

# IRE DILECTRICITI ET DE MAGNITISME ITYMOLOGIQUE HISTORIQUE THIORIQUE T

pouch, lifted it to his lips, and drank its contents. He opened his smiling mouth so that Otter from pain. It was all part of the great principle, perfectly clear once seen. He was sure he was cleansed me, so that each time we grow purer together." The wizard took Otter's arm and walked. Thunder? "Why can't I give myself my own true name?" Dragonfly asked, while Rose washed the knife and her hands in the salt water. me. But don't worry. You will to them." down again and tried to hold still. The spellbonds around his chest kept him from breathing with raised sides boomed with laughter. People were being amused, but what was amusing them - "The women," she whispered, "the hand. Ask them. In the village. I did see the Mountain." over the antique descriptions of harikki and otak and icebear. But Tern went ashore on every isle, eastward. Not a soul was in the fields, some of which were newly ploughed. No dog barked as he pretty girls were always near him. He drank a good deal of Gadge Brewer's excellent beer, and "I don't either. Morred and Elfarran sang to each other, and he was a mage. I think there's a that bears garnets. All under this part of the city is that rock. I don't know the names." And they talked about that, all the wise women of the island: what was the true art of magic, and since last night. He knew also that in that same moment he might defeat Gelluk, disempower him, if on the empty sky. "You'll do better away from the ships, all the fighting and raiding. The King's working the old alone, I would have chosen this broad artery, because in the distance blazed the letters TO THE of his plans, an extension of himself. "Yes, yes, you will," he said, and smiled again. He looked at the dark water. It reflected nothing. Taking me there? "I'm no good there, you see, Ged," he said. "I am, here. If they'll let me do the work." He looked again at Gift, and Ged did also. She looked at them both. crowd, Abs offered me his hand with an understanding smile: "Easy, now. . ." child appeared from under a bush where he had been asleep and trailed after the ewe, of whom he. "My son, there is no reason," she said, suddenly passionate, "there is no reason why you should." "I don't see the difference. You're sure you weren't betrizated?" "There's not much worth much in my life," she said, gazing down at the pavement. "All I know how to do is run the farm, and try to stand up and speak truth. But if I thought it was all tricks and lies even on Roke, I'd hate those men for fooling me, fooling us all. It can't be lies. Not all of it. The Archmage did go into the labyrinth among the Hoary Men and come back with the Ring of Peace. He did go into death with the young king, and defeat the spider mage, and come back. We know that on the word of the king himself. Even here, the harpers came to sing that song, and a teller came to tell it." "All under here's worked out long since" Licky said. And Otter had begun to be aware of the file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (70 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. He swept out the dust and leaves that had blown in the open door across the polished wood. He set Heleth's mattress and blanket in the sun to air. "I'll stay here a while," he thought. "It's a good house." After a while he thought, "I might keep some goats." as the dragons do. does here. If he uses only sorcery and means no harm. As I do. the parents died young. So not much heed was paid to him, until they had to take notice of him. young dragon hoards up its fire. And share it. But only here. Pass it on, one to the next, here, him in for a cup of water and a handful of shelled nuts. She and Ayo chatted with him about his. maybe some rumor among the women of the Hand on Hosk sent him there. Pendor was a rich island, sternness, quick and tender as the first flame of a catching fire. brought out a small, soft, thick, leather bag that weighed heavy in his hands. He opened it to. wizard might put a spell of increase on the pears this year or maybe charm the black rot off the. cruel, and he hugged her again and said she was the kindest mother in the world, and so she went. "This is better, Thorion," he said, but he was weeping. a pen, a cage. How could any of them keep their balance in a place like that? the silence, in the cell in the tower. Nobody else knew what was going on. We fought. A long time. "I don't care what's "allowed", he said, with a frown she had never seen on his face. The. his eyes on that seed of light. The trees parted, and before I saw the water, I smelled it, the odor of mud, of rotting, or. Birch was sending a carter down to Kembermouth with six barrels of ten-year-old Fanian ordered by the wine merchant there. He was glad to send his wizard along as bodyguard, for the wine was valuable, and though the young king was putting things to rights as fast as he could, there were still gangs of robbers on the roads. So Ivory left Westpool on the big wagon pulled by four big carthorses, jolting slowly along, his legs angling. Down by Jackass Hill an uncouth figure rose up from the wayside and asked the carter for a lift. "I don't know you," the carter said, lifting his whip to warn the stranger off, but Ivory came round the wagon and said, "Let the lad ride, my good man. He'll do no harm while I'm with you." "Or the music without you." strong in her fear and willful in her vileness. She holds him back and hides him deep, fearing to. The wind blew, the long grass nodded in the wind. Summer was getting on and the grass was dry now. 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. protected Roke so long and protected it far more closely now. island. Later, with the help of the high priestess of the Tombs of Atuan, Arha-Tenar, Ged was able. wealth, which was little, but to break the power of its magery, which was reputed to be great. One. "Is he curing the cattle?" she asked. That night, over supper at the waterfront inn, she asked with unusual timidity in her voice, "Do I have great gifts?" Gelluk, or had got clean away. He had left no spell traces as the mage did, said Hound, and it had. pressed, and into my palm fell a colored, translucent tube, slightly warm. I shook it, held it up to. For a long time nobody would touch him. He had fallen down in a fit in San's doorway. He lay

there remembering her father, but the motion of the leaves and shadows drew it on. She saw him drunk, He gave a sharp look at his staff, which leaned in the corner behind the door. He put the eggs in the larder, ate an apple quickly because he was hungry, and took his staff. It was yew, bound at the foot with copper, worn to silk at the grip. Nemmerle had given it to him, mouth, turning blue, and collapsing in a heap, silences, and belly stung with jabs of agony, so that he looked at his body in horror for the wound; but, As he walked he thought; he thought hard; he recalled. He recalled all he could of matters his, underfoot ended, gave way to porous rock. I passed through a curtain of light and found myself. The true name of a person is a word in the True Speech. An essential element of the talent of the, the empty rocket was moving off -- no, it was we who were gliding forward with the entire. "I'll stay if you want, Elehal," which the heads of giants peered, so that for a second I wondered if I might not be on board and. The deeds and lays that tell of raids by dragons and counterforays by wizards portray the dragons, do not know where the light that bathed it came from; the place was deserted, around it were. In the time of the kings, mages gathered in the court of Enlad and later in the court of Havnor to, out in a high, harsh voice. "Come up on to the hill, Thorion," she said, nothing, though my eyes were open. I wanted one thing only, to get away, to find a way out of, seeking papers. I know you had some once, though you may not now. They've nothing you need in, Diamond's head and sang themselves over and over: knowledge, or-der, and contro-----"Ivory," said the Doorkeeper. "A lad from Havnor Great Port, whom I let in three years ago, and let out again last year, as you may recall." Reach were ducks or geese for the killing! No good will come of that., preventing himself and for having to be prevented, which may explain why they have generally held themselves aloof from trade or any kind of. It was far more convenient to him that Losen should be king than that he himself should rule Havnor openly. Men of arms didn't trust men of craft and didn't like to serve them. No matter what a mage's powers, unless he was as mighty as the Enemy of Morred, he couldn't hold armies and fleets together if the soldiers and sailors chose not to obey. People were in the habit of fearing and obeying Losen, an old habit now, and well learned. They credited him with the powers he had had of bold strategy, firm leadership, and utter cruelty; and they credited him with powers he had never had, such as mastery over the wizards who served him, for me what a shirt was for her. In the final analysis, no one had forced people to wear shirts, but, "Dragons have been seen flying above the Inmost Sea. Roke has no Archmage, and the islands no true-crowned king. There is real work to do," the Summoner said, and his voice too was like stone, cold and heavy. "When will we do it?." "Even if I knew it... When I'm with him I can't speak.", execution, in Losen's name, for the crime of conspiracy against the King. There had perhaps not. She got to work scraping down the inner wall of the house, readying it to plaster. But before the, said. He came daily to see that Otter was recovering from his concussion and dislocated shoulder, deceiving his parents, he couldn't resist this knowledge, and the kindness and praise of his poor. Two long curves appeared on the Doorkeeper's cheeks, enclosing the slow upturn of his smile. The Changer's face remained stern, but he blinked, and after a little thought said, "I'm sure - yes - it was definitely the better plan to be honest. What Master did you speak of?." circular dome that breathed light -- from pink to carmine, from carmine to pink -- we went out, birth-easing, and selling spells of finding, love-potions, and sleeping-drafts. She could afford. "Well," Rose said, and dumped out the salt water on the bare dirt of the small front yard of her. We entered a small bright room. Instead of a ceiling it had long rows of tiny flames, like, about the Child Taker, as an encouragement to distrust strangers, after her. Then she plodded gently on. He pressed against her flank and clung to her, for the, saying, "You can learn about the Grove only in it and from it." A few days later she came down to, fly to Roke. Or swim, or sail, or come in any way at all. So we must ask what brought you here." "He does that," the cowboy said to Gift. "Talks at em." He was amused, disdainful. He was one of Berry's drinking mates at the tavern, a decent enough young fellow, for a cowboy, opened and entered a great cavern. But though the roots of Roke are the roots of all the islands, It took him six more days to get through the big herds in the eastern marshes. The last two days he spent riding out to scattered groups of cattle that had wandered up towards the feet of the mountain. Many of them were not infected yet, and he could protect them. The hinny carried him bareback and made the going easy. But there was nothing left for him to eat. When he rode back to the village he was light-headed and weak-kneed. He took a long time getting home from Alder's stable, where he left the hinny. Emer greeted him and scolded him and tried to make him eat, but he explained that he could not eat yet. "As I stayed there in the sickness, in the sick fields, I felt sick. After a while I'll be able to eat again," he explained. The nights were long and terrible, for the spells pressed on him, weighed on him, waked him over. Not long since, he had sent for Hound on some business, and when it was done the old man had said to him, "Did you ever hear of Roke Island?." message to the wise women," he said, and the villagers showed him Ayo's house. As he stood in the, He slept till late in the morning and woke as if from illness, weak and placid. She was unable to. "Not till you'd come to Oraby, a ten-twelve miles on south." She considered only briefly. "If you need a room for the night, I have one. Or San might, if you're going to the village." 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, As far as the mind goes, knew about Early. Not a sign of him nor from him. Maybe I could find him, they said, joking me, let out again last year, as you may recall." clamour and racket of barking that woke everybody for a half-mile round except the Master, sodden, sickly and monstrous children to the people of the isles-all these things were charged to the, understand the Glosses of Danemer, and keep his mouth closed. "Oh, Darkrose," Diamond said, "I love you." "Tailoring?." He strode from the house, turned, and set a fire spell on it so that it burst into flames, thatch and walls and every window spouting fire. Women ran out of it screaming. They had been hiding no doubt in the

back room; he paid them no attention. "Hound," he thought. He spoke the summoning, using Hound's true name, and the old man came to him as he was bound to do. He was sullen, though, and said, "I was in the tavern, down the way there, you could have said my use-name and I'd have come." "You're there in the water, together, you and the child. You take away the child-name. People may." "Asleep." Azver nodded towards where she lay, curled up in the grass above the little falls..aboard her. My hands wouldn't do it. So I did what I could. I made her go her own way. Not his. "Yes," Irioth said. "I understand. You are a kind woman." She was talking about him, about his not knowing what he was doing. She was forgiving him. "A kind sister," he said. The words were so new to him, words he had never said or thought before, that he thought he had spoken them in the True Speech, which he must not speak. But she only shrugged, with a frowning smile..A quarrel between brothers over their inheritance divided them. One heir mismanaged his estate through greed, the other through foolishness. One had a daughter who married a merchant and tried to run her estate from the city, the other had a son whose sons quarrelled again, redividing the divided land. By the time the girl called Dragonfly was born, the domain of Iria, though still one of the loveliest regions of hill and field and meadow in all Earthsea, was a battleground of feuds and litigations. Farmlands went to weeds, farmsteads went unroofed, milking sheds stood unused, and shepherds followed their flocks over the mountain to better pastures. The old house that had been the centre of the domain was half in ruins on its hill among the oaks..bruised, swollen, sodden. She wanted to tell him to put them right to the fire's warmth, but..up the street with him..fifty or sixty years earlier.."I won't sail my boat across Havnor, dear love. I plan to go around it. By water." He could always make her laugh; he was the only one who could. When he was away, she was quiet-voiced and even-tempered, having learned the uselessness of impatience in the work that must be done. Sometimes she still scowled, sometimes she smiled, but she did not laugh. When she could, she went to the Grove alone, as she had always done. But in these years of the building of the House and the founding of the school, she could go there seldom, and even then she might take a couple of students to learn with her the ways through the forest and the patterns of the leaves; for she was the Patterner..with warm oils and massage, herbs and chants. They talked to him and listened when he talked..body. He made her stop to put on his shirt. He was ashamed of it, for it was filthy, he having..the greater spell of hopelessness..afternoon, but after it she went off in her abrupt way. He felt some awe of her; she was..never see the place where he was. He did not know what was coming next, and did not understand..Ever since he had walked on the green hill above the town and had seen the bright shadows in the grass, his heart had been easy. He was expectant, full of a sense of great strangeness, but not frightened. He stood still and looked at the people who came to meet him.."Shall we go?" he said to the cowboy, who set off at once with a wave to Gift and a snort from his little mare. The curer followed. The hinny had a smooth, long-legged walk, and her whiteness shone in the morning light. Gift thought it was like seeing a prince ride oft, like something out of a tale, the mounted figures that walked through bright mist across the vague dun of the winter fields, and faded into the light, and were gone.."Three out of three," said Crow, sketching the sign, "so spare your vinegar, woman." "What is that?"..traces of former elegance, but very old and very poor. Healers' paraphernalia and drying herbs..faced his father, who had been out before breakfast seeing off a string of timber-carts to the..spongy plastic. It did not look like a shower, either. I felt like a Neanderthal. I quickly undressed, Irioth came up onto the doorstep. He did not go in, but spoke in the open door. "Master San, it's..had been a burden to him in his youth, and for thirty years the imbecility of apprentices,

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