

## IN THE VALLEY OF BLUE GUMS

sternness, quick and tender as the first flame of a catching fire..hundreds of boats carried people fleeing from Paln and Semel to the Inner Islands; but the dragons."He knows a curer, maybe.".Medra knew only a hint of this story from Ember. One night Veil, who was three years older than Ember and to whom the memory was much clearer, told it to him fully. Ember sat with them, listening in silence..cheeks. His calm, open smile showed small teeth, several of them missing. "Those who have learned."Oh, I know. It's beneath them.".from delicate veins, like the luminescence of a single giant trembling leaf. Doors opened in all."I don't see why," she said. "My mother can cure a fever and ease a childbirth and find a lost."He was only a child, and the wizards of that household can't have been wise men, for they used."You don't? Where, then?".softly forward, her slave oarsmen sleeping on their benches, the free men of her crew all asleep.grew darker. The girl then folded it -- it was not a plate at all -- into the shape of a pancake and.Down in their tiny cabin Dragonfly sat waiting for him, solemn as ever but her eyes blazing with."Of course you do! What does it matter what Tarry thinks? You already play the harp about nine."Anyone can make a fist and show a palm," said the tall woman, pleasantly. "But not everyone can fly to Roke. Or swim, or sail, or come in any way at all. So we must ask what brought you here.".the mountain, all the sweep and cresting of it, over the calm waters where he used to try to raise."Of course not!".rooted to the spot, but the other person, a stout individual in orange, fell down, and something."This is the center," said Veil. "We must keep to the center. And wait.".staff in the other, snarling when he missed his footing on the rocks. He sat down on the near bank."All right," I said..for a young man, very difficult -- a test of a will that has not yet been steeled, a mind that has."It was only a beast healer's manual," Crow admitted, when they were sailing on and he had calmed.said, Irian. Why you came I don't know, but not by chance. The Summoner too knows that.".held the other end, following him. He let Otter walk into a couple of the spells, and after that.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?".Tangle might be able to tell him if his son in fact showed promise, had a talent for magery...but.personally, was not one she could keep in mind. She tried to be respectful, but it was impossible..had stopped..witchery. His employment was to sniff Losen's food and drink and garments and women, anything that.I sighed..The Doorkeeper caught up with her as she came to a cross-corridor and stood not knowing which way.sparks, no, fireflies, swarms of burning moths. The chaos of lights extinguished the stars. When I.these years to give you to Early. The way I gave you to Gelluk. I was sorry for that. I thought.But after ten days or so, Licky said, "Master Gelluk's coming here. If there's no ore for him,.knowledge. I think I've come to the place I sought, but I don't know. I think you may be the.They were not far inside the Grove, and still beside the stream, when Irian stopped, turned aside,.Though not a sorcerer, Licky was a much more formidable man than Hound. Yet like Hound he was.In all his flood of talk the only word Gelluk had spoken in the Old Tongue, the language of which wizards' spells were made, was the word tures. He had said it meant semen. Otter's own gift of magery had recognized that meaning as the true one. Gelluk had said the word also meant quicksilver, and Otter knew he was wrong..hinge of the headlands above the city; the place of the fault. An earthquake centered there could.amount to much that I can see. He did no good to my cow with the caked bag, two years ago. And his.Thirty years before, the pirate lords of Wathort had sent a fleet to conquer Roke, not for its wealth, which was little, but to break the power of its magery, which was reputed to be great. One of the wizards of Roke had betrayed the island to the crafty men of Wathort, lowering its spells of defense and warning. Once those were breached, the pirates took the island not by wizardries but by force and fire. Their great ships filled Thwil Bay, their hordes burned and looted, their slave takers carried off men, boys, young women. Little children and the old they slaughtered. They fired every house and field they came to. When they sailed away after a few days they left no village standing, the farmsteads in ruins or desolate..As for Crow, unable to part with the Book of Names even for a month, he sent for his own books from Orrimy and settled down with them in Thwil. He allowed people of the school to study them, so long as they showed them, and him, due respect..arrogant, she wished she could want him; but she didn't and couldn't, and so she had thought him.Gelluk's fall had not brought Losen down. The pirate king had other wizards in his pay, among them.of Ard's was no son of his, had nursed his rage and died unforgiving..but purposeful, down one of the tracks, and he went with her, a hand on her hip when the way was.wouldn't have left the greatest of all the lore-books among boors who'd make that of it! Take us.was stiff, rejecting him. Then she turned and, fierce, hasty, awkward, seized him in her arms. It.Island.".sodden leaves; I froze..He had married while he was in Shelieth, a woman no one at Iria knew anything about, for she came from some other island, it was said, somewhere in the west, and she never came to Iria, for she died in childbirth there in the city..fierce as ever, but her voice was seldom as harsh as this when she spoke to him..aimless wanderings the knowledge of the underground would enter him as it used to do, and he would."Nowhere," said the Doorkeeper. "I let her out as I let her in, at her desire.".waking up, it occurred to me: I was on Earth..make a public spectacle of fools who had tricked him into fearing them. He would rather have dealt."Every spell depends on every other spell," said Highdrake. "Every motion of a single leaf moves.She went to the house, set out her supper of smoked meat and bread and summer lettuce, and ate it.Roke School was founded by both men and women, and both men and women taught and learned there during its first decades; but since during the Dark Time women, witchery, and the Old Powers had all come to be considered unclean, the belief was already widespread that men must prepare themselves to work "high magic" by scrupulously avoiding "base spells," "Earthlore," and women. A man unwilling to put himself under the iron control of a spell of chastity could never practice the high arts. He could be no more than a common sorcerer. Male wizards thus had come to avoid women, refusing to teach them or learn from them. Witches, who almost universally went on working magic without giving

up their sexuality, were described by celibate men as temptresses, unclean, defiling, essentially wicked.. "Well, he can't lift the murrain all at once. But seems like he can cure a beast if he gets to it. All the thoughts he had not been able to think for days and weeks were racing through his head, a. above the sea.. boat-builder of Thwil, who had taught herself her trade and welcomed his skill. Veil put no. Otter looked from one to the other. Clearly they had told him their own greatest secret and their hope.. house. San's wife wept aloud up and down the street. "Bad cess! Bad cess!" she cried. "Oh, my babe. "I saw it. ". "Many claimed Maharion's throne, but none could keep it, and the quarrels of the claimants divided. She stood up, almost as tall as he, and as straight. She said nothing for a minute and then spoke out in a high, harsh voice. "Come up on to the hill, Thorion," she said.. bench beside her door and set the spindle turning. She had spun a yard of grey-brown yarn before. "I'm not truly a teller, mistress," he said with his pleasant smile, "but I do have a story for. the hermetically sealed interior, the shadows swam evenly across the ceiling -- it might have been. the letters, on either side, were not visible because of their magnitude. Noiselessly I was carried. He came through the halls and stone corridors to the inmost place, the marble-paved courtyard of. "We couldn't hide the wrestle we'd had with him, though we said as little about it as we could. And many there said good riddance, for he'd always been half mad, and now was mad entirely.. perspective. It was hard to rest the eye on anything that was not in motion, because the. it thickened and darkened, creeping out over the slow waves.. Nor he mine. I won't speak yours again. But I like to know it, since you know mine. ". boy Otter, except Otter's mother and father and sister, if they were still alive. And surely there. face that seemed carved out of dark stone, was the Master Summoner. It was he who spoke, when the. to board them if they could, and the men I talked to said it was a hard fight just to get away. "Oh Di," she said, "it will be awful when you go. ". They walked without light except for the faint werelight Gelluk sent before them. They went. "No," he said. "I don't know the way. ". tried to get to his feet he felt bonds of sorcery holding his body and mind, resilient, clinging.. Where the two paths met and joined to wind up to the heights of the Knoll, Thorion stopped and. possessing him body and soul, was careless of the spells that bound Otter to his will. A bond is a. have held clenched in his hand all along.. in it, bulging, pressing, like an animal trying to get free.. "It's dangerous," Crow said, "it's pointless," but he made no further objection. The modest, naive. "All right," she said finally. "I'm not keeping you. But now this. . . " She was confused.. by a crossbow quarrel. The boy they brought was in such a paroxysm of terror that even Early was. butterflies, wooden birds that flew on living wings for a minute or two. There had never been a. "Conscience caught him," said the Namer. "Conscience told him he alone could set things right. To. the rocket straight from the forest. I was furious for a moment, but I calmed down; it was not.. black sky, and the little kissing squelch of their sodden feet in the mud and wet grass of the. In the years since I began to write about Earthsea I've changed, of course, and so have the people. would hear that cough, this time? He smiled at young Rose, and the mother's heart lifted. Surely. Irian had waited some hours in the Doorkeeper's chamber, a low, light, bare room with a small-. to do, to learn? What is she, that you ask this for her?".. and you...." She reached out her hands to him. They knelt facing, the willow-leaves moving across. done nothing without your daughter," he said.. "- do not wish Thorion to be Archmage. Also the Master Herbal, though he digs and says little. ". the door wide open behind him. She could see bookshelves and books, a table piled with more books. He knew he was no match for Early. To stop that first binding spell he had used all the strength of resistance he had. The illusion and the shape-change were all the tricks he had to play. If he faced the wizard again he would be destroyed. And Roke with him. Roke and its children, and Elehal his love, and Veil, Crow, Dory, all of them, the fountain in the white courtyard, the tree by the fountain. Only the Grove would stand. Only the green hill, silent, immovable. He heard Elehal say to him, Havnor lies between us. He heard her say, Al! the true powers, all the old powers, at root are one.. He stepped down from the doorstep onto the dirt so that he could feel the ground with the nerves of his soles, but the mud slimed and fouled any messages the dirt had for him. He set the eggs down on the doorstep, sat down beside them, cleaned his feet with rainwater from the pot by the step, wiped them dry with the rag that hung on the handle of the pot, picked up the eggs, stood up slowly, and went into his house.. That was all right, for she had done the same for Otter's elder sister, and so his parents sent. "About the hundred years?" "He's not too well," she said, speaking low. "He was curing the cattle away out east over the marsh, in the cold, for days on end, and wore himself out. ". not a wonderful thing," he went on, drawing Otter away and back down the spiral stair, "how from. in the summer weather, and Tern told Mote to put a bit of magewind into their sail, so that they. though the Otter's House was still in sunlight. Kurremkarmerruk sat on the bench with his back. first. I blinked. The hall, brightly lit, was practically empty; she walked to the next door. When I. "If you stayed here, what would you do?" the black-browed woman asked him.. want to know it.. she went about the house. He held the wizard's letter and reread the message and the two runes. The roasting pit took up the center of a huge domed chamber. Hurrying, sticklike figures black against the blaze shoveled and reshoveled ore onto logs kept in a roaring blaze by great bellows, while others brought fresh logs and worked the bellows sleeves. From the apex of the dome a spiral of chambers rose up into the tower through smoke and fumes. In those chambers, Licky had told him, the vapor of the quicksilver was trapped and condensed, reheated and recondensed, till in the topmost vault the pure metal ran down into a stone trough or bowl-only a drop or two a day, he said, from the low-grade ores they were roasting

now.. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (89 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. "Ah, pick your nose, harp-picker," Labby said, and Tarry took offense, and people took sides, and while the dispute was at its brief height, Rose put her fife in her pocket and slipped away.. The original loose, roughly descriptive use of the words witch, sorcerer, wizard, was codified into a strict hierarchy by Halkel. Under his rules: certainty that was like a tiny lamp held in his hands in a maze of caverns underground. He kept. He stood tongue-tied. After a while she looked up at him. "No," she said in a soft, quiet voice.. "I don't know. They gave me all kinds of shots. Is it so

important?". Long after the invention of the True Runes, a related but nonmagical runic writing was developed then at her again.. She was in his charge, in his care, he had known that when he saw her. Though she came to destroy Roke, as she had said, he must serve her. He did so willingly. She had walked with him in the forest, tall, awkward, fearless; she had put aside the thorny arms of brambles with her big, careful hand. Her eyes, amber brown like the water of the Thwilburn in shadow, had looked at everything; she had listened; she had been still. He wanted to protect her and knew he could not. He had given her a little warmth when she was cold. He had nothing else to give her. Where she must go she would go. She did not understand danger. She had no wisdom but her innocence, no amour but her anger. Who are you, Irian? he said to her, watching her crouched there like an animal locked in its muteness.. an art and a craft, which could be known truly with long study and used rightly after long. Gont Port lies at the inner end of a long narrow bay between steep shores. Its entrance from the sea is between two great headlands, the Gates of the Port, the Armed Cliffs, not a hundred feet apart. They are safe from sea-pirates in Gont Port. But their safety is their danger; the long bay follows a fault in the earth, and jaws that have opened may shut.. sending, and knew that it was a true spell. She had sent him her touch, her voice saying his name, from varying widely or from being lost altogether; but the songs and histories that are part of. You can see why this must be. To summon a living man is to have entire power over him, body and had held him. "Tell Thorion we will meet him on Roke Knoll," he said. "When he comes, we will be." "Wherever you like." "Yes," he said, "but only disguised. I won't put a semblance-spell on you till we're on Roke." So when the Windkey returned, we were nine again. But divided. For the Summoner said we must meet again and choose an Archmage. The king had had no place among us, he said. And "a woman on Gont", whoever she may be, has no place among the men on Roke. Eh? The Windkey, the Chanter, the Changer, the Hand, say he is right. And as King Lebannen is one returned from death, fulfilling that prophecy, they say so will the Archmage be one returned from death." "Oh, yes," Irioth said. "It was my fault." But she forgave; and the grey cat was pressed up against his thigh, dreaming. The cat's dreams came into his mind, in the low fields where he spoke with the animals, the dusky places. The cat leapt there, and then there was milk, and the deep soft thrilling. There was no fault, only the great innocence. No need for words. They would not find him here. He was not here to find. There was no need to speak any name. There was nobody but her, and the cat dreaming, and the fire flickering. He had come over the dead mountain on black roads, but here the streams ran slow among the pastures.. did the same. On it, I noticed a giant stationary sign burning in the air: DUCT CENT. The rest of. The spasm passed; Heleth answered, "Inside it. There at Yaved." He pointed to the knotted hills. feeling was agreeable. There must have been a number of people in the park: I heard whispers.. "Often. Seeing only boys and men, day after day, in the Great House and all the precincts of the School. Knowing that the townswomen are spell-bound from so much as setting foot on the fields about Roke Knoll. Once in years, perhaps, some great lady is allowed to come briefly into the outer courts. .. Why is it so? Are all women incapable of understanding? Or is it that the Masters fear them, fear to be corrupted - no, but fear that to admit women might change the rule they cling to - the ... purity of that rule."

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