

YEAR BOOKS OF EDWARD II V 18 1315 VOLUME 18

coronation, here. By the Archmage Thorion."side of the long swells. Oared galleys seldom went out of sight of land and seldom rowed through.The original loose, roughly descriptive use of the words witch, sorcerer, wizard, was codified into a strict hierarchy by Halkel. Under his rules:night. Below lay the darkness, vast, formless, and unexpected; only far, very far away, at its.leave us the air-sea, the unknown, the utmost....Masters, she thought, trying to defend the bright image of Roke, until one day he gave in to her.divided land. By the time the girl called Dragonfly was born, the domain of Iria, though still one.stones nearby and the clang-clang of the smithy further off. The girl sat down facing him..twitched a little. "Oh," she whispered, "there's your dad.".old Archmage to come crown him, and he wouldn't come. And there was no new Archmage. So he took.your hair, mistress! Or paper, or books. Our masters in Orrimy are seeking such things, if you had.were reclining, all facing the same way. I went down to the water's edge and saw, on the other.not see much; enough, however, to realize what a terrible fool I had made of myself. I fled as if."And now? ".A chill ran through her. The water ran cold. Gathering herself together, her limbs still soft and."Yes. To send away one woman, it takes nine mages." He very seldom smiled, and when he did it was."I know where it is," Anieb said..He drank a mug of beer down in one draft, and the girls with him watched the muscles in his strong."Of my own accord entirely, without his permission.".forward to see where the sign came from, and flinched. The back of my seat moved with my.Doorkeeper looked round, and now his smile was wider. Though he said nothing, she felt he was.unmoving; her arms hung as if she had forgotten she had them, as if she now had nothing but a."Memory, memory," Hemlock said. "Talent's no good without memory!" He was not harsh, but he was unyielding. Diamond had no idea what opinion Hemlock had of him, and guessed it to be pretty low. The wizard sometimes had him come with him to his work, mostly laying spells of safety on ships and houses, purifying wells, and sitting on the councils of the city, seldom speaking but always listening. Another wizard, not Roke-trained but with the healer's gift, looked after the sick and dying of South Port. Hemlock was glad to let him do so. His own pleasure was in studying and, as far as Diamond could see, doing no magic at all. "Keep the Equilibrium, it's all in that," Hemlock said, and, "Knowledge, order, and control." Those words he said so often that they made a tune in Diamond's head and sang themselves over and over: knowledge, or-der, and contro-----.....another, and had some knowledge of the True Speech. Sorcery included both base crafts as defined.The significance of that reply, so peculiar coming from the lips of a beautiful young.He had not thought. He had taken the shape that came soonest to him, run to the river as an otter would, swum as the otter would swim. But only in his own form could he think as a man, hide, decide, act as a man or as a wizard against the wizard who hunted him.."You could go to Roke," he said, his eyes bright with excitement, mischief, daring. Meeting her."Not till you'd come to Oraby, a ten-twelve miles on south." She considered only briefly. "If you need a room for the night, I have one. Or San might, if you're going to the village.".the sky above me again. But my capacity for surprise was pretty well exhausted. I had had.yes! This is the way." Yet he was following Otter. His touch and his spells pushed him, rushed.and her lower lip, contracting, revealed glistening teeth. In her face was something Egyptian. An.He asked her to stay, he did not tell her to. All she could do was nod..the wizards. Though they speak the True Speech, they are endlessly devious. Some of them clearly.arms to wide feathered wings, and the eagle flew up and off across the wind..She drank her lemonade -- that's what I called the sparkling liquid, in my thoughts -- and again I.The Book of the Dark, written late in the time it tells of, is a compilation of self-contradictory.She looked up and saw the Hoary Man come out of a dark aisle of great oaks and come towards her across the glade..bald. Her joints were swollen knobs in her bone-thin limbs. She looked up once at Otter, moving.and the bush-beans. She looked at the Doorkeeper; he smiled a little. She followed the pale-haired.gave up looking for rasts, the Inner Circle, ducts, and switches; I decided to get out of the station..with the pines. Some good wood for furniture could be salvaged from them.."They may be friends. Did I say it was an easy life?" A pause. Hemlock looked directly at Diamond. "There was a girl," he said.."Later? It varies. To some. . . you always give brit.".She was in tears. They hugged, and she stroked his thick, shining hair and apologized for being.wilderness of cats and hens. She liked cats, toads, and jewels. The amethyst necklace had been.leaving things out, here, things worth knowing....".since his days in a catboat on Havnor Bay..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.."Yes. Of course.".payment for the safe delivery of a son to Golden's head forester. Tangle herself wore armfuls of.They fired every house and field they came to. When they sailed away after a few days they left no.He did as he often did, made a little design out of whatever lay to hand: on the bit of sand on.the Archipelago..of those arts. His talk of the Allking and the Red Mother was mere words. And not the right words.."It's the first time I ever saw one. . . So that's what a cigarette looks like. How can you.learned his true name from the trees of the Immanent Grove, and become the Patterner of Roke, All.our own way together, we'd do better, maybe.".the source and center of magic..Ember parted from him with only a "Good night.".He had not planned or intended any such adventure, but crazy as it was, it suited him better the more he thought about it. The prospect of spending the long grey winter at Westpool sank his spirits like a stone. There was nothing here for him except the girl Dragonfly, who had come to fill his thoughts. Her massive, innocent strength had defeated him absolutely so far, but he did what she pleased in order to have her do at last what he pleased, and the game, he thought, was worth playing. If she ran away with him, the game was as good as won. As for the joke of it, the notion of actually getting her into the School on Roke disguised as a man, there was little chance of pulling it off, but it pleased him as a gesture of disrespect to all the piety and pomposity of the Masters and their toadies. And if somehow it

succeeded, if he could actually get a woman through that door, even for a moment, what a sweet revenge it would be!..the path continued, I saw faintly gleaming hedges, wet bunches of leaves hung over a metal gate.."Oh, they'll come for the glory," said the harper, a lean, long-jawed, wall-eyed fellow of forty.."It always seemed to me they're sort of alike," he said, "magic and music. Spells and tunes. For."What is it - what is it like - on Roke?"..carefully and looked around at the others. "But I don't know if he can keep a lid on the ant-.Morred and Elfarran married, and the poem describes their reign as a brief golden age, the foundation and touchstone of ethic and governance thereafter..So he cherished his free hours as if they were actual meetings with her. He had always loved her, but had not understood that he loved her beyond anyone and anything. When he was with her, even when he was down on the docks thinking of her, he was alive. He never felt entirely alive in Master Hemlock's house and presence. He felt a little dead. Not dead, but a little dead..bones need the sun. The wizard stood still in the doorway of his house, between the dark room and fountain; I got up, walked on in the spreading light of the new day, until I woke from my stupor.misery, she leaped out of bed and opened the shutters..doing what they could to keep the few roads out from becoming choked and murderous with panicky."Even if I argued for you. They won't listen. The Rule of Roke forbids women to be taught any high.Sunreturn and the Long Dance, in the speaking and singing of the traditional songs and epics at."Ah," said the Patterner. "Hard for the housekeeper to give up the keys when the owner comes home."..been honored in his island, and his successor would have both honor and power. Perhaps tempted to.beast he touched is standing yet, and hale. Ten days he spent out there in the wind and the rain..Thirty years before, the pirate lords of Wathort had sent a fleet to conquer Roke, not for its wealth, which was little, but to break the power of its magery, which was reputed to be great. One of the wizards of Roke had betrayed the island to the crafty men of Wathort, lowering its spells of defense and warning. Once those were breached, the pirates took the island not by wizardries but by force and fire. Their great ships filled Thwil Bay, their hordes burned and looted, their slave takers carried off men, boys, young women. Little children and the old they slaughtered. They fired every house and field they came to. When they sailed away after a few days they left no village standing, the farmsteads in ruins or desolate..learned wizardry, fed the chickens, milked the cow. He suggested, once, that Dulse keep goats. He.him down at last into the town at the head of the bay..the Making words he did not know until he spoke them. "Mother, be whole!" he said, and the broken.power, but she didn't know what kind. And I ... I know I do, but I don't know what it is."..them craving power and more power, striving to be strongest. At any rate, as the years went on he.The Changer stood silent, and then he said quietly, with respect, "My friend, what is it you think to do, to learn? What is she, that you ask this for her?"..but had not understood that he loved her beyond anyone and anything. When he was with her, even."Oh no, that's vision. . ."..She had never seen where he lived. He slept wherever he chose to, she imagined, in these warm summer nights, She asked him where the food they ate came from; what the School did not supply for itself, he said, the farmers round about provided, considering themselves well recompensed by the protections the Masters set on their flocks and fields and orchards. That made sense to her. On Way, "a wizard without his porridge" meant something unprecedented, unheard-of. But she was no wizard, and so, thinking to earn her porridge, she did her best to repair the Otter's House, borrowing tools from a farmer and buying nails and plaster in Thwil Town, for she still had half the cheese money..her bed. Nearing the house, he heard crockery breaking. The father, the drunkard, came wobbling."And a good thing too!" Golden said roundly. "What's become of that daughter of hers, then? Went."I'd always counted on your going into the family business," Golden said. His tone was neutral..Ivory nodded gravely. "But the Archmage lost all his power in the land of death. Maybe all magery was weakened then."."Here. I was born here."..business and diplomacy. But Kargish priests never learn writing; and many Kargs still write every.conscience. The big galley they were building now would be rowed to war by Losen's slaves and.for a wizard, Heleth was silent as a stone about some things. Ogion, who respected silence, had.thick as syrup, an unusual concentration of colors. I walked on passively, squinting, abstracted. A.stopped. It was a lion. He lifted himself up heavily, the front first. I saw all of him now, five.and the dragonlords. Maybe he was a teller or a singer? But no; the murrain, he had said..the main Archipelago and the Kargad Lands east of it, while the dragons kept to the westernmost.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (92 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].The guesswork of a wizard is close to knowledge, though he may not know what it is he knows. The.hmn. They know I love him. As for the ships, some had come back, with the men aboard saying they

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