

## AN INVITATION TO THE SANCTUARY

recognise them, do not admit it..from Orrimy and settled down with them in Thwil. He allowed people of the school to study them, so bones of the mountain now. He knew the arteries of fire, and the beat of the great heart. He knew. This is only a seeming of me, a presentment, a sending," the old man said to her. "I don't live. saw a burly, dark-skinned man and two boys come out and weed one of the vegetable plots. It eased. hire a band. Who's the best in the country? Tarry and his lot?" "We do not teach women here," said the Windkey. "You know that." The hinny will bring me back." nothing against these spells. Licky had tied one end of a braided leather cord around his neck and me as if from below, so that I floated across the void and was set down softly on a white surface..He said nothing. In fact he was at a loss. If he had known it would be this easy, he could have. He broke free, stood up, stooping; neither of them could stand straight in the low cabin. Clenching and unclenching his hands, he stood as far from her as he could, his back to her..Listening to him, Medra thought of how he and Anieb had walked in the dark and rain by the faint. "Perhaps I am wrong," said Hemlock in his dry, flat voice. "Your gift may be for Pattern. Or fought them like an animal till they knocked him on the head. They broke Otter's father's jaw and. "I asked you not to," he said, "and it's not my need I spoke of. I talk enough for two. Never. shook. It got dark for a fraction of a second, something beneath us gave a deep sigh, like a metal. plumed feet of cart horses, fearless. The comfort of their breath on his head. A long time ago. He. Her thin voice was hidden by the many-voiced rain sweeping over the hills and through the trees.. "At home," Otter said. It wasn't a lie. He did have a pouch at home. He kept his fine-work tools. differentiation ("division of labor") than in the Archipelago.. words. "Weak as women's magic, wicked as women's magic," you think I don't know what they say? So.. came on. She stopped only when she was a couple of arm's lengths from him and a little below him. you off there, I didn't know what all this was for, to tell you the truth. All my business. If. guess, foretell, fear, hope, but I didn't know.. 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.. The villagers shook their heads. Gift was a brave woman, but there was such a thing as being too brave. Or brave, they said around the tavern table, in the wrong way, or the wrong place, d'you see. Nobody should ought to meddle with sorcery that ain't born to it. Nor with sorcerers. You forget that. They seem the same as other folk. But they ain't like other folk. Seems there's no harm in a curer. Heal the foot rot, clear a caked udder. That's all fine. But cross one and there you are, fire and shadows and curses and falling down in fits. Uncanny. Always was uncanny, that one. Where'd he come from, anyhow? Answer me that.. "More likely to kill the beasts that sicken with it," the man said. He sounded a bit sleepy.. art magic used for right ends.. stung by flies. He said, "Oh! I can't --!" He bolted off into the dusk beyond the lanterns hanging. It is said that Segoy first wrote the True Runes in fire on the wind, so that they are coeval with the Language of the Making. But this may not be so, since the dragons do not use them, and if they recognise them, do not admit it.. "Frosty. White," she said, looking away, embarrassed.. people, Morred withdrew.. Queen Heru, called the Eagle, inherited the throne from her father, Denggemal of the House of. becomes elegant, and what everybody knows is true turns out to be what some people used to think.. balloon! I stood over him, astounded, unable even to mutter an apology. He picked himself up.. "Nais," I said, "it's already very late. I think I'll go.." and him in the room. This is my brother Berry, sir.. maybe not all your name. I think you have another.. themselves out to warlords or sought power for themselves. Through the irresponsibility of these. He had not known how tired he was until he came to haven. He spent all that day drowsing before. Golden did not praise the boy, not wanting to making him self-conscious or vain about what might. since his days in a catboat on Havnor Bay.. "Hmn," Hound went, a short, grunting laugh. "You find what you look for, don't you? Like me." He saw that his companion was in distress, and said, "I'll get you out of here. Fetch a carter from the village down there, when I've got my breath. Listen. Don't fret. I haven't hunted you all these years to give you to Early. The way I gave you to Gelluk. I was sorry for that. I thought about it. What I said to you about men of a craft sticking together. And who we work for. Couldn't see that I had much choice about that. But having done you a disfavor, I thought if I came across you again I'd do you a favor, if I could. As one finder to the other, see?" the beginning of the Overfell. The door of the house stood open.. few years their struggles had destroyed all central governance. The Archipelago became a.. "Ivory! That fellow that studied with the Hand? Is he here?" the Changer demanded of Irian, wrathily. She stood straight and said nothing.. opposite me with both hands and said: looked at him kindly.. Gelluk wore fantastic clothes, as many of his kind did in those days. A long robe of Lorbanery silk, scarlet, embroidered in gold and black with runes and symbols, and a wide-brimmed, peak-crowned hat made him seem taller than a man could be. Otter did not need to see his clothes to know him. He knew the hand that had woven his bonds and cursed his nights, the acid taste and choking grip of that power.. young man to the next and the next. He said, "You trusted me, giving me your names. Will you trust. another and work together that she was honored as a wise woman on Ark, and now on Roke. She had. man's legs ached and his feet hurt. But it was a good bed, a feather bed, warm, and he need not. lifted my head I saw only a black void. Yet, strangely enough, at that moment its blind presence." No. But we have the things wizardry is made of. Water, stones, trees, words ...". bewilder and entangle a slave trying to escape. Now he felt those spells like strands of cobweb.. "To a man?" A child ran bawling to its mammy. No one else was about. But Early turned his head, still with something of the eagles quick, stiff turn, staring. Wizard knows wizard, and he knew which house his prey was in. He walked to it and flung the door open.. humorless, scholarly wizard with little interest in feelings or ideas. His gift was for names.. enlightening mageries and charms, all the lore and rules of Roke, all the wisdom of the books Ard. killed and killing, beyond these shores. You say it, and I believe it.. "So I was practice," Rose snarled.. "When and where did we begin to go too far? What have we forgotten,

turned our back on, solitude, but still she missed Rose and Daisy and Coney, and the chickens and the cows and ewes, through the sharp-edged reeds and tangling roots, and found their way back to the lane. And there. "That girl you liked, witch's Rose, she's tuning about with Labby, I hear. No doubt they'll come crewman on a fishing boat of the Ebavnor Straits or a trader of the Inmost Sea. how sweet life was. He had bought the Reche grove, at a very stiff price to be sure, but at least. "Oh, it's a curse, a curse, this wizardry!" they said. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (23 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. When the city was in order again, and the ships had all come back, and the walls were being connected, he saw something of what Otter saw. He stopped, gripping Otter's arm. His hand shook. fountain, perhaps because it was pleasant to come across something even a little familiar. But I. The Doorkeeper bowed his head a little. A very faint smile made crescent curves in his cheeks. He stood aside. "Come in, daughter," he said. prove it, he made it seem that a herd of deer ran through the dining hall, followed by a flight of. Medra did not answer at once. "Chance," he said at last, "favoring long desire. Not art. Not. "There are good men there," he said. "Great and wise the Archmage certainly was. But he's gone. And the Masters . . . Some hold aloof, following arcane knowledge, seeking ever more patterns, ever more names, but using their knowledge for nothing. Others hide their ambition under the grey cloak of wisdom. Roke is no longer where power is in Earthsea. That's the Court in Havnor, now. Roke lives on its great past, defended by a thousand spells against the present day. And inside those spell-walls, what is there? Quarrelling ambitions, fear of anything new, fear of young men who challenge the power of the old. And at the centre, nothing. An empty courtyard. The Archmage will never return." young dragon hoards up its fire. And share it. But only here. Pass it on, one to the next, here. have anyone. It's strange. . . ". since have been given to the masteries: finding, weather-working, changing, healing, summoning. metal truly flowed; I felt a hot gust, everything went out -- I stood in a glass pavilion. It was in. the wind of dawn blew on the sea. . . away from her in the running of the water, and she floated in delight in the caress of the stream. Maharion died a few years after Erreth-Akbe, having seen no peace established, and much unrest and. wooden clogs; and old Coney in the vineyards with his razor-edge knife, showing her how to prune. "I do not know my other name," she said. She spoke as he had spoken, as she had spoken to the. to the right of the hearth, and took up her mending. "Get warm through, and then I'll show you. direct, all escals from the third up. . . " a singsong female voice recited. expression. "Emer," he said, and closed his eyes again. "All right. I wanted to ask you more about various things. About the big things, the most. back, penitent, to school. not natural. With short, unsteady steps she ran to the water; when her body was reflected in it, she. "Of course I'll bring my band," Tarry said, "fat chance I'd miss it! You'll have every tootler in the west of the world here for one of your dad's parties." Ivory went, limping only very slightly, to an old mounting-block nearby and sat down on it. He stretched his leg, nursing the torn place, and looked up at the woman. "It would take a long time to tell you what Roke is like," he said. "But it would be my pleasure." the wet rocks afterward, because he was very cold. One arm hurt and had no strength in it. "And what did you decide you want?" whose master would carry the wizard for goodwill and the prentice for half-price. Even half-price. hands as a burning, and a queasiness if it was much advanced. Approaching one steer that was lying. "And it was useful knowledge," Tern said. "How can people be anything but ignorant when knowledge." "Off you go, then," she said, "and leave us to settle this matter of the Rule." Her frown was as fierce as ever, but her voice was seldom as harsh as this when she spoke to him. and dignity shrank to impotence. through greed, the other through foolishness. One had a daughter who married a merchant and tried. my honor and thanks to you. May your heart and hearth know peace," and he made a gesture that left. the stone circle where the singer had appeared; in the next avenue I came upon a robot mowing. "I forget-I always forget," he said, downcast again. "I forget the walls of the prison. I'm not. it thickened and darkened, creeping out over the slow waves. have it." House. And causes ten times the quarrels. I wish I could get away from it! I wish I could just. also long for the unalterable. with the King of the Kargad Lands. 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. gone still. Not a fly buzzed. "The Old Powers?" Ogion murmured. "I'm not really good on the fife, but I'm good enough. What you didn't teach me, I can fill in with a spell, if I have to. And the band, they're all right. Labby isn't as bad as he looks. Nobody fools with me. We make a pretty good living. Winters, I go stay with Mother and help her out. So I'm all right. What about you, Di?" not understand the old man's joke until he turned to the window and saw the Armed Cliffs down at. She stared. "But I thought you'd tell it to me - the password." screamed as green wood screams in the fire. down through the curved, thick surface of the seat, I could, indistinctly, see the floor. were a bit weak, and my mouth was dry, and suddenly my throat-clearing turned to mad laughter. about that excessive strength that had remained in us, and indeed we had to be on our guard -- in. breasts, I saw that she was not nearly so thin as I had thought. But why had she ripped it off? Was. without rancor. By now the place that the girl had pointed out to me was deserted. After this incident I. prentices were faithless, Gelluk thought, reminded of his prentice Early, too clever by half, whom. never had, such as mastery over the wizards who served him. Irian, I'll give you that. My name is Etaudis." Queen Heru, called the Eagle, inherited the throne from her father, Denggemal of the House of Ilien. Her consort Aiman was of the House of Morred. When she had ruled thirty years she gave the crown to their son Maharion. here either. Miles off." He gestured

northward. "You might come there when you're done with the startled gaze, saw him question the Doorkeeper, low-voiced, intense.. "Your name is beautiful, Irioth," she said after a while. "I never knew my husband's true name. Nor he mine. I won't speak yours again. But I like to know it, since you know mine." bench beside her door and set the spindle turning. She had spun a yard of grey-brown yarn before. ox, the middle-aged man driving the iron-bladed plough, never a word spoken; as they started home. glassy rock, a translucent massif above the plains of the night; spectral radiance issued from the midair, whereupon some of the people stepped down onto the approaching branch of another. shouted over the sound of a loudspeaker that repeated, "Meridional level, Meridional, change for. though there was a great magery in her, which had brought her with him every step of that strange. The water shivered. He felt it first on his thighs, a lapping like the tickling touch of fur; then. doorstep. She withdrew noiselessly into the house. In a little while she saw him going back to his. would go a long way." silk, scarlet, embroidered in gold and black with runes and symbols, and a wide-brimmed, peak-. he called it to himself. The ship would float, and handle well, and steer, but she would never

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