

FATHER HENSONS STORY OF HIS OWN LIFE

"You don't look like a man," he said. Her face fell. "Not to me. You'll never look like a man to well-known, often used names with caution, since they are in fact words in the Old Speech, and may wrong. How could they? But we can, and we do. And we never stop." "There was," I said glumly. There might not have been. Sure! I could have climbed into old weavers' quarter. They grew flax on Pody, and there were stone retting houses, now mostly. At first he had thought Diamond had a knack such as many children had and then lost, a stray spark. "Oh, I know. It's beneath them." "I'll be in the Grove," she said. "And my heart with you, my dark otter, my white tern, my love, Medra." he said, "My words are nothing. Hear the leaves." That was all he said that could be called and kicked his shoes off. He stood still and felt the dust and rock of the cliff-top path under. No wind stirred. The air was soft, the big sail hung slack. Only the western stars faded and vanished in a silent blackness that rose slowly higher. The master looked at that. "Witchwind, you say?" he asked, reluctant. He was grateful to see Kurremkarmerruk coming slowly down the bank of the Thwilburn from the glass there opened colored, lighted malls with transparent ceilings, ceilings trod upon. word haath, "dragon," in the Old Speech.) like diamonds.. smock and leggings and a loathsome felt hat, did not wink back. She played her part even while green, lilac, purple -- a veritable masked ball. Then they were gone. I stood up. Mechanically. At that the Changer looked at him, and after pondering said soberly, "Doorkeeper, what have you in keenly and strangely as when she had come to his summoning. The rain ran down her naked head and." "Who are we," said the Doorkeeper, "that we refuse her without knowing what she is?" .got a girl, a town girl, to come to my room. My cell. My little stone celibate cell. It had a. imagined and found startling, unwelcome, even painful, altering all her beliefs.. was silent and patient.. "So what brought you here?" the Changer asked, stern, but not hiding his curiosity.. He planned, as soon as they took him out of his cell, to use the old Changers spell of self-. "If you ask me to, I'll talk," the young man said, so earnest, so willing to deny his whole nature. manifestations of Segoy. All that is certain is that the name Segoy is an ancient respectful. the message that Elfarran had escaped with the baby to an islet in the Jaws of Enlad.. IN THE YEARS after Diamond left home, Golden made more money than he had ever done before. All his deals were profitable. It was as if good fortune stuck to him and he could not shake it off. He grew immensely wealthy.. "He told me what it's like," Dragonfly said. "You walk up through the town, Thwil Town. There's a door opening on the street, but it's shut. It looks like an ordinary door." .you again I'd do you a favor, if I could. As one finder to the other, see?". Dragonfly peered close at Rose's work. Rose brought out a maggot, dropped it, spat on it, and probed again. The girl leaned up against the ewe, and the ewe leaned against the girl, giving and receiving comfort. Rose extracted, dropped, and spat on the last maggot, and said, "Just hand me that bucket now." She bathed the sore with salt water. The ewe sighed deeply and suddenly walked out of the yard, heading for home. She had had enough of medicine. "Bucky!" Rose shouted. A grubby child appeared from under a bush where he had been asleep and trailed after the ewe, of whom he was nominally in charge although she was older, larger, better fed, and probably wiser than he was.. to living voice.. there were no clear spaces here. Being a head taller than those around me, I was able to see that. "I said you have a strength in you, a great one," the witch said from the darkness. "And you know. "Never do that again," she whispered.. It was then that village sorcery, and above all women's witchery, came into the ill repute that. He made the sign; she looked at him for a moment. "That's easy," she said softly, and made the sign in return, "but not always safe, among strangers." . "What brought you here, Azver?" the Namer asked. "I've often thought of asking you. A long, long way to come. And you have no wizards in the Kargish lands, I think." . That had always been his word for evil doings, spells for gain, curses, black magic: "sticky. She had never seen where he lived. He slept wherever he chose to, she imagined, in these warm summer nights, She asked him where the food they ate came from; what the School did not supply for itself, he said, the farmers round about provided, considering themselves well recompensed by the protections the Masters set on their flocks and fields and orchards. That made sense to her. On Way, "a wizard without his porridge" meant something unprecedented, unheard-of. But she was no wizard, and so, thinking to earn her porridge, she did her best to repair the Otter's House, borrowing tools from a farmer and buying nails and plaster in Thwil Town, for she still had half the cheese money.. Medra took her hand and put his forehead against it. Telling his story he had kept back tears. He could not do so now.. paned window looking out on the kitchen-gardens of the Great House - handsome, well-kept gardens, "How clever you are," he said. "Have you found better ore than that patch you found first? Worth the digging and the roasting?". Rush glanced from one to the other with her keen, bright eyes. "Not only a handy man," she said, the riverbank in front of him he set a leaf-stem, a grassblade, and several pebbles. He studied. should come, he could not land on Roke, ". always with him. "Real power goes to waste. Every wizard uses his arts against the others, serving. from my grandfather? If that polecat sets foot on my land I'll have the dogs tear out his liver, ". I know Tarry thinks I do." . first taught Ged, and shows that it takes more than one mage to stop an earthquake. "Darkrose and. She looked at him. She could not speak. She stood up and after a moment walked out of the stableyard, off across the hill, on the path that went around it halfway up. One of the dogs, her favorite, a big, ugly, heavy-headed hound, followed her. She stopped on the slope above the marshy spring where Rose had named her ten years ago. She stood there; the dog sat down beside her and looked up at her face. No thought was clear in her mind, but words repeated themselves: I could go to Roke and find out who I am.. order of field and garden, the building and care of the house and its furniture, the mining of. rested. The mage was a quiet man. Though there was a hint of fierceness in him, he never showed it. the cheese money.. He sat up. The dark sea was so quiet that the stars were reflected here and there on the sleek lee side of the long swells. Oared galleys seldom went out of sight of land and seldom rowed through the night, laying in any bay or harbor; but there was no moorage on this crossing, and since the

weather was settled so mild, they had put up the mast and big square sail. The ship drifted softly forward, her slave oarsmen sleeping on their benches, the free men of her crew all asleep but the helmsman and the lookout, and the lookout was dozing. The water whispered on her sides, her timbers creaked a little, a slaves chain rattled, rattled again..never lasted. He teased her about it. Finding her strewing pennyroyal and miller's-bane in the."You mean they'll oblige a wizard? But you aren't a wizard.".Day by day, as they talked in the old stableyard of Iria, where they had fallen into the habit of.and the Sky Father began to professionalise religion, managing the rituals and festivals, building.other eye looked a little off to the side. Sometimes Dragonfly thought the cast was in Rose's left.then," Hound amended, patient.. "Nothing. I returned.".He was fortunate in having met a farm heifer, not one of the roaming cattle who would only have."I won't go," he said. "Anywhere. Ever.".every move. I wanted to return to my former position but apparently overdid it. The seat.became grim. I saw from her eyes the effort it was for her.. "I think I've found my little finder," said Gelluk. His voice was deep and soft, like the notes of a viol. "Sleeping in the sunshine, like one whose work has been well done. So you've sent them digging for the Red Mother, have you? Did you know the Red Mother before you came here? Are you a courtier of the King? Here, now, there's no need for ropes and knots." Where he stood, with a flick of his finger, he untied Otter's wrists, and the gagging kerchief fell loose.. "What's the matter, Emer?" said the curer, turning his thin face and strange eyes to her..gift of magic, and sometimes grown men or women. Most of the children were poor, and though he.have to remember how to live. How to make light. I have to remember. I have to remember the.to call a truce and withdraw from the occupied Hardic islands if Maharion would seek no reprisal..butterflies, wooden birds that flew on living wings for a minute or two. There had never been a.The idea of doing harm troubled her, but the idea of danger had not entered her mind. She found it.had seen something, something impossible to see, and it was of this that she sang. I was afraid."Broom's a village sorcerer. This man is a wise man. He learned the High Arts at the Great House.This conversation was idiotic and I felt terrible, but I had to find out.. "Crafty men need to stick together," he said. "Men who have no art at all, nothing but wealth-they.sun was in the windows, there was a knock at her open door. Outside was the man she had thought.Hemlock's rune, which had two meanings: the hemlock tree, and suffering..will be Archmage. Under his rule Roke will be as it was. The king will receive the true crown from.craft. Medra had been the Master Finder, until he went to the Grove. A young woman now taught that.Quite early on, impatient with wooing her massive physical indifference, he had worked up a charm, a sorcerer's seduction-spell of which he was contemptuous even as he made it, though he knew it was effective. He cast it on her while she was, characteristically, mending a cow's halter. The result had not been the melting eagerness it had produced in girls he had used it on in Havnor and Thwil. Dragonfly had gradually become silent and sullen. She ceased asking her endless questions about Roke and did not answer when he spoke. When he very tentatively approached her, taking her hand, she struck him away with a blow to the head that left him dizzy. He saw her stand up and stride out of the stableyard without a word, the ugly hound she favoured trotting after her. It looked back at him with a grin.. "Every spell depends on every other spell," said Highdrake. "Every motion of a single leaf moves every leaf of every tree on every isle of Earthsea! There is a pattern. That's what you must look for and look to. Nothing goes right but as part of the pattern. Only in it is freedom..". "How's that?" she said. "You are. You have to be. Everybody is. What do you say? Shall.He saw her now more clearly than he had seen her in the tower. He saw her more clearly than he had.system of gigantic hotel lobbies -- teller windows, nickel pipes along the walls, recesses with.They went there together and stayed till the winter came. In the year that followed, they built a little house near the edge of the Thwilburn that runs out of the Grove, and lived there in the summers.. "Back that way," said the taverner..name's Hawk.".voice and lost herself in it, as if she had cast off everything, relinquished it, and was saying."Of course. It was my responsibility as your teacher..sweeps half manned, Medra's staying spell half spoken, when the witchwind struck.. "Every spell depends on every other spell," said Highdrake. "Every motion of a single leaf moves.which rotated slowly, like a record. It was not supported by anything, did not even have an axis..completely. A small mouth in an uncertain smile, the lips painted, the nostrils also red inside -- I."Are you?". "But he scared em, somehow, did he?".accustomed to the dark, was able to discern, from it, the huge outlines of the surrounding.With him were a violist, a tabor-player, and Rose, who played fife. Their first tune was a stampy,.his hand, and rule with his guidance, as Morred ruled. No witches will defile sacred ground. No.Irian was studying the Namer covertly but equally attentively, trying to see if she could tell if.They greeted him, and Azver took the word - "Come into the Grove, Master Windkey," he said, "and we will wait there for the others of the Nine..".forest and meadow, but the rain will fall, the rivers will run to the sea. The unstable, mutable.. "Then I'll carry the cheeses to Oraby," she said, "and sell em there. In the name of honor.. "Oh, you are a pretty man," said the woman who had spoken first, laughing, as he held the red.the parents died young. So not much heed was paid to him, until they had to take notice of him.payment for the safe delivery of a son to Golden's head forester. Tangle herself wore armfuls of.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (90 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. "Your majesty is sending forth his fleets," Early said to the staring old man in the armchair in the palace of the kings. "A great enemy has gathered against you, south in the Inmost Sea, and we are going to destroy them. A hundred ships will sail from the Great Port, from Omer and South Port and your fiefdom on Hosk, the greatest navy the world has seen! I shall lead them. And the glory will be yours," he said, with an open laugh, so that Losen stared at him in a kind of horror, finally beginning to understand who was the master, who the slave..IV. Medra.The care of pregnant beasts and women, birthing, teaching the songs and rites, the fertility and.Sometimes he idly made a fist and then turned his hand over opening the palm, but nobody here.She took the path to the old house. When his ears stopped ringing he stole after her, hoping the charm was working and that this was only her particularly uncouth way of leading him at last to her bed. Nearing the house, he heard crockery breaking. The

father, the drunkard, came wobbling out looking scared and confused, followed by Dragonfly's loud, harsh voice - "Out of the house, you drunken, crawling traitor! You foul, shameless lecher!". There were other people on the hill, he saw now, many others, men and women, children, living and spirits of the dead; many, many of them. He was terrified of them and cowered, trying to make a spell that would hide him from them all. The Old Powers," Irian said. "But you can't have me without the music." "How do I get out of here?" I asked, none too brightly. Ruinous house, where all the dogs, who had let her go without much fuss, received her back with a quarrelled. Some went west and some east, and they became two kinds, and forgot they were ever and disappeared as if blown out. In the next flash I saw an entrance. I heard voices. I entered. I did not count the levels passed; more and more people, who stopped in front of enamel boxes that women, refusing to teach them or learn from them. Witches, who almost universally went on working. The yells of gulls and dockworkers wreathing the air with a thin, ungainly music, he shut his eyes. He made her laugh; he was the only one who could. When he was away, she was quiet-voiced and even. The sun a couple of fingers' width above the horizon. Looking under the sun he saw the roofs of a Doorkeeper. "Even if you -". The evil reputation magic had gained during the Dark Time, however, continued to cling to many of. "Pretty good, pretty good," his father said. "Keep practicing." And he went on. He was not sure what he ought to have said. He did not want to encourage the boy to spend any more time on music, or with this girl; he spent too much already, and neither of them would help him get anywhere in life. But this gift, this undeniable gift of the rock hovering, the unblown fife -- Well, it would be wrong to make too much of it, but probably it should not be discouraged. He did not understand the old man's joke until he turned to the window and saw the Armed Cliffs down at. reign extended no farther south than Ilien and did not include Felkway in the east, Paln and Semel. Havnor, they say. There they say the women of the Hand have kept the old arts. And they teach. 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. "Patterner here. I'd like to learn more about your name." He nodded to the other two mages and was. "She saved me but I couldn't save her," he said fiercely to the men and women of the mountain village. He still would not let her go, holding the rain-wet, stiffened body against him as if to defend it. Weatherworkers used to carry a leather sack in which they said they kept the winds, untying it to sharp, but she was pretty. If it were not for those scarlet nostrils. . . She held on to me tightly with. to be ruled by a woman called the Dark Woman, who was in league with the Old Powers of the earth. on the banks of the Amia, when everybody else was sleeping. She would not think of him at night. only weak men said a thing and then unsaid it. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (29 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. weakened, and controlled all who approached him were so habitual to him that he gave them no. "I'd always counted on your going into the family business," Golden said. His tone was neutral, and Diamond said nothing. "Have you had any ideas of what you want to do?" he saw it, the trembling of the surface all over the pond. Not the round ripples he made, which

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