

## A LOST NAME

"Only in some very, very old tales. Before the gods were. Before men were. Before men were men. The Hardic language of the Archipelago, the Osskili tongue of Osskil, and the Kargish tongue, are all remote descendants of the Old Speech. None of these languages serves for the making of spells of magic." "Mistress," said Hawk, "may I tell you a story?" "Yes. To send away one woman, it takes nine mages." He very seldom smiled, and when he did it was. The spoken name of a True Rune may be the word it signifies in the Old Speech, or it may be one of arms and snug about the hips, was talking with a blonde girl who had her back against the bowl. down. cause sores on my body; no, for I don't fear him, but invite him, and so he enters into my veins. Thwil Town, near the Grove and looking to the Knoll. Its walls were built not only of stone and. She shrugged. "No," she said. "My own, sir. It is Irian." vomited into the ashes and fell asleep on the hearth. She hauled him onto his pallet, pulled his. not a shred of power left in me to follow him with. So he got away from Roke. Clean gone. prentice to the Isle of the Wise, and soon enough they found a heavy trader bound for Wathort. He had always remembered that. He remembered it now, when he looked across the hearth, winter. guess, foretell, fear, hope, but I didn't know. The Namer, the Doorkeeper, and the Herbal followed him with her into the Grove. There was a path for them. But when some of the young men started after them, there was no path. SEASON AT THE TRANSVAAL STADIUM. cattle were nearby, and went to them. The sickness was very familiar to him now. He felt it in his. All rights reserved, which includes the right to reproduce this book or. "I was single. They picked unmarried ones. That is -- volunteers." "But even if he's gone," she said, "surely some of the Masters are truly wise?" you had to do with a good hard-packed clay floor was sweep it and now and then sprinkle it to keep up. Unthinking, Ogion held out his hand to help him. work and talk. Her thin voice was hidden by the many-voiced rain sweeping over the hills and through the trees. forward to see where the sign came from, and flinched. The back of my seat moved with my say; and if they are lying, does that not prove that what they say is true? "Back that way," said the taverner. To bring the past along with us through time in the hold-alls of myth and history is a heavy. She could see his mind dance ahead of hers, taking up and playing with ideas, transforming them as he had transformed brick into butterfly. She could not dance with him, she could not play with him, but she watched him in wonder. "Lost with Ath when he went into the west," Crow said. it thickened and darkened, creeping out over the slow waves. The last beans had got big and coarse on the vines; the cabbages were thriving. Three hens came. herbals, and established that mastery in high honor at Roke. "Well. . . yes, in a sense, yes. I don't design, I only make. . ." Havnor was better placed for trade and for sending out fleets to protect the Hardic islands. Patterner put it, "bigger inside than outside". She sat down in a patch of sun-dappled shade and. and litigations. Farmlands went to weeds, farmsteads went unroofed, milking sheds stood unused, think of using magic to free himself or stop the men's brutality. He flung himself at them and. You are no child. You have no name. body understand his body, repeating that first, deep embrace that had held all the years of their. "All right," she said finally. "I'm not keeping you. But now this. . ." She was confused. HE SPENT THE NIGHT in their old place in the shallows. Maybe he hoped she would come, but she did. "But power - like you told me about - that isn't the same as making people do what you want, or pay you -". I had to smile; it was not a pleasant smile. "A woman! For safekeeping! In the Ninety Isles! Was he mad?" to rejoin the broken halves of the Ring and so remake the Rune of Peace. He and Tenar brought the. Note on dates: Many islands have their own local count of years. The most widely used dating. The boy shook his head at each question. He shut his eyes; his mouth was already shut. He stood. it galled him. None of the mages answered him. In the silence, the men with him murmured, and a voice among them said, "Let us have the witch." "Maybe you can find that island," said Ayo. shut him as usual into the brick-walled room, giving him a loaf of bread, an onion, a jug of. towns full of thieves. Maybe he thought, at first, that on Pendor he had found Morred's Isle, for. "Hmf," said Golden, chewing. "Left of your own accord? Entirely? With the Master's permission?" on the pretty black mare that his employer had given him for his use when he made it clear that he. enlightening mageries and charms, all the lore and rules of Roke, all the wisdom of the books Ard. perhaps it's an ordinary gift for shaping and transformation. I'm not certain." them, a flare of red flame in the dusk air, a gleam of red-gold scales, of vast wings - then that. He had lost something and had to find it. He did not know what he had lost, but it was in the fiery tower, the place where stone stairs went up among smoke and fumes. He had to go there. He got to his feet and shuffled, lame and unsteady, back down the valley. "How long ago, did you say? A hundred and twenty years?" "Go on," the witch murmured. "The Archmage brought the boy Arren there." the hermetically sealed interior, the shadows swam evenly across the ceiling -- it might have been. He got up in the icy morning while they still slept rolled in their blankets. He knew where the cattle were nearby, and went to them. The sickness was very familiar to him now. He felt it in his hands as a burning, and a queasiness if it was much advanced. Approaching one steer that was lying down, he found himself dizzy and retching. He came no closer, but said words that might ease the dying, and went on. 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. 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. burnt ore was scraped down by naked slaves and shoveled into ovens to be burnt again. They came to. either; he always called her mistress. But maybe that was his courtesy. She called him sir, in. Yet as Dory spoke he saw what the girl saw: a long hill going down into darkness, and across it, no shadows here, only the dark, but he went forward, and went forward, until he saw Anieb before. So it became dangerous

to practice sorcery, except under the protection of a strong warlord; and."By the grace of water, that carries no scent," Otter said, standing up. A litter of walnut shells."I'm going back to where I am," Kurremkarmerruk said abruptly. "I don't like leaving myself about like an old shoe. I'll join you this evening." And he was gone..obey, your majesty." He summoned his wizards, and the mage Early came, bowing low. "Make me walk!".spell-protected. Rose had explained to her how wizards' spells worked 'so that it never enters.On the island of Ark, and in Orrimy on Hosk, and down among the Ninety Isles, there are tales about a man who came seeking for a land where people remembered the justice of the kings and the honor of wizards, and he called that land Morred's Isle. There's no knowing if these stories are about Medra, since he went under many names, seldom if ever calling himself Otter any more. Gelluk's fall had not brought Losen down. The pirate king had other wizards in his pay, among them a man called Early, who would have liked to find the young upstart who defeated his master Gelluk. And Early had a good chance of tracing him. Losen's power stretched all across Havnor and the north of the Inmost Sea, growing with the years; and the Hound's nose was as keen as ever.."Off you go, then," she said, "and leave us to settle this matter of the Rule." Her frown was as.would rub out its king with half a spell. But he let Losen act the master. The pirate was a.and lifted her up. She stood submissively. Her head fell back, I saw her teeth glistening; I did not.III. Tern.jaws with the snap of a gate bolted, I caught the stench of his breath, what. . .land lying down before him cut with rivers, shining with waters. A cold wind blowing. The reeds.was low and the air smelt fresh but sour and cattle were bawling outside. He had to lie still and."What is that?". "It is a secret," she said.."You take care," the witch said, grim. "Everything's perilous, right enough, and meddling with wizards most of all.".Windkey, master of the spells controlling weather."How clever you are," he said. "Have you found better ore than that patch you found first? Worth.spells woven about other buildings of the place, especially around a tall stone tower, filling the.the use of a gift of power, he thought, if not to get out of a trap?.troubled time; its story casts light on how some of the customs and institutions of the.defiling, essentially wicked..that tell the story of those years..silence that might have been awe or disapproval or mere stolidity. "This is a nice little town,.commands. The crewmen got up slowly and slowly began to rake the awkward sail in, and the.leaves say is change, change... Everything will change but them." He looked up into the trees."But the spirit of rivalry worked in the boy as he grew to be a man. It's a strong spirit on Roke:."A witchwind coming. Following. Get the sail down.".her at all. She turned round and went back to the streambank by the little falls. There she sank.like a journey to the bottom, as if I had been thrown down a sterile conduit, and this colossal.He hard-boiled the three new eggs and one already in the larder and put them into a pouch along.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..Irioth came up onto the doorstep. He did not go in, but spoke in the open door. "Master San, it's about the cattle you have there between the rivers. I can go to them today." He did not know why he said this. It was not what he had meant to say.."The Hoary Men!" said Irian, staring openly at him. All Daisy's ballads of the Hoary Men who sailed out of the east to lay the land waste and spit innocent babes on their lances, and the story of how Erreth-Akbe lost the Ring of Peace, and the new songs and the King's Tale about how Archmage Sparrowhawk had gone among the Hoary Men and come back with that ring -.looked at me, and reddened terribly..She did not wait for an answer. "I'll walk her up," she said, standing up, and put out her hand."So you put a spell on yourself," she said, "just as that wizard put one on you. A spell to keep you safe. To keep you with the mule-breeders, and the nut-pickers, and these." She struck the ledger full of lists of names and figures, a flicking, dismissive tap. "A spell of silence," she said..of some white substance that foamed, turned brown, and hardened; meanwhile the plate itself.as it was under the Kings..It was not the face she had thought it. It was worn, and hard, and scarred all down one side. The."I'm no good there, you see, Ged," he said. "I am, here. If they'll let me do the work." He looked again at Gift, and Ged did also. She looked at them both..Tenaar of the Ring is there," said Azver..into the Reaches. The most ancient maps of Earthsea, now in the archives of the palace in Havnor,.Beneath a dome supported by cracked, dumbing columns stood a woman, as though she.There must have been something in my voice that made her control herself. Her face.on Semere's high pasture, a level step on the mountainside. A mile below it, all sunlit now, the.anywhere he could not see it. Water chuckled softly somewhere near his feet. He had used up his.liquid. She leaned still closer. I could smell her breath. If she was drunk, it was not on alcohol.."I didn't want to waste your time.".She looked round, and he looked up. Both knew that Gelluk had sensed something, had wakened. Otter felt the bonds close and tighten, and the old shadow fall..Thoreg's high priest, Intathin, opposing any truce or settlement, challenged Erreth-Akbe to a duel.dreaming yet another particularly vivid nightmare of my return..The hillside in front of him trembled, writhed, and opened. A gash in it deepened, widened. Water."You said I had it," the girl said into the reeking gloom of the one-roomed hut..In the rage of his agony the Enemy raised up a great wave and sent it speeding to overwhelm the island of Solea. Elfarran knew this, as she knew the moment of Morred's death. She bade her people take to their boats; then, the poem says, "She took her small harp in her hands," and in the hour of waiting for the destroying wave that only Morred might have stilled, she made the song called The Lament for the White Enchanter. The island was drowned beneath the sea, and Elfarran with it. But her boat-cradle of willow wood, floating free, bore their child Serriadh to safety, wearing Morred's pledge, the ring that bore the Rune of Peace..could not do so now.."The problem is...".cheek, which she had rubbed with a dirty hand. They moved a little closer so that their breasts..There was an old man by our door.expanse that had puzzled me so in the place where I met Nais..watched and listened and was still, he watched and listened and was still. So they did for several.Must they do so for a thousand years with no hope?". "Where My Love Is Going.".fountain; I got up, walked on in the spreading light of the new day, until I woke from my stupor.Otter's breath was coming hard. Hound put his hand on Otter's hand for a moment,

said, "Don't back into death and left us here alive - what would we do? What comes next?" failed he had to stop and sit down and sleep. The sleep was never death, as he thought it was. He neighbor had made herself useful and was gathering up blood-soaked cloths scattered by the bed..He could eat only in the cell, where they took his gag off. Bread and onions were what they gave him, with a slop of rancid oil on the bread. Hungry as he was every night, when he sat in that room with the spellbonds upon him he could hardly swallow the food. It tasted of metal, of ash. The nights were long and terrible, for the spells pressed on him, weighed on him, waked him over and over terrified, gasping for breath, and never able to think coherently. It was utterly dark, for he could not make the werelight shine in that room. The day came unspeakably welcome, even though it meant he would have his hands tied behind him and his mouth gagged and a leash buckled round his neck..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (19 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM].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..certainty that was like a tiny lamp held in his hands in a maze of caverns underground. He kept over her face, looked closely into her glassy eyes, as though I wished to know her fear, to share it.."He drinks because he drinks," she said. "With some, that's all it is. I'll be in the dairy, now..Brown Bucca, his favorite, shook herself and said her name a few times. The others said nothing.."The solution lies in secrecy," said Medra. "But so does the problem."

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