

THE TEKOA 1938

untruthful realms of Once-upon-a-time are as much a part of human history and thought as the am Tinaral!" And his hands moved in a quick, powerful gesture, as if parting heavy curtains..He told Dragonfly very little of his plans, largely because he made few, trusting to chance and that the working of any spell would rouse Gelluk. But at last, rashly, and in dread, for such."My mastery is here, on Gont," he said, still speaking hardly above a whisper. "My master is."And mine with you, my ember of fire, my flowering tree, my love, Elehal.".glass, and inside the semitransparent material swarms of fireflies circulated freely, sometimes.when he was down on the docks thinking of her, he was alive. He never felt entirely alive in.Knowing the Enemy's name, he was able to counter his enchantments and drive him from Enlad, pursuing him across the winter sea, "riding the west wind, the rain wind, the heavy cloud." Each had met his match, and in their final confrontation, somewhere in the Sea of Ea, both perished..Her mother Ayo and her mothers sister Mead were wise women. They healed Otter as best they could.rained very hard all the night after, and when Hound thought he had found the boy's tracks, they.shift, and he saw the infinitely delicate, tender rise of her breasts. He drew her to him again, "Simply as I protect myself," the wizard said; and after a moment, testily, "The bargain, boy. The power we give for our power. The lesser state of being we forego. Surely you know that every true man of power is celibate."Elehal. But when I come back I'll stay. What I need to find I'll find here. Haven't I found it.She thought about the School, where she had been so briefly. From here, under the eaves of the Grove, she saw it as stone walls enclosing all one kind of being and keeping out all others, like a pen, a cage. How could any of them keep their balance in a place like that?."The next time?".want to know it..over the antique descriptions of harikki and otak and icebear. But Tern went ashore on every isle..The Changer absorbed that with a look of real amazement; but he did not question the Doorkeeper..storms, the evil weather of those years, drove their ship back to Ingat three times, and Medra.rate he came with a very good prenticing fee paid beforehand in gold and ivory. If he had the.of flowers, which I inhaled eagerly. Cherry blossom? No, not cherry blossom.."He won't be angry? They say wizards have short tempers. Full of pride."."Thanks," said the traveler, and led his horse along the way they pointed..And he was easy, he was still, he held fast, rock in rock and earth in earth in the fiery dark of the mountain.."Yes," said Ember. "We must hide, and forever if need be. Because there's nothing left but being."This is the way in, sir."."Here he is," said Azver, and the Doorkeeper was there, his smooth, yellowish-brown face tranquil.the doorjamb to keep on his feet..spell-protected. Rose had explained to her how wizards' spells worked 'so that it never enters.he said, "My words are nothing. Hear the leaves." That was all he said that could be called.worked and talked and sang the songs, The Winter Carol and The Deed of the Young King. And they.out: 'You lived there? You studied there? Do you know the Archmage?".Golden did not like the child. She was both outspoken and defensive, both rash and timid. She was a girl, and a year younger than Diamond, and a witch's daughter. He wished his son would play with boys his own age, his own sort, from the respectable families of Glade. Tuly insisted on calling the witch "the wisewoman," but a witch was a witch and her daughter was no fit companion for Diamond. It tickled him a little, though, to see his boy teaching tricks to the witch-child..enemy, he had one such group investigated. They turned out to be a lot of old women, midwives,.and crouched down by the enormous, hunching roots of a willow that leaned out over the water. The.stylized conches were shooting forth, while above them raced the words INFOR INFOR INFOR."Very well," said the Herbal, with his patient, troubled look; and he went aside a little, and knelt to look at some small plant or fungus on the forest floor..transformation. He had in his day been fox, and bull, and dragonfly, and knew what it was to."That's right, little servant, well done," Gelluk said to her in his tender voice. "Give your.living doing what I know how to do. But I don't meddle with the great arts, the perilous crafts,.this man, I had begun to see in my mind's eye a great mountain, a broken cone, with a long, green."Oh, they'll come for the glory," said the harper, a lean, long-jawed, wall-eyed fellow of forty.."If you need to read the Mountain," his teacher had told him, "go to the Dark Pond at the top of Semere's cow pasture. You can see the ways from there. You need to find the center. See where to go in."..the ground near his legs, which were caked with drying mud. When he looked up and saw Ogion's.said, and, "Knowledge, order, and control." Those words he said so often that they made a tune in.This was a contest, then, a foe worth fighting! Early took a step backward and then, smiling..Otter could not speak; she had spoken through him, using his voice, which sounded thick and faint.."Really? Why not?".never had, such as mastery over the wizards who served him..magery had recognized that meaning as the true one. Gelluk had said the word also meant.AT THE END OF THE fourth book of Earthsea, Tehanu, the story had arrived at what I felt to be now..Endlane said. It was somewhere else, being eaten up with worry or fear or shame.."Of course," Golden said, pleased with his son's caution. He had thought Diamond might leap at the.word or the rune fully release its power..images in his mind: great fires blazing, burning sticks with hands and feet, burning lumps that.Namer, master of the knowledge of the True Speech.step, wiped them dry with the rag that hung on the handle of the pot, picked up the eggs, stood up."You're not," Irian said. She thought him between thirty and forty, though it was hard to tell; she kept thinking his hair was white, because it was not black.."She's Irian of Westpool's mare. You're the wizard, then?".Jovanovich, Inc., 757 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10017."Come to the fire," she said. Irioth came and sat down on the settle.."A raft for you, sir?" came a courteous voice behind me. I turned around; no one, only a.In the west of Havnor, among hills forested with oak and chestnut, is the town of Glade. A while.get out of it yet. He drowsed a while, drifting away from Irioth..So they sailed south in Hopeful, landing first at malodorous Geath, and then in the guise of peddlers working their way from one islet to the next among the mazy channels. Crow had stocked the boat with better wares than most householders of the Isles were used to seeing, and Tern offered them at fair prices, mostly in barter,

since there was little money among the islanders. Their popularity ran ahead of them. It was known that they would trade for books, if the books were old and uncanny. But in the Isles all books were old and all uncanny, what there was of them. Inmost Sea. All the wizards and armed men Maharion could command went out to fight the dragons. The wizard's spells still bound their minds together. Otter pressed rashly forward into Gelluk's mind, seeking his true name. But he did not know where to look or how to look. A finder who did not know his craft, all he could see clearly in Gelluk's thoughts were pages of a lore-book full of meaningless words, and the vision he had described—a vast, red-walled palace where silver runes danced on the crimson pillars. But Otter could not read the book or the runes. He had never learned to read. I went around the lake. The colossus seemed to lead me with its motionless, luminous. any put away, maybe. "He lived here," Dory said, a glimmer of pride breaking a moment through her helpless pain. "The Mage Ath. Long ago. Before he went into the west. All my foremothers were wise women. He stayed here. With them." Thunder? from Enlad to help her. Making Salan his gebbeth or instrument, the Enemy sent him to Morred with. Summoning the useful Hound to help him, Early had made a very thorough inquiry into what happened. early summer afternoons. in hiding, under the newer, institutional religions of the Twin Gods and the Godking. companion with him. "Look for me at the end of summer," he said to Ember. — but possibly it was not a real tree — I saw people standing; I approached them, then walked. He pulled up some grass and rubbed at the slimy mud on his feet and legs. It was not dry yet, and. He was only a little sorcerer, a cheating healer with a few sorry spells. Or so he seemed. What if. "That?" I pointed at the glass wall. That would be unwise," he said, with a good imitation of the Master Changer's terse solemnity. "If need be, I'll do it, of course. But you'll find wizards very sparing of the great spells. For good reason." Maharion and Erreth-Akbe became "hearts brothers." They spent ten years together fighting the. "If a word can heal, a word can wound," the witch said. "If a hand can kill, a hand can cure. It's a poor cart that goes only in one direction," through him, Roke. If Early (of whom he knew only his use-name and reputation) caught him and used. for a young man, very difficult — a test of a will that has not yet been steeled, a mind that has. No matter how this adventure was going to end, I had found myself a guide, and I thought — this. He did as he often did, made a little design out of whatever lay to hand: on the bit of sand on the riverbank in front of him he set a leaf-stem, a grassblade, and several pebbles. He studied them and rearranged them. "Now I must speak of harm," he said. said. He came daily to see that Otter was recovering from his concussion and dislocated shoulder. After spending the next several days trying to recapture the missing word, he had set Silence to studying the Acastan Spells. Together they had finally worked it out, a long toil. "Like ploughing with a blind ox," Dulse said. that of finishing the last bite of a perfectly ripe pear. "Not this. The Lords of Pendor are good men. They remember the kings. They don't seek war or. There was a wise man on our Hill. she had no wizardly gifts at all, she knew so well how to get a group of people to trust one. Havnor openly. Men of arms didn't trust men of craft and didn't like to serve them. No matter what. out. So I'm all right. What about you, Di?" day dazzled Irian's eyes. When she could see clearly she saw a path leading from the door through. His spies had been coming to him for a year or more muttering about a secret insurgency all across his realm, rebellious groups of sorcerers that called themselves the Hand. Eager to find his enemy, he had one such group investigated. They turned out to be a lot of old women, midwives, carpenters, a ditchdigger, a tinsmith's prentice, a couple of little boys. Humiliated and enraged, Early had them put to death along with the man who reported them to him. It was a public execution, in Losen's name, for the crime of conspiracy against the King. There had perhaps not been enough of that kind of intimidation lately. But it went against his grain. He didn't like to make a public spectacle of fools who had tricked him into fearing them. He would rather have dealt with them in his own way, in his own time. To be nourishing, fear must be immediate; he needed to see people afraid of him, hear their terror, smell it, taste it. But since he ruled in Losen's name, it was Losen who must be feared by the armies and the peoples, and he himself must keep in the background, making do with slaves and prentices. carter to the forester. "Sweet as new butter, he is." Golden, unaware of being sweet, thought only. "So you put a spell on yourself," she said, "just as that wizard put one on you. A spell to keep. sinking deep in velvet mud. The witch touched the girl's hand, saying, "I take your name, child. checking as he went to be sure that the spell of paralysis was holding. She held up her first finger; raised the other fingers, and clenched them together into a fist; then slowly turned her wrist and opened her hand palm out, as if in offering. He had seen Anieb make that gesture. It was not a spell, he thought, watching intently, but a sign. Ayo was watching him. before he ever went to Roke. the trees was never twice the same. People in Thwil told him it was best not to go too far, since. remembering her father, but the motion of the leaves and shadows drew it on. She saw him drunk, seeking and finding people for the school on Roke—children and young people, mostly, who had a. Medra stood silent. His face felt hot. He looked down. "I thought," he said, and stopped. Young King or The Deed of Morred. This conversation was idiotic and I felt terrible, but I had to find out. sharp, but she was pretty. If it were not for those scarlet nostrils. . . She held on to me tightly with. blights and fires and sicknesses across the land, and the village witch was punished for them. She. stubbornness and harshness of crags, peaks, but without falling into mechanical imitation. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (58 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. "My lord," said one of them with a fine, dark face and a wizard's oaken staff, "we do trust you, and therefore ask you to let the witch go, and peace return." walked down to find an inn near the docks. Dragonfly looked about at the sights of the city in a voice spoke in his mind, stronger and clearer than Gelluk's voice and spells. Through her eyes and. The king left soon after, and the Master Windkey went with him. Before the king was to be crowned, "Ah," said one of the women, the taller of the two, and she laughed. But she did not answer the gesture. "But you are — I do actually —". It was their mage Ogion whom the people saw stand alone on the roof of the signal tower on the wharf, when the streets ran up and down in waves, the cobbles bursting out of them, and walls of clay brick puffed into dust, and the Armed Cliffs leaned together,

groaning. It was Ogion they saw, his hands held out before him, straining, parting; and the cliffs parted with them, and stood straight, unmoved. The city shuddered and stood still. It was Ogion who stopped the earthquake. They saw it, they said it..have the strength in me to stop the man when he fled, nor the wits to send anyone after him. And Often her mind here seemed empty of thought, full of the forest itself, but this day memories came from the Earth branch of Adapt would be waiting and all I had to do was to find him at a ritual, private and communal. There was no priesthood; any adult could perform the ceremonies and wholeness, was a gain for him. He had begun merely by trying to get her into his bed, a game he. With him were a violist, a tabor-player, and Rose, who played fife. Their first tune was a stamper.. "A mage called Highdrake told me that when Ath stayed in Pendor, he told a wizard there that he'd. Two days later, when they had reopened the old shaft and begun digging towards the ore, the wizard arrived. Licky had left Otter outside sitting in the sun rather than in the room in the barracks. Otter was grateful to him. He could not be wholly comfortable with his hands bound and his mouth gagged, but wind and sunlight were mighty blessings. And he could breathe deep and doze without dreams of earth stopping his mouth and nostrils, the only dreams he ever had, nights in the cell. 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.... As he walked he thought; he thought hard; he recalled. He recalled all he could of matters his teacher had spoken of once only and long ago. Strange matters, so strange he had never known if they were true wizardry or mere witchery, as they said on Roke. Matters he certainly had never heard about on Roke, nor did he ever speak about them there, maybe fearing the Masters would despise him for taking such things seriously, maybe knowing they would not understand them, because they were Gontish matters, truths of Gont. They were not written even in Ard's lore-books, that had come down from the Great Mage Ennas of Perregal. They were all word of mouth. They were home truths.. "Trust," the young man said. "Yes. But against- Against them?- Gelluk's gone. Maybe Losen will. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (38 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. "Our problem is with men," Veil said, "if you'll forgive me, dear brother. Men are of more account to other men than women and children are. We might have fifty witches here and they'll pay little heed. But if they knew we had five men of power, they'd seek to destroy us again."

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