

F WALTON LE DALE IN THE COUNTRY OF LANCASTER BAPTISMS BURIALS AND

The town at the bay's head, Thwil, shared something of the uncanniness of the Knoll and the Grove, for though the raiders had run through it seeking slaves and plunder and setting fires, the fires had gone out and the narrow streets had sent the marauders astray. Most of the islanders who survived were wise women and their children, who had hidden themselves in the town or in the Immanent Grove. The men now on Roke were those spared children, grown, and a few men now grown old. There was no government but that of the women of the Hand, for it was their spells that had protected Roke so long and protected it far more closely now. "Well, I," said Diamond, and stuck. They worked and taught in the Great House. They saw it go up stone on stone, every stone steeped in spells of protection, endurance, peace. They saw the Rule of Roke established, though never so firmly as they might wish, and always against opposition; for mages came from other islands and rose up from among the students of the school, women and men of power, knowledge, and pride, sworn by the Rule to work together and for the good of all, but each seeing a different way to do it. been a hundred years ago. He came back unsuccessful and embittered and spent his age drinking the. which all of them did. She came back towards the three men, and said, "Azver." length of his hand, and as it leapt it cried out in a small, clear voice, in that same language. It's unsettling. For all our delight in the impermanent, the entrancing flicker of electronics, we. Maybe it was to escape the hunt that Medra came to Pendor, a long way west of the Inmost Sea, or maybe some rumor among the women of the Hand on Hosk sent him there. Pendor was a rich island, then, before the dragon Yevaud despoiled it. Wherever Medra had gone until then, he had found the lands like Havnor or worse, sunk in warfare, raids, and piracy, the fields full of weeds, the towns full of thieves. Maybe he thought, at first, that on Pendor he had found Morred's Isle, for the city was beautiful and peaceful and the people prosperous. out of horn, with a tree carved on it, and the frame is made out of a tooth, one tooth of a dragon. Roke seemed probable, and the idea of any league or alliance of wizards appalled him more the more. He went on showing his wares and joking with the women and children. Nobody bought anything. They. name's Hawk. ". at least two thousand years old in the Hardic language; its original version may have existed. touching the beasts and healing them. And you know what the cattleman gave him? Six pennies! Can. "So, to be blunt about it, if you have this gift, Diamond, it's of no use, directly, to our business. It has to be cultivated on its own terms, and kept under control -- learned and mastered. Only then, he said, can your teachers begin to tell you what to do with it, what good it will do you. Or others," he added conscientiously. Ivory nodded gravely. "But the Archmage lost all his power in the land of death. Maybe all magery. to Roke and find out who I am. "Well, this boy did learn at last to tame his anger and control his power. And a very great power it was. Whatever art he studied came easy to him, too easy, so that he despised illusion, and weatherworking, and even healing, because they held no fear, no challenge to him. He saw no virtue in himself for his mastery of them. So, after the Archmage Nemmerle had given him his name, the boy set his will on the great and dangerous art of summoning. And he studied with the Master of that art for a long time. "A mage called Highdrake told me that when Ath stayed in Pendor, he told a wizard there that he'd left the Book of Names with a woman in the Ninety Isles for safekeeping. ". reached dry ground and coarse grass, and heard the buzz of midges and crickets. He sat down then. touched the metallic blue of her dress. are to help me, and if I am to teach you, you must try a little harder. I think you know how." He. to a platform at least a kilometer long from which a spindle-shaped craft was just departing. .file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (107 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:32 AM]. Dulse thought sometimes in those years about sons and fathers. He had quarreled with his own. its eggs and rear the drakelets. The small, barren islets of the farthest West Reach suffice for. "Ah." Presently he said, "The Master Summoner is not old." And she got a sidelong look from those narrow, ice-coloured eyes. power if I cannot use it? So he began to call the living to him, those at Roke whom he feared. Forms of fiefdom, vassalage, and slavery have existed at times in some areas, but not under the rule of the Havnorian Kings. "He lived here," Dory said, a glimmer of pride breaking a moment through her helpless pain. "The. it thickened and darkened, creeping out over the slow waves. The roof of the cavern was far above him. The trickle of water dripping from the mica ledge. our art when we don't know what it is?". "Never fear," Diamond said, turned on his heel, and strode out. A string of dried sage caught on his head and trailed after him. "You must find the Red Mother," he said, the day after that. They were sitting side by side again outside the barracks. The autumn sun was warm. The wizard had taken off his conical hat, and his thick grey hair flowed loose about his face. "I know you found that little patch for them to dig, but there's no more in that than a few drops. It's scarcely worth burning for so little. If you are to help me, and if I am to teach you, you must try a little harder. I think you know how." He smiled at Otter. "Don't you?". maybe not all your name. I think you have another. ". lioness persisted. He struck her with a paw. She snorted furiously. "No," Irioth said. "Sans herd was going down fast when I left. I'm needed there. ". and his feet ached with the icy damp of the marsh paths. "But. . ." The Changer paused. weakness proved he was not dangerous. Some talents were best not left to run wild, but there was. She looked westward over the reed beds and willows and the farther hills. The whole western sky was empty, clear. She stood still and her soul seemed to go into that sky and be gone, gone out of her. of the Great Bay of Havnor, a man stood up on the muddy sand: a man poorly dressed and poorly. out in a high, harsh voice. "Come up on to the hill, Thorion," she said. "What did you want, Diamond?". "Seemed odd. Old woman from a village inland, never seen the sea, calling the name of an island away off like that. ". "Young man, I must ask you if you wish to continue studying with me. ". Diamond's face shone. Irian was studying the Namer covertly but equally attentively, trying to see if she could tell if. yourself. ". got to his feet and shuffled, lame and unsteady, back down the valley. "There's no harm in him but the drink, but there's not much left of him but the drink. It's eaten. "It's nothing,"

he said. In fact, rather to his annoyance, the cut had stopped bleeding. The. "He does. But, admitting it unlikely, admitting it impossible - if we did defeat him - if he went. "Keep me?" she repeated. "You didn't seem to worry about losing me all winter. What made you come back now?" and warm in the late dusk, only the largest stars burning through a milky overcast. She slipped. He smiled. She did not smile. Books of history and the records and recipes for magic exist only in written form - the latter. "I should sap? Sap yourself!" Medra. "summer fruits. "What have you learned?" she asked Medra in her cool, gentle way, and he answered, paying much attention to him unless he frightened them. He tried not to do that. He had no wish or spells made and annotated by a wizard, or by a lineage of wizards) there is usually one copy only. Hound was sorry for him. "You know, if it was Gelluk questioning you, he'd have everything you. centers, like fat on muscle, they passed upward, I lost count of them; the elevator fell, fell, it was. looked at me, and reddened terribly. The five tales in this book explore or extend the world established by the first four Earthsea. "Wait here a little, if you please, Irian," the Doorkeeper said, and went into the room, leaving. Maybe I said it out loud in my sleep. Or somebody told him. But nobody knows it. Nobody ever knew. "Worms," said the helmsman, the master's brother. "Catch fish anywhere near Roke, you'll find em. was empty, clear. She stood still and her soul seemed to go into that sky and be gone, gone out of. "Stand!" he said to it in its language, and let go of it. It stood as if he had driven it into a. Thunder?. 959 Eighth Avenue. 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. That was no doubt Kalessin taking Ged home, multiplied by sailors making a good story better. But. "But why?" "That girl you liked, witch's Rose, she's tuning about with Labby, I hear. No doubt they'll come by." wise, eh?" he said. "Maybe the Doorkeeper." He looked at her now, not glancing but squarely, his bracelets and bangles that flashed and crashed when she flicked out an impatient spell. At times. pouch, lifted it to his lips, and drank its contents. He opened his smiling mouth so that Otter. "My mastery is here, on Gont," he said, still speaking hardly above a whisper. "My master is Heleth" ..slowly -- this was the only movement in the all-embracing, drawn-out roar that flowed in through. That was unusual, though perhaps not so unusual among the wealthy as among common folk. At any. 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. Roke as a strong centralising, normalising, pacific element in Archipelagan society, the archmages. "Yes," said the Patterner. "What goes too long unchanged destroys itself. The forest is for ever. true as he said it. Perhaps he wanted to spite them. Perhaps he wanted to get rid of them. "Do you know his name?" as he wished. In the margins of the spells and word lists and in the endpapers of these books of. growl, like a bear. A moment later a thunderclap rolled off the hidden upper slopes of Gont. "In the Grove is no harm," said the Patterner. "Come on. There is an old house, a hut. Old, dirty. You don't care, eh? Stay a while. You can see," And he set off down the path between the parsley and the bush-beans. She looked at the Doorkeeper; he smiled a little. She followed the pale-haired man. The witch sighed, like the ewe, uneasy and constrained. "Irian," he said, "do you hear the leaves?" crafts and arts of a nonindustrial society. Their population is stable and has never overcrowded. perimeter, glowed thin, flickering lights, curiously uncertain, as though not electric, and even. Gelluk's fall had not brought Losen down. The pirate king had other wizards in his pay, among them. "Everything is practice," Tangle said. She was never ill-natured. She seldom thought to do anything much for her daughter, but never hurt her, never scolded her, and gave her whatever she asked for, dinner, a toad of her own, the amethyst necklace, lessons in witchcraft. She would have provided new clothes if Rose had asked for them, but she never did. Rose had looked after herself from an early age; and this was one of the reasons Diamond loved her. With her, he knew what freedom was. Without her, he could attain it only when he was hearing and singing and playing music. It is often a matter of considerable importance that the words of these lore-books not be spoken. "Very well, then. Irioth, my dear companion, teacher, rival, friend, farewell. Emer, brave woman, my honor and thanks to you. May your heart and hearth know peace," and he made a gesture that left a glimmering track behind it a moment in the air above the hearth stone. "Now I'm off to the cow barn," he said, and he was. grossly ignorant. It is taught in winter and spring, and spoken and sung entire every year at the. "A group of young men," said the Herbal, breathless, as he came to them. "Thorion's army. Coming. again. But he could not get up to walk to the wall, and presently the pain came back very sharp in. raised her head on the pillow, and when Tern was very near he could hear her: "Wizard," she said. A man came up the mountain to Woodedge, a charcoal burner from Firm. "My wife Nesty sends a message to the wise women," he said, and the villagers showed him Ayo's house. As he stood in the doorway he made a hurried motion, a fist turned to an open palm. "Nesty says tell you that the crows are flying early and the hound's after the otter," he said. were challenged by Irioth. His gift was as great as Thorion's, I think. He used it to use men, to. And they talked about that, all the wise women of the island: what was the true art of magic, and where did it turn false; how the balance of things was kept or lost; what crafts were needful, which useful, which dangerous; why some people had one gift but not another, and whether you could learn an art you had no native gift for. In such discussions they worked out the names that ever since

have been given to the masteries: finding, weather-working, changing, healing, summoning, patterning, naming, and the crafts of illusion, and the knowledge of the songs. Those are the arts of the Masters of Roke even now, though the Chanter took the Finder's place when finding came to be considered a merely useful craft unworthy of a mage..probably puts some brake on linguistic drift in daily speech), while the Hardic runes, like mind?..long hard work. But they were in place now, and there wasn't a wizard in all Havnor who could undo..paused a while, her long head turning to look slowly round the Isle of Roke, gazing longest at the."Stop destroying your head," Rose told him..Together we will cry..gift. When I told Master Hemlock what I'd seen you do, he agreed with me. He said that you may go.It was Golden's grandest party yet, with a dancing floor built on the town green down the way from Golden's house, and a tent for the old folks to eat and drink and gossip in, and new clothes for the children, and jugglers and puppeteers, some of them hired and some of them coming by to pick up whatever they could in the way of coppers and free beer. Any festivity drew itinerant entertainers and musicians it was their living, and though uninvited they were welcomed. A tale-singer with a droning voice and a droning bagpipe was singing The Deed of the Dragonlord to a group of people under the big oak on the hilltop. When Tarry's band of harp, fife, viol, and drum took time off for a breather and a swig, a new group hopped up onto the dance floor. "Hey, there's Labby's band!" cried the pretty girl nearest Diamond. "Come on, they're the best!".He planned, as soon as they took him out of his cell, to use the old Changers spell of self-elaborately woven. Having made a fool of himself on Roke, he had come back to do it all over.He was still shaken, appalled, by the ease with which Gelluk had forced him to say his name, which.Once there in the Grove she had no thought of earning, or deserving, or even of learning. To be there was enough, was all..He turned and made for the shore, hasty, careless where he set his feet and not caring if he broke the silence by splashing and breathing hard. He slogged back up the path through the reeds till he reached dry ground and coarse grass, and heard the buzz of midges and crickets. He sat down then on the ground, rather hard, for his legs were shaking..He asked her to stay, he did not tell her to. All she could do was nod..brave. Or brave, they said around the tavern table, in the wrong way, or the wrong place, d'you."Do you know the way in?" His almond-shaped eyes were attentive, yet seemed to look at her from..only by returning as you went could you be sure of coming out into the fields..for the Earth itself. Some think all dragons, or certain dragons, or certain people, are..willpower, or the strength of the spell the girl had laid on him. Their conversation was in the."She is," said Rush. "Like her mother and her mother's mother. Let us in, Dory, or me at least, to."I can build boats, or mend them, and sail them. I can find, above and under ground. I can work."Oh, yes, like this," and sailed back down smooth as a cloud on the south wind..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..have any woman he wanted, but women would drain his power, suck away his strength. He wanted no..For a while I let myself be carried along by the white walkway, until it occurred to me..digging for the Red Mother, have you? Did you know the Red Mother before you came here? Are you a..chair, worn but good, strong shoes, and a pair of knit wool stockings to go with them. He put the..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (77 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]."No. It isn't the High Art. It isn't the True Speech. A wizard mustn't soil his lips with common..hands in the salt water..They went there together and stayed till the winter came. In the year that followed, they built a..But in fact Golden wasn't thinking only about the business. He had observed something about his..escaped him..Before their marriage, a mage or wizard, whose name is never given except as the Enemy of Morred."You never saw a shirt? Sort of, well, clothing. Made of nylon..".You've already missed it. You'll have to backtrack..".spring where Rose had named her ten years ago. She stood there; the dog sat down beside her and..They came ashore in Ilien for water and food. Setting a host of many hundreds of men on its way so

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