

## THREE DAYS IN THE VILLAGE

battle with Orm over Mount Onn. "Flame and fire in the midnight air" could be seen from the palace. payment for the safe delivery of a son to Golden's head forester. Tangle herself wore armfuls of farewell, knowing that with the last, dying sound more than the song would end. I had not known. other and declared himself to be the incarnation of the Sky Father, the Godking, to be worshiped. The town at the bay's head, Thwil, shared something of the uncanniness of the Knoll and the Grove. "Don't come near me!". Speech, which he must not speak. But she only shrugged, with a frowning smile.. smiled.. island, and there was no island. Then there were some men from one of the great galleys. They said. business. It has to be cultivated on its own terms, and kept under control -- learned and him as he was said to use people, emptying their minds like little sacks, then everyone on Roke. "Yes," Tern said, "and I will till she dies. And then I'll take her daughter to Roke. And if you want to read the Book of Names, you can come with us.". MORRED. practice magic puts the Kargs at a disadvantage with the Archipelagans in almost every respect. A quarrel between brothers over their inheritance divided them. One heir mismanaged his estate through greed, the other through foolishness. One had a daughter who married a merchant and tried to run her estate from the city, the other had a son whose sons quarrelled again, redividing the divided land. By the time the girl called Dragonfly was born, the domain of Iria, though still one of the loveliest regions of hill and field and meadow in all Earthsea, was a battleground of feuds and litigations. Farmlands went to weeds, farmsteads went unroofed, milking sheds stood unused, and shepherds followed their flocks over the mountain to better pastures. The old house that had been the centre of the domain was half in ruins on its hill among the oaks. "I'll stay here if I may," he said in that princely way, with his teeth chattering, holding on to. opens all the greater spells; and he spoke.. she answered.. gathered in little pools among the rocks underfoot. It was not the marvelous red palace of. given him for his twelfth birthday. He put it to his lips, his fingers danced, and he played a. aimless wanderings the knowledge of the underground would enter him as it used to do, and he would. must go she would go. She did not understand danger. She had no wisdom but her innocence, no amour. The clouds darkened. Rain passed through the little valley, falling on the dirt and the grass.. 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.. He had tried to look at Ember as untouchable while he longed to touch her soft brown skin, her. here, Irian, you do us and yourself harm. Everything not in its own place does harm. A note sung.. "Dragons have been seen flying above the Inmost Sea. Roke has no Archmage, and the islands no true-. been more than two hundred.. the Thwilburn and walked across the fields to Roke Knoll, which stood up before them in a high. those they hired were in truth slaves, having only their masters to safeguard them from rival. of evening and saw the sky of evening through the branches and leaves of trees. An arched oak root. from the trees with his sunlight-coloured hair shining in the sunlight. THE DARK TIME, THE HAND, AND ROKE SCHOOL. "What's changed?". The early kings and queens of Enlad, among whose names are Lar Ashal, Dohun, Enashen, Timan, and Tagtar, gradually increased their sway till they proclaimed themselves rulers of Earthsea. Their reign extended no farther south than Ilien and did not include Felkway in the east, Paln and Semel in the west, or Osskil in the north, but they did send explorers out all over the Inmost Sea and into the Reaches. The most ancient maps of Earthsea, now in the archives of the palace in Havnor, were drawn in Berila about twelve hundred years ago.. eyes catching and holding hers. "But there. In the wood. Under the trees. There is the old wisdom.. It was true. He knew her name: Irian. It was like a coal of fire, a burning ember in his mind. His. "I swear that. . .". sank. All the shouting and screaming of men's voices was suddenly silent. There was no noise but. she was not an inexperienced girl, she was a wise woman, a mage, she who walked in the Immanent. on thinking the ordinary thoughts of life, while the rest of it made preparations for terror and. "To destroy you.". It was peaceful here with the woman and the cat. He had come to a good house.. on the ground, rather hard, for his legs were shaking.. "I don't know," Dragonfly said. "To hear about the Great House is wonderful, but I thought the people there would be - I don't know. Of course they're mostly just boys when they go there. But I thought they'd be..." She gazed off at the sheep on the hill, her face troubled. "Some of them are really bad and stupid," she said in a low voice. "They get into the School because they're rich. And they study there just to get richer. Or to get power.". Men and women of the Hand had joined together on Roke a hundred or more years ago, forming a league of mages. Proud and secure in their powers, they had sought to teach others to band together in secret against the war makers and slave takers until they could rise openly against them. Women had always been leaders in the league, said Ember, and women, in the guise of salve sellers and net makers and such, had gone from Roke to other lands around the Inmost Sea, weaving a wide, fine net of resistance. Even now there were strands and knots of that net left. Medra had come on one of those traces first in Anieb's village, and had followed them since. But they had not led him here. Since the raid, Roke Island had isolated itself wholly, sealed itself inside powerful spells of protection woven and rewoven by the wise women of the island, and had no commerce with any other people. "We can't save them," Ember said. "We couldn't save ourselves.". numerals flowed down narrow screens; other booths had shutters instead of doors, which lifted. on Gont, he knew that. But he was tired of teaching, and didn't want another prentice underfoot., by.". speak. Without a word or gesture he turned away again and left the room. As he walked slowly past. He had made a little heap of bits of eggshell on the ground by his knee. He arranged the white. GOLDEN WAS immensely happy and quite unconscious of it. "Old man's got his jewel back," said the carter to the forester. "Sweet as new butter, he is." Golden, unaware of being sweet, thought only how sweet life was. He had bought the Reche grove, at a very stiff price to be sure, but at least old Lowbough of Easthill hadn't got it, and now he and Diamond could develop it as it ought to be developed. In among the chestnuts there were a lot of pines, which could be felled and

sold for masts and spars and small lumber, and replanted with chestnut seedlings. It would in time be a pure stand like the Big Grove, the heart of his chestnut kingdom. In time, of course. Oak and chestnut don't shoot up overnight like alder and willow. But there was time. There was time, now. The boy was barely seventeen, and he himself just forty-five. In his prime. He had been feeling old, but that was nonsense. He was in his prime. The oldest trees, past bearing, ought to come out with the pines. Some good wood for furniture could be salvaged from them. The seed and source of might and right. You'll see. You'll see. Come along! Come along! Let's go." So you thought. . . you thought that I. . . no!" "I don't know exactly. But everyone is betriated. At birth." Early laughed. "I'll be waiting for him," he said; his man's legs turned to yellow talons, his arms to wide feathered wings, and the eagle flew up and off across the wind. "The Equilibrium," she said, accepting all he said in its simplest sense, as always. "Completely?" she asked with sudden interest. . . said, "Might be a good idea. Come to Roke. Safer." bit. . . But the boy had met his match in the Masters. . . raiding ships even as far as the Inmost Sea. Of the fourteen Kings of Havnor the last was down; the leaves hung still. Am I ensorcelled? Am I a sterile thing, not whole, not a woman? she. clothes on, foul as they were from days and days of travel. There was a pair of shoes under the. only in dying life: "Every spell depends on every other spell," said Highdrake. "Every motion of a single leaf moves every leaf of every tree on every isle of Earthsea! There is a pattern. That's what you must look for and look to. Nothing goes right but as part of the pattern. Only in it is freedom." you drunken, crawling traitor! You foul, shameless lecher! ". withstand the Enemy and force him off the island. "The sweet waters of the earth drove back the. Gont Port lies at the inner end of a long narrow bay between steep shores. Its entrance from the sea is between two great headlands, the Gates of the Port, the Armed Cliffs, not a hundred feet apart. They are safe from sea-pirates in Gont Port. But their safety is their danger; the long bay follows a fault in the earth, and jaws that have opened may shut. . . Nothing happened, and he had time to regret the sunlight and the seawind, and to doubt the spell. "If you'd like to come with me, she lives this way. And though she's only a girl, and poor, I'll. engulfingly soft, as everywhere. The back of my seat was so high that I could barely see the other. He got up in the icy morning while they still slept rolled in their blankets. He knew where the. was silent, and Otter watched him with staring intensity, still trying to understand. . . Ember was on the dock to meet him. Lame and very thin, he came to her and took her hands, but he could not lift his face to hers. He said, "I have too many deaths on my heart, Elehal." her thin hand, the green nails dug into my heavy sweater. I had to smile at the thought of where. bright the hawk's flight. must be. I was wrong." A chill ran through her. The water ran cold. Gathering herself together, her limbs still soft and. earlier departure, did not surprise them. They must have had a reaction of this type catalogued, it. the water and the tracks of a man's two feet going away from it. . . Knowing the Enemy's name, he was able to counter his enchantments and drive him from Enlad. "You're not," Irian said. She thought him between thirty and forty, though it was hard to tell; she kept thinking his hair was white, because it was not black. . . putting his face very close to his, and felt him cower away. "He tricked and killed a great mage, my master. He's dangerous. I want vengeance. Who did he talk to here? I want them. Then I'll see to him." need to be free of. Now, and henceforth." It was as strangely quiet as the farmlands. Not a voice, not a face. It was difficult to feel. would have with him a force no mage could withstand. Had not even Morred been nearly brought down. . . own. This power had been a delight to him as a boy. He had never sought any use for it. It had. "All the foreigners in one basket," said the taverner, and this was repeated that night at the tavern several dozen times, an inexhaustible source of admiration, the best thing anybody'd said since the murrain. . . 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!" but not the way a sorcerer-pro prospector does; not just slipping about between things and looking and. gazing up at the white, soft fire of the stars. . . flair, then he'd be sent home with what remained of his fee. Hemlock was an honest, upright. "Irian," he said, and now her name came easily, sweet and cool as spring water in his dry mouth. "No doubt that's what Alder gave you," she said. "The flint!" from varying widely or from being lost altogether; but the songs and histories that are part of. But Hopeful, sailed and steered by two young sorcerers from the Hand of Havnor, brought Medra safe. crowd, a ceiling made of fiery magma, unreal but belching real flames, and no one paid attention; "It'll stop by midday," the wizard told the chickens. He fed them and squelched back to the house. There were other people on the hill, he saw now, many others, men and women, children, living and. PEOPLE. out in a high, harsh voice. "Come up on to the hill, Thorion," she said. "I'm afraid." The traveler stood at the crossway and whistled back at the reeds. . . themselves to work "high magic" by scrupulously avoiding "base spells," "Earthlore," and women. A. He was mad, and she didn't know what possessed her to let him stay, yet she could not fear him or distrust him. What did it matter if he was mad? He was gentle, and might have been wise once, before what happened to him happened. And he wasn't so mad as all that. Mad in patches, mad at moments. Nothing in him was whole, not even his madness. He couldn't remember the name he had told her, and told people in the village to call him Otak. He probably couldn't remember her name either; he always called her mistress. But maybe that was his courtesy. She called him sir, in courtesy, and because neither Gully or Otak seemed names well suited to him. An otak, she had heard, was a little animal with sharp teeth and no voice, but there were no such creatures on the High Marsh. . . authority except the King in Havnor. . . Morred and Elfarran married, and the poem describes their reign as a brief golden age, the foundation and touchstone of ethic and governance thereafter. . . When he was on Orrimy, Medra had learned to read the common writing of the Archipelago. Later, Highdrake of Pendor had taught him some of the runes of power. That was known lore. What Ember had learned alone in the Immanent Grove was not known to any but those with whom she shared her knowledge. She lived all summer under the eaves of the Grove, having no more than a box to keep the mice and wood rats from her small store of food, a shelter of branches, and a cook fire near a stream that came out of the woods to join the little river running down to the bay, Medra camped

nearby. He did not know what Ember wanted of him; he hoped she meant to teach him, to begin to answer his questions about the Grove. But she said nothing, and he was shy and cautious, fearing to intrude on her solitude, which daunted him as did the strangeness of the Grove itself. The second day he was there, she told him to come with her and led him very far into the wood. They walked for hours in silence. In the summer midday the woods were silent. No bird sang. The leaves did not stir. The aisles of the trees were endlessly different and all the same. He did not know when they turned back, but he knew they had walked farther than the shores of Roke..there was enough, was all.. "Oh child, oh lamb," said Rush, taking her into her embrace; but though she hugged Rush, Dory did, gift, you know. ". "Darkrose," he breathed in her ear, his secret name for her.. "Tell me what you'll be doing-". certainly wizards, or had wizards to advise or help them. But magic in The Deed of Enlad is an. How far does the forest go?. It was far more convenient to him that Losen should be king than that he himself should rule. have to give up saying spells? I can bring a fever down now too. Why should you have to stop doing. west, showing a golden sky behind the high dark curve of a hill.. The witch said nothing. She knew the girl was right. Once the Master of Iria said he would or. Ring of the Runes was broken, and Erreth-Akbe died with the great dragon, and Maharion the Brave. witches a year's earnings for the promise of a healthy boy, and a rich man touch his gold-. away. They were kissing. I walked toward the muffled sound of music, some all-night restaurant. Standing on that hill, Medra had said, "There is a vein of water, just under where I stand, that. appear as formidable but feeling beings, whose anger at the invading human fleet is justified by. The boy was in fact a workman of the first order, carpenter, cabinetmaker, stonemason, roofer; he had proved that when he lived up here as Dulse's student, and his life with the rich folk of Gont Port had not softened his hands. He brought the boards from Sixth's mill in Re Albi, driving Gammer's ox-team; he laid the floor and polished it the next day, while the old wizard was up at Bog Lake gathering simples. When Dulse came home there it was, shining like a dark lake itself. "Have to wash my feet every time I come in," he grumbled. He walked in gingerly. The wood was so smooth it seemed soft to the bare sole. "Satin," he said. "You didn't do all that in one day without a spell or two. A village hut with a palace floor. Well, it'll be a sight, come winter, to see the fire shine in that! Or do I have to get me a carpet now? A fleecy one, on a golden warp?". Dulse had the big lore-book open on the table. He had been trying to reweave one of the Acastan Spells, much broken and made powerless by the Emanations of Fundaur centuries ago. He had just begun to get a sense of the missing word that might fill one of the gaps, he almost had it, and- "You might keep some goats," Silence said.. rebuilt, Ogion escaped from praise and went up into the hills above Gont Port. He found the queer. "What can I give you?" she asked.. He stopped and felt the dirt under his feet. He was barefoot, as usual. When he was a student on Roke, he had worn shoes. But he had come back home to Gont, to Re Albi, with his wizard's staff, and kicked his shoes off. He stood still and felt the dust and rock of the cliff-top path under his feet, and the cliffs under that, and the roots of the island in the dark under that. In the dark under the waters all islands touched and were one. So his teacher Ard had said, and so his teachers on Roke had said. But this was his island, his rock, dust, dirt. His wizardry grew out of it. "My mastery is here," the boy had said, but it went deeper than mastery. That, perhaps, was something Dulse could teach him: what went deeper than mastery. What he had learned here, on Gont, before he ever went to Roke.. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (90 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. On the Isle of the Wise. ". Only in silence the word.. sunlight; and the first part of the Great House they made was its inmost heart, the courtyard of. "Where'll you go?" she said.. "Tern," he said; and so he was called.. Whether performed or read silently, all such poems and songs are consciously valued for their content, not for their literary qualities, which range from high to nil. Loose regular meter, alliteration, stylised phrasing, and structuring by repetition are the principal poetic devices. Content includes mythic, epic, and historical narrative, geographical descriptions, practical observations concerning nature, agriculture, sea lore, and crafts, cautionary tales and parables, philosophical, visionary, and spiritual poetry, and love songs. The deeds and lays are usually chanted, the ballads sung, often with a percussion accompaniment; professional chanters and singers may sing with the harp, the viol, drums, and other instruments. The songs generally have less narrative content, and many are valued and preserved mostly for the tune.

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