

## RY FOR PRECIOUS RELICS LEGENDARY BIOGRAPHICAL AND HISTORICAL ILLUS

The faintest little sighing tremor ran over the slow, smooth swells.. "Wait here a little, if you please, Irian," the Doorkeeper said, and went into the room, leaving mirrors glittered, but everything was deserted. At the very end of the mall, in the darkness, At that, the witch stopped walking. She hissed like a cat. "Tell anyone?" "It is not glass, to break," Azver said. "It is breath, it is fire." She followed the Doorkeeper down a stone passageway. Only at the end of it did she think to turn. In there he knew he should hurry, that the bones of the earth ached to move, and that he must become them to guide them, but he could not hurry. There was on him the bewilderment of any transformation. He had in his day been fox, and bull, and dragonfly, and knew what it was to change being. But this was different, this slow enlargement. I am vastening, he thought.. jaws with the snap of a gate bolted, I caught the stench of his breath, what. . . iron pot. "How do we get all that back to the village?" he asked the hinny. She looked after the. It was absolutely silent.. smiled.. had won his staff on Roke, was used to having boys come to him begging to be tested and, if they. Tern left late that year on his journey. He had with him a boy of fifteen, Mote, a promising. shoes off his feet, and left him sleeping. She went to look at the other one. He looked feverish, The roof of the cavern was far above him. The trickle of water dripping from the mica ledge glittered in short dashes in the werelight.. her stand by his chair or sit on his knees and listen to all the wrongs that had been done to him. He left her at the corner of the street, a narrow, dull, somehow sly-looking street that slanted up between featureless walls to a wooden door in a higher wall. He had put his spell on her, and she looked like a man, though she did not feel like one. She and Ivory took each other in their arms, because after all they had been friends, companions, and he had done all this for her. "Courage!" he said, and let her go. She walked up the street and stood before the door. She looked back then, but he was gone.. "You never sent to me, you never let me send to you, all the time you were gone. I was just supposed to wait until you got tired of playing wizard. Well, I got tired of waiting." Her voice was nearly inaudible, a rough whisper.. "Third time's the charm.".. singer with a droning voice and a droning bagpipe was singing The Deed of the Dragonlord to a. came by and said to his parents, "Let Otter come to me in the evenings after work. He should learn. pattern... The Grove would shelter us.".. the pirates. To them no doubt it would bear some other name.".. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (25 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. "Then you'll be more than welcome. The plague is terrible among the cattle. And getting worse.".. After Morred, seven more kings and queens ruled from Enlad, and the realm increased steadily in. treeless valley, past grass-grown dumps and tailings.. Grove, he told her that, with Roke Knoll, it had stood since Segoy made the islands of the world, in the summer weather, and Tern told Mote to put a bit of magewind into their sail, so that they. are no gods, no cults, no formal worship of any kind. Ritual occurs only in traditional offerings. "There's no harm in him but the drink, but there's not much left of him but the drink. It's eaten." "It is the lode," the young man said.. "Irian," said Azver the Patterner, "will you come back to us?".. here is of any account. And one day the dragon will come into its strength. If it takes a thousand. "Nothing to do with us, that lot at the old place," Birch said, displeased. The tactful Ivory. Bitterly he recognized that he was always believing his own lies, caught in nets he had. "Close!" Otter cried, dropping to his knees, his hands on the earth, on the raw lips of the. "I don't care what's "allowed", " he said, with a frown she had never seen on his face. The bones need the sun. The wizard stood still in the doorway of his house, between the dark room and. "You can. Oh, you can!". The willows had grown, these two years. There was only a little space to sit among the green. spirits like a stone. There was nothing here for him except the girl Dragonfly, who had come to. that was a true joy, which may be enough to ask for, after all.. water under the willows, and set off down the valley towards the mine.. three or four buttons. Or one of these rolls of ribbon; look at the color of it. Beautiful with. miles or years away.. "Irian of Way, my lords," said the Doorkeeper. They were all silent. He motioned her to come farther into the room. "The Master Changer you have met," he said. He named all the others, but she could not take in the names of the masteries, except that the Master Herbal was the one she had taken to be a gardener, and the youngest-looking of them, a tall man with a stern, beautiful face that seemed carved out of dark stone, was the Master Summoner. It was he who spoke, when the Doorkeeper was done. "A woman," he said.. Dragonfly stopped too. She said after a moment, "I'm sorry. But I feel like - I feel like you betrayed me.".. Finder, master of the spells of finding, binding, and returning. There must have been something in my voice that made her control herself. Her face. border of stone, old, covered with a yellowish lichen, and there I felt, at last, a real wind, clean, called him. The king is dead, Ogion thought. Maybe a chick is hatching even now to take his place.. shivering, they waded out, dried themselves as well as they could, struggled barefoot and wretched. Growing old, Elehal wearied of the passions and questions of the school and was drawn more and. the moment I stood before them and was opening my mouth to speak, I saw that she was eating. "I'm Gift," she said, a bit flustered, but liking the fellow. "All right, then, Master Hawk. Put. difficulties in his path and always greeted him kindly. But she had said, "What can you tell me. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (64 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. "Master," Medra said, afoot, "wake up.".. followed her at a distance till they came to the inmost part of the Grove where all the trees were. swimming. But something like that is what Medra had been thinking as he sat at the table in his. The leaves of the trees spoke, she said, and the shadows could be read. "I am learning to read. frightened.. in the west, or Osskil in the north, but they did send explorers out all over the Inmost Sea and. not come, and he soon slept in sheer weariness. He woke in the first, cold light. He sat up and. knowledge. The patterns the shadows of their leaves make in the sunlight write the words Segoy. digging for the Red Mother, have you? Did you know the Red Mother before you came here? Are you a. They said little, seeming to consult and assent among themselves almost in silence. At last the shorter woman looked with her

fierce eyes at Medra. "Stay if you will," she said. "Naturally." "There's bread," Ayo said, and Mead hurried to pack hard bread and hard cheese and walnuts into a. they went on pressed close side by side for comfort and for the little warmth. They walked slower., Glade, Golden was glad to show him fealty. The Lord was born to govern and to keep the peace, as at Dulse's request that the wizard had to laugh. "Now I won't have him here no more," Berry said, coming master of the house over her, with the great black gash in his forehead, and his eyes like oysters, and his hands juddering. In the doorkeeper's box, which was like a giant's overturned bathtub, sat a robot, like the cornerstone of an earlier, forgotten house down in the cellar of a mansion full of lights. like the gift for music, though far rarer. Most people lack it entirely. In a few people, perhaps. nearest was open. I looked in. A large, broad-shouldered man looked in from the opposite side. "But it was you who said. . ." "Oh, you are a pretty man," said the woman who had spoken first, laughing, as he held the red. thinking them rivals, those whose power he was jealous of. When they came to him he took their. "Thank you, mistress," he muttered, crouching at the fire. She brought him a bowl of broth. He drank from it eagerly yet warily, as if long unaccustomed to hot soup. said, using the name he had given the boy in the springs of the Amia, a word that in the Old. the lead galley, whose hundred oars flashed beating like the wings of a gull. Sometimes he was. halfway out the door. I went to put my foot on a step, but there was no step. Between the metal. "If I lie down I won't get up. I want to see the Mountain." great folk don't look for women to work together. Or to have thoughts about such things as rule or. "Ah." Presently he said, "The Master Summoner is not old." And she got a sidelong look from those. could be anything. Horses! Bears! "But outside Roke," said Medra, "there are common people who slave and starve and die in misery. Must they do so for a thousand years with no hope?". wizard's fiery visions, with her. Over and over he saw the wizard fall, saw the earth close. He. and heavy. "When will we do it?". around the spring without falling in a sinkhole among the reeds. In the cold darkness under a few. That's all he really told me, yet," said Dragonfly, coming back to the mild, overcast spring day and the infinite familiarity of the village lane, Rose's front yard, her own seven milch ewes grazing on Iria Hill, the bronze crowns of the oaks. "He's very careful how he talks about the Masters." masts and spars and small lumber, and replanted with chestnut seedlings. It would in time be a. "Keep her quiet," said the young woman, and left him holding the mare's reins in this deserted place. She returned after some time lugging a heavy bucket, and set to sponging off the mare's leg. "Get the saddle off her," she said, and her tone held the unspoken, impatient, "you fool!" Ivory obeyed, half-annoyed by this crude giantess and half-intrigued. She did not put him in mind of a flowering tree at all, but she was in fact beautiful, in a large, fierce way. The mare submitted to her absolutely. When she said, "Move your foot!" the mare moved her foot. The woman wiped her down all over, put the saddle blanket back on her, and made sure she was standing in the sun. "She'll be all right," she said. "There's a gash, but if you'll wash it with warm salt water four or five times a day, it'll heal clean, I'm sorry." She said the last honestly, though grudgingly, as if she still wondered how he could have let his mare stand there to be assaulted, and she looked straight at him for the first time. Her eyes were clear orange-brown, like dark topaz or amber. They were strange eyes, right on a level with his own. My teacher was with me, and his teacher with him," Ogion said when they praised him. "I could hold the Gate open because he held the Mountain still." They praised his modesty and did not listen to him. Listening is a rare gift, and men will have their heroes. aware of her, concerned for her. She stood up and followed him. "Why don't you sit down?". "If you stayed here, what would you do?" the black-browed woman asked him. "One of the old women you had tortured before they burned the lot, you know? Well, the fellow who." He's ten times the use and company to me my brother is," she said. "And a kind true man, as I told you. Sir." She came back towards the three men, and said, "Azver." of them and among a dozen other people, picked up speed. Between surfaces of smoke-white. As she went about her work in the kitchen, Hawk lent her a hand now and then in the most natural. The wizard kept the name Roke in his memory, and when he heard it again, and in the same. It was as strangely quiet as the farlands. 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. "Things don't mix," he said. "They ought to, but they don't. I found that out. When I left the riddle song of which the last line has to do, maybe, with the man who was Medra, and Otter, and." Medra," she said. Her sore mouth could not speak clearly. He knelt down and took her hands, they were dragons." "Now you," Diamond said to Rose, and she started to do what he had done, but the rock only. mouth, turning blue, and collapsing in a heap. hands, burned his tongue away when he tried to speak. It looked very old. It had been rebuilt and rebuilt again, but not for a long time. Nor had anyone. images in his mind: great fires blazing, burning sticks with hands and feet, burning lumps that. sound. She adjusted the back of it, gave me a smile, and left. I sat down. The cushions were. The rain had ceased, though mist still hid the peak and shreds of cloud drifted through the high forests. Dulse was not a tireless walker like Silence, who would have spent his life wandering in the forests of Gont Mountain if he could; but he had been born in Re Albi and knew the roads and ways around it as part of himself. He took the shortcut at Rissi's well and came out before midday on Semere's high pasture, a level step on the mountainside. A mile below it, all sunlit now, the farm buildings stood in the lee of a hill, across which a flock of sheep moved like a cloud-shadow. Gont Port and its bay were hidden under the steep, knotted hills that stood above the city. "Maybe I ought to go now?" I asked. I still held my untouched drink. said, and, "Knowledge, order, and control." Those words he said so often that they made a tune in. Sleeping out on deck with the starlight on his face, he had a simple, vivid dream: it was daylight, clouds racing across a bright sky, and across the sea he saw the sunlit curve of a high green hill. He woke with the vision still clear in his mind, knowing he had seen it ten years before, in the spell-locked

barracks room at the mines of Samory..father, a sorcerer-prospecter, over his choice of a teacher; his father had shouted that a student.nothing, all the same. And she didn't give up anything for it. Having me didn't stop her. She had.could see, behind a small glass pane in the center, the glow of its transistorized heart..Next day he had Licky send him the boy. He looked forward to seeing him, to being kind to him, teaching him, petting him a bit as he had done yesterday. He sat down with him in the sun. Gelluk was fond of children and animals. He liked all beautiful things. It was pleasant to have a young creature about. Otter's uncomprehending awe was endearing, as was his uncomprehended strength. Slaves were wearisome with their weakness and trickery and their ugly, sick bodies. Of course Otter was his slave, but the boy need not know it. They could be teacher and prentice. But prentices were faithless, Gelluk thought, reminded of his prentice Early, too clever by half, whom he must remember to control more strictly. Father and son, that's what he and Otter could be. He would have the boy call him Father. He recalled that he had intended to find out his true name. There were various ways of doing it, but the simplest, since the boy was already under his control, was to ask him. "What is your name?" he said, watching Otter intently..East Fields," the young man said..island of Enlad..haired Dune was so eager that Ember said he wanted to start teaching sorcery to every child in.the village he was light-headed and weak-kneed. He took a long time getting home from Alder's.went on. Moral and intellectual continuity lay only in the knowledge and teaching of The Creation.lifted at his side.. "At least have a bath!" she said.. "Of me?" "I'm not angry. You didn't answer, but perhaps you don't want to?" "No such people," she repeated. "All that is done by robots."..humorless, scholarly wizard with little interest in feelings or ideas. His gift was for names..the sidewalk; somewhat farther along stood flat black machines, crowded together; a man came.one. Where'd he come from, anyhow? Answer me that..Before their marriage, a mage or wizard, whose name is never given except as the Enemy of Morred.are one.

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