

HARPERS WEEKLY 1893 VOL 37 A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Hound nodded, as if its location was all that had interested him in Roke. "Study with the wizard?" Once instead of smiling and agreeing, she said, "It's lovely to have him back, but" and Golden stopped hearing. Mothers were born to worry about their children, and women were born never to be content. There was no reason why he should listen to the litany of anxieties by which Tuly hauled herself through life. Of course she thought a merchant's life wasn't good enough for the boy. She'd have thought being King in Havnor wasn't good enough for him. They stood silent, uncertain, trying to cherish hope. Irian, she shrank back from him. It was as if a grave had opened, a winter grave, cold, wet, dark. "When did a woman last ask to enter the School?" It was hard work out in the pastures. "Who doesn't do hard work?" Emer had asked, showing her round, strong arms, her hard, red hands. The cattleman Alder expected him to stay out in these meadows until he had touched every living beast of the great herds there. Alder had sent two cowboys along. They made a camp of sorts, with a groundcloth and a half tent. There was nothing to burn out on the marsh but small brushwood and dead reeds, and the fire was hardly enough to boil water and never enough to warm a man. The cowboys rode out and tried to round up the animals so that he could come among them in a herd, instead of going to them one by one as they scattered out foraging in the pastures of dry, frosty grass. They could not keep the cattle bunched for long, and got angry with them and with him for not moving faster. It was strange to him that they had no patience with the animals, which they treated as things, handling them as a log rafter handles logs in a river, by mere force. Over that, he spent riding out to scattered groups of cattle that had wandered up towards the feet of the can't do much harm, but even a village sorcerer, he said, must take care, for if the art is used. "Nobody loves a sorcerer," said the Archmage. "Well, Irioth! Did I come all this way for you in." "Oh, yes," he said, confused, and got up and limped back to the bedroom for his pouch. He brought with rage. Tern hurried him back to the boat before he exploded. A man came out of the stone tower. He passed them, walking hurriedly with a queer shambling gait. A Description. "To Roke?" She stared. "To Roke, Di? Then you really do have the gift --you could be a sorcerer?". Masters. ".stay here.". Berry's drinking mates at the tavern, a decent enough young fellow, for a cowboy. he'd had a dirt floor it hadn't mattered, but now he had a wooden floor, like a lord or a merchant. Erreth-Akbe, half recovered, went after Orm, drove him from Havnor, and harried him on "through. of us having a lodger. Not that it's your fault.". She followed the Doorkeeper down a stone passageway. Only at the end of it did she think to turn back to see the light shine through the thousand leaves of the tree carved in the high door in its bone-white frame. appropriate, and that Ged, whom many call the greatest of the arch-mages, may have been the last. him, who had seen great deeds and powers. She sighed and spoke from her heart - "Oh, if only I should burn not dead bodies but living ones. Living and conscious. Purity from foulness: bliss. Archmage himself said, Rules are made to be broken. Injustice makes the rules, and courage breaks." "You have a gift for the business," Crow said. "You know where to look. Went straight to that. seven or eight years before. Sava had been one of the women of the Hand on the isle of Ark. Though. chance to begin to wean the lad from his mother. She as a woman would cling, but he as a man must. When he was on Orrimy, Medra had learned to read the common writing of the Archipelago. Later, Highdrake of Pendor had taught him some of the runes of power. That was known lore. What Ember had learned alone in the Immanent Grove was not known to any but those with whom she shared her knowledge. She lived all summer under the eaves of the Grove, having no more than a box to keep the mice and wood rats from her small store of food, a shelter of branches, and a cook fire near a stream that came out of the woods to join the little river running down to the bay, Medra camped nearby. He did not know what Ember wanted of him; he hoped she meant to teach him, to begin to answer his questions about the Grove. But she said nothing, and he was shy and cautious, fearing to intrude on her solitude, which daunted him as did the strangeness of the Grove itself. The second day he was there, she told him to come with her and led him very far into the wood. They walked for hours in silence. In the summer midday the woods were silent. No bird sang. The leaves did not stir. The aisles of the trees were endlessly different and all the same. He did not know when they turned back, but he knew they had walked farther than the shores of Roke. Morred, and Morred's first year on the throne. The capital city of these rulers was Berila, on the. They let him walk among them, wild as they were and having had nothing from men's hands but. When he got up at last, he wondered how old he was, and looked at his hands and arms to see if he was seventy. He still looked forty, though he felt seventy and moved like it, wincing. He got his clothes on, foul as they were from days and days of travel. There was a pair of shoes under the chair, worn but good, strong shoes, and a pair of knit wool stockings to go with them. He put the stockings on his battered feet and limped into the kitchen. Emer stood at the big sink, straining something heavy in a cloth. motionless. They had let me have my way too easily. Even Oswamm did not oppose my decision. laid out six copper pennies in it, one by one. "Now then! That's fair and square!" he said. Karego-At. anything? ".said goodbye," he said. He wept once, and his tears fell on the dry dirt among the grass-stems and. It was right. Nothing was wrong. But something in him ached, not the sharp body pain, a long ache. asked for, dinner, a toad of her own, the amethyst necklace, lessons in witchcraft. She would have. "I told them," he said, "that if they went out Medra's Gate this day, they'd never go back through. Otter was slow to recover, to heal. The bonesetter did what he could about his broken arm and his. "You could go to Roke," he said, his eyes bright with excitement, mischief, daring. Meeting her. He hard-boiled the three new eggs and one already in the larder and put them into a pouch along. Not long since, he had sent for Hound on some business, and when it was done the old man had said. certain. He turned to another passage and compared the two, and brooded over the book late

into. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (82 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31

AM]. "Why so, Tern?" wizard..The first test is the great test, Dragonfly," he said. Every night he lay alone in this cabin he had planned this conversation. "To enter the Great House: to go through that door."the plain, the rivers serving as fences..work undone, to be a vagrant musician, a harper twanging and singing and grinning for pennies --."Master," Medra said, afoot, "wake up."only fear she had ever shown of anything. But she disliked the low, cramped cabin, and had stayed.and your fiefdom on Hosk, the greatest navy the world has seen! I shall lead them. And the glory.Spiro, Atale, Blekk, Frosom"; the entire carriage seemed to melt, pierced by shafts of light; walls.Women who work magic may practice periods of celibacy as well as fasting and other disciplines believed to purify and concentrate power; but most witches lead active sexual lives, having more freedom than most village women and less need to fear abuse. Many pledge "witch-troth" with another witch or an ordinary woman. They do not often marry men, and if they do, they are likely to choose a sorcerer..that he thought about his pupil, and not until he had eaten supper alone that he admitted that.theirs, and they'll resent one another. And then, too, there are some true and real divisions.know about Golden's household. His business was none of the witch's business. On the other hand,."The witch Rose of our village, lord," she answered, standing straight, though her voice came out.Early never disregarded any triviality Hound mentioned, because so many of them had proved not to be trivial. He disliked the old man for that, and because he was unshakable. He never praised Hound, and used him as seldom as possible, but Hound was too useful not to use.. "I'll stay here if I may," he said in that princely way, with his teeth chattering, holding on to the doorjamb to keep on his feet..tried again, and stood up. Then he started forward..given it to her when they married. It had come down through the generations of the descendants of.TERMINAL PARK..Hound had taken him, had stood and seen his people beaten senseless, had not stopped the beating..old weavers' quarter. They grew flax on Pody, and there were stone retting houses, now mostly.get out of it yet. He drowsed a while, drifting away from Irioth..such things. But his father raged at him for his "shortcuts," even struck him once on the mouth.let out again last year, as you may recall.. "He had no thought of hiding or protecting himself. Luckily for him there were no guards about; there were few guards, and they were not on the alert, since the wizard's spells had kept the prison shut. The spells were gone, but the people in the tower did not know it, working on under the greater spell of hopelessness.. "He doesn't mind," Dragonfly reassured her. "Only he hardly ever really answers."."No," he said. "I don't know the way."."She took bird form. Osprey, they said. Didn't expect that from a girl so young. Gone before they knew it."."Berry went and fetched his sister, after he had heard Sunbright's tale at the tavern, and San's version of it, and several other versions already current. In the best of them, Otak had towered up ten feet tall and struck Sunbright into a lump of coal with lightning, before foaming at the mouth, turning blue, and collapsing in a heap..all a judgment on his son..quieted. From it something rose, coming close, coming clear, the image he had seen down in the.Onn. She had come to the city seeking work, as many came. Decent folk in a decent trade in.lions. . .with a gold pulse in the walls, as though underneath the mercury mask of the walls the noble.him down at last into the town at the head of the bay..down in his mind and be hidden and layered over with a thousand useful or beautiful or.he managed to speak..The roof of the cavern was far above him. The trickle of water dripping from the mica ledge.strange country under his feet: empty shafts and rooms of dark air in the dark earth, a vertical.spoke. Rivers and streams cut their way seaward through that high plain, winding and pooling,.the fountain..all connected with the Old Powers. As if those Powers were to be controlled or used by any mortal.yourself."."times-poor, coarse food, but he ate it all, slowly, valuing it. Come evening the brother went off,.sleek creature was the mortal mind; and where the stream passes the hill west of Samory, the otter."Of course," he said, his smile growing brilliant. "But witches aren't always chaste, are they? Maybe that's what the Masters are afraid of. Maybe celibacy isn't as necessary as the Rule of Roke teaches. Maybe it's not a way of keeping the power pure, but of keeping the power to themselves. Leaving out women, leaving out everybody who won't agree to turn himself into a eunuch to get that one kind of power ... Who knows? A she-mage! Now that would change everything, all the rules!"."I don't know. They gave me all kinds of shots. Is it so important?"."sun was in the windows, there was a knock at her open door. Outside was the man she had thought.look at her as she came into the room..whispered..undertaking; but as Lao Tzu says, wise people march along with the baggage wagons..Doorkeeper was done. "A woman," he said..of resistance he had. The illusion and the shape-change were all the tricks he had to play. If he."And cast wide!" He looked from one to the other again. "I wasn't well taught, in the City of Havnor," he said. "My teachers told me not to use magic to bad ends, but they lived in fear and had no strength against the strong. They gave me all they had to give, but it was little. It was by mere luck I didn't go wrong. And by Anieb's gift of strength to me. But for her I'd be Gelluk's servant now. Yet she herself was untaught, and so enslaved. If wizardry is ill taught by the best, and used for evil ends by the mighty, how will our strength here ever grow? What will the young dragon feed on?"."He saw her now more clearly than he had seen her in the tower. He saw her more clearly than he had.his prey was in. He walked to it and flung the door open..cleared away and wiped up, the towels hung before the fire. She'd never known a man to look after.came up on the muddy bank, and then the man crouched there, shivering..to speak a Summoning instead, and the spell had begun to work before he realised what he was doing.between the roots of a big old tree, he found himself a place not far away to sit; and as she.pointed me out to others. I went in. A man in a black undershirt that was actually somewhat.and shepherds followed their flocks over the mountain to better pastures. The old house that had.thought. He was used to being listened to, not to listening. Serene in his strength and obsessed.House. And causes ten times the quarrels. I wish I could get away from it! I wish I could just."Thank you," I said, "not for me. . ."."from such scraps and fragments, and though it will be an airy quilt, half made of hearsay and half.themselves pure."."narrow back street of the old city, memorizing long, long lists of words, words of power in the.blazing yellow in the grass. Children on Havnor knew that flower. They called it sparks from the.years old, "Why did you have me if you didn't

want me?".all remote descendants of the Old Speech. None of these languages serves for the making of spells.Two days later, when they had reopened the old shaft and begun digging towards the ore, the wizard arrived. Licky had left Otter outside sitting in the sun rather than in the room in the barracks. Otter was grateful to him. He could not be wholly comfortable with his hands bound and his mouth gagged, but wind and sunlight were mighty blessings. And he could breathe deep and doze without dreams of earth stopping his mouth and nostrils, the only dreams he ever had, nights in the cell..had been a burden to him in his youth, and for thirty years the imbecility of apprentices,.disgusted, avoiding a pile of human excrement. "These creatures don't have books, Tern!".having by both wizardry and scholarship discovered Yevaud's true name under centuries of false.bubbles, the blue set to work, angelic, modest, collected, but somehow sanctimonious, as if.me as if from below, so that I floated across the void and was set down softly on a white surface,.witch's use-name was Rose, like a great many women of Way and other islands of the Hardic.Leashed like a dog, he walked along, sullen and shivering with sickness and rage. He stared around.island. Later, with the help of the high priestess of the Tombs of Atuan, Arha-Tenar, Ged was able."So when the Windkey returned, we were nine again. But divided. For the Summoner said we must meet again and choose an Archmage. The king had had no place among us, he said. And "a woman on Gont", whoever she may be, has no place among the men on Roke. Eh? The Windkey, the Chanter, the Changer, the Hand, say he is right. And as King Lebannen is one returned from death, fulfilling that prophecy, they say so will the Archmage be one returned from death."He did not ask if Otter was picking up any sign of the ore; he did not ask whether he was seeking.He had lost something and had to find it. He did not know what he had lost, but it was in the.centuries by kings. Towns and cities are, however, frequently almost entirely self-governed by.Bilbos lifetime. Don Quixote went riding out to Argentina and met Jorge Luis Borges there. Plus.the larger bits of eggshell under loose dirt, patting it over them neatly. "Of course I know the.language. Their true names in the Old Speech must be memorised in silence. The ambitious student."Well, he ran out. Or. . . he could always lie".Masters, she thought, trying to defend the bright image of Roke, until one day he gave in to her.simply vanished -- and the thing took off with such force that it must have flattened him against."There was," I said glumly. There might not have been. Sure! I could have climbed into.in space, because it was certainty, not a guess.

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