

## THE WORKS OF JOHN OWEN VOLUME 21

daylight, when he saw her big, dirty hands, when she talked like a yokel, a simpleton, he regained. "Three out of three," said Crow, sketching the sign, "so spare your vinegar, woman." "It's dangerous," Crow said, "it's pointless," but he made no further objection. The modest, naive young man whom he had taught to read had become his unfathomable guide. And it's true that in the time of Medra and Elehal the people of Roke, men and women, had no fear of the Old Powers of the earth, but revered them, seeking strength and vision from them. That changed with the years. Quicksilver, the fire must be built not of mere wood but of human corpses. Rereading and pondering. "I gave it up, Darkrose. I had to either do it and nothing else, or not do it. You have to have a. When she asked him if students came there from the Great House, he said, "Sometimes." Another time. And Dulse was standing on his own doorstep, three eggs in his hand and the rain running cold down his back. become them to guide them, but he could not hurry. There was on him the bewilderment of any. "Then I'll carry the cheeses to Oraby," she said, "and sell em there. In the name of honor, brother, go wash out that cut, and change your shirt. You stink of the pothouse." And she went back into the house. "Oh, dear," she said, and burst into tears. Now, as otter, he was thinking only that he would like to stay otter, be otter, in the sweet brown water, the living river, forever. There is no death for an otter, only life to the end. But in the sleek creature was the mortal mind; and where the stream passes the hill west of Samory, the otter came up on the muddy bank, and then the man crouched there, shivering. He had seen a father and son work together from daybreak to sundown, the old man guiding a blind ox, the middle-aged man driving the iron-bladed plough, never a word spoken; as they started home the old man laid his hand a moment on the son's shoulder. "Now the King is in my body, the noble guest of my house. He won't make me slaver and vomit or swallowed them. Nobody in Woodedge said a word about the stranger hidden in Mead's apple loft. All the rumors of Roke had said that it was spell-defended and charm-hidden, invisible to ordinary eyes. If there were any spells woven about that hill or the bay he now saw opening before it, they were gossamer to him, transparent. Nothing blurred his eyes or challenged his will as he flew over the bay, over the little town and a half-finished building on the slope above it, to the top of the high green hill. There, striking down dragons claws and beating rust-red wings, he lighted. It was mere cowardice to keep from Havnor, now-fear for his skin, fear lest he find his people had. Just as before, Crow was sitting on the coping, bored and restless. "Whom do you serve?" asked the shorter and younger of the women, speaking for the first time. She. Hound had taken him, had stood and seen his people beaten senseless, had not stopped the beating. running his hands over the wood and talking to it, that he couldn't see why they made a fuss over. "I don't know," he said. "Maybe we should not leave Roke." underfed dogs to keep interlopers off his land. "How do you know that?" drained her cup, reached out a hand to the fluffy covering on her arms, and tore it -- she did not. fought, "talon and fire and word and sword," until. And, just as in the now of the so-called real world, I didn't know what would happen next. I could. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (32 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. 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. will be yours," he said, with an open laugh, so that Losen stared at him in a kind of horror. development of the worship of the Twin Gods Atwah and Wuluah, originally heroes of a desert saga. "There, you see -- did you know in which direction the water flowed before it. . . ?". it into a House they knew. Some of them were for turning back, then. But the Windkey and the inside. . . ". Where he stood it was not wholly dark. The air moved against his face. Far ahead, dim, small, there was a light that was not werelight. He went forward. He had been crawling for a long time now, dragging the right leg, which would not bear his weight. He went forward. He smelled the wind of evening and saw the sky of evening through the branches and leaves of trees. An arched oak root formed the mouth of the cave, no bigger than a man or a badger needed to crawl through. He crawled through. He lay there under the root of the tree, seeing the light fade and a star or two come out among the leaves. flames flickered between their knees, and at the bottom lay the unbroken black surface of an. alone, I would have chosen this broad artery, because in the distance blazed the letters TO THE. or another he came at last to Geath in the Ninety Isles. you know what we call him in the secrecy of his palace?". She held up her first finger; raised the other fingers, and clenched them together into a fist. The Creation of Ea is the foundation of education in the Archipelago, By the age of six or seven, all children have heard the poem and most have begun to memorise it. An adult who doesn't know it by heart, so as to be able to speak or sing it with others and teach it to children, is considered grossly ignorant. It is taught in winter and spring, and spoken and sung entire every year at the Long Dance, the celebration of the solstice of summer. as they lost their dragon nature. "He lived here," Dory said, a glimmer of pride breaking a moment through her helpless pain. "The Mage Ath. Long ago. Before he went into the west. All my foremothers were wise women. He stayed here. With them." There was a long pause. "He wanted me to go to the College on Roke to study with the Master Summoner. He was going to send. They crossed a courtyard with a well in it. She knocked at a side door, and a girl opened it. that sweater had been and how little it had in common with the fingers of a woman. Beneath a. He had always remembered that. He remembered it now, when he looked across the hearth, winter evenings, at the dark face bent above a lore-book or a shirt that needed mending. The eyes cast down, the mouth closed, the spirit listening. the forests of Gont Mountain if he could; but he had been born in Re Albi and knew the roads and. year's leaf by her hand. Licky had told him that it was the fumes of the metal rising from heated ore that sickened and killed the people who worked in the tower. Otter had never entered it nor seen Licky enter it. He had come close enough to know that it was surrounded by prisoning spells that would sting and bewilder and entangle a slave trying to escape. Now he felt those spells like strands of cobweb, ropes of dark mist,

giving way to the wizard who had made them..off her sandals and put her feet in the water. It was cool, but veins of sunwarmth ran through it.. "Wait here a little, if you please, Irian," the Doorkeeper said, and went into the room, leaving..shoulder. She had a catlike head, black hair with a blue sheen, a profile that was perhaps too..of place. They were worshiped at the site and at home altars with offerings of flowers, oil, food..all come to be considered unclean, the belief was already widespread that men must prepare. "You still are," Medra said. "Anieb was one of you. She and you and all of us live in the same prison." "But why?" "But you can't have me without the music." "No. But we have the things wizardry is made of. Water, stones, trees, words ...". "If it's a real gift, an unusual capacity, that's even more true. A witch with her love potions can't do much harm, but even a village sorcerer, he said, must take care, for if the art is used for base ends, it becomes weak and noxious.... Of course, even a sorcerer gets paid. And wizards, as you know, live with lords, and have what they wish."..He looked at the dark water. It reflected nothing..Ivory nodded gravely. "But the Archmage lost all his power in the land of death. Maybe all magery." "Why can't I give myself my own true name?" Dragonfly asked, while Rose washed the knife and her..had taken to be a gardener, and the youngest-looking of them, a tall man with a stern, beautiful. "You won't bring her into the Council Room?" the Changer said in disbelief.. "That's the roaster tower," said Licky. "Where they cook the cinnabar to get the metal from it..Ivory smiled. He said nothing, but she knew how petty the doings of a village witch appeared to him, who had seen great deeds and powers. She sighed and spoke from her heart - "Oh, if only I wasn't a woman!". Witchery was restricted to women. All magic practiced by women was called "base craft," even when it included practices otherwise called "high arts," such as healing, chanting, changing, etc. Witches were to learn only from one another or from sorcerers. They were forbidden to enter Roke School, and Halkel discouraged wizards from teaching women anything at all. He specifically forbade the teaching of any word of the True Speech to women, and though this proscription was widely ignored, it led in the long run to a profound, long-lasting loss of knowledge and power among the women who practiced magic..kept the illusion spell about his boat. In the brilliant clarity of midsummer, with a north wind. "There was no place for him among the Masters, since a new Master Summoner had been chosen, a strong man in his prime, not likely to retire or die. Among the scholars and other teachers he had a place of honor, but he wasn't one of the Nine. He'd been passed over. Maybe it wasn't a good thing for him to stay there, always among wizards and mages, among boys learning wizardry, all of them craving power and more power, striving to be strongest. At any rate, as the years went on he became more and more aloof, pursuing his studies in his tower cell apart from others, teaching few students, speaking little. The Summoner would send gifted students to him, but many of the boys there scarcely knew of him. In this isolation he began to practice certain arts that are not well to practice and lead to no good thing..Where his boat is rowing..He said, "I lost my way. Have I come to the villager?" His voice was hoarse and harsh, a beggar's voice, but not a beggar's accent.. "They don't need a weatherworker on a night like this, and they haven't paid me yet," Medra said to his conscience. He had waked from his dream with the name Roke in his mind. Why had he never heard of the isle or seen it on a chart? It might be accursed and deserted as they said, but wouldn't it be set down on the charts?. When he was Gelluk's prentice and assistant, he had encouraged his master in the study of the lore of Way, finding himself free while Gelluk was off doting on his quicksilver. But Gelluk's abrupt fate had shaken him. There was something mysterious in it, some element or some person missing. Summoning the useful Hound to help him, Early had made a very thorough inquiry into what happened. Where Gelluk was, of course, was no mystery. Hound had tracked him straight to a scar in a hillside, and said he was buried deep under there. Early had no wish to exhume him. But the boy who had been with him, Hound could not track: could not say whether he was under that hill with Gelluk, or had got clean away. He had left no spell traces as the mage did, said Hound, and it had rained very hard all the night after, and when Hound thought he had found the boy's tracks, they were a woman's; and she was dead..would have with him a force no mage could withstand. Had not even Morred been nearly brought down..In a whisper the witch said, "Woman, be named. You are Irian."..fast. So, there. We can be easy."..because they were Gontish matters, truths of Gont. They were not written even in Ard's lore-books..The tune ended. "Darkrose," he said, behind her in the dark. She turned her head and looked at..liquid. She leaned still closer. I could smell her breath. If she was drunk, it was not on alcohol.. "Thank you for these and the shoes," he said, and thanking her for the gift, remembered her use-name but said only, "mistress."..intellectual and moral discipline for the art magic, gathering wizards to work together at the..felt the bonds close and tighten, and the old shadow fall..and before him. As when he had gone through the night with Anieb to her death, each step into the.. "Keep me?" she repeated. "You didn't seem to worry about losing me all winter. What made you come back now?". You look at what happens and try to see why it happens, you listen to what the people there tell..defiling, essentially wicked..The tune ended. "Darkrose," he said, behind her in the dark. She turned her head and looked at him. Their heads were on a level, she sitting crosslegged up on the dance platform, he kneeling on the grass..They could hear men's voices in the fields east of the Grove..sarcophagi. What did they do in them? But such things I encountered all the time, and tried not to. "What brit? Ah, the milk? What of it?". counsel the king and take counsel together, using their arts to pursue goals they agreed were..Diamond sat upright and still. He had been getting some of his father's height and girth lately, and looked very much a man, though a very young one..power in Losen's pay. Hound did not consider himself to be one of them. "All I have is a nose," he.. "I made the wrong choice."..It was absolutely silent..He looked from one sister to the other: the one so mild and so immovable, the other, under her..And Early had a good chance of tracing him. Losen's power stretched all across Havnor and the..their listening silence, and rested there for days, and came back to him changed..He had a way with her cows that was wonderful. When he was there and she needed a hand, he took Berry's place, and as she told her friend Tawny, laughing, he was cannier with the cows than Bren's old dog had been. "He talks to em, and I'll swear they consider what he says. And that heifer follows him about like a puppy." Whatever he

was doing out on the ranges with the beeves, the cattlemen were coming to think well of him. Of course they would grab at any promise of help. Half San's herd was dead. Alder would not say how many head he had lost. The bodies of cattle were everywhere. If it had not been cold weather the Marsh would have reeked of rotting flesh. None of the water could be drunk unless you boiled it an hour, except what came from the wells, hers here and the one in the village, which gave the place its name..She slid out of her clothes, the man's breeches and shirt that were all she had, and slipped naked..stay on after we land." "Poor child," she murmured..cowboys along. They made a camp of sorts, with a groundcloth and a half tent. There was nothing to."Bregg. Hal Bregg. And yours?".transformation, you maybe know of, mistress. Even a common sorcerer may know how to work illusion.her ear..YORK TIMES. And FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION writes, "One of the world's finest."Got that from under Losen's nose too," he said to Tern. "Come have a look at it! It belonged to a.cabin. He knew now that coaxing was no good. To have her he must master her; and that he would do.,you again I'd do you a favor, if I could. As one finder to the other, see?".built of stone, but was half empty, defaced, window frames and facing stones pulled out of it..he said. "And send the ships out of the bay. What is it you feel? How do you feel it?"..there. You can get to it by running that old tunnel straight on, maybe twenty feet." "One can do a heap of things," she said. "One can travel, actually or by moot. One can..would bring back slaves as cargo. It galled him to think of the good ship in that vicious usage..right away."..She left him standing at the waymeet, on the level ground, and walked up the hill path for a little way, a few strides. She turned and looked back down at him. "What keeps you from the hill?" she said..in the household of the Lord of Ark. Not a poor man's son, but not a child of much account. And..There were moments when she became quite lovely, particularly when she narrowed her eyes..She had planted a young rowan from the Grove beside the fountain. They came to be sure it was..That is not what the otter was thinking as it swam fast down the Yennava. It was not thinking anything much but speed and direction and the sweet taste of river water and the sweet power of swimming. But something like that is what Medra had been thinking as he sat at the table in his grandmother's house in End-lane, talking with his mother and sister, just before the door was flung open and the terrible shining figure stood there..Printed on narrow sands under granite cliffs, in the first light, were the tracks of a bird alighting. From them led the tracks of a man walking, straying up the beach for a long way as it narrowed between the cliffs and the sea. Then the tracks ceased.."It's a rare gift, to know where you need to be, before you've been to all the places you don't." "Ah," he said. He looked away so that she could not see his expression..strongest. But there the Enemy followed her, intent to make her his prisoner and slave. She took..He still stood there, and she said, "Look at the peaches! They're all ripe. We'll have to eat them right away."..cold." "And how do you know it didn't?"..Her mother Ayo and her mothers sister Mead were wise women. They healed Otter as best they could..me!"..Hand, master of all illusions..The Song of the Young King, sung annually at Sunreturn, the festival of the winter solstice, tells the story of Morred, called the Mage-King, the White Enchanter, and the Young King. Morred came of a collateral line of the House of Enlad, inheriting the throne from a cousin; his forebears were wizards, advisers to the kings..gazed at the trinkets as if they were treasures. He let them gaze and finger all they would;.. "You take care," the witch said, grim. "Everything's perilous, right enough, and meddling with wizards most of all."..But Havnor is also the Great Isle, a broad, rich land; and in the villages inland from the port,..She put her hand on his knee. It was the first time she had ever touched him. He endured it, the

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