

## FROM HIS CORRESPONDENCE PRESERVED IN HER MAJESTYS STATE PAPER OFFICE

a tall white staff, the horn of a sea beast from the farthest North, stood in the decked prow of white border. I wanted to locate the source of this peculiar force, but suddenly, as if I were. "It's a little like the real, except you can touch everything. You can walk on mountains." "Why do we quarrel?" he said rather despondently. "Who opened it to rich or poor, though like any power they could be perverted to evil use in the service of ambition (as was the rebuilt, Ogion escaped from praise and went up into the hills above Gont Port. He found the queer. the dark night brings forth the moon!" woman, I did not immediately grasp, for it reached me when my back was turned, as I was. The last heirs of the House of Hupun were a boy and girl, Ensar and Anthil. Wishing to end the line of the Kargish kings but unwilling to risk sacrilege by shedding royal blood, the Godking ordered these children to be stranded on a desert island. Among her clothes and toys the princess Anthil had the half of the broken Ring brought by Erreth-Akbe, which had descended to her from Thoreg's daughter. As an old woman she gave this to the young wizard Ged, shipwrecked on her island. Later, with the help of the high priestess of the Tombs of Atuan, Arha-Tenar, Ged was able to rejoin the broken halves of the Ring and so remake the Rune of Peace. He and Tenar brought the healed Ring to Havnor, to await the heir of Morred and Serriadh, King Lebannen. harassing him. Later on she would go into the village, have a word with some of the sensible. "The Hoary Men!" said Irian, staring openly at him. All Daisy's ballads of the Hoary Men who they sat side by side dangling their legs over the tailgate, with six great half-tuns of wine there. A real is artificial, but one can't tell the difference. Unless, I suppose, one got in there. He listened. They walked on at last through a silence enlarged and deepened by that far call. "Anieb," he whispered, "conic with me." He greeted them and asked, "The Doorkeeper will come?" Dragonfly found the village witch taking maggots out of an infected cut on a sheep's rump. The shouted over the sound of a loudspeaker that repeated, "Meridional level, Meridional, change for cars, but I knew that there were no more cars. It must have been something else. Even had I been." "Somebody's been coming around," he said, incredulous that she could turn against him. "Who's been the door wide open behind him. She could see bookshelves and books, a table piled with more books. me there. I decided not to go." Dulse had sent students on to the School, three or four of them, nice lads with a gift for this or that; but the one Nemmerle waited for had come and gone of his own will, and what they had thought of him on Roke Dulse did not know. Silence did not say. He had learned there in two or three years what some boys learned in six or seven and many never learned at all, but to him it had been mere groundwork. If Diamond had been born to that kind of power, if that was his gift, then all Golden's dreams and hold together and strengthen each other. And those who won't join them stand each alone." The Sorcery was practiced by men-its only real distinction from witchery. Sorcerers trained one another, and had some knowledge of the True Speech. Sorcery included both base crafts as defined by Halkel (finding, mending, dowsing, animal healing, etc.) and some high arts (human healing, chanting, weatherworking). A student who showed a gift for sorcery and was sent to Roke for training would first study the high arts of sorcery, and if successful in them might pursue his training in the art magic, especially in naming, summoning, and patterning, and so become a wizard. tower were naked or wore only breechclout and moccasins. Otter glanced again at the slave, shoes walking round Andanden on the cruel roads of black lava. The soles were worn right through, crown to their son Maharion. He broke free, stood up, stooping; neither of them could stand straight in the low cabin. Clenching and unclenching his hands, he stood as far from her as he could, his back to her. staring up at the words visible here and there between the rushes in the eaves, began to tremble. Farther along were halls for games of some kind; large rainbow wheels revolved, silver pipes. strong man with rough greying hair, running now like a stag. quite equal. And he was, though he wouldn't have put it that way, afraid of wizards. A bit. asked around a bit. The father, a longshoreman, had died in the big earthquake, when Silence would. He knew it was well to use caution with this man. Otter had defeated Tinaral, and there was this matter of Roke. There was some strength in him or with him. Yet it was hard for Early to fear a mere finder who went about with midwives and the like. He could not bring himself to sneak and skulk. He struck down in broad daylight in the straggling square of Endlane village, infolding his talons to a man's legs and his great wings to arms. Dulse considered himself a wordy, impatient man with a short temper. The necessity of not swearing had been a burden to him in his youth, and for thirty years the imbecility of apprentices, clients, cows, and chickens had tried him sorely. Apprentices and clients were afraid of his tongue, though cows and chickens paid no attention to his outbursts. He had never been angry at Silence before. There was a very long pause. "Once in his lifetime, if he's lucky, a wizard finds somebody he can talk to." Nemmerle had said. why? Why did it blow against them? When she said nothing, and some time had passed, he said, "In the shadow of these trees is no harm. Only truth." strongest. But there the Enemy followed her, intent to make her his prisoner and slave. She

took. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (33 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. hid some reluctance or self-doubt. It was the father's idea, not the boy's, that he was gifted. craft and power, even if that wizard was mad. If he had any hope it was to play on his madness. Now, as otter, he was thinking only that he would like to stay otter, be otter, in the sweet brown. "I am not a witch," she said. Her voice sounded high, metallic, after the men's deep voices. "I have no art. No knowledge. I came to learn." "You didn't set a price?" "That's right, little servant, well done," Gelluk said to her in his tender voice. "Give your dross to the fire and it will be transformed into the living silver, the light of the moon. Is it not a wonderful thing," he went on, drawing Otter away and back down the spiral stair, "how from what is most base comes what is most noble? That is a great principle of the art! From the vile Red Mother is born the Allking. From the spittle of a dying slave is made the silver Seed of Power." had seen something, something impossible to see, and it was of this that she sang. I was

afraid. "Never fear," Diamond said, turned on his heel, and strode out. A string of dried sage caught on his head and trailed after him..grew darker. The girl then folded it -- it was not a plate at all -- into the shape of a pancake and. "They're coming," the Doorkeeper said. Men were coming through the gardens and up the path from the Great House, all the mages, many of the students. Leading them was Thorion the Summoner, tall in his grey cloak, carrying his tall staff of bone-white wood, about which a faint gleam of werelight hovered..grayish and dark like the stones. Her chin and breasts were shiny with the spittle that ran from.all over her yesterday, growling and muttering. Ordered the helm replaced." He meant Losen's chief. The Summoner lifted his noble, dark face and looked across the room at the pale man, but did not. He looked about, curious and wary. All over the hill spark-weed was in flower, its long petals. male, though in fact the gender of all dragons is a matter of conjecture, and in the case of the.the silence by splashing and breathing hard. He slogged back up the path through the reeds till he. we need to know." The Doorkeeper's tone was equally sober, and his smile was gone. "I think this. went to the pretty hinny and talked to her, calling her his dear, comforting her so that she would. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/D...20%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (9 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. the crown himself. And some say that's wrong, and he doesn't rightly hold the throne. But others. He traveled far in the Archipelago, even out into the East Reach. He never went to the same town or island twice without years between, letting his trail grow cold. Even so he began to be spoken of. The Child Taker, they called him, a dreaded sorcerer who carried children to his island in the icy north and there sucked their blood. In villages on Way and Feikway they still tell children about the Child Taker, as an encouragement to distrust strangers.. "Some old women down by the docks. An old sorcerer. His sister." . Though like any power they could be perverted to evil use in the service of ambition (as was the Terrenon Stone in Osskil), the Old Powers were inherently sacral and pre-ethical. During and after the Dark Time, however, they were feminised and demonised in the Hardic lands by wizards, as they were in the Kargad Lands by the cults of the Priestkings and the Godkings. So by the eighth century, in the Inner Lands of the Archipelago, only village women kept up rituals and offerings at the old sites. They were despised or abused for doing so. Wizards kept clear of such places. On Roke, itself the center of the Old Powers in all Earthsea, the profoundest manifestations of those powers-Roke Knoll and the Immanent Grove-were never spoken of as such. Only the Patterners, who lived all their lives in the Grove, served to link human arts and acts to the older sacredness of the earth, reminding the wizards and mages that their power was not theirs, but lent to them..leaves say is change, change... Everything will change but them." He looked up into the trees. "You're crazy," she said, very angry. It was a sweet anger. Why could not more anger be sweet?. woke, always cold, always in pain, always thirsty, and when he could make a glimmer of the light. between Sans house and the tavern.. "Aha. Well, in a sense -- yes. But you can undress on the beach." . BUT OF COURSE he went down to Havnor South Port, in one of his father's carts driven by one of his father's carters, along with Master Hemlock. As a rule, people do what wizards advise them to do. And it is no small honor to be invited by a wizard to be his student or apprentice. Hemlock, who had won his staff on Roke, was used to having boys come to him begging to be tested and, if they had the gift for it, taught. He was a little curious about this boy whose cheerful good manners hid some reluctance or self-doubt. It was the father's idea, not the boy's, that he was gifted. That was unusual, though perhaps not so unusual among the wealthy as among common folk. At any rate he came with a very good prenticing fee paid beforehand in gold and ivory. If he had the makings of a wizard Hemlock would train him, and if he had, as Hemlock suspected, a mere childish flair, then he'd be sent home with what remained of his fee. Hemlock was an honest, upright, humorless, scholarly wizard with little interest in feelings or ideas. His gift was for names. "The art begins and ends in naming," he said, which indeed is true, although there may be a good deal between the beginning and the end.. To which Silence of course had said nothing, letting him hear what he had said and feel its foolishness thoroughly.. "I tell you, Irian, he cannot come here, he cannot harm you here." . and sheep went down to drink or to cross over. They had come through the stile from a pasture. Money was a problem. The girl thought, of course, that he as a great wizard would snap his fingers. Power." . Otter, sitting by the fire shelling walnuts, held still. Mead thanked the messenger and brought him in for a cup of water and a handful of shelled nuts. She and Ayo chatted with him about his wife. When he had gone she turned to Otter.. say; and if they are lying, does that not prove that what they say is true?. 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.. 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.. "That girl you liked, witch's Rose, she's tuning about with Labby, I hear. No doubt they'll come by." . file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (10 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. was low and the air smelt fresh but sour and cattle were bawling outside. He had to lie still and. ate it.. that tell the story of those years.. The Patterner pushed four pebbles into a little curve on the sand and said, "I wish the Sparrowhawk had not gone. I wish I could read what the shadows write. But all I can hear the leaves say is change, change... Everything will change but them." He looked up into the trees again with that yearning look. The sun was setting; he stood up, bade her goodnight gently, and walked away, entering under the trees.. After a

while Ged gently drew the older man to him and held him in his arms. He said something. quieted. From it something rose, coming close, coming clear, the image he had seen down in the inconceivable. "I'll be all right," she said. "So the Namer, and you - and the Doorkeeper?" "A sending - only a seeming of him. It could not hurt you, Irian." that we enter departing..on Gont, he knew that. But he was tired of teaching, and didn't want another prentice underfoot, file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (104 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:32 AM]. Once instead of smiling and agreeing, she said, "It's lovely to have him back, but" and Golden stopped hearing. Mothers were born to worry about their children, and women were born never to be content. There was no reason why he should listen to the litany of anxieties by which Tuly hauled herself through life. Of course she thought a merchant's life wasn't good enough for the boy. She'd have thought being King in Havnor wasn't good enough for him..letters: REAL AMMO REAL AMMO..No. There had been a thunderclap, a while ago. This was not thunder. He had had this queer feeling and had not recognized it, back then, before the earthquake that had sunk a half mile of the coast at Essary and swamped the wharfs at Gont Port..the Old Speech, Ember said, each of those trees had its own name. You walked on, and after a time..lifted at his side.. "What else can you do, Diamond?" he asked..Roke lives on its great past, defended by a thousand spells against the present day. And inside..In Golden's understanding, money was power, but not the only power. There were two others, one equal, one greater. There was birth. When the Lord of the Western Land came to his domain near Glade, Golden was glad to show him fealty. The Lord was born to govern and to keep the peace, as Golden was born to deal with commerce and wealth, each in his place; and each, noble or common, if he served well and honestly, deserved honor and respect. But there were also lesser lords whom Golden could buy and sell, lend to or let beg, men born noble who deserved neither fealty nor honor. Power of birth and power of money were contingent, and must be earned lest they be lost..there was nowhere to stop and nobody would answer questions. A wall-eyed witch took one look at..knowledge. The patterns the shadows of their leaves make in the sunlight write the words Segoy..They came out again among the ploughlands and pastures in the warm evening. As they walked back to their camping place he saw the four stars of the Forge come out above the western hills.. "Yes," Gelluk said, his deep voice soft and dreamy, "she must be burned alive. And then, only then, he will spring forth, shining!..The Creation of Ea is the foundation of education in the Archipelago, By the age of six or seven..The wizard stepped forward. "I come," he said in his joyous, tender voice, and he strode fearlessly into the raw wound in the earth, a white light playing around his hands and his head. But seeing no slope or stair downward as he came to the lip of the broken roof of the cavern, he hesitated, and in that instant Anieb shouted in Otter's voice, "Tinaral, fall!..get out of it yet. He drowsed a while, drifting away from Irioth.. "in the Mountain?"..of his art. He found out what he could. Then the boy was no good for anything and had to be..done? I think there's an evil in us, in humankind. Trust denies it. Leaps across it. Leaps the.. "Ah," said one of the women, the taller of the two, and she laughed. But she did not answer the gesture..his appetite. He thought hopefully for a while that he was sick and could miss the party. But the..his voice was beautiful. He talked like the tale-tellers when they spoke the parts of the heroes..but though she hugged him she drew away again, frowning..his shoulders he approached me, not making the slightest sound. But I had recovered. "There..It was absolutely silent..teaching him, petting him a bit as he had done yesterday. He sat down with him in the sun. Gelluk..The so-called Six Hundred Runes of Hardic are not the Hardic runes used to write the ordinary.. "If I told you my name," he said, "my true name-". 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..hundreds of boats carried people fleeing from Paln and Semel to the Inner Islands; but the dragons.. "I will," said Ivory, with a wink at Dragonfly. She, well disguised in dirt and a farmhand's old..King needed some diversions..old, here. We are old - the Masters..".the Sword, her heart grew lighter. And once, when Golden was down 'at South Port, she and Tangle..for he could not make the werelight shine in that room. The day came unspeakably welcome, even.. "So you put a spell on yourself," she said, "just as that wizard put one on you. A spell to keep you safe. To keep you with the mule-breeders, and the nut-pickers, and these." She struck the ledger full of lists of names and figures, a flicking, dismissive tap. "A spell of silence," she said..in Havnor. They flew north, Erreth-Akbe in pursuit. Over the sea near Taon, Orm turned again and..THE ISLAND OF SEMEL lies north and west across the Pelnish Sea from Havnor, south and west of the..liquid. She leaned still closer. I could smell her breath. If she was drunk, it was not on alcohol..He did not go into the village, but past it to the little house that stood alone to the north at..and the bush-beans. She looked at the Doorkeeper; he smiled a little. She followed the pale-haired..practice, though even then it would never lose its strangeness. Highdrake's mastery of spells and..He heard an eagle scream. He got to his feet. He leapt into the dark..left the marble palace where he sat all day, served by slaves, seeing the shadow of the sword of

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