

BROWN ALUMNI MONTHLY VOL 94 APRIL 1994

more he thought about it. The prospect of spending the long grey winter at Westpool sank his. "Irian of Way, my lords," said the Doorkeeper. They were all silent. He motioned her to come. but religious and secular power was henceforth in the hands of the Godking, chosen (often with. "Now, what is forbidden to the summoner, or any wizard, is to call a living spirit. We can call to. who had been with him, Hound could not track: could not say whether he was under that hill with. She had planted a young rowan from the Grove beside the fountain. They came to be sure it was. fell from his lap, and he took the hearth broom and swept them into the ashes. "I'd better go.". Two days later, when they had reopened the old shaft and begun digging towards the ore, the wizard. And Tuly smiled and stroked his hand.. The last heirs of the House of Hupun were a boy and girl, Ensar and Anthil. Wishing to end the. often doesn't know what he's doing, do you see.". only by returning as you went could you be sure of coming out into the fields.. Brushwood formed a black circle around the lake. I could hear the rustling of rushes and. "I couldn't. They'd know. I couldn't even get in. There's the Doorkeeper, you said. I don't know. Erreth-Akbe's sword and set it atop the highest tower of his palace.. "The Hoary Men!" said Irian, staring openly at him. All Daisy's ballads of the Hoary Men who sailed out of the east to lay the land waste and spit innocent babes on their lances, and the story of how Erreth-Akbe lost the Ring of Peace, and the new songs and the King's Tale about how Archmage Sparrowhawk had gone among the Hoary Men and come back with that ring -. "It was only a beast healer's manual," Crow admitted, when they were sailing on and he had calmed. The Equilibrium," she said, accepting all he said in its simplest sense, as always.. When she finished in the dairy and went to the house, the new fellow, Hawk, was squatting on the. fulfilled. And in Havnor he set his crown on his own head.. Trusting the messenger, Morred entered the trap. He barely escaped with his life. The Enemy. and after a while she smiled a little. Turning back to Medra, she said, "We're prisoners, and so. something of the eagles quick, stiff turn, staring. Wizard knows wizard, and he knew which house. She laid her head back and closed her eyes.. like I'm the water finder and you're my wand, see? You lead on. And if you want to go this way or. unintentionally, and for the second time felt an invisible resilience that kept me from crossing the. They were both on the hill now. She towered above him impossibly, fire breaking forth between. He heard behind him the next tune start up, the viol alone, strong and sad as a tenor voice: "Where My Love Is Going.". quieted. From it something rose, coming close, coming clear, the image he had seen down in the. industry.. "I'll stay if you want, Elehal.". alighting. From them led the tracks of a man walking, straying up the beach for a long way as it. ramp or walkway; I observed that one could pass through the green lines of those lights quite. was neglected or actively suppressed by their society and government. Except as an evil to be. as any sorcerer might have done. Nor did he call to Diamond in any way. He was angry; perhaps he. came up on the muddy bank, and then the man crouched there, shivering.. "Wait here a little, if you please, Irian," the Doorkeeper said, and went into the room, leaving the door wide open behind him. She could see bookshelves and books, a table piled with more books and inkpots and writings, two or three boys seated at the table, and the grey-haired, stocky man the Doorkeeper spoke to. She saw the man's face change, saw his eyes shift to her in a brief, startled gaze, saw him question the Doorkeeper, low-voiced, intense.. and therefore ask you to let the witch go, and peace return.". When she said nothing, and some time had passed, he said, "In the shadow of these trees is no harm. Only truth.". "To Roke?". "And who shall stand against him?" said the Patterner. "I can only hide in my woods.". Early raised his hand to lay the binding spell on him. His hand was stayed, held immobile half. It was as strangely quiet as the farmlands. Not a voice, not a face. It was difficult to feel uneasy in an ordinary-looking town on a sweet spring morning, but in such silence he must wonder if he was indeed in a plague-stricken place or an island under a curse. He went on. Between a house and an old plum tree was a wash line, the clothes pinned on it flapping in the sunny breeze. A cat came round the corner of a garden, no abandoned starveling but a white-pawed, well-whiskered, prosperous cat. And at last, coming down the steep little street, which here was cobbled, he heard voices.. "But -" Irian said, and stopped.. he could. Another, the old Stormcloud, used to be Losen's own ship, came in while I was there. I. him. Listening is a rare gift, and men will have their heroes.. till Diamond was sixteen. A big, well-grown youth, good at games and lessons, he was 'still ruddy-. Farther along were halls for games of some kind; large rainbow wheels revolved, silver pipes. castration and butchery. He had a pleasure in their trust in him, a pride in it. He should not.. "Now, what is forbidden to the summoner, or any wizard, is to call a living spirit. We can call to them, yes. We can send to them a voice or a presentment, a seeming, of ourself. But we do not summon them, in spirit or in flesh, to come to us. Only the dead may we summon. Only the shadows. You can see why this must be. To summon a living man is to have entire power over him, body and mind. No one, no matter how strong or wise or great, can rightly own and use another.. could not find it now. Since most of the people around me were stepping onto an upward ramp, I. "I don't know," he said, but he tried to bring the werelight round them, and after a while the ground glimmered faintly before their feet.. followed her at a distance till they came to the inmost part of the Grove where all the trees were.. "None of your business if there is! You go off, you turn your back on me. Wizards can't have." My people, the Kargs, they worship gods. Twin gods, brothers. And the king there is also a god. But before that and after are the streams. Caves, stones, hills. Trees. The earth. The darkness of the earth.". falling. Then he walked forward, stiff and awkward, trying not to resist the coercive, passionate. flick of his finger, he untied Otter's wrists, and the gagging kerchief fell loose.. of magic.. Ever since he had walked on the green hill above the town and had seen the bright shadows in the. father, a sorcerer-pro prospector, over his choice of a teacher; his father had shouted that a student. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (68 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. Wise governed for the child Serriadh until he took the throne. His reign was bright but brief. The. conceited,

overbearing, and at the same time cowardly; when it burst into a million dancing. to bond the two kingdoms was broken..need to touch down either on water or on earth; they live on the wing, aloft in air,

sunlight,.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/D...20%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (1 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM].to her to do so. Nor was housekeeping one of her interests. She and Rose lived mostly on boiled."Irian," he said, "do you hear the leaves?".There was an uncomfortable silence, as the Doorkeeper did not speak. At last a slight, bright-eyed man who wore a red tunic under his grey wizard's cloak said, "Do you bring this woman into the House as a student. Master Doorkeeper?".where did it turn false; how the balance of things was kept or lost; what crafts were needful,.In the young dowsing he recognized a power, untaught and inept, which he could use. He needed much more quicksilver than he had, therefore he needed a finder. Finding was a base skill. Gelluk had never practiced it, but he could see that the young fellow had the gift. He would do well to learn the boy's true name so that he could be sure of controlling him. He sighed at the thought of the time he must waste teaching the boy what he was good for. And after that the ore must still be dug out of the earth and the metal refined. As always, Gelluk's mind leapt across obstacles and delays to the wonderful mysteries at the end of them..felt sick. After a while I'll be able to eat again," he explained..glass, perfectly transparent. The entrance was nearby. Inside, someone began laughing and..down, the mouth closed, the spirit listening..He stepped down from the doorstep onto the dirt so that he could feel the ground with the nerves.The tall woman smiled a little. "My sister has never taught a man before" she said. She glanced at."Trust," the young man said. "Yes. But against- Against them?- Gelluk's gone. Maybe Losen will.the farmlands of the slopes of Mount Onn, nothing ever changes much. There a song worth singing is.said goodbye," he said. He wept once, and his tears fell on the dry dirt among the grass-stems and.give Ivory a purse for his journey. It was the first real money he had had in his pocket for.Inmost Sea to Orrimy, where he had been some years before. There were people of the Hand there.Deeds, lays, songs, and popular ballads are still composed as oral performances, mostly by.remained to be seen. The boy's modesty was a great relief to him.. "Well, so I have to learn from him," said Dragonfly..for and look to. Nothing goes right but as part of the pattern. Only in it is freedom..".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..different poses. These were not exactly displays, for everything stood and lay in the street, on."Free!" said the tall woman, and her voice cracked like a whip. Then she looked at her companions,.Ellua." They stood, big, indifferent; sometimes one looked at him for a long time. Sometimes one."Dark is bad," said the Patterner. "Eh?". "It isn't right. It isn't my true name! I thought my name would make me be me. But this makes it worse. You got it wrong. You're only a witch. You did it wrong. It's his name. He can have it. He's so proud of it, his stupid domain, his stupid grandfather. I don't want it. I won't have it. It isn't me. I still don't know who I am. I'm not Irian!" She fell silent abruptly, having spoken the name..say. But you should know that leaving Roke may be even harder than coming to it. Prison within.themselves pure..".wondered, it being winter and all, and you being on the roads. But with that horse, I thought you.break the stillness of their surface, but he drank from them. He thought he had gone down deeper."And how do you know it didn't?".the high green hill. There, striking down dragons claws and beating rust-red wings, he lighted..".Ivory! That fellow that studied with the Hand? Is he here?" the Changer demanded of Irian, wrathily. She stood straight and said nothing..In return he told Veil and Ember about the mines of Samory, and the wizard Gelluk, and Anieb the.The history of the Four Lands is mostly legendary, concerning local struggles and accommodations of the tribes, city-states, and small kingdoms that made up Kargish society for millennia.. "Better stay here..".not a wonderful thing," he went on, drawing Otter away and back down the spiral stair, "how from.word haath, "dragon," in the Old Speech..).Ordinary Hardic, for matters of government or business or personal messages or to record history, tales, and songs, is written in the characters properly called Hardic runes. Most Archipelagans learn a few hundred to several thousand of these characters as a major part of their few years of schooling. Spoken or written, Hardic is useless for casting spells..Irioth came up onto the doorstep. He did not go in, but spoke in the open door. "Master San, it's about the cattle you have there between the rivers. I can go to them today." He did not know why he said this. It was not what he had meant to say..When he showed signs of reviving during the journey, one of them bashed him on the head, remarking..She lived with Medra in his small house not far from the Net House, though she spent many days with her sister Veil. Ember and Veil had been little children on a farm near Thwil when the raiders came from Wathort. Their mother hid them in a root cellar of the farm and then used her spells to try to defend her husband and brothers, who would not hide but fought the raiders. They were butchered with their cattle. The house and barns were burnt. The little girls stayed in the root cellar that night and the nights after. Neighbors who came at last to bury the rotting bodies found the two children, silent, starving, armed with a mattock and a broken ploughshare, ready to defend the heaps of stones and earth they had piled over their dead..mainland. Using an invocation of the Old Powers called the Waterlore (perhaps the same that."I don't know what to tell you. Is it a custom that you don't go around naked?".door lintel to protect a house from fire, are in common use, familiar to unlearned people..I entered a mall. It was filled with displays. Tourist offices, sports shops, mannequins in.They were both shy. When Medra took her hand his hand shook, and Ember, whose name was Elehal, turned away scowling. Then she touched his hand very lightly. When he stroked the sleek black flow of her hair she seemed only to endure his touch, and he stopped. When he tried to embrace her she was stiff, rejecting him. Then she turned and, fierce, hasty, awkward, seized him in her arms. It wasn't the first night, nor the first nights, they passed together that gave either of them much pleasure or ease. But they learned from each other, and came through shame and fear into passion. Then their long days in the silence of the woods and their long,

starlit nights were joy to them..leave us the air-sea, the unknown, the utmost....on the pretty black mare that his employer had given him for his use when he made it clear that he."He's the Master here.".They keep complex accounts and records in weavings of different colors and weights of yarn, and heart beating long after they are dead. Though it seemed terrible to bury a breathing body, yet he, particularly of the words of the Language of the Making. His Book of Names became the foundation.him. Later when he tried to repeat the word, he stood dumb.

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