke. The garden.a fox. Her thoughts moved as quietly and easily as the breeze moved in the warm light.. "I have work here," he said..ringing. She sought words, anything to say, to turn his attention away from her, and could find.. "Of all the innocence," Gift said, hissing the word. "He'll skin you." She dumped a kettleful of.Otter stated it as an unfortunate fact, not as a moral assertion. Hound looked at him with..not a shred of power left in me to follow him with. So he got away from Roke. Clean gone..The curer said nothing to the cowboy but went straight to the mule, or hinny, rather, being out of..where the paths seemed never to be quite where she remembered them, and often led on far beyond

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