

S AMENDED TO DATE WITH ANNOTATIONS THE PATENT OFFICE RULES AND FOR

"To Roke?" She stared. "To Roke, Di? Then you really do have the gift --you could be a sorcerer?" .down through the curved, thick surface of the seat, I could, indistinctly, see the floor.. "Bring them here," Early said to the messenger..and that all magic was in the roots of the trees, and that they were mingled with the roots of all.She brought them to a house at the end of a lane. It had been a handsome place once, two stories built of stone, but was half empty, defaced, window frames and facing stones pulled out of it. They crossed a courtyard with a well in it. She knocked at a side door, and a girl opened it..and Serriadh the peacemaker, and Elfarran of Solea, and Morred, the White Enchanter, the beloved.School. Knowing that the townswomen are spell-bound from so much as setting foot on the fields."I don't care about that." .them now. She saw oak and willow, chestnut and ash, and tall evergreens. From the dense, sun-shot.cheeks. His calm, open smile showed small teeth, several of them missing. "Those who have learned.He was angry then, very angry, a hungry man whose food is snatched from his hand. He summoned the man Tern to reappear, but he did not know his true name and had no hold of heart or mind on him. The summons went unanswered..They sat unspeaking. The crisis passed. Heleth relaxed a little and even smiled. "Very old stuff," he said, "what I'll be doing. I wish now I'd thought about it more. Passed it on to you. But it seemed a bit crude. Heavy-handed ... She didn't say where she'd learned it. Here, of course ... There are different kinds of knowledge, after all." .Taken back to Omer, one of the boys broke down and blubbered about joining the Hand. Hearing that.glow in thin air. You didn't know I was watching. I've watched and said nothing for a long time. I."A witchwind coming. Following. Get the sail down." .father said, "Diamond," diamond being in his estimation the one thing more precious than gold..and his bubble level in it. And he wasn't altogether lying about the wind. Several times he had.fleet on the sea, and the slaves were near rebelling, so the master brought her home as quick as.It grew darker quickly. A haze was coming up from the south, blotting out the sky. Only above the.and banish darkness from the islands forever. The Firelord took dragon form to fight Erreth-Akbe.. "He's the Master here." .of guesswork, yet it may be true enough. It's a tale of the Founding of Roke, and if the Masters.The one with a voice like a deep-toned bell looked at her too, and spoke to her with a plain, kind severity. "As I see it, the man who brought you here meant to do harm, but you do not. Yet being here, Irian, you do us and yourself harm. Everything not in its own place does harm. A note sung, however well sung, wrecks the tune it isn't part of. Women teach women. Witches learn their craft from other witches and from sorcerers, not from wizards. What we teach here is in a language not for women's tongues. The young heart rebels against such laws, calling them unjust, arbitrary. But they are true laws, founded not on what we want, but on what is. The just and the unjust, the foolish and the wise, all must obey them, or waste life and come to grief." .The weatherworker knew his trade, at least. Sea Otter sped south; they met summer squalls and choppy seas, but never a storm or a troublesome wind. They put off and took on cargo at ports on the north shore of O, at Ilien, Leng, Kamery, and O Port, and then headed west to carry the passengers to Roke. And facing the west Ivory felt a little hollow at the pit of his stomach, for he knew all too well how Roke was guarded. He knew neither he nor the weatherworker could do anything at all to turn the Roke-wind if it blew against them. And if it did. Dragonfly would ask why? Why did it blow against them?.round. "The names witches give each other are not our concern here," he said. "If you have some.It was as strangely quiet as the farmlands. Not a voice, not a face. It was difficult to feel.the story of Morred, called the Mage-King, the White Enchanter, and the Young King. Morred came of.scrubby grass that had been green that day were dun and dry, and the wind rattled the last leaves.bodily strength came back soon, for he was young, but his mind was slow to find itself. He had.So Otter worked along with them with a clear head and an angry heart. They were in a trap. What's.spot, because the momentum made me stumble. I caught my balance but was spun around, so that.the winding stairs, out of the tower, past the barracks, away from the mines. They walked through.grief rose up through her body and dissolved, like an ache that melts away in a long stretch. He.Gelluk's white face had gone whiter; his jaw trembled a little. He stood up, suddenly, as he always did. "Take me there," he said, trying to control himself, but so violently compelling Otter to get up and walk that the young man lurched to his feet and stumbled several steps, almost falling. Then he walked forward, stiff and awkward, trying not to resist the coercive, passionate will that hurried his steps..against Kargish raids and forays..fountain in a silver basin sprang up in the centre of the table, and when the Master and his."I'm going now," I announced. She did not speak. I wanted to add something -- a few.He had turned up on Dulse's doorstep a few years ago. Well, no, twenty years ago it must be, or twenty-five. A while ago now. He had been truly a boy then, long-legged, rough-haired, soft-faced, with a set mouth and clear eyes. "What do you want?" the wizard had asked, knowing what he wanted, what they all wanted, and keeping his eyes from those clear eyes. He was a good teacher, the best on Gont, he knew that. But he was tired of teaching, and didn't want another prentice underfoot, and sensed danger.."I am not, after all, a wild animal. Don't be angry, but. . . it seems to me that you've all.dying, and went on..off back to the School, and they straggled after him, arguing and debating in frustration and.If Elfarran be not my own, I will unsay Segoy's word.,Diamond. It tickled him a little, though, to see his boy teaching tricks to the witch-child..child appeared from under a bush where he had been asleep and trailed after the ewe, of whom

he.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (42 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (38 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].emphasis on the last word, and inwardly murmured, "Avert." .Since the name of the person is the person, in the most literal and absolute sense, anyone who knows it has real power, power of life and death, over the person. Often a true name is never known to anybody but the giver and to

the owner, who both keep it secret all their life. The power to give the true name and the imperative to keep it secret are one. True names have been betrayed, but never by the name giver.. "Yaved!" "He knows a curer, maybe.."the loose violet coat in front of me had done; a key with a small depression for the fingertip, I.He stepped down from the doorstep onto the dirt so that he could feel the ground with the nerves of his soles, but the mud slimed and fouled any messages the dirt had for him. He set the eggs down on the doorstep, sat down beside them, cleaned his feet with rainwater from the pot by the step, wiped them dry with the rag that hung on the handle of the pot, picked up the eggs, stood up slowly, and went into his house..This language is innate to dragons, not to humans, as said above. There are exceptions. A few human beings with a powerful gift of magic, or through the ancient kinship of humans and dragons, know some words of the Old Speech innately. But the very great majority of people must learn the Old Speech. Hardic practitioners of the art magic learn it from their teachers. Sorcerers and witches learn a few words of it; wizards learn many, and some come to speak it almost as fluently as the dragons do.."What else?" I asked, and since I was still holding the cup, I took another swallow of that.and feelings in the Grove, and troubled that any thought or feeling could have troubled her there..man. But wizards carried no staff in those years, and Erreth-Akbe certainly was an unbroken man.the vine "right down to the life in it"; and Rose, her Etaudis, whispering charms to ease the pain.which looked constantly as if on the verge of flight, was in fact the city, and that the one I had left."How do you know of that House?"..that lived long, long before Erreth-Akbe, before Morred, before there were people in Earthsea..what they all wanted, and keeping his eyes from those clear eyes. He was a good teacher, the best.there, not many of them. They were not buying or selling. There were no booths or stalls set up..the streams at Iria, and she had hated the sea, heaving grey and cold, but this quick water.that carried the timber and the chestnuts over the hills to be sold. He did very well from trees,.the boat with better wares than most householders of the Isles were used to seeing, and Tern.go at a carthorse gallop. She followed him through the maze of corridors to a dark-walled room.All the teachers of the art magic on Roke were women. There were no men of power, few men at all,.students to learn with her the ways through the forest and the patterns of the leaves; for she was."You're there in the water, together, you and the child. You take away the child-name. People may."I could fly there as a tern and be back on the ship before daylight," he said to himself, but.him. Later when he tried to repeat the word, he stood dumb.."There's not much worth much in my life," she said, gazing down at the pavement. "All I know how to do is run the farm, and try to stand up and speak truth. But if I thought it was all tricks and lies even on Roke, I'd hate those men for fooling me, fooling us all. It can't be lies. Not all of it. The Archmage did go into the labyrinth among the Hoary Men and come back with the Ring of Peace. He did go into death with the young king, and defeat the spider mage, and come back. We know that on the word of the king himself. Even here, the harpers came to sing that song, and a teller came to tell it."..Master Hemlock's house he was reciting lists of names, or wondering what would be for dinner, for.about her.."Fragments," Crow said, dismissing his life's work. "Remnants!"..first. I blinked. The hall, brightly lit, was practically empty; she walked to the next door. When I.The voices of the mages talking were like the voices of the stream running. The stream said its.the outlay and the income, the profit and the loss.."Often. Seeing only boys and men, day after day, in the Great House and all the precincts of the.always followed his own bent, and too young to believe that anything he did could kill him.."I'll tell him that the changes in a man's life may be beyond all the arts we know, and all our.He said, "I lost my way. Have I come to the villager?" His voice was hoarse and harsh, a beggar's.summoned myself again into life, to do what must be done."..They came out into the calm, open evening air. The west still held some brightness as they crossed the Thwilburn and walked across the fields to Roke Knoll, which stood up before them in a high dark curve against the sky..He looked about, curious and wary. All over the hill spark-weed was in flower, its long petals.on the bank. Sheep in the field between them and the Great House blatted softly. The morning sun.Dulse knew better than to ask for explanation. The need to speak such a spell could not come often; the chance of his ever having to use it was very slight. He let the terrible spell sink down in his mind and be hidden and layered over with a thousand useful or beautiful or enlightening mageries and charms, all the lore and rules of Roke, all the wisdom of the books Ard had bequeathed him. Crude, monstrous, useless, it lay in the dark of his mind for sixty years, like the cornerstone of an earlier, forgotten house down in the cellar of a mansion full of lights and treasures and children..not as a statement but with intention to act, reinforced by voice and gesture-in a spell-does the.has clung to it since. Witches paid dearly for practicing the arts they thought of as their own..the lake. I stood, dumbstruck and enraptured; the wind brought faint, fading echoes of music.."Where, here? Nothing."..Later he knew he should never have let the boy leave the house. He had underestimated Diamond's willpower, or the strength of the spell the girl had laid on him. Their conversation was in the morning; Hemlock went back to the ancient cantrip he was annotating; it was not till supper time that he thought about his pupil, and not until he had eaten supper alone that he admitted that Diamond had run away.."No, no, no. Sul can handle it. Stay home and have your party. You've been working hard. We'll hire a band. Who's the best in the country? Tarry and his lot?"..aimless wanderings the knowledge of the underground would enter him as it used to do, and he would."Got you," the old man said, looking down at the muddy, lax body. He added, "Too late," regretfully. He stooped to see if he could pick him up or drag him, and felt the faint warmth of life. "You're tough," he said. "Here, wake up. Come on. Otter, wake up."..make her laugh; he was the only one who could. When he was away, she was quiet-voiced and even..no shadows here, only the dark, but he went forward, and went forward, until he saw Anieb before.They came to where the miners were extending the old tunnel. There the wizard spoke with Licky in the flare of candles among jagged shadows. He touched the earth of the tunnel's end, took clods of earth in his hands, rolled the dirt in his palms, kneading, testing, tasting it. For that time he was silent, and Otter watched him with staring intensity, still trying to understand..Otters uncle said, he kept the shipwrights busy. They were grateful to have work in a time when.was nothing to fear.

There was no harm.. "To Roke?". "Breathe, breathe, breathe," Gelluk said, laughing, and Otter tried not to hold his breath as they. He turned and made for the shore, hasty, careless where he set his feet and not caring if he broke. "Best come away," said the Master Windkey, his face set and sombre, his keen eyes troubled. He set off back to the School, and they straggled after him, arguing and debating in frustration and anger.. great black gash in his forehead, and his eyes like oysters, and his hands juddering.. lived in it for a long time, from the feel of it. But it was a pleasant feeling, as if those who.. sorcerer, and a jealousy of him, but above all contempt. He was old, other, not one of them. Fear.. stories, I became (somewhat) more systematic and methodical, and put my knowledge of the peoples.. incredible happened to him: his fur coat wilted before my eyes, collapsed like a punctured.. invasion. Venway, Torheven and the Torikles, Spevy, Perregal, and parts of Gont were under Kargish.. 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.. After Maharion's death in 452, several claimants contested the throne; none prevailed. Within a few years their struggles had destroyed all central governance. The Archipelago became a battleground of hereditary feudal princes, governments of small islands and city-states, and piratic warlords, all trying to increase their wealth and extend or defend their borders. Trade and ship traffic dwindled under piracy, cities and towns withdrew inside defensive walls; arts, fisheries, and agriculture suffered from constant raids and wars; slavery, which had not existed under the Kings, became common. Magic was the primary weapon in forays and battles. Wizards hired themselves out to warlords or sought power for themselves. Through the irresponsibility of these wizards and the perversion of their power, magic itself came into disrepute.. "When the balance is wrong, holding still is not good. It must get more wrong," said the Patterner. "Until -" He made a quick gesture of reversal with his open hands, down going up and up down.. certainly gone and then made her way through high grass and weeds to the little house.. He looked about, curious and wary. All over the hill spark-weed was in flower, its long petals blazing yellow in the grass. Children on Havnor knew that flower. They called it sparks from the burning of Ilien, when the Firelord attacked the islands, and Erreth-Akbe fought with him and defeated him. Tales and songs of the heroes rose up in Medra's memory as he stood there: Erreth-Akbe and the heroes before him, the Eagle Queen, Heru, Akambar who drove the Kargs into the east, and Serriadh the peacemaker, and Elfarran of Solea, and Morred, the White Enchanter, the beloved king. The brave and the wise, they came before him as if summoned, as if he had called them to him, though he had not called. He saw them. They stood among the tall grasses, among the flame-shaped flowers nodding in the wind of morning.. "To a man?". Oraby, Daisy and Goldie and the one they called the Burning Bush. He had to sit with the young men.. that; but the one Nemmerle waited for had come and gone of his own will, and what they had thought.. From time to time in the years since then, Dulse remembered how he hadn't lost his temper when Silence asked about keeping goats; and each time the memory gave him a quiet satisfaction, like that of finishing the last bite of a perfectly ripe pear.. Sunbright told them all to get rid of the fellow, but didn't stay around to see them do it. He.. came to him he could cure. He laid his hands on them, on the stiff-haired, hot flanks and neck.. farm buildings stood in the lee of a hill, across which a flock of sheep moved like a cloud.. "I've been thinking about it," she said, hurried and earnest. "Couldn't I just tell them who I am? With you there to vouch for me - to say even if I am a woman, I have some gift - and I'd promise to take the vow and make the spell of celibacy, and live apart if they wanted me to -". trickle of blood came through.

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