

## ANCIENT ATHENS

So it was. For the rest of his life, Medra kept the doors of the Great House on Roke. The garden door that opened out upon the Knoll was long called Medra's Gate, even after much else had changed in that house as the centuries passed through it. And still the ninth Master of Roke is the Doorkeeper..mouth, and stood waiting to die. She had looked at him..right enough! I'll have him here as long as I choose, and that's the end of it.".The one with a voice like a deep-toned bell looked at her too, and spoke to her with a plain, kind severity. "As I see it, the man who brought you here meant to do harm, but you do not. Yet being here, Irian, you do us and yourself harm. Everything not in its own place does harm. A note sung, however well sung, wrecks the tune it isn't part of. Women teach women. Witches learn their craft from other witches and from sorcerers, not from wizards. What we teach here is in a language not for women's tongues. The young heart rebels against such laws, calling them unjust, arbitrary. But they are true laws, founded not on what we want, but on what is. The just and the unjust, the foolish and the wise, all must obey them, or waste life and come to grief.".water under the willows, and set off down the valley towards the mine..All day he stayed near the Otter's House, keeping watch on Irian, making her eat a little with him. She came to the house, but when they had eaten she went back to her place on the streambank and sat there motionless. And he too felt a lethargy in his own body and mind, a stupidity, which he fought against but could not shake off. He thought of the Summoner's eyes, and then it was that he felt cold, cold through, though he was sitting in the full heat of the summer's day. We are ruled by the dead, he thought. The thought would not leave him..going to make me learn all his kind of stuff, after I got my name. But all this year he's kept.The eagle came, circling and screaming over the valley, the hillside, the willows by the stream. It circled, searching and searching, and flew back as it had come..windows, no wheels, not even lights, and careered as though blindly, at tremendous speed. The.long solitudes among the trees, always sought form and clarity, and she said, "How can we teach.quarreled with a stable boy, and turned the poor lad into a lump of dung. When the wizards had got.balloon! I stood over him, astounded, unable even to mutter an apology. He picked himself up.,power over him now. He could walk into it and out of it as if it were mere lines painted on the.She put her hand on his knee. It was the first time she had ever touched him. He endured it, the warmth and weight of her touch that he had wasted so much time wanting.. "I cannot read them." Otter's voice was toneless. "I cannot go there. No one can enter there in.the silence by splashing and breathing hard. He slogged back up the path through the reeds till he.though it is made of horn and framed in dragons tooth and carved with the Thousand-Leaved Tree.,Wordless at first, he simply shook his head. After a while he was able to laugh. "I think we've.He listened. They walked on at last through a silence enlarged and deepened by that far call..of the Old Powers of the earth, but revered them, seeking strength and vision from them. That.Dulse had the big lore-book open on the table. He had been trying to reweave one of the Acastan Spells, much broken and made powerless by the Emanations of Fundaur centuries ago. He had just begun to get a sense of the missing word that might fill one of the gaps, he almost had it, and-"You might keep some goats," Silence said..had of bold strategy, firm leadership, and utter cruelty; and they credited him with powers he had.For there had been times when he felt that, as he had summoned her living, so dead she might.He stopped before an oak door. Instead of knocking he sketched a little sign or rune on it with."At least he's not seeing the witch's girl," said Golden. "That's done with." Later on it occurred to him that neither was his wife seeing the witch anymore. For years they'd been thick as thieves, against all his warnings, and now Tangle was never anywhere near the house. Women's friendships never lasted. He teased her about it. Finding her strewing pennyroyal and miller's-bane in the chests and clothes-presses against an infestation of moths, he said, "Seems like you'd have your friend the wise woman up to hex 'em away. Or aren't you friends anymore?".Three of them came forward: an old man, big and broad-chested, with bright white hair, and two.Golden grunted, unimpressed... So he calls it the King. If you find him his King, he'll treat you well. He's often here. Come.of his wits with the dull life at Westpool, and was never slow to take a risk. He rode up the hill."Too high and mighty these days to stop and talk," said Tarry, "though I taught him all he knows."I have to have a single heart. I can't play the harp while I'm bargaining with a mule-breeder. I.ores and metals-these great things had always been in the charge of women. A rich lore of spells.passes all the trade and commerce and learning and craft of Earthsea, a wealth not hoarded. There.She put her hand on his knee. It was the first time she had ever touched him. He endured it, the."It's nothing," he said. In fact, rather to his annoyance, the cut had stopped bleeding. The.Gelluk caught his breath. Presently he said, very softly, "Can you read the runes?".Through love, respect, and trust, Dragonfly would never disregard a warning from Rose; but she was.stung by flies. He said, "Oh! I can't --!" He bolted off into the dusk beyond the lanterns hanging.wondered if he had always talked to himself, if he had talked all the time when Silence lived with.untaught knowledge of at least some words of the Language of the Making. The teaching of it is the.Irian was studying the Namer covertly but equally attentively, trying to see if she could tell if.semen. I am Turre and he is me...". "Every reason," said the

Summoner..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (36 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].act of doing things well.. "Tonight," Dragonfly said. "At our spring, under Iria Hill. What he doesn't know won't hurt him." Her voice was half-coaxing, half-savage..Berry went and fetched his sister, after he had heard Sunbright's tale at the tavern, and San's version of it, and several other versions already current. In the best of them, Otak had towered up ten feet tall and struck Sunbright into a lump of coal with lightning, before foaming at the mouth, turning blue, and collapsing in a heap..down in his mind and be hidden and layered over with a thousand useful or beautiful or.her and bring them back to Roke when he returned. So they set off northeast across the Inmost Sea.the Sword, her heart grew lighter.

And once, when Golden was down 'at South Port, she and Tangle. "And a man comes when you knock, an ordinary-looking man. And he gives you a test. You have to say, gasping, the wizard asked gently, "Are you afraid of the King?" even reach his hand out. It was a horrible sensation, as if his muscles were not his own. He sat. The hierarchic and centralising tendency of this religion lent support at first to the ambition of, and cruelty. I look at the world, at the forests and the mountain here, the sky, and it's all. "He lived always on Roke, for it's there that all knowledge of magic comes and is kept. And he had, of me a woman pushed away the stewardess, who, with a slow, automatic motion, as if from the nothing, though my eyes were open. I wanted one thing only, to get away, to find a way out of. "Oh yes. You are uncommonly slow, young man, to recognize your own capacities." It was spoken harshly, and Diamond stiffened up a bit. "I know Tarry thinks I do." "Would you like some fresh curds? It makes a good breakfast." She was eyeing him, but not for long, and not meeting his eyes. Like an animal, like a cat, she was, sizing him up but not challenging. There was a cat, a big grey, sitting on his four paws on the hearth gazing at the coals. Irioth accepted the bowl and spoon she handed him and sat down on the settle. The cat jumped up beside him and purred. The so-called Six Hundred Runes of Hardic are not the Hardic runes used to write the ordinary language. They are True Runes that have been given "safe," inactive names in the ordinary language. Their true names in the Old Speech must be memorised in silence. The ambitious student of wizardry will go on to learn the "Further Runes," the "Runes of Ea," and many others. If the Old Speech is endless, so are the runes. . . . came here first-I could not save the one who saved me." whom he trusted. One of them was a man called Crow, a wealthy recluse, who had no gift of magic. AVON BOOKS. found the two children, silent, starving, armed with a mattock and a broken ploughshare, ready to. The Summoner had spent a part of his strength for good, overcoming that blind will. And I didn't. "Some flurries," he said. She got a good look at him now in the light of lamp and fire. He was not. "Of course you do! What does it matter what Tarry thinks? You already play the harp about nine. Isle of Way by one of Losen's raiders, Gelluk had become indifferent to most of the arts he had. continuously by hundreds of feet on the floor above; the all-embracing roar now swelled, now. "That I don't have. . . ." "Everything's for gain some way, I'd say. People have to live. But what do I know? I make my living doing what I know how to do. But I don't meddle with the great arts, the perilous crafts, like summoning the dead," and Rose made the hand-sign to avert the danger spoken of. night came early under the rain clouds, and they could not see where to set their feet. south road on a good horse and asking at the tavern for lodging. They sent him to Sans house, but employed any kind of symbolic writing, and that sparingly. Bureaucrats and tradesmen of the Empire. those they hired were in truth slaves, having only their masters to safeguard them from rival. Farther along were halls for games of some kind; large rainbow wheels revolved, silver pipes. watermetal's long gone. Listen, young'un, do you even know what cinnabar is?". diplomas under your belt, plus four years of training, twelve years in all. In other words -- women. Changer, master of the spells that transform matter and bodies. on the banks of the Amia, when everybody else was sleeping. She would not think of him at night. ones. Ayeth's stare grew more insolent as he watched Irioth stammer. He began to say something to San, but Irioth spoke. increasingly costly temples, and controlling public ceremonies such as marriages, funerals, and. Among the Hardic-speaking people of the Archipelago, the ability to do magic is an inborn talent, like the gift for music, though far rarer. Most people lack it entirely. In a few people, perhaps one in a hundred, it is a latent, cultivable talent. In a very few people it is manifest without training. like a journey to the bottom, as if I had been thrown down a sterile conduit, and this colossal. Their popularity ran ahead of them. It was known that they would trade for books, if the books. Immanent Grove. The men now on Roke were those spared children, grown, and a few men now grown. Veil came from Thwil Town that morning, bringing them a basket of bread, cheese, milk curds, summer fruits. "What have you learned?" she asked Medra in her cool, gentle way, and he answered, "That I'm a fool." The villagers shook their heads. Gift was a brave woman, but there was such a thing as being too brave. Or brave, they said around the tavern table, in the wrong way, or the wrong place, d'you see. Nobody should ought to meddle with sorcery that ain't born to it. Nor with sorcerers. You forget that. They seem the same as other folk. But they ain't like other folk. Seems there's no harm in a curer. Heal the foot rot, clear a caked udder. That's all fine. But cross one and there you are, fire and shadows and curses and falling down in fits. Uncanny. Always was uncanny, that one. Where'd he come from, anyhow? Answer me that. careful hand. Her eyes, amber brown like the water of the Thwilburn in shadow, had looked at his arm and hip and head. Then the darkness came around him, and then nothing. rock hovered in the air, and when he flipped his fingers downward it fell to earth. "Irian of Way, my lords," said the Doorkeeper. They were all silent. He motioned her to come. He had always remembered that. He remembered it now, when he looked across the hearth, winter. "It doesn't matter." we will wait there for the others of the Nine." Through that link he could send his own strength, the Mountain's strength, to help. I didn't tell. The desire for power feeds off itself, growing as it devours. Early suffered from hunger. He starved. There was little satisfaction in ruling Havnor, a land of beggars and poor farmers. What was the good of possessing the Throne of Maharion if nobody sat in it but a drunken cripple? What glory was there in the palaces of the city when nobody lived in them but crawling slaves? He could have any woman he wanted, but women would drain his power, suck away his strength. He wanted no woman near him. He craved an enemy: an opponent worth destroying. must train it diligently. However, it's clear that you do have capacities, and that they need. Roke, he had worn shoes. But he had come back home to Gont, to Re Albi, with his wizard's staff. Many came there both small and great. From time to time in the years since then, Dulse remembered how he hadn't lost his temper when Silence asked about keeping goats; and each time the memory gave him a quiet satisfaction, like that of finishing the last bite of a perfectly ripe pear. Its owner was one of four men who called themselves Master of Iria. The other three called him. She was getting used to his strange face now and was able to read it. She thought that he looked. "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..touched the metallic blue of her dress..The making from the unmaking,,"I don't know, my dear. I do want you to be safe. I do love to see your father happy and proud of.And they talked about that, all the wise women of the island: what was the true art of magic, and.incredible happened to him: his fur coat wilted before my eyes, collapsed like a punctured.be afraid of him. She found that he had no memory at all of what had happened in the village, of."In the Inmost Sea, on the Isle of the Wise, on Roke Island, where all magery is taught, there are nine Masters," he began..Slavery was common to many of these states, and a stricter social caste system and gender.buckets, going to the pump. She would not use the stream water for anything at all, these days..say?" he asked, reluctant..didn't know why her charm of healing caused the wound to gangrene, why the child she brought into.and kicked his shoes off. He stood still and felt the dust and rock of the cliff-top path under.wondered, it being winter and all, and you being on the roads. But with that horse, I thought you.Yet as Dory spoke he saw what the girl saw: a long hill going down into darkness, and across it,.Maharion, who made peace both with the dragons and the Kargs, but at great cost. And after the.This language is innate to dragons, not to humans, as said above. There are exceptions. A few human beings with a powerful gift of magic, or through the ancient kinship of humans and dragons, know some words of the Old Speech innately. But the very great majority of people must learn the Old Speech. Hardic practitioners of the art magic learn it from their teachers. Sorcerers and witches learn a few words of it; wizards learn many, and some come to speak it almost as fluently as the dragons do..He knew that, knew it absolutely, though still he tried to say spells, and raised his arms in the.After a while she heard the latch rattle. The door opened. An ordinary-looking middle-aged man stood there. "What can I do for you?" he said. He did not smile, but his voice was pleasant..A good sign, thunder, Dulse thought. It would stop raining soon. He pulled up his hood and went out into the rain to feed the chickens.."Look at all the stuff you can do," she said. "You couldn't do any of it if you didn't have a."But power - like you told me about - that .isn't the same as making people do what you want, or.saddled mule. "Master Alder says Master Otak can ride her, it being a ten-twelve miles out to the.Another reason he loved her..woman with a dog; I had never seen such a dog, it was huge, its head like a ball, very ugly; in its.damaged hip, the wise woman salved the cuts from the rocks on his hands and head and knees, his.lords of Wathort had ruled it for a century, taxing and slave taking and wearing the land and.dragons the wing..youngest of them tortured, and then burned them where Losen could sit at his window and watch. The.When he looked up and spoke it was with a hint of a melancholy smile. "All the mystery and wisdom.swimming. But something like that is what Medra had been thinking as he sat at the table in his.in the darkness of the earth. She was utterly content to be there. Yet always, without discontent.Golden was born to deal with commerce and wealth, each in his place; and each, noble or common, if.He had always remembered that. He remembered it now, when he looked across the hearth, winter evenings, at the dark face bent above a lore-book or a shirt that needed mending. The eyes cast down, the mouth closed, the spirit listening.."Well, son!" They touched cheeks. "So Master Hemlock gave you a vacation?"

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