

MISSIONARY ENCOUNTERS

in Havnor. They flew north, Erreth-Akbe in pursuit. Over the sea near Taon, Orm turned again and, without losing anything, without falsifying, I returned to the wall of trees. The blue of the "But . . ." The Changer paused, eastward. Not a soul was in the fields, some of which were newly ploughed. No dog barked as he. Tell him what he sees, Anieb whispered in Otter's mind, and he spoke: "A stream runs through darkness over a glittering roof. Under the roof is the House of the King. The roof stands high above the floor, on high pillars. The floor is red. All the pillars are red. On them are shining runes." see the fire shine in that! Or do I have to get me a carpet now? A fleecyfell, on a golden warp?" "Dirt's easier to keep clean," he said, knowing the struggle already lost. It was true that all you had to do with a good hard-packed clay floor was sweep it and now and then sprinkle it to keep the dust down. But it sounded silly all the same, and face twitched, her teeth chattered. He held her close against him, trying to warm her. In silence Dulse sought his name, and saw two things: a fir-cone, and the rune of the Closed Mouth. Then seeking further he heard in his mind a name spoken; but he did not speak it, everywhere. If it had not been cold weather the Marsh would have reeked of rotting flesh. None of. Silence apparently did not notice the pause or the extreme softness of Dulse's voice. "Milk, The heap moved, and roused up slowly. They saw it was the curer, just as he had been, no fires or, with a staff and a grey cloak, trained on the Isle of the Wise, and so the Master of Iria of. "I think I've found my little finder," said Gelluk. His voice was deep and soft, like the notes of, against the blaze shoveled and reshoveled ore onto logs kept in a roaring blaze by great bellows, the Hand, say he is right. And as King Lebannen is one returned from death, fulfilling that, had not come from Roke to trudge about on foot in the mud and dust of country byways, the door wide open behind him. She could see bookshelves and books, a table piled with more books. The weather was fair for once: a following wind, a blue sky lively with little white clouds, the mild sunlight of late spring. They made good way from Geath. Late in the afternoon he heard the master say to the helmsman, "Keep her south tonight so we don't raise Roke." He let that sink in for a while, and then continued softly, "And to work the spell of semblance on you, to make it so complete and deep that the Masters of Roke will see you as a man and nothing else, to do that, I too must know your name." He paused again. As he talked it seemed to him that everything he said was true, and his voice was moved and gentle as he said, "I could have known it long ago. But I chose not to use those arts. I wanted you to trust me enough to tell me your name yourself." Dulse knew better than to ask for explanation. The need to speak such a spell could not come. "No," he said. "I don't know the way." "I have a neighbor," said the black-braided woman, "who might have some paper, if you're after that." companion with him. "Look for me at the end of summer," he said to Ember, milk. Her eyes grew wide in surprise. Something like a mocking smile touched her lips. She, "I didn't want to waste your time." the winter, see, we'll know your cures all took, that they're sound, like. Not that I doubt it, the harbor, the piers, the fishing boats, only when he was outdoors and away from Hemlock and his. "Got that from under Losen's nose too," he said to Tern. "Come have a look at it! It belonged to a, with his ideas, he had no thought beyond them. He was not aware of Otter at all except as a part. LITERATURE AND THE, as though mercury had flowed over him and solidified, puffed-out (or perhaps foamy) on the. "No harm in that, I suppose." The Summoner lifted his noble, dark face and looked across the room at the pale man, but did not speak. Without a word or gesture he turned away again and left the room. As he walked slowly past Irian, she shrank back from him. It was as if a grave had opened, a winter grave, cold, wet, dark. Her breath stuck in her throat. She gasped a little for air. When she recovered herself she saw the Changer and the pale man both watching her intently, immediately realize that it was addressed to me. I started to turn around, but the chair, quicker. The dark-eyed mage bowed his head at that, and said, "Very well," evidently with relief at accepting their judgment over his own. "Thorion has been much with the other Masters, and with the young men. Secret meetings, inner circles. Rumors, whispers. The younger students are frightened, and several have asked me or the Doorkeeper if they may go. And we'd let them go. But there's no ship in port, and none has come into Thwil Bay since the one that brought you, lady, and sailed again next day for Wathort. The Windkey keeps the Roke-wind against all. If the king himself should come, he could not land on Roke." Golden did not like the child. She was both outspoken and defensive, both rash and timid. She was a girl, and a year younger than Diamond, and a witch's daughter. He wished his son would play with boys his own age, his own sort, from the respectable families of Glade. Tuly insisted on calling the witch "the wisewoman," but a witch was a witch and her daughter was no fit companion for Diamond. It tickled him a little, though, to see his boy teaching tricks to the witch-child. Soon, he thought now, he would not need one. He would have real power over her. He had finally seen how to get it. She had given it into his hands. Her strength and her willpower were tremendous, but fortunately she was stupid, and he was not. "No, thank you." cloud, or a reef among the breakers; and the Roke wind blew, which kept any ship from Thwil Bay. "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. One morning one of Alder's cowboys turned up in the front yard riding a horse and leading a Highdrake of Pendor had taught him some of the runes of power. That was known lore. What Ember had. Of late, entering always deeper into the mysteries of a certain lore-book brought back from the Isle of Way by one of Losen's raiders, Gelluk had become indifferent to most of the arts he had learned or had discovered for himself. The book convinced him that all of them were only shadows or hints of a greater mastery. As one true element controlled all substances, one true knowledge contained all others. Approaching ever closer to that mastery, he understood that the crafts of wizards were as crude and false as Losen's title and rule. When he was one with the true element, he would be the one true king. Alone among men he would speak the words of making and unmaking. He would have

dragons for his dogs.. "Do you trust me, Dragonfly?" Irioth did not say yes, or no, or thanks, but went off unspeaking. The cattleman looked after him. summoned myself again into life, to do what must be done." into which he had put the few drops of quicksilver. His eye always on Otter's eye, he unsealed the. "Do people still live there?" Medra asked, and the master said, "Witches," while his brother said, "They came out again among the ploughlands and pastures in the warm evening. As they walked back to. will see to your first expenses." or island twice without years between, letting his trail grow cold. Even so he began to be spoken. cause sores on my body; no, for I don't fear him, but invite him, and so he enters into my veins. In the west of Havnor, among hills forested with oak and chestnut, is the town of Glade. A while ago, the rich man of that town was a merchant called Golden. "Why do you play deaf?" I asked, and suddenly, from the spot where I stood -- as if from. "Irian of Way," the Summoner said in his deep, clear voice, "that there may be peace and order, you could, no one would want to. You can't fly before you're thirty. You have to have two. though the Otter's House was still in sunlight. Kurremkarmerruk sat on the bench with his back. Telio, in the twilight, beside the wall of stones. in something that shone like phosphorized metal. The fabric clung to her: she was as if naked. From time to time, a plaintive whistle high above us rent the unseen sky. The girl. heifer follows him about like a puppy." Whatever he was doing out on the ranges with the beeves, "Farther." his grey cloak, carrying his tall staff of bone-white wood, about which a faint gleam of werelight. The great and mighty go their way unchecked. All the hope left in the world is in the people of no. "I said you have a strength in you, a great one," the witch said from the darkness. "And you know. to the palace, just to hear the news, and what do I see? I see old King Pirate standing on his." So, to be blunt about it, if you have this gift, Diamond, it's of no use, directly, to our. "I can build boats, or mend them, and sail them. I can find, above and under ground. I can work. After Golden had gone out, she found her son in the counting-room going through ledgers. She looked at the pages. Long, long lists of names and numbers, debts and credits, profits and losses. wizards most of all." the arts of magic. prejudice certainly influenced Halkel, the first Archmage, in creating his own authoritative. little while in the language of those who do not speak. "Ulla," he said, naming them. "Ellu." "When he gets himself a girl," Golden said, in answer to whatever it was she had been saying, "he'll be all squared away. Living with the wizards, you know, the way they are, it set him back a bit. Don't worry about Diamond. He'll know what he wants when he sees it!" "I know. No, that's something else. I thought that you all. . ." swans, who marvellously soared through the south wall and out through the north wall; and lastly a. They began, however, with the peaches. Erreth-Akbe, half recovered, went after Orm, drove him from Havnor, and harried him on "through all the Archipelago and Reaches," never letting him come to land, but driving him always over the sea, until in a final terrible flight they passed the Dragon's Run and came to the last island of the West Reach, Selidor. There, on the outer beach, both exhausted, they faced each other and fought, "talon and fire and word and sword," until. will that hurried his steps. Reach, to look for dragons. There was a great longing in his heart to see a dragon. But untimely. of his plans, an extension of himself. "Yes, yes, you will," he said, and smiled again. "I'll tell him that the changes in a man's life may be beyond all the arts we know, and all our wisdom," said the Archmage. He looked at Emer again. "May he stay here, mistress? Is that your wish as well as his?" The man whose name was Medra sat in the mud with the dead woman in his arms and wept. continue to exist in both forms. The many written copies of the ancient texts serve to keep them. isles-and beyond. People have puzzled at their choosing the empty sea for their domain, since. challenging. There was a cat, a big grey, sitting on his four paws on the hearth gazing at the. "Simply as I protect myself," the wizard said; and after a moment, testily, "The bargain, boy. The power we give for our power. The lesser state of being we forego. Surely you know that every true man of power is celibate." They are five against us," said the Herbal. He woke, as he always did, in his room in the Great House. He did not understand why the ceiling was low and the air smelt fresh but sour and cattle were bawling outside. He had to lie still and come back to this other place and this other man, whose use-name he couldn't remember, though he had said it last night to a heifer or a woman. He knew his true name but it was no good here, wherever here was, or anywhere. There had been black roads and dropping slopes and a vast green land lying down before him cut with rivers, shining with waters. A cold wind blowing. The reeds had whistled, and the young cow had led him through the stream, and Emer had opened the door. He had known her name as soon as he saw her. But he must use some other name. He must not call her by her name. He must remember what name he had told her to call him. He must not be Irioth, though he was Irioth. Maybe in time he would be another man. No; that was wrong; he must be this man. This man's legs ached and his feet hurt. But it was a good bed, a feather bed, warm, and he need not get out of it yet. He drowsed a while, drifting away from Irioth. It was then that village sorcery, and above all women's witchery, came into the ill repute that. cup by the rim of the condensing shaft. Gelluk peered in, eager as a child. "So tiny," he. When she said nothing, and some time had passed, he said, "In the shadow of these trees is no. words of apology, of thanks, so as not to leave this way -- but I couldn't. Had she been afraid only. didn't want to make too much of mere childish play. But I believe you have a gift, perhaps a great. chased and fought one another across the Straits and the wizard-troubled sea. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (76 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. to the right of the hearth, and took up her mending. "Get warm through, and then I'll show you. Irioth came up onto the doorstep. He did not go in, but spoke in the open door. "Master San, it's. and looked very much a man, though a very young one.. "He can keep me poor and stupid and worthless, but he can't keep me nameless!" "At home," Otter said. It wasn't a lie. He did have a pouch at home. He kept his fine-work tools. darkness, from behind the shrubbery, was the kind you would expect in an open space. Here, to the boy that the old man took alarm. Otter had to beg and wheedle him for any further teaching. almost no questions. "Will I go as a man all the way?" was one. Otter felt as if he were being brought back to vivid life from interminable, dreary, dazed half sentience. At the wizards touch he did not feel the horror of the

spellbond, but rather a gift of energy and hope. He told himself not to trust this man, but he longed to trust him, to learn from him. Gelluk was powerful, masterful, strange, yet he had set him free. For the first time in weeks Otter walked with unbound hands and no spell on him..he told the air something in a language the ship's captain did not understand, and made a gesture.As if to illustrate what he was saying, he had picked up a bit of brick from the broken pavement,.part of a huge, chubby face that reached the ceiling, that there, behind the glass, spoke endlessly,.Where he went then, the songs don't tell. They say only that he wandered, "he wandered long from land to land." If he went along the coast of the Great Isle, in many of those villages he might have found a midwife or a wise woman or a sorcerer who knew the sign of the Hand and would help him; but with Hound on his track, most likely he left Havnor as soon as he could, shipping as a crewman on a fishing boat of the Ebavnor Straits or a trader of the Inmost Sea.."No use," said the old wizard, grinning, "you're only wind and sunlight. Now I'm going to be dirt and stone. You'd best go on. Farewell, Aihal. Keep the-keep the mouth open, for once, eh?".this infernal station, to be under the naked sky, in the open air, to see the stars, feel the wind.

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