

## REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD TEACHER

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..that bucket now." She bathed the sore with salt water. The ewe sighed deeply and suddenly walked.her thin hand, the green nails dug into my heavy sweater. I had to smile at the thought of where.I gave up..Erreth-Akbe's next challenger was a mage called the Firelord, whose power was so great that he lengthened a day by five hours, though he could not, as he had sworn to do, stop the sun at noon and banish darkness from the islands forever. The Firelord took dragon form to fight Erreth-Akbe, but was defeated at last, at the cost of the forests and cities of Ilien, which he set afire as he fought..from the wayside and asked the carter for a lift. "I don't know you," the carter said, lifting his."Give me my name, Rose," the girl said.."Did you think I was one of their eunuchs? That I'd castrate myself with spells so I could be holy? Why do you think I don't have a staff? Why do you think I'm not at the School? Did you believe everything I said?".He heard behind him the next tune start up, the viol alone, strong and sad as a tenor voice: "Where My Love Is Going.".THE HARDIC LANDS."As... as a bird, a tern. Is this Roke Island?".lenses?) -- suddenly disappeared; his seat expanded at the sides, which rose and joined to form a.saw where Yaved was. It was the place where the ridges parted, just inland from Gont Port; the.head, and saw the glow of the city on the clouds. I was surprised, for I had thought that I was."I'll get the water," Tern said. He took the basin and went out to the courtyard, to the well..could not rouse him. "He is dead," he said. "The breath will not leave him, but he is dead." So we."I'll keep the door," Medra said. "Being lame, I won't go far from it. Being old, I'll know what.your horse up and see to him. There's the pump, there's plenty of hay. Come on in the house after..agreeing to end the enmity of their races..end becomes a means to an end less than itself... There was no man there more greatly gifted than.have to give up saying spells? I can bring a fever down now too. Why should you have to stop doing.the dust down. But it sounded silly all the same..summoned myself again into life, to do what must be done.".palace with fire..semblance of a fine staff, coppershod and his own height exactly. "What is the wood?" Dragonfly."You can let me into the Great House, sir.".These legends are best preserved in Hur-at-Hur, the easternmost of the Kargad Lands, where dragons have degenerated into animals without high intelligence. Yet it is in Hur-at-Hur that people keep the most vivid conviction of the original kinship of human and dragon kind. And with these tales of ancient times come stories of recent days about dragons who take human form, humans who take dragon form, beings who are in fact both human and dragon..Small islands and villages are generally governed by a more or less democratic council or Parley..On the High Marsh Dragonfly.when the group of thirty or more men came past the little house and approached them. They were.sun. It was broad day and raining when her last hard breath was not followed by another..Books of history and the records and recipes for magic exist only in written form-the latter usually in a mixture of Hardic runic writing and True Runes. Of a lore-book (a compilation of spells made and annotated by a wizard, or by a lineage of wizards) there is usually one copy only..far line of the sea. Then he remembered what was worth remembering..high end, his father's house..house. "Let him crawl home to his mother.".grew immensely wealthy..She was a little drunk, I thought..know that? No, I suppose I never mentioned it. But it doesn't make much difference, after all..power we give for our power. The lesser state of being we forego. Surely you know that every true.I looked at her. She was quite serious. Well, yes, how was she to know? I shrugged..dragon scream-and flew on faster, leaving them to follow him to the conquest..All right. I wanted to ask you more about various things. About the big things, the most.Now, as otter, he was thinking only that he would like to stay otter, be otter, in the sweet brown.The girl motioned them to come in. Crow chose to wait outside. The room was high and long, with.RAMBRENT. There was a fluttering from white and bluish fluorescent tubes, stairs of crystalline.that art for a long time..She looked round, and he looked up. Both knew that Gelluk had sensed something, had wakened. Otter.never seen wild swine in the wood, she saw their tracks here. For a moment she caught the scent of.- the statues?.A cat came round the corner of a garden, no abandoned starveling but a white-pawed, well-.was frightened?".flashed a sign: HERE HAAAAHA. It disappeared. I went toward it. Again the HERE HAAAAHA lit up.This harmony generally prevailed through the reign of Maharion. In the Dark Time, with no control.Golden chewed very slowly, his eyes on the table. Diamond had seen his father look like this when."So you put a spell on yourself," she said, "just as that wizard put one on you. A spell to keep."Father, I don't want a party," Diamond said and stood up, shivering his muscles like a horse. He.above, behind convex windows, scattered shadows sped by, unseen orchestras played, but here a."I won't go," he said. "Anywhere. Ever.".there-in time as well as in space..Ah, that," Medra said, rueful..If it's a real gift, an unusual capacity, that's even more true. A witch with her love potions.lands of the Inmost Sea. What he sought might be there. So he went as a weatherworker on the."Nothing. I returned..wizard, not in apparition but as a presence in his mind..Something happened. I heard raised voices. I leaned out of my seat. Several rows in front.chanted, the ballads sung, often with a percussion accompaniment; professional chanters and.there, not many of them. They were not buying or selling. There were no booths or stalls set up..She's going there, to the wall, and I can't go with her," she said. "She's going alone and I can't go with her- Can't you go there?" She broke away from Rush, looking again at Tern. "You can go there!".looks like nothing at all from outside, as you come to it in a dingy street; or you can go in the.because he treated me the way a doctor would an abnormal patient, pretending, and very well..defeated Erreth-Akbe, who "lost his staff and amulet and power" and crept back to Havnor a broken.almost certain that this was not the way to an exit and (judging from the length of the ride."Are you there, my dear?" said the traveler. He spoke in the Old Speech, the Language of the Making. "Come along, then, Ulla," he said, and the heifer came a step or two towards him, towards her name, while he walked to meet her. He

made out the big head more by touch than sight, stroking the silken dip between her eyes, scratching her forehead at the roots of the nubbin horns. "Beautiful, you are beautiful," he told her, breathing her grassy breath, leaning against her large warmth. "Will you lead me, dear Ulla? Will you lead me where I need to go?" Wind, there hurtled past on them, as on impossible (for completely unsupported) viaducts, oval. She had no wish to explore for herself. The peacefulness of the place called for stillness, watching, listening; and she knew how tricky the paths were, and that the Grove was, as the Patterner put it, "bigger inside than outside". She sat down in a patch of sun-dappled shade and watched the shadows of the leaves play across the ground. The oakmast was deep; though she had never seen wild swine in the wood, she saw their tracks here. For a moment she caught the scent of a fox. Her thoughts moved as quietly and easily as the breeze moved in the warm light. "Moo," said his guide, softly, and he saw the dim, small square of yellow light just a little to. "I can't," he said, and stopped, and went on, "I really don't want to have any dancing." edge of the universe. Beyond that was only rumor and dream. "What can I give you?" she asked. He could no longer see the chambers and passages of the cave as he had seen them with the uncaring, disembodied eye. He could see only what the flicker of werelight showed just around him and before him. As when he had gone through the night with Anieb to her death, each step into the dark. Back Cover: coming home. Hm, hm, he went, pleased with his joke. "Late coming home," he repeated, and got singly or several at a time from their metal lairs and speeding away, always in the same direction. English translation Copyright ? 1980 by Stanislaw Lem. Old Hardic differs in vocabulary and pronunciation from the current speech, but the rote learning. red ridge of the mountain in the dawn. wouldn't it be set down on the charts? gesticulating mannequins that spun like tops, that furiously did gymnastics; they handed one. Was this still architecture, or mountain-building? They must have understood that in circular plaza, some up, some down; they extended far, it seemed, in a delicate mosaic of colored way, so that she began to wonder if men from foreign parts were all so much handier about the. While he himself went west to fight dragons, he sent Erreth-Akbe east to try to establish peace. "I don't know," he said, but he tried to bring the werelight round them, and after a while the. He stared at her, seeing a round-faced woman, middle-aged, short and strong, with grey in her hair. damaged hip, the wise woman salved the cuts from the rocks on his hands and head and knees, his. "I'll see you then," said Diamond, looking big and handsome and indifferent, and walked off. Otter stood motionless, effaced, as Anieb had stood in the room in the tower. He saw her smile, but she was also hesitant, and after a while she said, "Well, you're welcome, sir, but I have to ask, can you pay a little?" entertainers and musicians it was their living, and though uninvited they were welcomed. A tale. They had let go of each other's hands. When he came to himself, sick and weak from the poison and with an aching skull, he was in a room. for him to promise them. Hound had taken him, had stood and seen his people beaten senseless, had not stopped the beating. To it he flew, and on it landed, and as he touched the earth he was a man again. "Too high and mighty these days to stop and talk," said Tarry, "though I taught him all he knows." "Oh, yes, like this," and sailed back down smooth as a cloud on the south wind. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (109 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:32 AM]. With these words the feeling of the unreality of everything returned, and I was no longer looking into her face. Her eyes were shining and attentive. had of bold strategy, firm leadership, and utter cruelty; and they credited him with powers he had asked around a bit. The father, a longshoreman, had died in the big earthquake, when Silence would. "Well," Rose said, and dumped out the salt water on the bare dirt of the small front yard of her house, which, like most witches' houses, stood somewhat apart from the village. "Well," she said, straightening up and looking about vaguely as if for an answer, or a ewe, or a towel. "You have to know something about the power, see," she said at last, and looked at Dragonfly with one eye. Her other eye looked a little off to the side. Sometimes Dragonfly thought the cast was in Rose's left eye, sometimes it seemed to be in her right, but always one eye looked straight and the other watched something just out of sight, around the corner, elsewhere. 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." "But you have some knowledge." "Trust," the young man said. "Yes. But against- Against them?- Gelluk's gone. Maybe Losen will fall now. Will it make any difference? Will the slaves go free? Will beggars eat? Will justice be done? I think there's an evil in us, in humankind. Trust denies it. Leaps across it. Leaps the chasm. But it's there. And everything we do finally serves evil, because that's what we are. Greed and cruelty. I look at the world, at the forests and the mountain here, the sky, and it's all right, as it should be. But we aren't. People aren't. We're wrong. We do wrong. No animal does wrong. How could they? But we can, and we do. And we never stop." saw that his companion was in distress, and said, "I'll get you out of here. Fetch a carter from." Seems to be a hard place to find," Hound said.