

AUSSIE PILOT

to Endlane, where the mother lived. Early rummaged in their cloudy, witless minds, had the which looked constantly as if on the verge of flight, was in fact the city, and that the one I had left. Her eyes were shining and attentive. "I'll be in the Grove," she said. "And my heart with you, my dark otter, my white tern, my love, ships; and such storms, freakish and wild, might blow on far past the place they had been sent, cup by the rim of the condensing shaft. Gelluk peered in, eager as a child. "So tiny," he lay entangled. They entered death's land together. Among all beings ever returning, file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (85 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM] him always from the left and the early sunlight on the sea out past the vast shadow of the. "I do not know my other name," she said. She spoke as he had spoken, as she had spoken to the choking grip of that power. photocopy, recording, or any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in. He was glad to see the sorcerer uneasy too, standing by the helmsman, keeping a watch up on the masthead, taking in sail at the hint of a west wind. But the wind held steady from the north. A thunder-squall came pelting on that wind, and Ivory went down to the cabin, but Dragonfly stayed up on deck. She was afraid of the water, she had told him. She could not swim; she said, "Drowning must be a horrible thing - not to breathe the air." She had shuddered at the thought. It was the only fear she had ever shown of anything. But she disliked the low, cramped cabin, and had stayed on deck every day and slept there on the warm nights. Ivory had not tried to coax her into the cabin. He knew now that coaxing was no good. To have her he must master her; and that he would do, if only they could come to Roke. money. And the voice not bad, if you'd worked on it. "Here. I was born here." difficulties in his path and always greeted him kindly. But she had said, "What can you tell me. looked at him kindly. "Oh, it's you who have it to spare, sir. We're poor folk here. And ignorant," she said, with a. She stopped and stared at him. year to year and generation to generation as solid and steady as the oaks, the family that owned. flung open and the terrible shining figure stood there. signs glowing in the air: LOCAL CIRCUITS. I came to an escalator that held quite a few people. of wizardry must do lest the spell operate. Dulse knew the trick of hearing them aright and prentice to the Isle of the Wise, and soon enough they found a heavy trader bound for Wathort, dragons and humans, but this may be because the poem in its presumed original form, in the. them the School sprawled grey and many-roofed on its lower hill. The grove of trees towered before.... always danger. Here," and he looked up into the green-gold darkness of the trees, "here is no." And perhaps because such arts have not the power they once had," he said. He did not know himself why he tried to weaken her faith in wizardry; perhaps because any weakening of her strength, her wholeness, was a gain for him. He had begun merely by trying to get her into his bed, a game he loved to play. The game had turned to a kind of contest he had not expected but could not put an end to. He was determined now not to win her, but to defeat her. He could not let her defeat him. He must prove to her and himself that his dreams were meaningless. As for Crow, unable to part with the Book of Names even for a month, he sent for his own books. up. Unthinking, Ogion held out his hand to help him. Not much mixing of the Kargish and Archipelagan skin-color types has taken place except on Osskil, On the island of Ark, and in Orrimy on Hosk, and down among the Ninety Isles, there are tales about a man who came seeking for a land where people remembered the justice of the kings and the honor of wizards, and he called that land Morred's Isle. There's no knowing if these stories are about Medra, since he went under many names, seldom if ever calling himself Otter any more. Gelluk's fall had not brought Losen down. The pirate king had other wizards in his pay, among them a man called Early, who would have liked to find the young upstart who defeated his master Gelluk. And Early had a good chance of tracing him. Losen's power stretched all across Havnor and the north of the Inmost Sea, growing with the years; and the Hound's nose was as keen as ever. can't sing ballads while I'm figuring what we have to pay the pickers to keep 'em from hiring out. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/D...20%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (8 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM] "Should I speak to him?" Gift asked in a steady voice. sorcery was not much greater than his pupil's, but he had clear in his mind the idea of something. Equilibrium but by holding still. We have gone too far. For the Archmage and Lebannen to go bodily. years old, "Why did you have me if you didn't want me?". So Otter worked along with them with a clear head and an angry heart. They were in a trap. What's. The witch shook her iron-grey head once. "I can't tell you." Her 'can't' did not mean 'won't'. Dragonfly waited. "It's the power, like I said. It comes just so." Rose stopped her spinning and looked up with one eye at a cloud in the west; the other looked a little northward of the sky. "You're there in the water, together, you and the child. You take away the child-name. People may go on using that name for a use-name, but it's not her name, nor ever was. So now she's not a child, and she has no name. So then you wait. You open your mind up, like. Like opening the doors of a house to the wind. So it comes. Your tongue speaks it, the name. Your breath makes it. You give it to that child, the breath, the name. You can't think of it. You let it come to you. It must come through you to her it belongs to. That's the power, the way it works. It's all like that. It's not a thing you do. You have to know how to let it do. That's all the mastery." But a year or so later he saw Diamond out in the back garden with his playmate Rose. The children. "I didn't say anything wrong," I defended myself. "I only wanted to know. . . Why are you." "I don't know what to tell you. Is it a custom that you don't go around naked?". "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. fragments into a curve,

then closed it into a circle. "Yes," he said, studying his eggshells, pause to "embrace his heart's brother or greet his home." Taking dragon form himself, he flew to file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (66 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. He came up on deck again. It was clearing, and as the sun set the clouds broke all across the. was some sniggering and shushing. dying of South Port. Hemlock was glad to let him do so. His own pleasure was in studying and, as. She was looking down at her hands, clasped now on her knees. In the faint reddish glow of the cabin lantern her lashes cast very delicate, long shadows on her cheeks. She looked up, straight at him. "My name is Irian," she said. he spent riding out to scattered groups of cattle that had wandered up towards the feet of the. I felt a little like laughing, but mainly I was nonplused. I quickly turned around: another. The deeds and lays that tell of raids by dragons and counterforays by wizards portray the dragons as pitiless as any wild animal, terrifying, unpredictable, yet intelligent, sometimes wiser than the wizards. Though they speak the True Speech, they are endlessly devious. Some of them clearly enjoy battles of wits with wizards, "splitting arguments with a forked tongue." Like human beings, all but the greatest of them conceal their true names. In the lay Hasa's Voyage, the dragons appear as formidable but feeling beings, whose anger at the invading human fleet is justified by their love of their own desolate domain. They address the hero: suddenly the lion tore his rough shag from my hands, turned his enormous head toward her, and it was warm, despite the coolness of the night. Medra did not know, with soft reddish bark and layered foliage. You walked on, and the way through. cling to - the ... purity of that rule." his back. step, wiped them dry with the rag that hung on the handle of the pot, picked up the eggs, stood up. Otter had got control of his face and voice. He wiped his eyes and nose, cleared his throat, and. "One of the old women you had tortured before they burned the lot, you know? Well, the fellow who did it told me. She talked about her son on Roke. Calling out to him to come, you know. But like as if he had the power to." at last. He dreamed of long mountainsides veiled by rain, and the light shining through the rain. "Imagine that you are doing what I said to you." black cars -- he yawned, one step away, in the dark cavern there was a flash of fangs, he shut his. galley we're building? Use your head, boy!" hers and smiled at him, a smile so tender and radiant that he said spontaneously, "And may what. spot, because the momentum made me stumble. I caught my balance but was spun around, so that. turned away scowling. Then she touched his hand very lightly. When he stroked the sleek black flow. The sorcerer came out from behind San. His name was Ayeth. The power in him was small, tainted., file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (65 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. feeling horribly like despair. I was certain that the others were experiencing the same things, but. There was a silence. The fire whispered. and over again. For a while I watched one -- a doll almost as large as myself, a caricature with. "I don't know it, sir." the last high note. "I haven't got it right yet," Diamond said, vexed and embarrassed. "What? What milk? That's brit. . ." had the gift for it, taught. He was a little curious about this boy whose cheerful good manners. "And if. . ." I put out my cigarette. South of Andanden lies a land where the ashes fell a hundred feet deep when last the volcano spoke. Rivers and streams cut their way seaward through that high plain, winding and pooling, spreading and wandering, making a marsh of it, a big, desolate, waterland with a far horizon, few trees, not many people. The ashy soil grows a rich, bright grass, and the people there keep cattle, fattening beef for the populous southern coast, letting the animals stray for miles across the plain, the rivers serving as fences. She looked him up and down. "Marks on it, sir," she said. And then, to Tern, in a different tone, "If you'd like to come with me, she lives this way. And though she's only a girl, and poor, I'll tell you, peddler, she has an open hand. Though perhaps not all of us do." It was Golden's grandest party yet, with a dancing floor built on the town green down the way from. still dance, I thought to myself. That's good. The pair took a few steps, a pale, mercurylike ring. thread it is." Crow watched his companion with amusement and some disdain; he himself could. "Hungry? Eat," he said. "Put your feet up to the fire," she said abruptly. "I have some old shoes of my husbands." It cost her something to say that, yet when she had said it she felt released, untied too. What was she keeping Bren's shoes for, anyhow? They were too small for Berry and too big for her. She'd given away his clothes, but kept the shoes, she didn't know what for. For this fellow, it would seem. Things came round if you could wait for them, she thought. "I'll set em out for you," she said. "Yours are perished." what the wizard was telling him. Yet he was certain, now, that Gelluk's ideas, the teaching he so. under them, and he would know that under the roots of the grass a stream crept through dark earth. The witch still said nothing. They walked along in the darkness side by side. At last, in a placating, frightened voice, Rose said, "It came so ...". With these words the feeling of the unreality of everything returned, and I was no longer. "How can you deliver babies properly if you haven't had one?" said her mother. "You talk in a strange way. Where are you from?" slowly, slowly past. Ivory tried to tease her, but she only shook her head. Maybe she was scared. "Everything's for gain some way, I'd say. People have to live. But what do I know? I make my. weatherworker who needed training at sea, and Sava, a woman of sixty who had come to Roke with him. some sort of justice, and fighting off petty tyrants. As order and peace returned to the. colossus, impossible and unbelievable, was reflected in a long, paler copy on the black waters of. 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. when he was seven or eight he had lost the hang of it and never could do it again. "Is he curing the cattle?" she asked. aware of her, concerned for her. She stood up and followed him. Gelluk's attention turned entirely away from him then, fixed on the hillside and the vision he saw. "I cannot read them." Otter's voice was toneless. "I cannot go there. No one can enter there in the body but only the King. Only he can read what is written." I found myself in a forest of fountains; farther along I came upon a white-pink room filled. who had looked at him. He saw her eyes. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (40 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31

AM].immediately realize that it was addressed to me. I started to turn around, but the chair, quicker."Yes," Tern said, "and I will till she dies. And then I'll take her daughter to Roke. And if you want to read the Book of Names, you can come with us."At last she moved, and kissed his cheek, and whispered, "I missed you, I missed you, I missed you..Tern left late that year on his journey. He had with him a boy of fifteen, Mote, a promising weatherworker who needed training at sea, and Sava, a woman of sixty who had come to Roke with him seven or eight years before. Sava had been one of the women of the Hand on the isle of Ark. Though she had no wizardly gifts at all, she knew so well how to get a group of people to trust one another and work together that she was honored as a wise woman on Ark, and now on Roke. She had asked Tern to take her to see her family, mother and sister and two sons; he would leave Mote with her and bring them back to Roke when he returned. So they set off northeast across the Inmost Sea in the summer weather, and Tern told Mote to put a bit of magewind into their sail, so that they would be sure to reach Ark before the Long Dance..now on their own began to roll up, to furl, like fleshy flowers, some faster, some a little more."Wait here a little, if you please, Irian," the Doorkeeper said, and went into the room, leaving.ranges, the murrain's very bad. Maybe the cold weather'll put an end to it..Three children, two boys of fifteen or sixteen and a girl of twelve, were taken by one of Losen's.asked Tern to take her to see her family, mother and sister and two sons; he would leave Mote with.old, but that was nonsense. He was in his prime. The oldest trees, past bearing, ought to come out.learn an art you had no native gift for. In such discussions they worked out the names that ever.Dulse wandered about a bit before he found what he took to be the Dark Pond. It was small, half.tales, and songs, is written in the characters properly called Hardic runes. Most Archipelagans.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.. "And we're out of buttons," Tern said. He was cheerful; as soon as he had thought of Pody he knew.heifer follows him about like a puppy." Whatever he was doing out on the ranges with the beeves,..Magic was a wild talent before the time of Morred, who as both king and mage established intellectual and moral discipline for the art magic, gathering wizards to work together at the court for the general good and to study the ethical bases and constraints of their practice..hawk's face, she thought. She held still, listening.. "A NAMEDAY PARTY," said Golden. "Time for a bit of play, a bit of music and dancing, boy. Nineteen.well? No, it must have been eye shadow. She lifted her head..the sunshine of morning with his arms in the air..few steps he doubled over and vomited on the ground..always took her by surprise. She said nothing..Ath did not. His book, lost for centuries, is now in the Isolate Tower on Roke..That truly floored her. For the first time she looked at me as if I were a creature from.surely walk again, yes, and dance the Long Dance"..change a wooden carving of a bird into a bird that flew up and sang. Pre seen you make a light.fought..were old and uncanny. But in the Isles all books were old and all uncanny, what there was of them..He left her at the comer of the street, a narrow, dull, somehow sly-looking street that slanted up.he looked at his son. Slowly the mixture of anger, disappointment, confusion, and respect on his.He sought among memories, among shadows, groping over and over through images: the assault on his home in Havnor; the stone cell, and Hound; the brick cell in the barracks and the spell-bonds there; walking with Licky; sitting with Gelluk; the slaves, the fire, the stone stairs winding up through fumes and smoke to the high room in the tower. He had to regain it all, to go through it all, searching. Over and over he stood in that tower room and looked at the woman, and she looked at him. Over and over he walked through the little valley, through the dry grass, through the wizard's fiery visions, with her. Over and over he saw the wizard fall, saw the earth close. He saw the red ridge of the mountain in the dawn. Anieb died while he held her, her ruined face against his arm. He asked her who she was, and what they had done, and how they had done it, but she could not answer him.. "I don't see why," she said. "My mother can cure a fever and ease a childbirth and find a lost ring, maybe that's nothing compared to what the wizards and the dragonlords can do, but it's not nothing, all the same. And she didn't give up anything for it. Having me didn't stop her. She had me so that she could learn how to do it! Just because I learned how to play music from you, did I have to give up saying spells? I can bring a fever down now too. Why should you have to stop doing one thing so you can do the other? ".art, any word of the Language of the Making. It's always been so. They will not listen. So they."Irian of Way," the Summoner said in his deep, clear voice, "that there may be peace and order, and for the sake of the balance of all things, I bid you now leave this island. We cannot give you what you ask, and for that we ask your forgiveness. But if you seek to stay here you forfeit forgiveness, and must learn what follows on transgression."

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