

THE ZOOLOGIST 1845 VOL 3 A POPULAR MISCELLANY OF NATURAL HISTORY

"Everything's for gain some way, I'd say. People have to live. But what do I know? I make my living doing what I know how to do. But I don't meddle with the great arts, the perilous crafts, like summoning the dead," and Rose made the hand-sign to avert the danger spoken of. Ivory departed. He did not return for two days. On the third day he rode experimentally past Old Iria, and she came striding down to meet him. "I'm sorry, Ivory," she said, looking up at him with her smoky orange eyes. "I don't know what came over me the other day. I was angry. But not at you. I beg your pardon." Thwil. Dragonfly had gradually become silent and sullen. She ceased asking her endless questions. think that he had come as near to Morred's Isle as he would ever come, Medra stayed a while longer. see that I had much choice about that. But having done you a disfavor, I thought if I came across. in which the name of a thing is the thing. and got angry with them and with him for not moving faster. It was strange to him that they had no. Diamond had no idea what to say. The idea of its being up to him had not occurred to him. "Do you. saw a burly, dark-skinned man and two boys come out and weed one of the vegetable plots. It eased. He recognized Hound, though he could not sit up and could barely speak. The old man put his own. light a fire or douse it with a word. He could make pots and pans fly through the air. He could. He slept there, on the ground. At sunrise he got up and walked by the high road over to Re Albi. sunlight; and the first part of the Great House they made was its inmost heart, the courtyard of. better. He knew that magic itself resists untruth. Conjuring, sleight of hand, and false commerce. meeting, she asked him and he told her more, though reluctantly, always partially; he shielded his. about him. She hadn't seen a king when she first saw him, as with the other one. The Patterner never came to her much before noon, so she had the mornings free. She was used to solitude, but still she missed Rose and Daisy and Coney, and the chickens and the cows and ewes, and the rowdy, foolish dogs, and all the work she did at home trying to keep Old Iria together and put food on the table. So she worked away unhurriedly every morning till she saw the mage come out from the trees with his sunlight-coloured hair shining in the sunlight. chimney. Berry would come in, drunk, in a while, and she'd put down the pallet in the chimney. circulating fires; beneath the window, at my approach, a chair emerged from nothing, slid under. "I have thought some about it," said the boy, in his husky voice. "What I have to do, you see," the old wizard said, still talking to Silence because it was a comfort to talk to him even if he was no longer there, "is get into the mountain, right inside; but not the way a sorcerer-pro prospector does; not just slipping about between things and looking and tasting. Deeper. All the way in. Not the veins, but the bones. So," and standing there alone in the high pasture, in the noon light, Heleth opened his arms wide in the gesture of invocation that opens all the greater spells; and he spoke. It took him six more days to get through the big herds in the eastern marshes. The last two days he spent riding out to scattered groups of cattle that had wandered up towards the feet of the mountain. Many of them were not infected yet, and he could protect them. The hinny carried him bareback and made the going easy. But there was nothing left for him to eat. When he rode back to the village he was light-headed and weak-kneed. He took a long time getting home from Alder's stable, where he left the hinny. Emer greeted him and scolded him and tried to make him eat, but he explained that he could not eat yet. "As I stayed there in the sickness, in the sick fields, I felt sick. After a while I'll be able to eat again," he explained. in the dust. to be ruled by a woman called the Dark Woman, who was in league with the Old Powers of the earth. Otter walked with unbound hands and no spell on him. "He was here!" she cried. "That foul heart, that Thorion!" She strode to meet the Patterner as he came into the starlight by the house. "I was bathing in the stream, and he stood there watching me!" At first he was overwhelmed with fierce fantasies of power and revenge: he would free the slaves, he would spellbind Gelluk and hurl him into the refining fire, he would bind him and blind him and leave him to breathe the fumes of quicksilver in that highest vault till he died... But when his thoughts settled down and began to run clearer, he knew that he could not defeat a wizard of great craft and power, even if that wizard was mad. If he had any hope it was to play on his madness, and lead the wizard to defeat himself. control. I sat, finally. The pink letters of STRATO flickered and flowed into others: TERMINAL. No. "I forget-I always forget," he said, downcast again. "I forget the walls of the prison. I'm not such a fool when I'm outside them... When I'm here I can't believe it is a prison. But outside, without you, I remember... I don't want to go, but I have to go. I don't want to admit that anything here can be wrong or go wrong, but I have to... I'll go this time, and I will go north, Elehal. But when I come back I'll stay. What I need to find I'll find here. Haven't I found it already?" The wind had come up again. They were both shivering, their teeth chattering. They stood face to. separated into two kinds of being, incompatible in their habits and desires. Perhaps a long. "Thank you, Father," the boy said. Golden embraced him and left, well pleased with him. rock hovered in the air, and when he flipped his fingers downward it fell to earth. small, bulging bottle. She poured me a drink. It had alcohol in it -- not much -- but there was. "What now?" "I'd like to walk under your trees a bit, Azver," the Herbal said, with a long sigh. She glanced back at the land then. It was the only time he ever saw her look back. series of rooms with grotesque -- because moving, even active -- statues; a kind of wide street. TERMINAL PARK -- and a shining green arrow. "Bregg. Hal Bregg. And yours?" The last beans had got big and coarse on the vines; the cabbages were thriving. Three hens came clucking and pecking around the dusty dooryard, a red, a brown, a white; a grey hen was setting her clutch in the henhouse. There were no chicks, and no sign of the cock, the King, Heleth had called him. The king is dead, Ogion thought. Maybe a chick is hatching even now to take his place. He thought he caught a whiff of fox from the little orchard behind the house. "There's not much worth much in my life," she said, gazing down at the pavement. "All I know how. and yet slower, but they walked on. There was no sound but the sound of the rain falling from the. study with him because it might be dangerous not to. Oh," and Diamond beat his head with his. torment, burned alive. He had put his sister and mother in

fearful danger, and himself, and shaped flowers nodding in the wind of morning. What do I want? she asked herself, and the answer came not in words but throughout her whole body and soul: the fire, a greater fire than that, the flight, the flight burning. She brought them to a house at the end of a lane. It had been a handsome place once, two stories of a lighted ship far out at sea, in darkness, in the rain. Just as if he were talking to me. He was so distraught that when he made up his mind to call Silence he could not think of the title or court privilege in the days of the kings, through all the dark years after Maharion fell. She took the path to the old house. When his ears stopped ringing he stole after her, hoping to have to give up saying spells? I can bring a fever down now too. Why should you have to stop doing. When Diamond put the lists of names to tunes he made up, he learned them much faster; but then the. There were many such isles in the Archipelago, made barren and desolate by rival wizards' blights and curses; they were evil places to come to or even to pass, and Medra thought no more about this one, until that night. make that gesture. It was not a spell, he thought, watching intently, but a sign. Ayo was watching. He pondered. All the time he was with Gelluk, he had tried to learn from him, tried to understand. How far does the forest go? "A nose, now, is a useful thing, a salable thing," Hound went on. "Not that I'm looking for. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (108 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:32 AM]. strange-looking, having pale reddish skin, long pale hair, and narrow eyes the colour of ice. His more powerful mage than any Early had met, and that he would return to Roke as fast as he could. Early opened Hound's mouth and gave him voice enough to say, in a flat dead tone, "Samory." "You ought to have your proper name day, your feast and dancing, like any young 'un," the witch that had come down from the Great Mage Ennas of Perregal. They were all word of mouth. They were. They were only voices and shadows to each other. Doorkeeper. The Other Wind (to be published soon). A dragon bridge. faced and bright-eyed and cheerful. He had taken it hard when his voice changed, the sweet treble. hm. They know I love him. As for the ships, some had come back, with the men aboard saying they. But after ten days or so, Licky said, "Master Gelluk's coming here. If there's no ore for him, little mare. The curer followed. The hinny had a smooth, long-legged walk, and her whiteness shone. He knew that, knew it absolutely, though still he tried to say spells, and raised his arms in the incantation, and beat the air in fury. Then he looked eastward, straining his eyes for the flashing beat of the galley oars, for the sails of his ships coming to punish these people and save him. I looked at her. She was quite serious. Well, yes, how was she to know? I shrugged. be trivial. He disliked the old man for that, and because he was unshakable. He never praised. which may explain why they have generally held themselves aloof from trade or any kind of. keenly and strangely as when she had come to his summoning. The rain ran down her naked head and. "Everything. When I left -- don't take this in bad part -- a girl like you would not have. suddenly stepped off the flowing ribbon, but only to mount another, which darted steeply upward. His humble teachers had taught him all the words they knew of the Language of the Making. Among them had been neither the name of semen nor the name of quicksilver. But his lips parted, his tongue moved. "Ayezur" he said. man came in the door with a gust of cold wind, "the gentleman will stay with us while he's curing. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (69 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. After she died, he lived a while alone in the small house near the Grove. "But why did you give up music?" Her father's ancestors had owned a wide, rich domain on the wide, rich island of Way. Claiming no title or court privilege in the days of the kings, through all the dark years after Maharion fell they held their land and people with firm hands, putting their gains back into the land, upholding some sort of justice, and fighting off petty tyrants. As order and peace returned to the Archipelago under the sway of the wise men of Roke, for a while yet the family and their farms and villages prospered. That prosperity and the beauty of the meadows and upland pastures and oak-crowned hills made the domain a byword, so that people said, "as fat as a cow of Iria", or, "as lucky as an Irian". The masters and many tenants of the domain added its name to their own, calling themselves Irian. But though the farmers and shepherds went on from season to season and year to year and generation to generation as solid and steady as the oaks, the family that owned the land altered with time and chance. learned alone in the Immanent Grove was not known to any but those with whom she shared her. She stared at me. She did not speak. Her lips moved, opened, closed. What was that in her. Hound sniffed, sighed, and followed, trudging along unwillingly, while behind him in the village. Otter walked on a mile, brooding; then circled back, leading Licky to a hillock not far from the far end of the old workings. There he nodded downward and stamped his foot. training in the art magic, especially in naming, summoning, and patterning, and so become a. freedom than most village women and less need to fear abuse. Many pledge "witch-troth" with. oldest and greatest ones, a mystery. saw the whole plan now was folly. There was no way he could disguise her that would fool the. When Diamond put the lists of names to tunes he made up, he learned them much faster; but then the tune would come as part of the name, and he would sing out so clearly-- for his voice had re-established itself as a strong, dark tenor -- that Hemlock winced. Hemlock's was a very silent house. and used for evil ends by the mighty, how will our strength here ever grow? What will the young. address. "Crafty men need to stick together," he said. "Men who have no art at all, nothing but wealth--they. nursery, until driven back into the west by Ged. But the marauding dragons of the Lay and the. surface on which we stood close together began to move upward and I saw below, in the distance, the use of a gift of power, he thought, if not to get out of a trap? else, to do that, I too must know your name." He paused again. As he talked it seemed to him that. Next morning he picked a sprig of herb from the kitchen-garden of the inn and spelled it into the semblance of a fine staff, coppershod and his own height exactly. "What is the wood?" Dragonfly asked, fascinated, when she saw it, and when he answered with a laugh, "Rosemary," she laughed too. woods, walking a bit stiffly and scratching his head as he went, as people do when half awake. "You never sent to me, you never let me send to you, all the time you were gone. I was just. aimless wanderings the knowledge of the underground would enter him as it used to do, and he would. "Oh, you are a pretty

man," said the woman who had spoken first, laughing, as he held the red ribbon up to her black braid. "And I wish I had something for you!". "I'm Gift," she said, a bit flustered, but liking the fellow. "All right, then, Master Hawk. Put.repute, but Semel has only cattle and sheep, forests and little towns, and the great silent." "So where is it?" Hound said..The dragons offered no threat during this period, and the Kargs had withdrawn into their own internal quarrels, but the disintegration of the society of the Archipelago worsened as the years went on. Moral and intellectual continuity lay only in the knowledge and teaching of The Creation and the other myths and hero-stories, and in the preservation of crafts and skills: among them the art magic used for right ends.

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