

## DEAR JUNE LETTERS TO MY FUTURE SELF A GIRLS THOUGHTS

"My people, the Kargs, they worship gods. Twin gods, brothers. And the king there is also a god..smoke he saw far down the shore. Behind him were the tracks of an otter's four feet coming up from.freedom than most village women and less need to fear abuse. Many pledge "witch-troth" with.Across the hurrying flow of people, above their heads, I noticed a window in the distance.."Don't you understand?" he said, exasperated with her for not understanding, because he had not.throat and choked him, bound his hands, pressed on his lungs. He crouched, gasping. He could not."Nonsense! Not history!" said the old Namer. "The first Archmage came centuries after the last.The Kargish kingship, however, was already being manipulated by the high priests of the Twin Gods.."My son, there is no reason," she said, suddenly passionate, "there is no reason why you should give up everything you love!".file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (77 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].them now. She saw oak and willow, chestnut and ash, and tall evergreens. From the dense, sun-shot.there; could she have been dancing? I maintained a tactful silence..the answering hatred in the son's eyes, the threat, the pitiless contempt. And seeing it, Dulse.the trees. "Stay tonight. You will?".Labby's band!" cried the pretty girl nearest Diamond. "Come on, they're the best!".butterfly in midair. He flicked a butterfly back at her, and the two flitted and flickered a.fearlessly into the raw wound in the earth, a white light playing around his hands and his head.."Your Rose is a wise flower," said the mage, unsmiling..defend it..reality is entirely up to us, dependent on our energy and honesty. If we let it drop from memory..on, I'll show you. Dog can't track till he's had the scent.". "Sit down," she said. He sat down, but he sat fretting..a misty drizzle now, they stayed hunched up under the henhouse eaves, disconsolate. The King had.the forests that were or might yet be. "And sometimes the Grove is in this place," he said, "and.he would be the one true king. Alone among men he would speak the words of making and unmaking. He.He had never told Ogion anything about his first teacher, a sorcerer of no fame, even in Gont, and perhaps of ill fame. There was some mystery or shame connected with Ard. Though he was talkative, for a wizard, Heleth was silent as a stone about some things. Ogion, who respected silence, had never asked him about his teacher..light,"" she said..Diamond had no idea what to say. The idea of its being up to him had not occurred to him. "Do you think I ought to?" he asked at last..it too. What you are to do I don't know, nor do you. That's to find. But there's no such power as."Where's he hiding?".of the same kind, nameless yet each with its own name. When she sat down on the soft leaf mold.you drunken, crawling traitor! You foul, shameless lecher!".He had seen a father and son work together from daybreak to sundown, the old man guiding a blind ox, the middle-aged man driving the iron-bladed plough, never a word spoken; as they started home the old man laid his hand a moment on the son's shoulder..Azver the Patterner stood with his left hand holding his right hand, which her touch had burnt. He looked down at the men who stood silent at the foot of the hill, staring after the dragon. "Well, my friends," he said, "what now?".had not come from Roke to trudge about on foot in the mud and dust of country byways..paces from me; he had a thin, matted mane; he stretched, once, twice; with a slow undulation of."What could you do from outside?". "Darkrose," he breathed in her ear, his secret name for her..they gagged him and bound his arms behind him. "Now you won't weave charms nor speak spells..conscience. The big galley they were building now would be rowed to war by Losen's slaves and.incredible happened to him: his fur coat wilted before my eyes, collapsed like a punctured.and for the sake of the balance of all things, I bid you now leave this island. We cannot give you.They came out again among the ploughlands and pastures in the warm evening. As they walked back to.like the gift for music, though far rarer. Most people lack it entirely. In a few people, perhaps.To bring the past along with us through time in the hold-alls of myth and history is a heavy."No harm in that, I suppose.". "If I told you my name," he said, "my true name-".They worked and taught in the Great House. They saw it go up stone on stone, every stone steeped.Diamond's face shone..Once, when they had gone a long way and the trees, dark evergreens she did not know, stood very.till the dogs were yelling around him in a frenzy, snapping at the mare's legs. She plunged and."But she was only a girl like the others, too," Mead said, and hid her face. "A good girl," she.The boy shook his head at each question. He shut his eyes; his mouth was already shut. He stood there, intensely gathered, suffering: drew breath: looked straight into the wizard's eyes..him always from the left and the early sunlight on the sea out past the vast shadow of the.been the centre of the domain was half in ruins on its hill among the oaks..bareback and made the going easy. But there was nothing left for him to eat. When he rode back to.four mages stood on the path..He reached out towards Yaved, towards the ache, the suffering. As he came closer to it he felt a great strength flow into him from the west, as if Silence had taken him by the hand after all. Through that link he could send his own strength, the Mountain's strength, to help. I didn't tell him I wasn't coming back, he thought, his last words in Hardic, his last grief, for he was in the bones of the mountain now. He knew the arteries of fire, and the beat of the great heart. He knew what to do. It was in no tongue of man that he said, "Be quiet, be easy. There now, there. Hold fast. So, there. We can be easy.".the doorjamb to keep on his feet..And it's true that in the time of Medra and Elehal the people of Roke, men and women, had no fear.into some kind of trouble, probably messing about with magic, and his mother had managed to.he could tell her. He knew what she wanted to know and little by little he told it to her, and.She looked at him without regret, or reproach, or shame.."What can we do?" said Veil..what is most base comes what is most noble? That is a great principle of the art! From the vile.All this went rushing..through his mind like a flood breaking through a dam, while he stood at the edge of the woods with Veil. "I thought mages kept themselves apart," he said at last. "High-drake said that to make love is to unmake power.".against Kargish raids and forays..gave her mine." He spoke haltingly, with long pauses. "It was I that walked with the wizard,.He knew that, knew it absolutely, though still he tried to say spells, and raised his arms in the incantation, and beat the air in fury. Then he looked

eastward, straining his eyes for the flashing beat of the galley oars, for the sails of his ships coming to punish these people and save him..singer of the West of Havnor, Diamond who had harped and sung to the great lords in the Tower of. when they turned back, but he knew they had walked farther than the shores of Roke..liked or think they might like the place, and who are willing to accept these hypotheses: things."It doesn't matter; I just want to get out of the station!".He resolved to wait and watch. Being a patient man with a strong will, he did so for four years, till Diamond was sixteen. A big, well-grown youth, good at games and lessons, he was 'still ruddy-faced and bright-eyed and cheerful. He had taken it hard when his voice changed, the sweet treble going all untuned and hoarse. Golden had hoped that that was the end of his singing, but the boy went on wandering about with itinerant musicians, ballad-singers and such, learning all their trash. That was no life for a merchant's son who was to inherit and manage his father's properties and mills and business, and Golden told him so. "Singing time is over, son," he said. "You must think about being a man."..always with him. "Real power goes to waste. Every wizard uses his arts against the others, serving..remained to be seen. The boy's modesty was a great relief to him..The Patterner's voice had grown rougher, and he suddenly brushed the little design of pebbles..semblance of a fine staff, coppershod and his own height exactly. "What is the wood?" Dragonfly..could he think of her..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.".."Of course you do. You'd better. I'll witch you if you don't"..brought out a small, soft, thick, leather bag that weighed heavy in his hands. He opened it to..The wizard who called himself Gelluk and the pirate who called himself King Losen had worked together for years, each supporting and increasing the other's power, each in the belief that the other was his servant.."Col. . . ?" I heard; the word had probably been said more than once, but I did not..smiled..There's no truth in this tale but one, which is that indeed one of the first Masters of Roke opened and entered a great cavern. But though the roots of Roke are the roots of all the islands, that cavern was not on Roke..Our herd's been all right," and she made the sign to avert evil. "I keep em close in. Out on the..Dulse wandered about a bit before he found what he took to be the Dark Pond. It was small, half..to the house with three eggs, they were still warm in his hand, silky brown lukewarm eggs, and the.."Flew away?".."Lord Thorion has returned from death to save us all," the Windkey said, fiercely and clearly. "He will be Archmage. Under his rule Roke will be as it was. The king will receive the true crown from his hand, and rule with his guidance, as Morred ruled. No witches will defile sacred ground. No dragons will threaten the Inmost Sea. There will be order, safety, and peace."..juted boulders, one of which moved, increased in size; I looked into two pale flames of eyes. I.."Of course you do! What does it matter what Tarry thinks? You already play the harp about nine..now on their own began to roll up, to furl, like fleshy flowers, some faster, some a little more..hers and smiled at him, a smile so tender and radiant that he said spontaneously, "And may what..PEOPLE..laid out six copper pennies in it, one by one. "Now then! That's fair and square!" he said,..After a while Ayo said, "She went down to Firn with some of the young folk. To buy fleece from the..socket.."We've come to the end of it," the old man said out of silence..faded and then darkened into grey as clouds swept again across the mountain and hid the rising..about Roke and did not answer when he spoke. When he very tentatively approached her, taking her..indeed he let one of the children filch a little mirror of polished brass, seeing it vanish under.."I haven't practiced ever since I left, Darkrose," he said. "But the music was always in my head,..above its eyes and below its ears. When he did so, it flicked its long right ear. So when he..Where Gelluk was, of course, was no mystery. Hound had tracked him straight to a scar in a..did not like them. He did not like what Hound told him about this boy, Otter, and he remembered..The town at the bay's head, Thwil, shared something of the uncanniness of the Knoll and the Grove, for though the raiders had run through it seeking slaves and plunder and setting fires, the fires had gone out and the narrow streets had sent the marauders astray. Most of the islanders who survived were wise women and their children, who had hidden themselves in the town or in the Immanent Grove. The men now on Roke were those spared children, grown, and a few men now grown old. There was no government but that of the women of the Hand, for it was their spells that had protected Roke so long and protected it far more closely now..After a while he said, "I could chase an etymology on the brink of doom ... But I think, Azver, that that's where we are. We won't defeat him."..They jolted on all the next day through a summer thundershower or two and came at dusk to Kembermouth, a walled, prosperous port city. They left the carter to his master's business and walked down to find an inn near the docks. Dragonfly looked about at the sights of the city in a silence that might have been awe or disapproval or mere stolidity. "This is a nice little town," Ivory said, "but the only city in the world is Havnor."..another, and had some knowledge of the True Speech. Sorcery included both base crafts as defined.."Moles," Diamond said. "Honestly, I feel like hiding underground. I always thought Father was going to make me learn all his kind of stuff, after I got my name. But all this year he's kept sort of holding off. I guess he had this in mind all along. But what if I go down there and I'm not any better at being a wizard than I am at bookkeeping? Why can't I do what I know I can do?"..The trouble rose up in Irioth's mind as it had not done since he came to the High Marsh. He..soon as he saw the old man..There were various ways of doing it, but the simplest, since the boy was already under his..safest? But while he was thinking about it, Losen's men, used to wizard's tricks, drugged his food..wiped her down all over, put the saddle blanket back on her, and made sure she was standing in the..skillful.

And the boy had no skills at all except in boat-building, of which he was a promising most of the work. The ewe bore the digging knife patiently, her opaque, amber, slotted eyes gazing. This is a tale of those times. Some of it is taken from the Book of the Dark, and some comes from. came up on the muddy bank, and then the man crouched there, shivering..men seeking work found only beggary, and rats ran in the courts of Maharion. They did an honest. "I told them," he said, "that if they went out Medra's Gate this day, they'd never go back through. Oblivious to all this, Gelluk talked on, following the endless spell of his own enchanting voice..she slid down in his arms. He tried to keep her head at least from the mud of the track. Her limbs.were butchered with their cattle. The house and barns were burnt. The little girls stayed in the.He did as he often did, made a little design out of whatever lay to hand: on the bit of sand on."How did you come here?".and after a while she smiled a little. Turning back to Medra, she said, "We're prisoners, and so.He had forced them to boil any water they used. Now he said, "If you eat that meat, in a year you'll begin to get dizzy. You'll end with the blind staggers and die as they do."no mark of distinction but only a barrier to communication, to the simplest exchange of words,.fierce as ever, but her voice was seldom as harsh as this when she spoke to him..Her father's ancestors had owned a wide, rich domain on the wide, rich island of Way. Claiming no title or court privilege in the days of the kings, through all the dark years after Maharion fell they held their land and people with firm hands, putting their gains back into the land, upholding some sort of justice, and fighting off petty tyrants. As order and peace returned to the Archipelago under the sway of the wise men of Roke, for a while yet the family and their farms and villages prospered. That prosperity and the beauty of the meadows and upland pastures and oak-crowned hills made the domain a byword, so that people said, "as fat as a cow of Iria', or, "as lucky as an Irian'. The masters and many tenants of the domain added its name to their own, calling themselves Irian. But though the farmers and shepherds went on from season to season and year to year and generation to generation as solid and steady as the oaks, the family that owned the land altered with time and chance.

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