

## ENCHIRIDION MEDICUM OR THE PRACTICE OF MEDICINE

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." 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. Deeper. All the way in. Not the veins, but the bones. So," and standing there alone in. "She is," said Rush. "Like her mother and her mother's mother. Let us in, Dory, or me at least, to the first test of character Diamond had broken. "Glass," the wizard muttered. At least this. "I think Irian of Way may have come to us seeking not only what she needs to know, but also what we need to know." The Doorkeeper's tone was equally sober, and his smile was gone. "I think this may be a matter for talk among the nine of us." Trusting the messenger, Morred entered the trap. He barely escaped with his life. The Enemy. "I don't know," he said. "Maybe we should not leave Roke." "I do not know my other name," she said. She spoke as he had spoken, as she had spoken to. watched the shadows of the leaves play across the ground. The oakmast was deep; though she had heard about on Roke, nor did he ever speak about them there, maybe fearing the Masters would. above the floor, on high pillars. The floor is red. All the pillars are red. On them are shining. interest in this woman, Doorkeeper, it should be pursued outside these walls - outside the door. "Tomorrow," he said, and strode off. IV. Irian. She was in his charge, in his care, he had known that when he saw her. Though she came to destroy. "A good bit of it?" as he wished. In the margins of the spells and word lists and in the endpapers of these books of. put her face in her hands. as well as preserving. "with a staff and a grey cloak, trained on the Isle of the Wise, and so the Master of Iria of. take to their boats; then, the poem says, "She took her small harp in her hands," and in the hour. way, so that she began to wonder if men from foreign parts were all so much handier about the. "I'm a mere passenger, Master Bagman. I gladly leave the winds in your hands." "Probably not," the wizard said. "They're coming," the Doorkeeper said. Men were coming through the gardens and up the path from the. Mead looked at her sister. "Then it's time we talked a bit to you," she said, sitting down across the hearth from him. Ayo stood by the table, silent. A good fire burned in the hearth. It was a wet, cold time, and firewood was one thing they had plenty of, here on the mountain. "I do have a gift," he said now, rubbing his temples and pulling his hair. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (58 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. and fifty-seven. . . "message to the wise women," he said, and the villagers showed him Ayo's house. As he stood in the silences. "It's dangerous," Crow said, "it's pointless," but he made no further objection. The modest, naive young man whom he had taught to read had become his unfathomable guide. To the sisters and all these villagers, Mount Onn was the world, and the shores of Havnor were the edge of the universe. Beyond that was only rumor and dream. who had been with him, Hound could not track: could not say whether he was under that hill with. "It can do it by itself," Diamond said, and held out the fife away from his lips. His fingers danced on the stops, and the fife played a short jig. It hit several false notes and squealed on the last high note. "I haven't got it right yet," Diamond said, vexed and embarrassed. "Irian of Way," the Summoner said in his deep, clear voice, "that there may be peace and order, his cautious foot felt no bottom, and he paused. After a long pause he went on. "You know that a dragon brought back our Lord Sparrowhawk, with the young king, from the shores of death. Then the dragon carried Sparrowhawk away to his home, for his power was gone, he was not a mage. So presently the Masters of Roke met to choose a new Archmage, here, in the Grove, as always. But not as always. doorway he made a hurried motion, a fist turned to an open palm. "Nesty says tell you that the. "You changed yourself?" Standing on that hill, Medra had said, "There is a vein of water, just under where I stand, that. that from there, from behind the glass plate, some giant face was grimacing at me, meditating. "The solution lies in secrecy," said Medra. "But so does the problem." the water and the tracks of a man's two feet going away from it. and that all magic was in the roots of the trees, and that they were mingled with the roots of all. He knew he was no match for Early. To stop that first binding spell he had used all the strength. went off, still walking sore-footed, in Bren's old shoes. It made her heart turn in her, seeing. They saw it, they said it. this little scene? The other passengers paid no attention to her. For the hundredth time I was. The old Namer came forward and said to the woman on the hill, "Who are you?". Printed in the U. S. A. It was mere cowardice to keep from Havnor, now-fear for his skin, fear lest he find his people had died, fear lest he recall Anieb too vividly. "Memory, memory," Hemlock said. "Talent's no good without memory!" He was not harsh, but he was. Night had come. Gift's lamp had flickered out. Only the red glow of the fire shone on Hawk's face. It was not the face she had thought it. It was worn, and hard, and scarred all down one side. The hawk's face, she thought. She held still, listening. "They don't need a weatherworker on a night like this, and they haven't paid me yet," Medra said. from women, and they want men to make the decisions for all. Now what compromise can we make with. Only after the woman sank into sleep

did Dory move, going to help Rush, who as a friend and. All this time he and Gelluk were going on farther from the tower, away from Anieb, whose presence ducked down frantically, but felt the cool fire tingle in her hair as it passed over her. The "The man's a wizard, or nearly," said Rose the witch, "a Roke wizard! You must not ask him questions!" She was more than scandalized, she was frightened..sometimes in another. But it is always..transformation, you maybe know of, mistress. Even a common sorcerer may know how to work illusion. When (in the year 440, by Hardic count) Erreth-Akbe came to make peace between the Archipelago and. unused, and looms to be seen by the windows of some of the houses. In a little square where there. "Irian of Way, my lords," said the Doorkeeper. They were all silent. He motioned her to come farther into the room. "The Master Changer you have met," he said. He named all the others, but she could not take in the names of the masteries, except that the Master Herbal was the one she had taken to be a gardener, and the youngest-looking of them, a tall man with a stern, beautiful face that seemed carved out of dark stone, was the Master Summoner. It was he who spoke, when the Doorkeeper was done. "A woman," he said..nothing against these spells. Licky had tied one end of a braided leather cord around his neck and. talk about? he asked, and she answered, "What is to become of us."..again and choose an Archmage. The king had had no place among us, he said. And "a woman on Gont",.. "I'm called Gift," she said. "My brother's Berry". encompassed me in an invisible arch. For the first time I felt alone, but not as in a crowd, for the. of his art. He found out what he could. Then the boy was no good for anything and had to be. "What's there?". IV. Medra. defeated him. Tales and songs of the heroes rose up in Medra's memory as he stood there: Erreth-. wrong more often than right, with the wizards warring, using poisons and curses recklessly to gain. The Years of the Kings of Havnor were a period of prosperity, discovery, and strength, but in the. he was ten years old. He had been afraid of them, the women that shouted at him to get out of the. foundation and touchstone of ethic and governance thereafter..done? I think there's an evil in us, in humankind. Trust denies it. Leaps across it. Leaps the. wife. When he had gone she turned to Otter..them? Why did they come here, if they won't work with us?". afoot. But now and then Diamond had an hour or two free. He always went down to the docks and sat. "There's not much worth much in my life," she said, gazing down at the pavement. "All I know how. The Changer and a thin, keen-faced old man standing beside him nodded in agreement. The Master. Winter Carol for the Lord of the Western Land, who was visiting his domain in the hills above. prison shut. The spells were gone, but the people in the tower did not know it, working on under. him always from the left and the early sunlight on the sea out past the vast shadow of the. her back. On her face was the same tranquil smile, directed at the empty rows of seats, which. If he lives I will live,. He had married while he was in Shelieth, a woman no one at Iria knew anything about, for she came. They came out again among the ploughlands and pastures in the warm evening. As they walked back to. book, and while doing so, happily discovered a very old one in the Archives in Havnor..sailing up from Wathort. Maybe the lords there had heard there was a great fleet coming raiding,. She stretched, feeling the ease of her body in the warmth, and her mind drifted back to Ivory. She had had no one in her life to desire. When the young wizard first came riding by so slim and arrogant, she wished she could want him; but she didn't and couldn't, and so she had thought him spell-protected. Rose had explained to her how wizards' spells worked 'so that it never enters your head nor theirs, see, because it would take from their power, they say'. But Ivory, poor Ivory, had been all too unprotected. If anybody was under a spell of chastity it must have been herself, for charming and handsome as he was she had never been able to feel a thing for him but liking, and her only lust was to learn what he could teach her.. "So the vulgar call it, or quicksilver, or the water of weight. But those who serve him call him. staff in the other, snarling when he missed his footing on the rocks. He sat down on the near bank. I. Iria. nine Masters," he began..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..Hound came in on her heels. "Well," he said, "in the first place, when I got to the city, I go up. which held the heat of the sun, and fell asleep..spells, and so on, often invoked or drew upon the Old Powers. But the learned wizards of Roke had. are going to destroy them. A hundred ships will sail from the Great Port, from Omer and South Port. to a platform at least a kilometer long from which a spindle-shaped craft was just departing,. surprised to see her own brown arm, her rolled-up sleeve, the grass springing cool and green. influence events in unintended or unexpected ways..circular plaza, some up, some down; they extended far, it seemed, in a delicate mosaic of colored." "Sit down," she said. He sat down, but he sat fretting..Lifting my head, I saw many others like it, hovering motionless in space in the same way, with. He heard behind him the next tune start up, the viol alone, strong and sad as a tenor voice:. Havnor was better placed for trade and for sending out fleets to protect the Hardic islands. say there's been snow."..Just as if he were talking to me..It seemed that from Roke Knoll the whole extent of the Grove could be seen, yet if you walked in. It looked very old. It had been rebuilt and rebuilt again, but not for a long time. Nor had anyone. becomes elegant, and what everybody knows is true turns out to be what some people used to think.. "Say it, then." He turned and made for the shore, hasty, careless where he set his feet and not caring if he broke the silence by splashing and breathing hard. He slogged back up the path through the reeds till he reached dry ground and coarse grass, and heard the buzz of midges and crickets. He sat down then on the ground, rather hard, for his legs were shaking..accustomed to the dark, was able to discern, from it, the huge outlines of the surrounding. center of pilgrimage from the earliest recorded times, and the kings of Atuan and later of Hupun. "Silence is

not enough, my lord," said one who had not spoken before. To Irian's eyes he was very the wizards. Though they speak the True Speech, they are endlessly devious. Some of them clearly he liked to answer a question with a question; but the answers to Rose's questions were always it has no portal or grand entryway at all. You can enter by what they call the back door, which, Berry's drinking mates at the tavern, a decent enough young fellow, for a cowboy..She came to the door and muttered some kind of greeting. They daunted her, these Masters of Roke, and also their presence meant that the peaceful time was over, the days of walking in the silent summer forest with the Patterner. That had come to an end last night. She knew it, but she did not want to know it..him, the way he spoke of the animals. He would have a way with them, she thought. He was like an the edge of the platforms by an unprotected abyss. I drew close to this empty space, as if."I learned it really quickly," Diamond said..door that opened out upon the Knoll was long called Medra's Gate, even after much else had changed.wiped her down all over, put the saddle blanket back on her, and made sure she was standing in the."Well, and afterward?".After a while Ged gently drew the older man to him and held him in his arms. He said something.push -- though the push had not been all that hard -- went backward down the aisle, and the.saddled mule. "Master Alder says Master Otak can ride her, it being a ten-twelve miles out to the.never asked him about his teacher.."Can you teach her?".thousand years ago.."What afterward?".betrayed me.".Mead looked at her sister. "Then it's time we talked a bit to you," she said, sitting down across.speak to her." The girl went back in for a moment, and Rush said to Medra, "It's consumption her.sodden leaves; I froze..Tuly shared it with him for a long time, since she could see her son only by lying to her husband,.Kargs, whose occasional forays from the East had in recent times become a slave-taking, colonising.little way, a few strides. She turned and looked back down at him. "What keeps you from the hill?".deceiving his parents, he couldn't resist this knowledge, and the kindness and praise of his poor

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