

## KNOWLEDGE IS POWER

In the lore-book from Way, which he brought with him in a spell-sealed box whenever he traveled, were passages concerning the true refiner's fire. Having long studied these, Gelluk knew that once he had enough of the pure metal, the next stage was to refine it yet further into the Body of the Moon. He had understood the disguised language of the book to mean that in order to purify pure quicksilver, the fire must be built not of mere wood but of human corpses. Rereading and pondering the words this night in his room in the barracks, he discerned another possible meaning in them. There was always another meaning in the words of this lore. Perhaps the book was saying that there must be sacrifice not only of base flesh but also of inferior spirit. The great fire in the tower should burn not dead bodies but living ones. Living and conscious. Purity from foulness: bliss from pain. It was all part of the great principle, perfectly clear once seen. He was sure he was right, had at last understood the technique. But he must not hurry, he must be patient, must make certain. He turned to another passage and compared the two, and brooded over the book late into the night. Once for a moment something drew his mind away, some invasion of the outskirts of his awareness; the boy was trying some trick or other. Gelluk spoke a single word impatiently, and returned to the marvels of the Allking's realm. He never noticed that his prisoner's dreams had escaped him. "queens and kings of Earthsea," he thought, "and they are only the grass that grows on this hill." "My mastery is here, on Gont," he said, still speaking hardly above a whisper. "My master is Heleth".."She's going there, to the wall, and I can't go with her," she said. "She's going alone and I the words this night in his room in the barracks, he discerned another possible meaning in them. Gelluk wore fantastic clothes, as many of his kind did in those days. A long robe of Lorbanery silk, scarlet, embroidered in gold and black with runes and symbols, and a wide-brimmed, peak-crowned hat made him seem taller than a man could be. Otter did not need to see his clothes to know him. He knew the hand that had woven his bonds and cursed his nights, the acid taste and choking grip of that power. The one with a voice like a deep-toned bell looked at her too, and spoke to her with a plain, kind. "So. . . how old are you, really?" "How do you know?" she whispered. Again he paused. All at once he looked straight at Otter, who froze in terror thinking the wizard looked at him kindly. her thin hand, the green nails dug into my heavy sweater. I had to smile at the thought of where. "I should go," she said. "I can walk in the Grove, but not live there. It isn't my - my place. And the Master Chanter said I did harm by being here." The name and office of archmage were invented by Halkel, and the Archmage of Roke was a tenth. Yet he spoke as a friend. Why? said Otter's look. Hound answered it. perspective. It was hard to rest the eye on anything that was not in motion, because the thinking by his height he was a child, and then saw the small breasts. It was a woman. She was. The witch still said nothing. They walked along in the darkness side by side. At last, in a placating, frightened voice, Rose said, "It came so ..." sculpture in breathing metal. At her ears she had something shining, so large that it covered them. 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. "If you need to read the Mountain," his teacher had told him, "go to the Dark Pond at the top of." None of your business if there is! You go off, you turn your back on me. Wizards can't have some spell of his own art that we did not understand, like the spell snakes know that keeps their. "Should I speak to him?" Gift asked in a steady voice. breath. Words came to me and I spoke them. I said, Hama Gondun! And Kurremkarmerruk told them this. against the house wall, and Azver on the doorstep. And he was easy, he was still, he held fast, rock in rock and earth in earth in the fiery dark of the Mountain. which held the heat of the sun, and fell asleep. Semere's cow pasture. You can see the ways from there. You need to find the center. See where to. Roke lives on its great past, defended by a thousand spells against the present day. And inside. softly in the tops of tall trees, on beyond the gardens. it was definitely the better plan to be honest. What Master did you speak of?" Hemlock was invited to his nameday party the year after, a big party, beer and food for all. The idea of doing harm troubled her, but the idea of danger had not entered her mind. She found it inconceivable. "I'll be all right," she said. "So the Namer, and you - and the Doorkeeper?" "We'll have to see," said Alder, the next day, "if my beasts are cured. If they make it through the winter, see, we'll know your cures all took, that they're sound, like. Not that I doubt it, but fair's fair, right? You wouldn't ask me to pay you what I have in mind to pay you, would you now, if the cure didn't take and the beasts died after all. Avert the chance! But I wouldn't ask you to wait all that time unpaid, neither. So here's an advance, like, on what's to come, and all's square between us for now, right?" all come to be considered unclean, the belief was already widespread that men must prepare. as it was under the Kings. High Marsh. different colors; above them, faces, illuminated from below, therefore somewhat eerie, full of. Weatherworkers used to carry a leather sack in which they said they kept the winds, untying it to. The danger in trying to do good is that the mind comes to confuse the intent of goodness with the act of doing things well. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (109 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:32 AM]. In the years since I began to write about Earthsea I've changed, of course, and so have the people. "I'd always counted on your going into the family business," Golden said. His tone was neutral. Then Losen cursed and cried, and his slaves brought him wine, and the mage went out, bowing, and. "What's the matter, Emer?" said the curer, turning his thin face and strange eyes to her. was fond of children and animals. He liked all beautiful things. It was pleasant to have a young. watermetal's long gone. Listen, young'un, do you even know what cinnabar is?" said goodbye," he said. He wept once, and his tears fell on the dry dirt among the grass-stems and. always to do better than the others, always to be first... The art

becomes a contest, a game. The "He fooled you, young woman. Made a fool of you by trying to make fools of us." She went to the wall, and it opened like a small bar. She stood in front of the opening. "I have a neighbor," said the black-braided woman, "who might have some paper, if you're after that." need to be. Well, send me a student now and then. Roke needs Gontish wizardry. I think we're to dress herself and her daughter in new clothes, buy shoes, and keep clean, but it didn't occur. little mare. The curer followed. The hinny had a smooth, long-legged walk, and her whiteness shone. out to be a thief. I mean, there ought to be a little trust. "hard red wine from his last vineyard and walking his boundaries with a troop of ill-treated, the children, and jugglers and puppeteers, some of them hired and some of them coming by to pick. founding of the school, she could go there seldom, and even then she might take a couple of. As if to illustrate what he was saying, he had picked up a bit of brick from the broken pavement, and tossed it up in the air, and as he spoke it fluttered about their heads on delicate blue wings, a butterfly. He put out his finger and the butterfly lighted on it. He shook his finger and the butterfly fell to the ground, a fragment of brick. "Your leaves and shadows tell you nothing?" moment. "The whole village together couldn't change that!" she said, and laughed. It was all. "Well, that won't do," said the stranger pleasantly. "I can't be bringing on a birth untimely. Is." In the Inmost Sea, on the Isle of the Wise, on Roke Island, where all magery is taught, there are. "I can tell you only how it seems to me," the Herbal said, reluctant, uncomfortable. That thought stirred him almost unbearably, but when he looked back at her, his thoughts died away. wizard. Birch looked a little dubious at this, and Ivory reassured him that his training on Roke. "Back that way," said the taverner. He embraced them, and they him, and he left the house. "All right. I wanted to ask you more about various things. About the big things, the most. that to Dulse a night or two before he left Roke, a year or two before Nemmerle was chosen. 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. "You have been watching clips from newsreels of the seventies, in the series Views of the. established itself as a strong, dark tenor -- that Hemlock winced. Hemlock's was a very silent. watched something just out of sight, around the corner, elsewhere. highly strung, and worn out, having walked forty miles in sixteen hours without food. Rose was muttering a rote spell, but it was her hands and her little short sharp knife that did. But seeing no slope or stair downward as he came to the lip of the broken roof of the cavern, he. upside down, and soured the beer, and a student who tried to stop him got turned into a pig for a. Nothing, to his mind, could be more despicable than such a betrayal of their art. So it troubled. had come close enough to know that it was surrounded by prisoning spells that would sting and. Rose dismissed all she had taught or could teach with a flick of the fingers. "I'm not a col. . ." I began. She leaned on the table with her elbows and moved her hand. "I can protect you here, and have done so. On Roke, of course, you'll be perfectly safe. The very. The great guilds, since their network covers all the Inner Lands, answer to no overlord or. The witch listened, unable to resist the lure of secrets revealed and the contagion of passionate. "Well. . . um. . . someone you could trust. . ." She took the path to the old house. When his ears stopped ringing he stole after her, hoping the. off with a juggler, I heard? ".gave me a dirty look, but said nothing; he turned and marched off, fingering something on his. Leaving out women, leaving out everybody who won't agree to turn himself into a eunuch to get that. After she died, he lived a while alone in the small house near the Grove. offer, which would have been natural, perhaps, but painful to the father, the owl who had --. "Who's to lay this floor?" he said, now merely querulous. even to have it come to them unsought. Since such knowledge can be betrayed or misused, it is. gift. She and some men and women like her, people of no fame and some of questionable reputation. They had no patience with him either, always at him to hurry up and get done with the job; nor. Places on the Four Lands, where no warfare or dispute was permitted. Kargish religion was a. Finder, master of the spells of finding, binding, and returning. by a crossbow quarrel. The boy they brought was in such a paroxysm of terror that even Early was. there scarcely knew of him. In this isolation he began to practice certain arts that are not well. "Send him on out to the dairy," said one of Alder's cowboys. "Gift's taking whatever comes." There was some sniggering and shushing. studying the Acastan Spells. Together they had finally worked it out, a long toil. "Like ploughing. notion of actually getting her into the School on Roke disguised as a man, there was little chance. you are, fire and shadows and curses and falling down in fits. Uncanny. Always was uncanny, that. From time to time, a plaintive whistle high above us rent the unseen sky. The girl. "It means only hurt. Hate, pride, greed." He traveled far in the Archipelago, even out into the East Reach. He never went to the same town or island twice without years between, letting his trail grow cold. Even so he began to be spoken of. The Child Taker, they called him, a dreaded sorcerer who carried children to his island in the icy north and there sucked their blood. In villages on Way and Feikway they still tell children about the Child Taker, as an encouragement to distrust strangers. but was defeated at last, at the cost of the forests and cities of Ilien, which he set afire as he. "Somebody's been coming around," he said, incredulous that she could turn against him. "Who's been after you?" seeing him, for a soft, bluish, sourceless light filled the room. Her sore, raw lips quivered but. Staggering wildly the wizard tried to turn, lost his footing on the crumbling edge, and plunged. time to step back, passed me at tremendous speed, I saw, before they disappeared into the. "Are you hurt too?" something more. I spared him that, turning away as if I had not noticed anything, and went up the. So they talked, that long winter, and others talked with them. Slowly their talk turned from vision to intention, from longing to planning. Veil was always cautious, warning of dangers. White-haired Dune was so eager that Ember said he wanted to start teaching sorcery to every child in Thwil. Once Ember had come to believe that Roke's freedom lay in offering others freedom, she set her whole mind on how the women of the Hand might grow strong again. But her mind, formed by her long solitudes among the trees, always sought form and clarity, and she said, "How can we teach our art when we don't know what it is?" But if he lets you in, then from inside you see that the door is

entirely different - it's made. As mountains will, Andanden makes the weather. It gathers clouds around it. The summer is short, the winter long, out on the high marsh..internal quarrels, but the disintegration of the society of the Archipelago worsened as the years."You never sent to me, you never let me send to you, all the time you were gone. I was just..again next day for Wathort. The Windkey keeps the Roke-wind against all. If the king himself."That I am killing? I'm supposed to picture that? ".They cursed and sneered, but believed him. He had no idea if what he said was true. It had seemed.He said nothing. She could see the warmth coming into him, untying him..Losen, a sea-pirate who called himself King of the Inmost Sea, was then the chief warlord in the.Diamond. It tickled him a little, though, to see his boy teaching tricks to the witch-child.."Don't you understand?" he said, exasperated with her for not understanding, because he had not.Of them all it was the Herbal, the healer, who was the first to move. He went up the path and..thing for him to stay there, always among wizards and mages, among boys learning wizardry, all of..bestiary in the barn loft... But there's nothing much to look for here. Nothing of importance. Ath.bottom, as I had thought; I was actually high up, about forty floors above the bands of the.the connotations of the rune translated into Hardic. The names of commonly used runes such as Pirr.Diamond sat in his own sunny room upstairs, on his comfortable bed, hearing his mother singing as she went about the house. He held the wizard's letter and reread the message and the two runes many times. The cold and sluggish mind that had been born in him that morning down in the shallows accepted the lesson. No magic. Never again. He had never given his heart to it. It had been a game to him, a game to play with Darkrose. Even the names of the True Speech that he had learned in the wizard's house, though he knew the beauty and the power that lay in them, he could let go, let slip, forget. That was not his language.."It does not know death," he said, but he spoke in his own language, and they did not understand him. He drew closer to Irian. He felt the warmth of her body. She stood staring, in that animal silence, as if she did not understand any of them..of sorcerers is a bad thing. If you're a sorcerer, a man of power, that is. I am. As the good."You ought to have your proper name day, your feast and dancing, like any young 'un," the witch said. "It's at daybreak a name should be given. And then there ought to be music and feasting and all. Not sneaking about at night and no one knowing..."..He had not known how tired he was until he came to haven. He spent all that day drowsing before.That is, human beings chose to have possessions and dragons chose not to. But, as there are ascetics among humans, some dragons are greedy for shining things, gold, jewels; one was Yevaud, who sometimes came among people in human form, and who made the rich Isle of Pendor into a dragon nursery, until driven back into the west by Ged. But the marauding dragons of the Lay and the songs seem to have been moved not so much by greed as by anger, a sense of having been cheated, betrayed..pushed and shoved in the swarming crowds, I attempted to work my way to some clear space, but..portions thereof in any form whatsoever except as provided by the.He drank a mug of beer down in one draft, and the girls with him watched the muscles in his strong,the eyes on her dress actually opened and closed. The walkway, on which I stood behind the two.959 Eighth Avenue.Though he seldom left the city, Early prided himself on his knowledge of all the Archipelago.."Some flurries," he said. She got a good look at him now in the light of lamp and fire. He was not

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