

## ONE TO THE WOLVES ON THE TRAIL OF A KILLER

"Too high and mighty these days to stop and talk," said Tarry, "though I taught him all he knows." Not hiding at all. Went about the city, talking to people. Went to see his mother in Endlane, round the mountain. He's there now. So the pattern of the years was set for Tern. In the late spring he would go out in Hopeful, slip, forget. That was not his language. "At least have a bath!" she said, right away. Of late, entering always deeper into the mysteries of a certain lore-book brought back from the shadows of the leaves play across the ground. The oakmast was deep; though she had. "I guess he did. Another curer came up this way, a fellow that's been by here before. Doesn't amount to much that I can see. He did no good to my cow with the caked bag, two years ago. And his balm's just pig fat, I'd swear. Well, so, he says to Otak, you're taking my business. And maybe Otak says the same back. And they lose their tempers, and they did some black spells, maybe. I guess Otak did. But he did no harm to the man at all, but fell down in a swoon himself. And now he doesn't remember any more about it, while the other man walked away unhurt. And they say every beast he touched is standing yet, and hale. Ten days he spent out there in the wind and the rain, touching the beasts and healing them. And you know what the cattleman gave him? Six pennies! Can you wonder he was a little rageous? But I don't say..." She checked herself and then went on, "I don't say he's not a bit strange, sometimes. The way witches and sorcerers are, I guess. Maybe they have to be, dealing with such powers and evils as they do. But he is a true man, and kind." "Your majesty is sending forth his fleets," Early said to the staring old man in the armchair in the palace of the kings. "A great enemy has gathered against you, south in the Inmost Sea, and we are going to destroy them. A hundred ships will sail from the Great Port, from Omer and South Port and your fiefdom on Hosk, the greatest navy the world has seen! I shall lead them. And the glory will be yours," he said, with an open laugh, so that Losen stared at him in a kind of horror, finally beginning to understand who was the master, who the slave. settle. She stepped outside with him. "Oh yes. You are uncommonly slow, young man, to recognize your own capacities." It was spoken. Brown Bucca, his favorite, shook herself and said her name a few times. The others said nothing. There was a little noise, the soft clip-clop of the black mare's hooves, coming along the lane. Then Dragonfly came back to herself and called to Ivory and ran down the hill to meet him. "I will go," she said. He saw the lines of the spells that held him, heavy cords of darkness, a tangled maze of lines all about him. There was a way out of the knot, if he turned around so, and then so, and parted the lines with his hands, so; and he was free. the Making words he did not know until he spoke them. "Mother, be whole!" he said, and the broken. What they had they shared. In that it was indeed Morred's Isle. Nobody on Roke starved or went unhoused, though nobody had much more than they needed. Hidden from the rest of the world not only by sea and storm but by their defenses that disguised the island and sent ships astray, they worked and talked and sang the songs, The Winter Carol and The Deed of the Young King. And they had books, the Chronicles of Enlad and the History of the Wise Heroes. From these precious books the old men and women would read aloud in a hall down by the wharf where the fisherwomen made and mended their nets. There was a hearth there, and they would light the fire. People came even from farms across the island to hear the histories read, listening in silence, intent. "Our souls are hungry," Ember said. They call this the Otter's House," he said. "Very old. As old as the Great House. Everything is. So he danced with all the pretty girls in turn, and then again with whichever one turned up again. White faces, yellow, a few tall blacks, but I was still the tallest. People made way for me. High. That was unusual, though perhaps not so unusual among the wealthy as among common folk. At any. projectiles were not like the one that had brought me in from Luna. leave him to breathe the fumes of quicksilver in that highest vault till he died... But when his. Unable to continue Tehanu's story (because it hadn't happened yet) and foolishly assuming that

the.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (23 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. "What is a moot?" hatch. The mites were bothering her, and she looked scruffy and jaded. He said a few words against the streams at Iria, and she had hated the sea, heaving grey and cold, but this quick water. He got up in the icy morning while they still slept rolled in their blankets. He knew where the. Translated by Barbara Marszal and Frank Simpson. control a storm, as a ship's weatherworker must do. But he thought he'd rather drown in a gale. never came to Roke Island, never saw it, sailed right through where the sea charts said was an. Ivory clapped his hand to his right leg. A dog's tooth had ripped his breeches at the calf, and a. can keep his mouth closed. And I'll leave him my lore-books. If he can clean out a henhouse, and. He stood there for a while, bewildered. It seemed to him that it was not by his own act or. Dragonfly peered close at Rose's work. Rose brought out a maggot, dropped it, spat on it, and probed again. The girl leaned up against the ewe, and the ewe leaned against the girl, giving and receiving comfort. Rose extracted, dropped, and spat on the last maggot, and said, "Just hand me that bucket now." She bathed the sore with salt water. The ewe sighed deeply and suddenly walked out of the yard, heading for home. She had had enough of medicine. "Bucky!" Rose shouted. A grubby child appeared from under a bush where he had been asleep and trailed after the ewe, of whom he was nominally in charge although she was older, larger, better fed, and probably wiser than he was. She sat on a while by the Thwilburn. She was troubled by what he had told her and by her thoughts and feelings in the Grove, and troubled that any thought or feeling could have troubled her there. She went to the house, set out her supper of smoked meat and bread and summer lettuce, and ate it without tasting it. She roamed restlessly back down the streambank to the water. It was very still and warm in the late dusk, only the largest stars burning through a milky overcast. She slipped off her sandals and put her feet in the water. It was cool, but veins of sunwarmth ran through it. She slid out of her clothes, the man's breeches and shirt that were all she had, and slipped naked into the water, feeling the push and stir of the current all along her body. She had never swum in the

streams at Iria, and she had hated the sea, heaving grey and cold, but this quick water pleased her, tonight. She drifted and floated, her hands slipping over silken underwater rocks and her own silken flanks, her legs sliding through waterweeds. All trouble and restlessness washed away from her in the running of the water, and she floated in delight in the caress of the stream, gazing up at the white, soft fire of the stars. "Of me?" idly. He was bound for O Port. Ruined lands were all too common. No need to fly to seek them. He. His Herbal came back from the woods and sat down beside him on the bench a while. In the middle of the day he returned to the Great House, agreeing to come back with the Doorkeeper in the morning. They would ask all the other Masters to meet with them in the Grove. "But he won't come," Deyala said, and Azver nodded. After a long time the young man said, "What else can I do?" "Oh, it's a curse, a curse, this wizardry!" they said. "Excuse me, Master," he said. "I have to think." the Master Chanter said I did harm by being here. "Then to me you are Silence," the wizard said. "You can sleep in the nook under the west window. There's an old pallet in the woodhouse. Air it. Don't bring mice in with it." And he stalked off towards the Overfell, angry with the boy for coming and with himself for giving in; but it was not anger that made his heart pound. Striding along-he could stride, then-with the seawind pushing at him always from the left and the early sunlight on the sea out past the vast shadow of the mountain, he thought of the Mages of Roke, the masters of the art magic, the professors of mystery and power. "He was too much for 'em, was he? And he'll be too much for me," he thought, and smiled. He was a peaceful man, but he did not mind a bit of danger. learn a few hundred to several thousand of these characters as a major part of their few years of. Gont Port lies at the inner end of a long narrow bay between steep shores. Its entrance from the. So he cherished his free hours as if they were actual meetings with her. He had always loved her, but had not understood that he loved her beyond anyone and anything. When he was with her, even when he was down on the docks thinking of her, he was alive. He never felt entirely alive in Master Hemlock's house and presence. He felt a little dead. Not dead, but a little dead. from some other island, it was said, somewhere in the west, and she never came to Iria, for she sport, but never eat their kill. Since time immemorial, until the reign of Heru, they had used streets: a creeping, a peristalsis with necklaces of light, and over this, in the perpendicular. The mage said, "Majesty, as you know, my poor skill has not availed, but I have sent for the. They held each other tight, hard, silent for a long time. To Diamond it was as if he held his. "He's ten times the use and company to me my brother is," she said. "And a kind true man, as I. out of a shadow, disappeared behind one of the machines -- I did not see him open any door, he. falcon, mistress, and to see the earth below you with a falcon's eye. And summoning, which is. the young king in the Summoner's place. To us it seemed right that he should sit among us. Only. The Changer absorbed that with a look of real amazement; but he did not question the Doorkeeper. He said only, "But not among the students." Dragonfly stopped too. She said after a moment, "I'm sorry. But I feel like - I feel like you betrayed me." "Will you come with me?" the Patterner said to Irian. founded a school on Roke as a center where they might gather and share knowledge, clarify the. knew why he had never sought reconciliation with his father. He slept till late in the morning and woke as if from illness, weak and placid. She was unable to be afraid of him. She found that he had no memory at all of what had happened in the village, of the other sorcerer, even of the six coppers she had found scattered on the bedcover, which he must have held clenched in his hand all along. so. Now that's the bargain, right? And if you play fair I will." Small islands and villages are generally governed by a more or less democratic council or Parley. Ivory nodded gravely. "But the Archmage lost all his power in the land of death. Maybe all magery was weakened then." It may be that the Firelord was, in fact, a dragon in human form; for very soon after his fall, on the ground, rather hard, for his legs were shaking. geographical separation caused a gradual natural divergence, a differentiation of species. The. known to anybody but the giver and to the owner, who both keep it secret all their life. The power. For a long time nobody would touch him. He had fallen down in a fit in San's doorway. He lay there now like a dead man. But the curer from the south said he wasn't dead, and was as dangerous as an adder. San told how Otak had put a curse on Sunbright and said some awful words that made him get smaller and smaller and wail like a stick in the fire, and then all in a moment he was back in himself again, but sick as a dog, as who could blame him, and all the while there was this light around the other one, Otak, like a wavering fire, and shadows jumping, and his voice not like any human voice. A terrible thing. Hearing he was there, the teachers of Roke came, the men and women who were masters of their craft. Medra had been the Master Finder, until he went to the Grove. A young woman now taught that art, as he had taught it to her. stream that came out of the woods to join the little river running down to the bay, Medra camped. He had no thought of hiding or protecting himself. Luckily for him there were no guards about; dragons and humans, but this may be because the poem in its presumed original form, in the. 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. witches learn a few words of it; wizards learn many, and some come to speak it almost as fluently. "Once in his lifetime, if he's lucky, a wizard finds somebody he can talk to." Nemmerle had said. "Put your feet up to the fire," she said abruptly. "I have some old shoes of my husbands." It cost her something to say that, yet when she had said it she felt released, untied too. What was she keeping Bren's shoes for, anyhow? They were too small for Berry and too big for her. She'd given away his clothes, but kept the shoes, she didn't know what for. For this fellow, it would seem. Things came round if you could wait for them, she thought. "I'll set em out for you," she said. "Yours are perished." socket. days. Then one morning, in rebellious mood, he stayed by the stream while Ember walked into the. and dark eyes under dark brows, eyes that held his, held him, brought the truth out of his mouth. "Not in your father's house, Di." as ever. "But maybe now? When you returned?" art magic used for right ends. "But what is there to tell?" she said reluctantly. "Is it really true that in your day, back. They nodded. adder.

San told how Otak had put a curse on Sunbright and said some awful words that made him get then at her again..which useful, which dangerous; why some people had one gift but not another, and whether you could. The clouds darkened. Rain passed through the little valley, falling on the dirt and the grass. Above the clouds the sun was descending the western stair of the sky's bright house..adapted the Hardic runes to Kargish, with some simplifications and additions, for purposes of. "I've often wondered why I let the boy in," said the Doorkeeper. "Now I begin to understand," to his conscience. He had waked from his dream with the name Roke in his mind. Why had he never the old man laid his hand a moment on the son's shoulder.. "Oh, sir," she said, and he knew he had done wrong..and regular speaking and hearing of the classics keeps the archaic language meaningful (and. "What afterward?"..another world..movement of my nostrils, my heart working slowly, pumping blood; lights flickered in the low. 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..round his neck..apart from and often in enmity towards the Archipelagans for two or three millennia.. "I don't care what's "allowed"," he said, with a frown she had never seen on his face. The..as pitiless as any wild animal, terrifying, unpredictable, yet intelligent, sometimes wiser than. "I can take her to those who can." "You have been a witch, Irian?"..of place. They were worshiped at the site and at home altars with offerings of flowers, oil, food..the word to say to him."..the Kargish king wear Morred's ring," the Queen Mother said. So, bringing it as the most generous. "First we must settle the matter that divides us," said the Windkey.. "Is it Waris?"..man's legs ached and his feet hurt. But it was a good bed, a feather bed, warm, and he need not..word haath, "dragon," in the Old Speech..).file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (26 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. Medra had come to Havnor thinking that because he meant no harm he would do no harm. He had done. Medra to take his place. Despite his ranting and scolding against dragon hunters, High-drake had..time he must waste teaching the boy what he was good for. And after that the ore must still be dug. My expression amused her. I looked at her; she stopped smiling..They were not far inside the Grove, and still beside the stream, when Irian stopped, turned aside, and crouched down by the enormous, hunching roots of a willow that leaned out over the water. The four mages stood on the path..runes. To write in the True Runes, as to speak the Old Speech, is to guarantee the truth of what

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