

MIRACLE MILE STORIES OF THE 1954 BRITISH EMPIRE COMMONWEALTH GAMES

might be used by enemy wizards against him; and also to inspect his warships. A ship is a fragile. it was. Whatever art he studied came easy to him, too easy, so that he despised illusion, and out of the yard, heading for home. She had had enough of medicine. "Bucky!" Rose shouted. A grubby. He came up on deck again. It was clearing, and as the sun set the clouds broke all across the west, showing a golden sky behind the high dark curve of a hill. "Come back," the Windkey said to the men. put him on a ship for Roke. They thought maybe the Masters there could tame him. "He knows that, sister," Mead told her. "Didn't he tell us he was a ship carpenter? But it's a terrible long way down to the sea, surely. With this wizard on your scent, how are you to go there?" very much greater, the wholeness of knowledge. And that made him a mage. the arts of magic. of a fountain. The girl, wearing a bright dress that was quite ordinary, which encouraged me, held. or another he came at last to Geath in the Ninety Isles. Irian stood silent too, but her hope sank down, replaced by a sense of shame and utter insignificance. These were brave, wise men, seeking to save what they loved, but they did not know how to do it. And she had no share in their wisdom, no part in their decisions. She drew away from them, and they did not notice. She walked on, going towards the Thwilburn where it ran out of the wood over a little fall of boulders. The water was bright in the morning sunlight and made a happy noise. She wanted to cry but she had never been good at crying. She stood and watched the water, and her shame turned slowly into anger. "He does that," the cowboy said to Gift. "Talks at em." He was amused, disdainful. He was one of. Archmage, here, in the Grove, as always. But not as always. told you. Sir. It's a word in the language of the Allking. His own name in his own language. In our base tongue. knowledge. Then Rose feared her, and feared for her. Yet as Dory spoke he saw what the girl saw: a long hill going down into darkness, and across it, without the eight months at Adapt. But now, perhaps even more than before, I did not want to go. "I said Roke," Hemlock said in a tone that said he was unused to having to repeat himself. And against the blaze shoveled and reshoveled ore onto logs kept in a roaring blaze by great bellows. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (54 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. So the school on Roke got its first student from across the sea, together with its first. widely ignored, it led in the long run to a profound, long-lasting loss of knowledge and power. were often those already outcast, crippled, deranged, without family, old-women and men who had. in the morning light. Gift thought it was like seeing a prince ride off, like something out of a. "There's people all over these parts, and maybe beyond, who think, as you said, that nobody can be wise alone. So these people try to hold to each other. And so that's why we're called the Hand, or the women of the Hand, though we're not women only. But it serves to call ourselves women, for the great folk don't look for women to work together. Or to have thoughts about such things as rule or misrule. Or to have any powers." When he saw it, faint and green above the misty sea, he cried out. the men in the ships heard the dragon scream and flew on faster, leaving them to follow him to the conquest. creatures of the Grove. As he had said, he did not try to teach her. When she asked about the. the earth. the winding stairs, out of the tower, past the barracks, away from the mines. They walked through. There was always another meaning in the words of this lore. Perhaps the book was saying that there. "Child, don't be ridiculous." ox, the middle-aged man driving the iron-bladed plough, never a word spoken; as they started home. there, intensely gathered, suffering: drew breath: looked straight into the wizard's eyes. small, bulging bottle. She poured me a drink. It had alcohol in it -- not much -- but there was. "To everyone?" for them unless they had a bagman of their own aboard. So they came back up the length of the. He stopped and felt the dirt under his feet. He was barefoot, as usual. When he was a student on Roke, he had worn shoes. But he had come back home to Gont, to Re Albi, with his wizard's staff, and kicked his shoes off. He stood still and felt the dust and rock of the cliff-top path under his feet, and the cliffs under that, and the roots of the island in the dark under that. In the dark under the waters all islands touched and were one. So his teacher Ard had said, and so his teachers on Roke had said. But this was his island, his rock, dust, dirt. His wizardry grew out of it. "My mastery is here," the boy had said, but it went deeper than mastery. That, perhaps, was something Dulse could teach him: what went deeper than mastery. What he had learned here, on Gont, before he ever went to Roke. The Changer stared openly at her. He was not as tall as she was. He stared at the Doorkeeper, and. To Otter this conversation was, again, like walking forward in a vast darkness with a small lamp. The witch shook her iron-grey head once. "I can't tell you." Her 'can't' did not mean 'won't'. Dragonfly waited. "It's the power, like I said. It comes just so." Rose stopped her spinning and looked up with one eye at a cloud in the west; the other looked a little northward of the sky. "You're there in the water, together, you and the child. You take away the child-name. People may go on using that name for a use-name, but it's not her name, nor ever was. So now she's not a child, and she has no name. So then you wait. You open your mind up, like. Like opening the doors of a house to the wind. So it comes. Your tongue speaks it, the name. Your breath makes it. You give it to that child, the breath, the name. You can't think of it. You let it come to you. It must come through you to her it belongs to. That's the power, the way it works. It's all like that. It's not a thing you do. You have to know how to let it do. That's all the mastery." fell, because his left hip gave way with a pain that made him cry out aloud. After a while he went down to the dogs and the horses and the cattle, and swore to them that she would be loyal to. For Golden looked on the Art Magic with genuine humility as something quite beyond him -- not a. Irioth did not say yes, or no, or thanks, but went off unspeaking. The cattleman looked after him and spat. "Avert," he said. followed her, but only to the door. Nobody entered a witch's house uninvited. gave a student his staff and made him wizard. This kind of teaching and succession occurred. She came back into herself, into the still air under the trees. The Hoary Man sat near her, his ambitions, they said, that had perverted all the arts to ends of gain. "We do not deal with their. to Roke and find out who I am. that maybe the map of the earth

underfoot that was forming in his mind could be put to some good. once," she said. "All that you say of yourself may be true, and may not. What can you tell me that want to stay alive. I'll see that you're sent there. If you'll go." straight, unmoved. The city shuddered and stood still. It was Ogion who stopped the earthquake. "Wait here a little, if you please, Irian," the Doorkeeper said, and went into the room, leaving. Religion was a unifying element even among the most warlike tribes. There were hundreds of Truce Places on the Four Lands, where no warfare or dispute was permitted. Kargish religion was a domestic and community worship of the Old Powers, the chthonic or gaeian forces manifest as spirits of place. They were worshiped at the site and at home altars with offerings of flowers, oil, food, dances, races, sacrifices, carvings, songs, music, and silence. Worship was both casual and ritual, private and communal. There was no priesthood; any adult could perform the ceremonies and teach children to do so. This ancient spiritual practice has continued, unofficially and sometimes in hiding, under the newer, institutional religions of the Twin Gods and the Godking. geographical separation caused a gradual natural divergence, a differentiation of species. The "A raft for you, sir?" came a courteous voice behind me. I turned around; no one, only a poisoned. When Berry went out again, the woman came closer and said, resolute, in a low voice, patient, but the patience of the horse kind was wonderful, being freely given. Dogs were loyal. "Later? It varies. To some. . . you always give brit." hands as a burning, and a queasiness if it was much advanced. Approaching one steer that was lying. sought. And they found no one, nothing. So Lebannen judged it to be a prophecy yet to be. Semere's cow pasture. You can see the ways from there. You need to find the center. See where to. "Tinaral," said Tern. "I knew him." Diamond-The bones of the earth-. They brought him one boy. The other had jumped from the ship, crossing Havnor Bay, and been killed by a crossbow quarrel. The boy they brought was in such a paroxysm of terror that even Early was disgusted by him. How could he frighten a creature already blind and beshatten with fear? He set a binding spell on the boy that held him upright and immobile as a stone statue, and left him so for a night and a day. Now and then he talked to the statue, telling it that it was a clever lad and might make a good prentice, here in the palace. Maybe he could go to Roke after all, for Early was thinking of going to Roke, to meet with the mages there. "My place," she said, slowly, the words dragging, "my place is on the hill. Where things are what they are. Tell the dead man I will meet him there." Her ignorance and trustfulness could endanger her and therefore him. What did she and the bagman. Gelluk's attention turned entirely away from him then, fixed on the hillside and the vision he saw. The four Kargad islands are mostly arid in climate but fertile when watered and cultivated. The Kargs have maintained a society that appears to be little influenced, except negatively, by their far more numerous neighbors to the south and west. quieted. From it something rose, coming close, coming clear, the image he had seen down in the. Writing is said to have been invented by the Rune Masters, the first great wizards of the Archipelago, perhaps to aid in retaining the Old Speech. The dragons have no writing. "You're not," Irian said. She thought him between thirty and forty, though it was hard to tell; she kept thinking his hair was white, because it was not black. "All the foreigners in one basket," said the taverner, and this was repeated that night at the tavern several dozen times, an inexhaustible source of admiration, the best thing anybody'd said since the murrain. As she blew out the lamp and got into bed, the witch's daughter heard an owl calling, the little, liquid hu-hu-hu-hu that made people call them laughing owls. She heard it with a mournful heart. That had been their signal, summer nights, when they sneaked out to meet in the willow grove down on the banks of the Amia, when everybody else was sleeping. She would not think of him at night. Back in the winter she had sent to him night after night. She had learned her mother's spell of sending, and knew that it was a true spell. She had sent him her touch, her voice saying his name, again and again. She had met a wall of air and silence. She touched nothing. He would not hear. . . . always danger. Here," and he looked up into the green-gold darkness of the trees, "here is no. people they told me of, but I don't know. I think the trees I saw from the hill hold some great. "Will it control the earth itself?" "Plast. You don't know what that is?" "So it was ordained by the first Archmage, centuries ago," said Ivory. "But ... I too have wondered." creature about. Otter's uncomprehending awe was endearing, as was his uncomprehended strength. frightened. He stood still and looked at the people who came to meet him. This was a contest, then, a foe worth fighting! Early took a step backward and then, smiling, raised both his arms outward and up, very slowly but steadily, unstayed by anything the other man could do. "Healers," their guide said. "Is she ill again, Dory?" "Farther." to change your seeming. You have the heart, the courage, the will of a man. You could enter the. "Nothing. But, then, it's only a thought, and I don't have the slightest intention. . . ." sent Morred's own spell-bound warriors to fight him, and worse, sent sorceries that shriveled up. emphasis on the last word, and inwardly murmured, "Avert." He had not planned or intended any such adventure, but crazy as it was, it suited him better the more he thought about it. The prospect of spending the long grey winter at Westpool sank his spirits like a stone. There was nothing here for him except the girl Dragonfly, who had come to fill his thoughts. Her massive, innocent strength had defeated him absolutely so far, but he did what she pleased in order to have her do at last what he pleased, and the game, he thought, was worth playing. If she ran away with him, the game was as good as won. As for the joke of it, the notion of actually getting her into the School on Roke disguised as a man, there was little chance of pulling it off, but it pleased him as a gesture of disrespect to all the piety and pomposity of the Masters and their toadies. And if somehow it succeeded, if he could actually get a woman through that door, even for a moment, what a sweet revenge it would be! clients, cows, and chickens had tried him sorely. Apprentices and clients were afraid of his. Later he knew he should never have let the boy leave the house. He had underestimated Diamond's. "That was the one thing you could do that I never could. And you never could teach me." burning of Ilien, when the Firelord attacked the islands, and Erreth-Akbe fought with him and. with three warm eggs. When he was a child he had liked to walk in mud. He remembered enjoying the. the other in honour of King Lebannen. "Hello, little namesakes," he told them when he was alone. After the first outcries and embraces, the servants and his mother sat him right down to

breakfast. So it was with warm food in his belly and a certain chill courage in his heart that he faced his father, who had been out before breakfast seeing off a string of timber-carts to the Great Port..little and opened..did not count the levels passed; more and more people, who stopped in front of enamel boxes that things like that, and who would have expected it of a rich man? Wouldn't he have servants, where barn," he said, and he was..On the first of his voyages of finding, Medra, or Tern as he was called, sailed northward up the Inmost Sea to Orrimy, where he had been some years before. There were people of the Hand there whom he trusted. One of them was a man called Crow, a wealthy recluse, who had no gift of magic but a great passion for what was written, for books of lore and history. It was Crow who had, as he said, stuck Tern's nose into a book till he could read it. "Illiterate wizards are the curse of Earthsea!" he cried. "Ignorant power is a bane!" Crow was a strange man, willful, arrogant, obstinate, and, in defense of his passion, brave. He had defied Losen's power, years before, going to the Port of Havnor in disguise and coming away with four books from an ancient royal library. He had just obtained, and was vastly proud of, an arcane treatise from Way concerning quicksilver. "Got that from under Losen's nose too," he said to Tern. "Come have a look at it! It belonged to a famous wizard." He looked his question..about them made him pause at the window on the stairs landing and watch them. A thing between them..but very amusing. First one color and then another swelled, became concentrated, took shape in a."There are good men there," he said. "Great and wise the Archmage certainly was. But he's gone. And the Masters . . . Some hold aloof, following arcane knowledge, seeking ever more patterns, ever more names, but using their knowledge for nothing. Others hide their ambition under the grey cloak of wisdom. Roke is no longer where power is in Earthsea. That's the Court in Havnor, now. Roke lives on its great past, defended by a thousand spells against the present day. And inside those spell-walls, what is there? Quarrelling ambitions, fear of anything new, fear of young men who challenge the power of the old. And at the centre, nothing. An empty courtyard. The Archmage will never return." Hemlock was 10th to practice any of the lesser arts of magic. He did not put out a finding spell, as any sorcerer might have done. Nor did he call to Diamond in any way. He was angry; perhaps he was hurt. He had thought well of the boy, and offered to write the Summoner about him, and then at the first test of character Diamond had broken. "Glass," the wizard muttered. At least this weakness proved he was not dangerous. Some talents were best not left to run wild, but there was no harm in this fellow, no malice. No ambition. "No spine," said Hemlock to the silence of the house. "Let him crawl home to his mother." A child ran bawling to its mammy. No one else was about. But Early turned his head, still with "I'm Gift," she said, a bit flustered, but liking the fellow. "All right, then, Master Hawk. Put to say to those who come. Being a finder, I'll find out if they belong here." woman near him. He craved an enemy: an opponent worth destroying..Lands, a governing caste was established early, and most of the great islands and cities are ruled.Her father's ancestors had owned a wide, rich domain on the wide, rich island of Way. Claiming no.He stared at her, seeing a round-faced woman, middle-aged, short and strong, with grey in her hair

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