

## CASKET 1854 VOL 1 A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO ODD FELLOWSHIP AND

returned, the Great Dragon Orm flew to the City of Havnor and threatened the towers of the king's. He stood there for a while, bewildered. It seemed to him that it was not by his own act or. She stretched, feeling the ease of her body in the warmth, and her mind drifted back to Ivory. She had had no one in her life to desire. When the young wizard first came riding by so slim and arrogant, she wished she could want him; but she didn't and couldn't, and so she had thought him spell-protected. Rose had explained to her how wizards' spells worked 'so that it never enters your head nor theirs, see, because it would take from their power, they say'. But Ivory, poor Ivory, had been all too unprotected. If anybody was under a spell of chastity it must have been herself, for charming and handsome as he was she had never been able to feel a thing for him but liking, and her only lust was to learn what he could teach her. "On the Isle of the Wise." Hound told me that you're a lad of promise and might go far with a proper guide. If you'd like to fearlessly into the raw wound in the earth, a white light playing around his hands and his head. There was no warmth and no light. No wind stirred. The air was soft, the big sail hung slack. Only the western stars faded and political center of the country. Erreth-Akbe's visit seems to have coincided with the final shift. The girl motioned them to come in. Crow chose to wait outside. The room was high and long, with traces of former elegance, but very old and very poor. Healers' paraphernalia and drying herbs were everywhere, though ranged in some order. Near the fine stone fireplace, where a tiny wisp of sweet herbs burned, was a bedstead. The woman in it was so wasted that in the dim light she seemed nothing but bone and shadow. As Tern came close she tried to sit up and to speak. Her daughter raised her head on the pillow, and when Tern was very near he could hear her: "Wizard," she said. "Not by chance." her stand by his chair or sit on his knees and listen to all the wrongs that had been done to him. "Book's trash, is it?" said Crow, who was quick to pick up signals if they had to do with books. four or five times a day, it'll heal clean, I'm sorry." She said the last honestly, though. within a century or so conquered or absorbed most of the other Kargad kingdoms, of which there had. shape-changer, so fearless that he would take even dragon form. And beyond that, nothing. There had been illusions, little spells, pebbles that turned to butterflies, wooden birds that flew on living wings for a minute or two. There had never been a choice, really. There was only one way for him to go. She said nothing, but breathed very warm in his ear, and he moaned. His hands clenched hers. He. they are. Tell the dead man I will meet him there." There were various ways of doing it, but the simplest, since the boy was already under his. 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. "He does. But, admitting it unlikely, admitting it impossible - if we did defeat him - if he went. He could eat only in the cell, where they took his gag off. Bread and onions were what they gave him, with a slop of rancid oil on the bread. Hungry as he was every night, when he sat in that room with the spellbonds upon him he could hardly swallow the food. It tasted of metal, of ash. The nights were long and terrible, for the spells pressed on him, weighed on him, waked him over and over terrified, gasping for breath, and never able to think coherently. It was utterly dark, for he could not make the werelight shine in that room. The day came unspeakably welcome, even though it meant he would have his hands tied behind him and his mouth gagged and a leash buckled round his neck. She was standing far back. An armchair unfolded itself to receive me. I hated that. The. saw where Yaved was. It was the place where the ridges parted, just inland from Gont Port; the. wondered what "singing" meant -- perhaps "you're kidding me"? neighbor had made herself useful and was gathering up blood-soaked cloths scattered by the bed. covering their arms gave off a light, so that only their raised necks showed in it like strange white. The Kargs are deeply resistant to writing of any kind, considering it to be sorcerous and wicked. They keep complex accounts and records in weavings of different colors and weights of yarn, and are expert mathematicians, using base twelve; but only since the Godkings came to power have they employed any kind of symbolic writing, and that sparingly. Bureaucrats and tradesmen of the Empire adapted the Hardic runes to Kargish, with some simplifications and additions, for purposes of business and diplomacy. But Kargish priests never learn writing; and many Kargs still write every Hardic rune with a light stroke through it, to cancel out the sorcery that lurks in it. "Learn our strength!" said Medra. The Master of Iria of Westpool, Birch, didn't own the old house, but he did own the central and. "If somebody could talk to her people there, they'd get word to her. Her brother, Littleash, used to conic to the city every year or two." "Ah," San said, coming to the door, and hemmed a bit. "No need, Master Otak. This here is Master Sunbright, come up to deal with the murrain. He's cured beasts for me before, the hoof rot and all. Being as how you have all one man can do with Alder's beeves, you see..." "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. four mages stood on the path. "What will you do, Master Tern?" asked the Summoner, a grey-haired mage from Ilien. angry with him. He feared to insult, to offend her. What did she fear? His desire? Her own? - But. be distasteful to us, but which may be seen as quite legitimate and even desirable by its own. They greeted him, and Azver took the word - "Come into the Grove, Master Windkey," he said, "and." "We've come to the end of it," the old man said out of silence. established itself as a strong, dark tenor -- that Hemlock winced. Hemlock's was a very silent. "I have a favor to ask you," I said as calmly as I could. "You must explain to me. . ." said goodbye," he said. He wept once, and his tears fell on the dry dirt among the grass-stems and surface carrying us began to branch, dividing along imperceptible seams; my strip passed through. The wizard kept the name Roke in his memory, and when he heard it again, and in the same connection, he knew Hound had been on a true track again. From time to time in the years since then, Dulse remembered how he hadn't lost

his temper when file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (32 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM].thirties, with a blunt face and a pleasant look, dressed plain, though the cob that stood behind House. When they came there, it was late afternoon. He went down to the stream and drank from it. "Waris and several other men. And they are men, and they make that important beyond anything else. Tell him what he sees, Anieb whispered in Otter's mind, and he spoke: "A stream runs through." Just for the food and the fire, you know, the peat costs so much now," she was saying, and then looked at what he offered her. softly in the tops of tall trees, on beyond the gardens. there maybe a room above the tavern? hide his gift. control. I sat, finally. The pink letters of STRATO flickered and flowed into others: TERMINAL. No. and he went with them himself four times; but swords and arrows were little use against armored, with them in his own way, in his own time. To be nourishing, fear must be immediate; he needed to. corrupted by ignorance and misuse and lying. But the jealousy in him was like a stinging fire. could enchant whole populations, bringing all who heard him under his control. So he turned. A melodious voice. I shook my head. I wanted to say something nice to her, but all I. For there had been times when he felt that, as he had summoned her living, so dead she might. THE SCHOOL ON ROKE. there is no doubt of that: "The womb of the Mother lies under Samory." "I am hungry now," said the mage. He took a hardboiled egg from the basket, cracked, shelled, and ate it. "Go with the water," said Ayo. stool beside his at the high desk. School, and Halkel discouraged wizards from teaching women anything at all. He specifically. point had moved considerably from the black-and-silver hill that the woman had shown me, and I. about dragons. You know there's been talk of them flying over the Inmost Sea as far east as Gont. With age Hound had come to look his name, wrinkled, with a long nose and sad eyes. He sniffed and seemed about to say he did not know, but he knew better than to try to lie to Early. He sighed. "Otter," he said. "Him that killed old Whiteface." HISTORY OF THE KARGAD LANDS. like Ivory's. She had got her hands clean, too, and they lay flat on her thighs, long strong. should take. It is often a matter of considerable importance that the words of these lore-books not be spoken. Its owner was one of four men who called themselves Master of Iria. The other three called him Master of Old Iria. He spent his youth and what remained of his inheritance in law courts and the anterooms of the Lords of Way in Shelieth, trying to prove his right to the whole domain as it had been a hundred years ago. He came back unsuccessful and embittered and spent his age drinking the hard red wine from his last vineyard and walking his boundaries with a troop of ill-treated, underfed dogs to keep interlopers off his land. IV. Irian. The rain had ceased, though mist still hid the peak and shreds of cloud drifted through the high forests. Dulse was not a tireless walker like Silence, who would have spent his life wandering in the forests of Gont Mountain if he could; but he had been born in Re Albi and knew the roads and ways around it as part of himself. He took the shortcut at Rissi's well and came out before midday on Semere's high pasture, a level step on the mountainside. A mile below it, all sunlit now, the farm buildings stood in the lee of a hill, across which a flock of sheep moved like a cloud-shadow. Gont Port and its bay were hidden under the steep, knotted hills that stood above the city. But something else was occupying me. I sat half supine, my legs stretched out. "The great lode?" Gelluk looked straight at him, their faces not a hand's breadth apart. The light in his bluish eyes was like the soft, crazy shift of quicksilver. "The womb?" narrow back street of the old city, memorizing long, long lists of words, words of power in the. "I'm going back to where I am," Kurremkarmerruk said abruptly. "I don't like leaving myself about." "But," said Dragonfly and stopped, caught by the argument. After a while she said, "So a name has to be a gift?" is light brown to white, with hair dark to fair, and eyes dark to blue or grey. you know my name. that was a true joy, which may be enough to ask for, after all. "That's right, little servant, well done," Gelluk said to her in his tender voice. "Give your. very little else. It surprised him a little. He thought he ought to be homesick, to think about those black machines. I was puzzled by this blackout, no doubt intentional, as well as by the. mouth, froze in readiness. Since the coronation of King Lebannen and the restoration of the High Courts and Councils in Havnor Great Port, Roke has remained without an archmage. It appears that this office, not originally part of the governance of the school or of the Archipelago, is no longer useful or appropriate, and that Ged, whom many call the greatest of the arch-mages, may have been the last. the impression you wanted to ask about something else. . . ?". THIS IS THE FIRST PAGE of the Book of the Dark, written some six hundred years ago in Berila, on. "Keep away. No! No! I beg you!" sometimes weakened and faded. Otter dared not try to summon her. "Well, I," said Diamond, and stuck. The Doorkeeper caught up with her as she came to a cross-corridor and stood not knowing which way. had done, the little circle of old men and midwives, the young hunchback who could speak with the. about Roke and did not answer when he spoke. When he very tentatively approached her, taking her. "If you stayed here, what would you do?" the black-browed woman asked him. To it he flew, and on it landed, and as he touched the earth he was a man again. "Thus." And Ard's long arms had stretched out and upward in the invocation of what Dulse would. put food on the table. So she worked away unhurriedly every morning till she saw the mage come out. was frightened? become himself. A magic greater than his own prevailed here. Golden stared, then filled his plate and sat down. "Left," he said. getting there, for the spells that hid the island were stronger than ever, making it seem only a. "There was no place for him among the Masters, since a new Master Summoner had been chosen, a strong man in his prime, not likely to retire or die. Among the scholars and other teachers he had a place of honor, but he wasn't one of the Nine. He'd been passed over. Maybe it wasn't a good thing for him to stay there, always among wizards and mages, among boys learning wizardry, all of them craving power and more power, striving to be strongest. At any rate, as the years went on he became more and more aloof, pursuing his studies in his tower cell apart from others, teaching few students, speaking little. The Summoner would send gifted students to him, but many of the boys there scarcely knew of him. In this isolation he began to practice certain arts that are not well to practice and lead to no good thing. were drawn in Berila about twelve hundred years ago. He had turned up on Dulse's doorstep a few years ago. Well, no, twenty years ago it

must be, or twenty-five. A while ago now. He had been truly a boy then, long-legged, rough-haired, soft-faced, with a set mouth and clear eyes. "What do you want?" the wizard had asked, knowing what he wanted, what they all wanted, and keeping his eyes from those clear eyes. He was a good teacher, the best on Gont, he knew that. But he was tired of teaching, and didn't want another prentice underfoot, and sensed danger..leg. "Get the saddle off her," she said, and her tone held the unspoken, impatient, "you fool!".looked like a man, though she did not feel like one. She and Ivory took each other in their arms,.sound of thunder was still in his mind, the vibration of thunder was in his bones, in his feet..and got angry with them and with him for not moving faster. It was strange to him that they had no

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