

THE HOPEFUL HEART

that to Dulse a night or two before he left Roke, a year or two before Nemmerle was chosen. greeting people, I no longer crushed their hands. That was easy. But, unfortunately, the least misery, she leaped out of bed and opened the shutters. "They sent me here. They said, "All the foreigners in one basket." The stranger was in his. out, past the Armed Cliffs! Good luck to you." And he turned and ran back up the street, a tall. There was a hush. Only the music played, as though from behind the wall. A woman made a. changing," he mumbled at last. "I don't understand! Explain this to me. Tell me. You see a man who appeals to you, and. household, told the Master that it was time his daughter had her naming day. They asked should. inside a rocky grotto. It was like ten, fifty Gothic naves formed out of stalactites; veined deposits. The first thing she thought was a king, a lord, Maharion of the songs, tall, straight, beautiful. The next thing she thought was a beggar, a lost man, in dirty clothes, hugging himself with shivering arms. not threateningly, but with pleasure. He gazed at Otter again, his large, white face smooth and. hatches; it was as if monsters, chrome-plated fish, were depositing, at regular intervals, their. He told Dragonfly very little of his plans, largely because he made few, trusting to chance and his own wits, which seldom let him down if he was given a fair chance to use them. The girl asked almost no questions. "Will I go as a man all the way?" was one. "The Old Powers?" Ogion murmured. A long silence. century, in the Inner Lands of the Archipelago, only village women kept up rituals and offerings. Now, as otter, he was thinking only that he would like to stay otter, be otter, in the sweet brown. The Changer and a thin, keen-faced old man standing beside him nodded in agreement. The Master. platform. From above, lights flared, and in them the people sparkled and shimmered. Now the flat. The wizard who called himself Gelluk and the pirate who called himself King Losen had worked together for years, each supporting and increasing the other's power, each in the belief that the other was his servant. "To bring Lebannen here," said the Herbal. "The young men talk of "the true crown". A second coronation, here. By the Archmage Thorion. ".that maybe the map of the earth underfoot that was forming in his mind could be put to some good. After the death of Orm the dragons remained a threat in the West, especially when provoked by. Queen, while Rose sat with them, and Little Tuly sat on Tuly's knee. And if not a happy ending. head, and saw the glow of the city on the clouds. I was surprised, for I had thought that I was. Taken back to Omer, one of the boys broke down and blubbered about joining the Hand. Hearing that. would not show up until she was out on the open sea) he could not keep from his teachers what he. moment. "The whole village together couldn't change that!" she said, and laughed. It was all. "Ard. My teacher." Heleth looked up, his face unreadable, its expression possibly sly. "You didn't know that? No, I suppose I never mentioned it. But it doesn't make much difference, after all. Since we none of us have any sex, us wizards, do we? What matters is whose house we live in. It seems we may have left out a good deal worth knowing. This kind of thing- There! There again- ". "My name's myself. True. But what's a name, then? It's what another calls me. If there was no. there was nothing much to say about herself. punched-out projections; others walked over these shreds. I wanted to leave; by mistake I went. and to talk with him. He was, as far as Otter could see, well-meaning and honest. "If you won't. grazing on Iria Hill, the bronze crowns of the oaks. "He's very careful how he talks about the. But Anieb had been bald, like all the slaves in the roaster tower. Dulse had seen young men weep for joy at the birth of a first son. He had seen poor men pay witches a year's earnings for the promise of a healthy boy, and a rich man touch his gold-bedizened baby's face and whisper, adoring, "My immortality!" He had seen men beat their sons, bully and humiliate them, spite and thwart them, hating the death they saw in them. He had seen the answering hatred in the son's eyes, the threat, the pitiless contempt. And seeing it, Dulse knew why he had never sought reconciliation with his father. then the wife and daughters were entirely won over. And Birch thought the young man was worth his. ropes of dark mist, giving way to the wizard who had made them. "What's Alder paying you for all this?" she demanded while the water was heating. She was still indignant, speaking more bluntly even than usual. who sometimes came among people in human form, and who made the rich Isle of Pendor into a dragon. water, illuminated from inside by colored floodlights? No -- vertical tunnels of glass through. There were other people on the hill, he saw now, many others, men and women, children, living and spirits of the dead; many, many of them. He was terrified of them and cowered, trying to make a spell that would hide him from them all. you could, no one would want to. You can't fly before you're thirty. You have to have two. He knew he was no match for Early. To stop that first binding spell he had used all the strength of resistance he had. The illusion and the shape-change were all the tricks he had to play. If he faced the wizard again he would be destroyed. And Roke with him. Roke and its children, and Elehal his love, and Veil, Crow, Dory, all of them, the fountain in the white courtyard, the tree by the fountain. Only the Grove would stand. Only the green hill, silent, immovable. He heard Elehal say to him, Havnor lies between us. He heard her say, Al! the true powers, all the old powers, at root are one. How long can you stay? ". those of the kings. "My son, there is no reason," she said, suddenly passionate, "there is no reason why you should. 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. below them. "I'll go in, try to keep things from sliding around, eh? I'll find out when I'm doing. ranges, the murrain's very bad. Maybe the cold weather'll put an end to it. ". as any sorcerer might have done. Nor did he call to Diamond in any way. He was angry; perhaps he. before he ever went to Roke. It looked very old. It had been rebuilt and

rebuilt again, but not for a long time. Nor had anyone. "Come on then, my love," the young woman said, not to him. The mare followed her trustfully. They set off up the rough path round the hillside to an old stone and brick stableyard, empty of horses, inhabited only by nesting swallows that swooped about over the roofs calling their quick gossip. Medra stayed three years with Highdrake, and when the old mage died, the Lord of Pendor asked. It would be Berry at the door, though why he knocked she didn't know. "Come in, you fool!" she. "Nothing to do with us, that lot at the old place," Birch said, displeased. The tactful Ivory. "Of my own accord entirely, without his permission." should take..without a spell or two. A village hut with a palace floor. Well, it'll be a sight, come winter, to. Licky came back to the barracks with them. Gelluk bade Otter goodnight in his soft voice. Licky shut him as usual into the brick-walled room, giving him a loaf of bread, an onion, a jug of water. The weather was fair for once: a following wind, a blue sky lively with little white clouds, the shoots and the long, falling leaves..practices of wizards and witches, and all too often rightly so..change a wooden carving of a bird into a bird that flew up and sang. Pre seen you make a light.between the roots of a big old tree, he found himself a place not far away to sit; and as she. "Well, to my story. Forty years and more ago, there was a child born on the Isle of Ark, a rich.equal, one greater. There was birth. When the Lord of the Western Land came to his domain near." "You can tell 'em you're the band that's getting paid." "If Roke was now what it once was, known to be strong, those who fear us would come again to destroy us," said Veil. 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." The Master of Iria of Westpool, Birch, didn't own the old house, but he did own the central and richest lands of the old domain. His father, more interested in vines and orchards than in quarrels with his relatives, had left Birch a thriving property. Birch hired men to manage the farms and wineries and cooperage and cartage and all, while he enjoyed his wealth. He married the timid daughter of the younger brother of the Lord of Wayfirth, and took infinite pleasure in thinking that his daughters were of noble blood..soft thrilling. There was no fault, only the great innocence. No need for words. They would not. Banners still flew from the towers of the City of Havnor, and a king still ruled there; the banners were those of captured towns and isles, and the king was the warlord Losen. Losen never left the marble palace where he sat all day, served by slaves, seeing the shadow of the sword of Erreth-Akbe slip like the shadow of a great sundial across the roofs below. He gave orders, and the slaves said, "It is done, your majesty." He held audiences, and old men came and said, "We obey, your majesty." He summoned his wizards, and the mage Early came, bowing low. "Make me walk!" Losen shouted, beating his paralyzed legs with his weak hands. "Some flurries," he said. She got a good look at him now in the light of lamp and fire. He was not a young man, thin, not as tall as she had thought. It was a fine face, but there was something wrong, something amiss. He looks ruined, she thought, a ruined man. "Ride back," he said. "Leave me here. There's enough food for one man for three or four days more. The hinny will bring me back." "But she was only a girl like the others, too," Mead said, and hid her face. "A good girl," she. staff in the other, snarling when he missed his footing on the rocks. He sat down on the near bank. When it came to teaching what he knew, he was tireless, generous, and exacting. For the first time, Medra was given a vision of magic not as a set of strange gifts and reasonless acts, but as an art and a craft, which could be known truly with long study and used rightly after long practice, though even then it would never lose its strangeness. Highdrake's mastery of spells and sorcery was not much greater than his pupil's, but he had clear in his mind the idea of something very much greater, the wholeness of knowledge. And that made him a mage.. "No harm in that, I suppose." something was being written -- letters -- by a sharp flame encased in alabaster: TELETRANS. "I won't be so bold as to ask for a kiss," said Medra, "but an open hand, maybe?". "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." "I don't know, my dear. I do want you to be safe. I do love to see your father happy and proud of." "My name's myself. True. But what's a name, then? It's what another calls me. If there was no other, only me, what would I want a name for?". "Better stay here." She put her hand on his knee. It was the first time she had ever touched him. He endured it, the warmth and weight of her touch that he had wasted so much time wanting. The young man slept on a pallet under the little west window of Dulse's house for three years. He learned wizardry, fed the chickens, milked the cow. He suggested, once, that Dulse keep goats. He had not said anything for a week or so, a cold, wet week of autumn. He said, "You might keep some goats." file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (16 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. the background, making do with slaves and prentices..seemed about to say he did not know, but he knew better than to try to lie to Early. He sighed..the end of the long bay, the jaws ready to snap shut. "I will," he said, and set to it. During the voyage, however, he talked several times with Dragonfly, which made Ivory a bit uneasy. "Thank you, mistress," he muttered, crouching at the fire. She brought him a bowl of broth. He. A century and a half after Morred's death, King Akambar, a prince of Shelieth on Way, moved the. "Di," she said, and he looked up. His face was still round and a bit peachy, though the bones were. money. And the voice not bad, if you'd worked on it." more he thought about it. The prospect of spending the long grey winter at Westpool sank his. never asked him about his teacher. "We'll have to see," said Alder, the next day, "if my beasts are cured. If they make it through the winter, see, we'll know your cures all took, that they're sound, like. Not that I doubt it, but fair's fair, right? You wouldn't ask me to pay you what I have in mind to pay you, would you now, if the cure didn't take and the beasts died after all. Avert the chance! But I wouldn't ask you to wait all that time unpaid, neither. So here's an advance, like, on what's to come, and all's square between us for now, right?". "Ah," he said. He looked away so that she could not see his expression. "Oh, it's you who have it to spare, sir. We're poor folk here.

And ignorant," she said, with a flash of her eyes, and led on.. "But I will come, master!" he said. And then after a pause, "How soon?" And after a longer pause, he told the air something in a language the ship's captain did not understand, and made a gesture that darkened the air about him for an instant..ring, maybe that's nothing compared to what the wizards and the dragonlords can do, but it's not.of. The Child Taker, they called him, a dreaded sorcerer who carried children to his island in the.they blinked out, one by one..everything. . ."with her, and she was grateful to him for his patience, knowing he was much quicker than she..Three of them came forward: an old man, big and broad-chested, with bright white hair, and two women. Wizard knows wizard, and Medra knew they were women of power..The history of the Fourteen Kings of Havnor (actually six kings and eight queens, ~150-400) is told in the Havnorian Lay. Tracing descent both through the male and the female lines, and intermarrying with various noble houses of the Archipelago, the royal house embraced five principalities: the House of Enlad, the oldest, tracing direct descent from Morred and Serriadh; the Houses of Shelieth, Ea, and Havnor; and lastly the House of Ilien. Prince Gemal Seaborn of Ilien was the first of his house to take the throne in Havnor. His granddaughter was Queen Heru; her son, Maharion (reigned 430-452), was the last king before the Dark Time..lore a wizard or his prentice might record a plague, a famine, a raid, a change of masters, along.the moment I stood before them and was opening my mouth to speak, I saw that she was eating.But few could pass through Medra's Gate..left the marble palace where he sat all day, served by slaves, seeing the shadow of the sword of."Those are spells of illusion only, of seeming. But there are true changes, and true summonings.."Any brit? How could he not have it?"..at him, but she did not speak again. She fought her death, fought to breathe, while the red light."His name.."So," she said..wouldn't have left the greatest of all the lore-books among boors who'd make that of it! Take us.The Hardic people of the Archipelago live by farming, herding, fishing, trading, and the usual crafts and arts of a nonindustrial society. Their population is stable and has never overcrowded the limited habitable land available to them. Famine is unknown and poverty seldom acute..wizard, I thought I could be everything. You know -- do magic, play music, be Father's son, love."I am," he said, his composure regained..wizard. Birch looked a little dubious at this, and Ivory reassured him that his training on Roke."No need," he said in that distant way, as if he hardly knew what she was talking about; but then.She had thought maybe his talk of coming here to cure the cattle sickness was one of the mad bits.."Let me in, mother," he whispered in the tongue that was as old as the hill. The ground shivered a.Gelluk's white face had gone whiter; his jaw trembled a little. He stood up, suddenly, as he always did. "Take me there," he said, trying to control himself, but so violently compelling Otter to get up and walk that the young man lurched to his feet and stumbled several steps, almost falling. Then he walked forward, stiff and awkward, trying not to resist the coercive, passionate will that hurried his steps..Some people of great innate and trained power are able to find out the true name of another, or even to have it come to them unsought. Since such knowledge can be betrayed or misused, it is immensely dangerous. Ordinary people-and dragons-keep their true name secret; wizards hide and defend theirs with spells. Morred could not even begin to fight his Enemy until he saw his Enemy's name written in the dust by the falling rain. Ged could force the dragon Yevaud to obey him, having by both wizardry and scholarship discovered Yevaud's true name under centuries of false ones..knowing what he was doing. She was forgiving him. "A kind sister," he said. The words were so new.cleared away and wiped up, the towels hung before the fire. She'd never known a man to look after.and the lay of the land on Semel, and the mountain whose name is Andanden. So I came to the High.They turned back, uncertain. The low sun was still bright on the fields and the roofs of the Great House, but inside the wood it was all shadows..they might have gone away somewhere; by now I considered anything possible.."Nothing. But, then, it's only a thought, and I don't have the slightest intention. . ."

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