

# TEN 1881 VOL 40 DIE ZEITSCHRIFT FIR POLITIK LITERATUR UND KUNST ERSTES

rode down several levels, I think, and, getting off on the street at the bottom, was surprised to see. Printed on narrow sands under granite cliffs, in the first light, were the tracks of a bird. Re Albi, and they both knew it. Then he was back in himself, with the fierce hurt in his arm and hip and head, sick and dizzy in the blind blackness. When he moved, he whimpered; but he sat up. I have to live, he thought. I have to remember how to live. How to make light. I have to remember. I have to remember the shadows of the leaves. Dulse had sent students on to the School, three or four of them, nice lads with a gift for this or that; but the one Nemmerle waited for had come and gone of his own will, and what they had thought of him on Roke Dulse did not know. Silence did not say. He had learned there in two or three years what some boys learned in six or seven and many never learned at all, but to him it had been mere groundwork. "Why can't you do it now?" He sat down on his narrow bunk and looked at her sitting on her narrow bunk; they could not face each other directly, as there was no room for their knees. At O Port she had bought herself a decent shirt and breeches, at his suggestion, so as to look a more probable candidate for the School. Her face was windburned and scrubbed clean. Her hair was braided and the braid clubbed, like Ivory's. She had got her hands clean, too, and they lay flat on her thighs, long strong hands, like a man's. "Why would you come to the Marsh?" she asked. She had a right to ask, having taken him in, yet she. Ivory looked at that hill with a kind of longing hatred. "You take care," the witch said, grim. "Everything's perilous, right enough, and meddling with wizards most of all." HOUND STAYED IN ENDLANE. He could make a living as a finder there, and he liked the tavern, and Dragonfly found the village witch taking maggots out of an infected cut on a sheep's rump. The witch's use-name was Rose, like a great many women of Way and other islands of the Hardic Archipelago. People who have a secret name that holds their power the way a diamond holds light may well like their public name to be ordinary, common, like other people's names. He heard behind him the next tune start up, the viol alone, strong and sad as a tenor voice: "Where My Love Is Going." which looked constantly as if on the verge of flight, was in fact the city, and that the one I had left. They came to the house in Boatwright Street after dark. They kicked the door in, and Hound, No wind. No birdcall. No distant lowing or bleating or call of voice. As if all the island had gone still. Not a fly buzzed. "I know nothing," Irian said. She stepped forward again, facing the mage directly. Tell me who I. her hand in his, and her cheek, warm-cool, silken-gritty, lay against his mouth. In his mind he. "I can protect you here, and have done so. On Roke, of course, you'll be perfectly safe. The very walls, there... But if you go home, you must be willing to protect yourself. It's a difficult thing for a young man, very difficult -- a test of a will that has not yet been steeled, a mind that has not yet seen its true goal. I very strongly advise that you not take that risk. Write your parents, and go to the Great Port, or to Roke. Half your year's fee, which I'll return to you, will see to your first expenses." the shipwreck and the long night flight, and the grey beach led him only to the feet of sheer. It was as strangely quiet as the farmlands. Not a voice, not a face. It was difficult to feel uneasy in an ordinary-looking town on a sweet spring morning, but in such silence he must wonder if he was indeed in a plague-stricken place or an island under a curse. He went on. Between a house and an old plum tree was a wash line, the clothes pinned on it flapping in the sunny breeze. A cat came round the corner of a garden, no abandoned starveling but a white-pawed, well-whiskered, prosperous cat. And at last, coming down the steep little street, which here was cobbled, he heard voices. "A musician," Tuly said. "Last summer." Eight rows of gray seats, a fir-scented breeze, a hush in the conversations. I expected an. troubling harvesters or sailors a hundred miles away. 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. Diamond had been given his truename at the springs of the Amia in the hills above Glade. The wizard Hemlock, who had known his great-uncle the Mage, came up from South Port to name him. And Hemlock was invited to his nameday party the year after, a big party, beer and food for all, and new clothes, a shirt or skirt or shift for every child, which was an old custom in the West of Havnor, and dancing on the village green in the warm autumn evening. Diamond had many friends, all the boys his age in town and all the girls too. The young people danced, and some of them had a bit too much beer, but nobody misbehaved very badly, and it was a merry and memorable night. The next morning Golden told his son again that he must think about being a man. only transparent, as if molded in glass, even the seats were like glass, though soft. Without. "For us," said Ember. "For us who live, in hiding, neither killed nor killing. The dead are dead. I had to smile; it was not a pleasant smile. man, distrustful of visions until they could be made acts; and she, though a dutiful, loving wife. human voice. A terrible thing. They kissed each other all over their faces. To Rose's lips Diamond's face was smooth and full as. "Speak when I let you," the wizard said. "Where is the man?" Havnor Great Port is the city at the heart of the world, white-towered above its bay; on the. "The man's a wizard, or nearly," said Rose the witch, "a Roke wizard! You must not ask him. reign extended no farther south than Ilien and did not include Felkway in the east, Paln and Semel. "So we must follow her?" the Herbal asked. Roke; and the man Otter or Tern came from there, though originally from Havnor; and they held him. to practice and lead to no good thing. Master of Old Iria. He spent his youth and what remained of his inheritance in law courts and the. the message that Elfarran had escaped with the baby to an islet in the Jaws of Enlad. "Do people still live there?" Medra asked, and the master said, "Witches," while his brother said,

"Worm eaters." "Very rarely," she replied softly, as if thinking of something else. Her hands fell slowly, were coming over in a low, grey mass..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (103 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:32 AM].Erreth-Akbe's gifts in magic became apparent when he was still a boy. He was sent to the court to be trained by the wizards there, and the Queen chose him as a companion for her son..Two days later, when they had reopened the old shaft and begun digging towards the ore, the wizard,protected by armed men and spells of defense. Sorcerers and witches were drowned in the poisoned,ground groaned and moved, drawing together, healing itself..They stood silent, uncertain, trying to cherish hope..settle the quarrel. Though the Master there would still be quarrelling with me if he didn't keep.Healer." "You must find the Red Mother," he said, the day after that. They were sitting side by side again outside the barracks. The autumn sun was warm. The wizard had taken off his conical hat, and his thick grey hair flowed loose about his face. "I know you found that little patch for them to dig, but there's no more in that than a few drops. It's scarcely worth burning for so little. If you are to help me, and if I am to teach you, you must try a little harder. I think you know how." He smiled at Otter. "Don't you?" "Just enough to keep going on, eh?".the winter, see, we'll know your cures all took, that they're sound, like. Not that I doubt it,..study with him because it might be dangerous not to. Oh," and Diamond beat his head with his.The king left soon after, and the Master Windkey went with him. Before the king was to be crowned, they went to Gont and sought our lord, to find what that meant, "a woman on Gont". Eh? But they did not see him, only my countrywoman Tenar of the Ring. She said she was not the woman they sought. And they found no one, nothing. So Lebannen judged it to be a prophecy yet to be fulfilled. And in Havnor he set his crown on his own head..showered with a fine powder of disintegrating, dying fireflies, black, gold. At the very edge, a.He still stood there, and she said, "Look at the peaches! They're all ripe. We'll have to eat them right away." "Change, change," said the Patternner. Transformation."a boy swore to me that his whole village had seen dragons flying, this spring, west of Mount Onn..this man, I had begun to see in my mind's eye a great mountain, a broken cone, with a long, green,who challenge the power of the old. And at the centre, nothing. An empty courtyard. The Archmage."My father," he began, and stopped, and gave a kind of laugh. "They don't go together," he said.. "There are. Where are you from?".They held each other tight, hard, silent for a long time. To Diamond it was as if he held his future, his own life, his whole life, in his arms..of power from the kings to the priests. King Thoreg received him with honor, but Intathin the High.Time passed as always in the Grove, not passing at all it seemed, yet gone, the day gone quietly by in a few long breaths, a quivering of leaves, a bird singing far off and another answering it from even farther. Irian stood up slowly. She did not speak, but looked down the path, and then walked down it. The four men followed her..faced the wizard again he would be destroyed. And Roke with him. Roke and its children, and Elehal.A curved corridor with an inclined floor, as sometimes in the theater; from its walls,.smoke he saw far down the shore. Behind him were the tracks of an otter's four feet coming up from.The original loose, roughly descriptive use of the words witch, sorcerer, wizard, was codified.to him, "Did you ever hear of Roke Island?".little, small spell, to send the rain on round the mountain. His bones ached. They ached for the."Breathe, breathe, breathe," Gelluk said, laughing, and Otter tried not to hold his breath as they entered the tower..II. Ivory.The boy was in fact a workman of the first order, carpenter, cabinetmaker, stonemason, roofer; he growl, like a bear. A moment later a thunderclap rolled off the hidden upper slopes of Gont.small plate in front of each of us and with two lightning movements threw on each plate a portion.She stood up, almost as tall as he, and as straight. She said nothing for a minute and then spoke.quietly to him and let him go. Irioth drew a deep breath..Now, as otter, he was thinking only that he would like to stay otter, be otter, in the sweet brown water, the living river, forever. There is no death for an otter, only life to the end. But in the sleek creature was the mortal mind; and where the stream passes the hill west of Samory, the otter came up on the muddy bank, and then the man crouched there, shivering..itself, he said, the farmers round about provided, considering themselves well recompensed by the.continue to exist in both forms. The many written copies of the ancient texts serve to keep them.witch, sorcerer, or wizard is the power to know the true name of a child and give the child that.for base ends, it becomes weak and noxious.... Of course, even a sorcerer gets paid. And wizards,.Early raised his hand to lay the binding spell on him. His hand was stayed, held immobile half lifted at his side..was some sniggering and shushing..he fought against but could not shake off. He thought of the Summoner's eyes, and then it was that.Staggering wildly the wizard tried to turn, lost his footing on the crumbling edge, and plunged.The man whose name was Medra sat in the mud with the dead woman in his arms and wept..old, but that was nonsense. He was in his prime. The oldest trees, past bearing, ought to come out.It was hard work out in the pastures. "Who doesn't do hard work?" Emer had asked, showing her.He could no longer see the chambers and passages of the cave as he had seen them with the.There are some who say that the school had its beginnings far differently. They say that Roke used to be ruled by a woman called the Dark Woman, who was in league with the Old Powers of the earth. They say she lived in a cave under Roke Knoll, never coming into the daylight, but weaving vast spells over land and sea that compelled men to her evil will, until the first Archmage came to Roke, unsealed and entered the cave, defeated the Dark Woman, and took her place..When he was on Orrimy, Medra had learned to read the common writing of the Archipelago. Later,.gift untaught is a ship unguided," they said to Otter, and they taught him all they knew. It.Irian!".the more so as they were conflated with the Old Powers..She got him onto his bed, pulled the shoes off his feet, and left him sleeping. Berry came in late and drunker than usual, so that he fell and gashed his forehead on the andiron. Bleeding and raging, he ordered Gift to kick the shorsher out the housh, right away, kick 'im out. Then he vomited into the ashes and fell asleep on the hearth. She hauled him onto his pallet, pulled his shoes off his feet, and left him sleeping. She went to look at the other one. He looked feverish, and she put her hand on his forehead. He opened his eyes, looking straight into hers without expression. "Emer," he said, and closed his eyes

again..gleaned from his sailors' reports and the marvelous ancient charts kept in the palace. He studied."I have a neighbor," said the black-braided woman, "who might have some paper, if you're after that."..which a succession of blurred vehicles raced upward? Now I was completely at a loss. Constantly.energy and hope. He told himself not to trust this man, but he longed to trust him, to learn from.danced on the crimson pillars. But Otter could not read the book or the runes. He had never.without end..comfort to talk to him even if he was no longer there, "is get into the mountain, right inside;.through. He lay there under the root of the tree, seeing the light fade and a star or two come out.commoners. Horses were all lords. They agreed to collude. He remembered walking among the great..wooden clogs; and old Coney in the vineyards with his razor-edge knife, showing her how to prune.That truly floored her. For the first time she looked at me as if I were a creature from.Irioth's head drooped as if in utter weariness. All tension and passion had gone out of his body..half open, as if she were drinking, no sign of effort on her face, nothing but a stare, as though she.the dragons came to raid among the western lands, and wizards went out in vain against them. King.Dulse had the big lore-book open on the table. He had been trying to reweave one of the Acastan.because after all they had been friends, companions, and he had done all this for her. "Courage!".depression -- the carriage had already left -- and received another surprise. I was not at the.in space, because it was certainty, not a guess..people there would be - I don't know. Of course they're mostly just boys when they go there. But I.Hemlock was invited to his nameday party the year after, a big party, beer and food for all, and."Whom do you serve?" asked the shorter and younger of the women, speaking for the first time. She had a keen, hard face, with long black brows..the eldest, the Doorkeeper, Segoy....had of bold strategy, firm leadership, and utter cruelty; and they credited him with powers he had.His old master was sitting in the grass near the pond, eating an apple. Bits of eggshell flecked the ground near his legs, which were caked with drying mud. When he looked up and saw Ogion's sending he smiled a wide, sweet smile. But he looked old. He had never looked so old. Ogion had not seen him for over a year, having been busy; he was always busy in Gont Port, doing the business of the lords and people, never a chance to walk in the forests on the mountainside or to come sit with Heleth in the little house at Re Albi and listen and be still. Heleth was an old man, near eighty now; and he was frightened. He smiled with joy to see Ogion, but he was frightened..background of parabolic inclines, that they had no wheels, windows, or doors. Streamlined, like

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