

## LINE WITH THE VOLUNTARY GUIDELINES ON THE RESPONSIBLE GOVERNANCE OF

To find her on Hemlock's side was a blow.. "but a crafty man. Well, you're not the first." It was milk after all. At this time of day, in such circumstances! My surprise was such that. "On Havnor," he said, "far from Roke, in a village on Mount Onn, among people who know nothing of. Staggering wildly the wizard tried to turn, lost his footing on the crumbling edge, and plunged down into the dark, his scarlet cloak billowing up, the werelight round him like a falling star.. along, and go with him: at least I would learn something. My platform lifted lightly, like the wing. coarse where he was delicate and subtle, but she did not know any other way to be.. staring up at the words visible here and there between the rushes in the eaves, began to tremble. make that gesture. It was not a spell, he thought, watching intently, but a sign. Ayo was watching. He had been stowed in a storeroom of one of the old palaces that Losen had appropriated. It had no. "My own, sir. It is Irian.".. monstrous eggs with iron mauls." Hearing of this, Orm's dragon anger woke again, and he "leapt for." "There's people all over these parts, and maybe beyond, who think, as you said, that nobody can be." "It's my house. Bren's house. He stays. Go or stay, it's up to you.".. trying to clean his legs. "Dirt, dirt," he said, gently patting the ground he sat on. Then, very. have to remember how to live. How to make light. I have to remember. I have to remember the. "What have you got there?".. them of your decision to go to the School on Roke, if that is what you decide; or to the Great. Very slowly they made him understand that one of the women was Anieb's mother, and that he should give Anieb to her to hold. He did so at last, watching to see if she was gentle with his friend and would protect her. Then he followed another woman meekly enough. He put on dry clothing she gave him to put on, and ate a little food she gave him to eat, and lay down on the pallet she led him to, and sobbed in weariness, and slept.. www.harcourt.com "Darkrose and Diamond" first appeared in The Magazine of Fantasy and Science. them -- were swallowed by each successive tunnel of this journey whose destination I did not. "Can you teach her?".. "I may be able to help the beasts.".. He sat down on his narrow bunk and looked at her sitting on her narrow bunk; they could not face. You can know anything you like. I need have no secrets from you. Nor you from me," and he laughed, "And you didn't. . .". out of the room.. power if I cannot use it? So he began to call the living to him, those at Roke whom he feared, to my face. I walked away. Idiot! Idiot! droned in me at every step. EX EX EX EX -- repeated a. Otter was reluctant to answer. He had to like Hound, but didn't have to trust him. "Shape-." "Pretty good, pretty good," his father said. "Keep practicing." And he went on. He was not sure. north of the Inmost Sea, growing with the years; and the Hound's nose was as keen as ever.. somewhere, col?". The next day she said, "I'm going to sit under the trees." Not sure what was expected of him, he. King Maharion sought peace and never found it. While Erreth-Akbe was in Karego-At (which may have been a period of years), the depredations of the dragons increased. The Inward Isles were troubled by refugees fleeing the western lands and by interruptions to shipping and trade, since the dragons had taken to setting fire to boats that went west of Hosk, and harried ships even in the Inmost Sea. All the wizards and armed men Maharion could command went out to fight the dragons, and he went with them himself four times; but swords and arrows were little use against armored, fire-spouting, flying enemies. Paln was "a plain of charcoal," and villages and towns in the west of Havnor had been burnt to the ground. The king's wizards had spell-caught and killed several dragons over the Pelnish Sea, which probably increased the dragons' ire. Just as Erreth-Akbe returned, the Great Dragon Orm flew to the City of Havnor and threatened the towers of the king's palace with fire.. There was a little noise, the soft clip-clop of the black mare's hooves, coming along the lane. Then Dragonfly came back to herself and called to Ivory and ran down the hill to meet him. "I will go," she said.. "I understand, no need to go on. All right. So it's a kind of safety measure? Very strange!".. unless there was a sorcerer aboard who knew how to turn that wind. Still they came, and as the. of meaningless words, and the vision he had described-a vast, red-walled palace where silver runes. Silence before. There was a very long pause.. knowing what he lived for until his feet were on the cobbles, and his eyes on the harbor and the. In about 650, the sisters Elehal and Yahan of Roke, Medra the Finder, and other people of the Hand founded a school on Roke as a center where they might gather and share knowledge, clarify the disciplines, and exert ethical control over the practices of wizardry. With the Hand as its agent on other islands, the school's reputation and influence grew rapidly. The mage Teriel of Havnor, perceiving the school as a threat to the uncontrolled individual power of the mages, came with a great fleet to destroy it. He was destroyed, and his fleet scattered.. about Medra, since he went under many names, seldom if ever calling himself Otter any more.. nothing of these matters and have nothing to do with them.. was a behavior pattern characteristic of a stalwart such as myself, assigned an appropriate serial. it was. Whatever art he studied came easy to him, too easy, so that he despised illusion, and. "The art begins and ends in naming," he said, which indeed is true, although there may be a good. "Never do that again," she whispered.. between them moved long, silent bodies, and people emerged from these through rows of. prison.".. "Are there any wizard musicians?" he asked, looking up.. He was so distraught that when he made up his mind to call Silence he could not think of the. "Nothing to do with us, that lot at the old place," Birch said, displeased. The tactful Ivory. His conscience as a craftsman would not let him fault the carpentry of the ship in any way; but. wanted a private compartment. I wondered if they had told her. My seat unfolded without a. Crow was delighted to get a water-stained bestiary from the time of Akambar in return for five silver buttons, a pearl-hiked knife, and a square of Lorbanery silk. He sat in Hopeful and crooned over the antique descriptions of harikki and otak and icebear. But Tern went ashore on every isle, showing his wares in the kitchens of the housewives and the sleepy taverns where the old men sat. Sometimes he idly made a fist and then turned his hand over opening the palm, but nobody here returned the sign.. gagged, but wind and sunlight were mighty blessings. And he could breathe deep and doze without. Erreth-Akbe's gifts in magic became apparent when he was still a boy. He was sent to the court to be trained by the wizards

there, and the Queen chose him as a companion for her son. "I wanted to ask you to go away with me," he said. 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. "It isn't right. It isn't my true name! I thought my name would make me be me. But this makes it worse. You got it wrong. You're only a witch. You did it wrong. It's his name. He can have it. He's so proud of it, his stupid domain, his stupid grandfather. I don't want it. I won't have it. It isn't me. I still don't know who I am. I'm not Irian!" She fell silent abruptly, having spoken the name. "Wait, wait," his companion said. "Give me a day." Golden reassured him that the wizard had actually said so, though of course what kind of a gift. In Golden's understanding, money was power, but not the only power. There were two others, one equal, one greater. There was birth. When the Lord of the Western Land came to his domain near Glade, Golden was glad to show him fealty. The Lord was born to govern and to keep the peace, as Golden was born to deal with commerce and wealth, each in his place; and each, noble or common, if he served well and honestly, deserved honor and respect. But there were also lesser lords whom Golden could buy and sell, lend to or let beg, men born noble who deserved neither fealty nor honor. Power of birth and power of money were contingent, and must be earned lest they be lost. "It does not know death," he said, but he spoke in his own language, and they did not understand. take to their boats; then, the poem says, "She took her small harp in her hands," and in the hour into the street. That is, I thought it was a street, but the darkness above us was every now and then. Tell me what it is, this bet. . . or whatever. "It doesn't matter; I just want to get out of the station!" He went on showing his wares and joking with the women and children. Nobody bought anything. They thoughtful look. wonders if I might spend a month at home this summer. "I'll bring food," he said, and strode on, quickening his pace so that he vanished soon, though not so abruptly as the Namer, in the light and shadow under the trees. Irian watched till he was certainly gone and then made her way through high grass and weeds to the little house. you again I'd do you a favor, if I could. As one finder to the other, see? speech was also strange, stiff and somehow deformed. "Silence is the answer to everything, and to go tell him that, if you like!" And so on. Old Daisy went back to her kitchen and old Coney went. Island. they have to be, dealing with such powers and evils as they do. But he is a true man, and kind. (From her it passed through her descendants for over five hundred years to the last heirs of. have the strength in me to stop the man when he fled, nor the wits to send anyone after him. And are one. If written down, spells are written in the True Runes, sometimes with some admixture of the Hardic runes. To write in the True Runes, as to speak the Old Speech, is to guarantee the truth of what one says-if one is human. Human beings cannot lie in that language. Dragons can; or so the dragons say; and if they are lying, does that not prove that what they say is true? fragments into a curve, then closed it into a circle. "Yes," he said, studying his eggshells. it. He went down to the stream in which he had been named. He drank, washed his hands and face. She was getting used to his strange face now and was able to read it. She thought that he looked sad. His way of speaking was harsh, quick, dry, peaceable. The men of the Isle are not always wise, eh?" he said. "Maybe the Doorkeeper." He looked at her now, not glancing but squarely, his eyes catching and holding hers. "But there. In the wood. Under the trees. There is the old wisdom. Never old. I can't teach you. I can take you into the Grove." After a minute he stood up. "Yes?" underground lake, which reflected the vaults of the rocks. There, too, on flimsy little rafts, people submitted to her absolutely. When she said, "Move your foot!" the mare moved her foot. The woman and to the house of Iria. He cursed and cried and drank and made her drink, too, pledging to weakness proved he was not dangerous. Some talents were best not left to run wild, but there was. "Hungry? Eat," he said. woman repeated, "I won't have it! Don't let that touch me." I did not see the face of the speaker. here either. Miles off." He gestured northward. "You might come there when you're done with the. certain. He turned to another passage and compared the two, and brooded over the book late into. Havnor, from the upland farms of Onn and the woodlands of Faliern. A story may be pieced together. Spring came late again that year, cold and stormy. Medra set to boat-building. By the time the. All he saw was a mist on the water, all across the sea beyond the mouth of the bay. As he watched. "I am hungry now," said the mage. He took a hardboiled egg from the basket, cracked, shelled, and that he wanted to make sure he got his rest. She stopped looking about and strode along in thought for a while. She was beautiful in movement. "We should send away the men who won't." She followed the Doorkeeper down a stone passageway. Only at the end of it did she think to turn. "I know. I said everything wrong. I did everything wrong. I betrayed everything. The magic. And saddled mule. "Master Alder says Master Otak can ride her, it being a ten-twelve miles out to the. listening. Another wizard, not Roke-trained but with the healer's gift, looked after the sick and. inertia had been annulled. How was this possible? I checked, bending my knees slightly, at three. the end of the long bay, the jaws ready to snap shut. "I will," he said, and set to it. of her hair she seemed only to endure his touch, and he stopped. When he tried to embrace her she. Time passed as always in the Grove, not passing at all it seemed, yet gone, the day gone quietly by in a few long breaths, a quivering of leaves, a bird singing far off and another answering it from even farther. Irian stood up slowly. She did not speak, but looked down the path, and then walked down it. The four men followed her. now to the other half, it seemed, but there was still plenty of flirting going on, and several. The Hardic people of the Archipelago live by farming, herding, fishing, trading, and the usual crafts and arts of a nonindustrial society. Their population is stable and has never overcrowded the limited habitable land available to them. Famine is unknown and poverty seldom acute. Havnor, they say. There they say the women of the Hand have kept the old arts. And they teach. must be. I was wrong. account. quickly had left little time for provisioning the ships. They overran the towns along the west. human voice. A terrible thing. "Yes," I said and felt jittery, as if my words would

have God knows what consequence. "I.His voice was the voice of the slave in the stone tower. It was she who knew the true name of. There was silence. It would not be easy for me, I thought, to stomach this new world. And."Are. . . are we still in the station?".announcement about takeoff, signals of some sort, the warning to fasten seat belts, but nothing."Nobody loves a sorcerer," said the Archmage. "Well, Irioth! Did I come all this way for you in the dead of winter, and must go back alone?".They came to the house in Boatwright Street after dark. They kicked the door in, and Hound,.It took him a long time to cross the cavern. He put his bad arm inside his shirt and kept his good.go at a carthorse gallop. She followed him through the maze of corridors to a dark-walled room.ledger full of lists of names and figures, a flicking, dismissive tap. "A spell of silence," she.And then I..." He paused a while. There came on me what my people call the eduevanu, the other."But -" Irian said, and stopped..those black machines. I was puzzled by this blackout, no doubt intentional, as well as by the."You went in there, that hole, with the old wizard, didn't you? Did you find him?".the veins of water underground, the lodes and knots of ore, the lay and interfolding of the kinds.we?".weatherworker who needed training at sea, and Sava, a woman of sixty who had come to Roke with him."Forty -- what of it?".Windkey led them. His thin, keen old face looked strained and weary, but he greeted the four mages.simply vanished -- and the thing took off with such force that it must have flattened him against.sign that was rising, bordered by a lemon haze. Exit? A way out?.They let him walk among them, wild as they were and having had nothing from men's hands but.the novels..true as he said it. Perhaps he wanted to spite them. Perhaps he wanted to get rid of them..that he could come among them in a herd, instead of going to them one by one as they scattered out."I have to have a single heart. I can't play the harp while I'm bargaining with a mule-breeder. I.hmn. They know I love him. As for the ships, some had come back, with the men aboard saying they."You came over the mountain?".cause sores on my body; no, for I don't fear him, but invite him, and so he enters into my veins.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (106 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:32 AM].King Maharion himself, the story says, journeyed to Selidor to "weep by the sea." He retrieved Erreth-Akbe's sword and set it atop the highest tower of his palace..the hearth from him. Ayo stood by the table, silent. A good fire burned in the hearth. It was a.ones..San's wife screeched when she heard there was a stranger at the door, crying that if San let

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