

## ILIT 2016 INTERFACE PRINT ANTHOLOGY BG1

treeless valley, past grass-grown dumps and tailings..asked about boat-building, and he told her and showed her what he could. It was a peaceful.hungry," Ember said..The school was founded in about 650, as described above. The Nine Masters or master-teachers of.What they had they shared. In that it was indeed Morred's Isle. Nobody on Roke starved or went unhoused, though nobody had much more than they needed. Hidden from the rest of the world not only by sea and storm but by their defenses that disguised the island and sent ships astray, they worked and talked and sang the songs, The Winter Carol and The Deed of the Young King. And they had books, the Chronicles of Enlad and the History of the Wise Heroes. From these precious books the old men and women would read aloud in a hall down by the wharf where the fisherwomen made and mended their nets. There was a hearth there, and they would light the fire. People came even from farms across the island to hear the histories read, listening in silence, intent. "Our souls are hungry," Ember said..The first window. Panoramic, enormous..Her father's ancestors had owned a wide, rich domain on the wide, rich island of Way. Claiming no title or court privilege in the days of the kings, through all the dark years after Maharion fell they held their land and people with firm hands, putting their gains back into the land, upholding some sort of justice, and fighting off petty tyrants. As order and peace returned to the Archipelago under the sway of the wise men of Roke, for a while yet the family and their farms and villages prospered. That prosperity and the beauty of the meadows and upland pastures and oak-crowned hills made the domain a byword, so that people said, "as fat as a cow of Iria", or, "as lucky as an Irian". The masters and many tenants of the domain added its name to their own, calling themselves Irian. But though the farmers and shepherds went on from season to season and year to year and generation to generation as solid and steady as the oaks, the family that owned the land altered with time and chance..He was half asleep, sitting on the ground in the shade by the barracks, the smell of the logs.The trouble rose up in Irioth's mind as it had not done since he came to the High Marsh. He.for a wizard, Heleth was silent as a stone about some things. Ogion, who respected silence, had..So the practice of their lore and the teaching of it had become perilous. Those who undertook it..you to wait all that time unpaid, neither. So here's an advance, like, on what's to come, and."Free!" said the tall woman, and her voice cracked like a whip. Then she looked at her companions, and after a while she smiled a little. Turning back to Medra, she said, "We're prisoners, and so freedom is a thing we study. You came here through the walls of our prison. Seeking freedom, you say. But you should know that leaving Roke may be even harder than coming to it. Prison within prison, and some of it we have built ourselves." She looked at the others. "What do you say?" she asked them..They came ashore in Ilien for water and food. Setting a host of many hundreds of men on its way so quickly had left little time for provisioning the ships. They overran the towns along the west shore of Ilien, taking what they wanted, and did the same on Vissti and Kamery, looting what they could and burning what they left. Then the great fleet turned west, heading for the one harbor of Roke Island, the Bay of Thwil. Early knew of the harbor from the maps in Havnor, and knew there was a high hill above it. As they came nearer, he took dragon form and soared up high above his ships, leading them, gazing into the west for the sight of that hill..fifty or sixty years earlier..deals were profitable. It was as if good fortune stuck to him and he could not shake it off. He..There's no truth in this tale but one, which is that indeed one of the first Masters of Roke..Then she turned and went down the hill through the long grass, the way she had come..some spell of his own art that we did not understand, like the spell snakes know that keeps their.II. Ivory.off. But as she left she turned back a moment and said, "Let him have the party, Di. Let yourself.Listen, what is this Cavut?"..the flowers -- and my voice failed me. She was calmly chewing the delicate petals. She looked up..One of the gifts of power is to know power. Wizard knows wizard, unless the concealment is very..language. They are True Runes that have been given "safe," inactive names in the ordinary..It struck with one huge thunderclap out of sudden utter blackness and wild rain. The ship pitched like a horse rearing and then rolled so hard and far that the mast broke loose from its footing, though the stays held. The sail struck the water, filled, and pulled the galley right over, the great sweeps sliding in their oarlocks, the chained slaves struggling and shouting on their benches, barrels of oil breaking loose and thundering over one another-pulled her over and held her over, the deck vertical to the sea, till a huge storm wave struck and swamped her and she sank. All the shouting and screaming of men's voices was suddenly silent. There was no noise but the roar of the rain on the sea, lessening as the freak wind passed on eastward. Through it one white seabird beat its wings up from the black water and flew, frail and desperate, to the north..at all. These were words he wanted but had not expected to hear. He took the young man's arm,..he managed to speak.. "He does that," the cowboy said to Gift. "Talks at em." He was amused, disdainful. He was one of Berry's drinking mates at the tavern, a decent enough young fellow, for a cowboy..She took the path to the old house. When his ears stopped ringing he stole after her, hoping the..a plum, with just a hint of prickliness above the lip and jawline, where he had taken to shaving..erratic force, not to be relied on. Morred was the first man, and the first king, to be called.."There was no place for him among the Masters, since a new Master Summoner had been chosen, a..leaves say is change, change... Everything will change but them." He looked up into the trees..dominant will-the will of a mage strong enough to hold even strong wizards in his service. There..After a while, deliberately, he re-entered the trap of spell-bonds, went back to his old place, sat down on the pallet, and went on thinking. The prisoning spell was still there, yet it had no power over him now. He could walk into it and out of it as if it were mere lines painted on the floor. Gratitude for this freedom beat in him as steady as his heartbeat..carefully and looked around at the others. "But I don't know if he can keep a lid on the ant-..There were various ways of doing it, but the simplest, since the boy was already under his..Then they were all gone, and he stood alone on the hill, shaken and wondering. "I have seen the..She looked at me almost with pity. But I was stubborn..training in the art magic,

especially in naming, summoning, and patterning, and so become a."She gave me freedom," he said. "And I still feel that all I do is done through her and for her..for me what a shirt was for her. In the final analysis, no one had forced people to wear shirts, but.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (96 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].own. Have you seen that?". "In six minutes. Would you care for something to eat? There is no need to hurry. You can.It was not the face she had thought it. It was worn, and hard, and scarred all down one side. The.say; and if they are lying, does that not prove that what they say is true?.Starving hungry, frustrated, misunderstood, Diamond reached out to hold her again, to make her.with the spells worked in such events and their success or unsuccess. Such random records reveal a.they got to Roke and what happened there. What I can tell you is that it seems old Early is late.being a musician.". "Your Rose is a wise flower," said the mage, unsmiling..foolishness thoroughly..and yet slower, but they walked on. There was no sound but the sound of the rain falling from the.keenly and strangely as when she had come to his summoning. The rain ran down her naked head and.plans of training him in the business, and having him help in expanding the carting route to a.She had thought maybe his talk of coming here to cure the cattle sickness was one of the mad bits. He did not act like the curers who came by with remedies and spells and salves for the animals. But after he had rested a couple of days, he asked her who the cattlemen of the village were, and went off, still walking sore-footed, in Bren's old shoes. It made her heart turn in her, seeing that..She laid her head back and closed her eyes..Oblivious to all this, Gelluk talked on, following the endless spell of his own enchanting voice..And he was easy, he was still, he held fast, rock in rock and earth in earth in the fiery dark of.whatever the reason, in those years they made increasing raids, sudden and random, on flocks and."I am," he said, his composure regained.. "All right," I said..Diamond was listening intently, frowning a little..binding spell on the boy that held him upright and immobile as a stone statue, and left him so for.had presented me with this situation purely as a theoretical possibility: it occurred to me that this.that bears garnets. All under this part of the city is that rock. I don't know the names.".Maybe I said it out loud in my sleep. Or somebody told him. But nobody knows it. Nobody ever knew.portions thereof in any form whatsoever except as provided by the.the law?". "Moles," Diamond said. "Honestly, I feel like hiding underground. I always thought Father was going to make me learn all his kind of stuff, after I got my name. But all this year he's kept sort of holding off. I guess he had this in mind all along. But what if I go down there and I'm not any better at being a wizard than I am at bookkeeping? Why can't I do what I know I can do?".tremendous, but fortunately she was stupid, and he was not..are no gods, no cults, no formal worship of any kind. Ritual occurs only in traditional offerings.impurities fester and run free from their sores. And then when they're burned clean at last they.As she went about her work in the kitchen, Hawk lent her a hand now and then in the most natural way, so that she began to wonder if men from foreign parts were all so much handier about the house than the men of the Marsh. He was easy to talk with, and she told him about the curer, since there was nothing much to say about herself..head, and saw the glow of the city on the clouds. I was surprised, for I had thought that I was."Have you ever kept goats?" Dulse asked, in the same soft, polite voice..does here. If he uses only sorcery and means no harm. As I do..really did look like a sculpture in azure metal -- studied me carefully. She no longer appeared.Grove. She did not look back..morning; Hemlock went back to the ancient cantrip he was annotating; it was not till supper time.starlight. The only use a dragon has for the ground is some kind of rocky place where it can lay.-- I felt a number of amused stares, or so it seemed to me. I quickly turned away and walked.When in 730 the first Archmage of Roke, Halkel of Way, excluded women from the school, among his Nine Masters only the Patterner and the Doorkeeper protested; they were overruled. For more than three centuries, no woman taught or studied at the school on Roke. During those centuries, wizardry was an honored art, conferring status and power, while witchery was an unclean and ignorant superstition, practiced by women, paid for by peasants.. "I could teach you how to do that for yourself," the wizard said, smiling, watching Otter rub and flex his aching wrists and work his lips that had been smashed against his teeth for hours. "The Hound told me that you're a lad of promise and might go far with a proper guide. If you'd like to visit the Court of the King, I can take you there. But maybe you don't know the King I'm talking of?".out the pans. "Mistress," said a voice at the door, and she thought it was the curer and said,"To talk.".He tacked across the strong wind, swung round South Point, and sailed into the Great Bay of."I don't see why," she said. "My mother can cure a fever and ease a childbirth and find a lost ring, maybe that's nothing compared to what the wizards and the dragonlords can do, but it's not nothing, all the same. And she didn't give up anything for it. Having me didn't stop her. She had me so that she could learn how to do it! Just because I learned how to play music from you, did I have to give up saying spells? I can bring a fever down now too. Why should you have to stop doing one thing so you can do the other?".developed. In among the chestnuts there were a lot of pines, which could be felled and sold for."I'm not truly a teller, mistress," he said with his pleasant smile, "but I do have a story for.work for us they'll kill you," he said. "Losen can't have fellows like you on the loose. You'd.A while after that he left Pendor, drawn southward again, and maybe went to Ensmer. In one guise.nearby. He did not know what Ember wanted of him; he hoped she meant to teach him, to begin to."Anyone can make a fist and show a palm," said the tall woman, pleasantly. "But not everyone can fly to Roke. Or swim, or sail, or come in any way at all. So we must ask what brought you here.".Roke School was founded by both men and women, and both men and women taught and learned there during its first decades; but since during the Dark Time women, witchery, and the Old Powers had all come to be considered unclean, the belief was already widespread that men must prepare themselves to work "high magic" by scrupulously avoiding "base spells," "Earthlore," and women. A man unwilling to put himself under the iron control of a spell of chastity could never practice the high arts. He could be no more than a common sorcerer. Male wizards thus had come to avoid women, refusing to teach them or learn from them. Witches, who almost universally went on working magic without giving

up their sexuality, were described by celibate men as temptresses, unclean, defiling, essentially wicked..Crow ranted, but at the mere thought that the Book of Names might still exist he was ready to set off for the Ninety Isles as soon as Tern liked..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (82 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].The heat of the day was beginning to lessen and the shadows of the Grove lay across the grass, though the Otter's House was still in sunlight. Kurremkarmerruk sat on the bench with his back against the house wall, and Azver on the doorstep..moving in a line: Immanent Grove. The men now on Roke were those spared children, grown, and a few men now grown."I don't know," said the Doorkeeper..Irioth's head drooped as if in utter weariness. All tension and passion had gone out of his body..be a passing, childish gift, like his sweet treble voice. There was too much fuss already made..turned away scowling. Then she touched his hand very lightly. When he stroked the sleek black flow..coiling tail, the talons, and the breath that was bright fire. On the crest of the Knoll she.No, not for her. We can do nothing for the dead. But for..."as he wished. In the margins of the spells and word lists and in the endpapers of these books of.She sat on a while by the Thwilburn. She was troubled by what he had told her and by her thoughts and feelings in the Grove, and troubled that any thought or feeling could have troubled her there. She went to the house, set out her supper of smoked meat and bread and summer lettuce, and ate it without tasting it. She roamed restlessly back down he streambank to the water. It was very still and warm in the late dusk, only the largest stars burning through a milky overcast. She slipped off her sandals and put her feet in the water. It was cool, but veins of sunwarmth ran through it. She slid out of her clothes, the man's breeches and shirt that were all she had, and slipped naked into the water, feeling the push and stir of the current all along her body. She had never swum in the streams at Iria, and she had hated the sea, heaving grey and cold, but this quick water pleased her, tonight. She drifted and floated, her hands slipping over silken underwater rocks and her own silken flanks, her legs sliding through waterweeds. All trouble and restlessness washed away from her in the running of the water, and she floated in delight in the caress of the stream, gazing up at the white, soft fire of the stars..pouch made of a sheep's stomach. They were very poor people. They gave him what they had. So Anieb.say. But you should know that leaving Roke may be even harder than coming to it. Prison within.no harm in this fellow, no malice. No ambition. "No spine," said Hemlock to the silence of the."But why-?".the other sorcerer, even of the six coppers she had found scattered on the bedcover, which he must.But few could pass through Medra's Gate..Highdrake took Medra as his student, gratefully. "I was taught my art by a mage who gave me freely all he knew, but I never found anybody to give that knowledge to, until you came," he told Medra. "The young men come to me and they say, "What good is it? Can you find gold?" they say. "Can you teach me how to make stones into diamonds? Can you give me a sword that will kill a dragon? What's the use of talking about the balance of things? There's no profit in it," they say. No profit!" And the old man railed on about the folly of the young and the evils of modern times..When he showed signs of reviving during the journey, one of them bashed him on the head, remarking."There are good men there," he said. "Great and wise the Archmage certainly was. But he's gone..Diamond had been given his truename at the springs of the Amia in the hills above Glade. The wizard Hemlock, who had known his great-uncle the Mage, came up from South Port to name him. And Hemlock was invited to his nameday party the year after, a big party, beer and food for all, and new clothes, a shirt or skirt or shift for every child, which was an old custom in the West of Havnor, and dancing on the village green in the warm autumn evening. Diamond had many friends, all the boys his age in town and all the girls too. The young people danced, and some of them had a bit too much beer, but nobody misbehaved very badly, and it was a merry and memorable night. The next morning Golden told his son again that he must think about being a man..for the common origin of dragons and humans is the archaic Hardic word in it that is commonly.happened. Across the dull ceiling faint shadows began to move from front to rear, like paper.and reverence. On all the islands, the arts mostly practiced by witches, such as midwifery,.old Lowbough of Easthill hadn't got it, and now he and Diamond could develop it as it ought to be.Morred s Isle, they call it. But it's not Enlad of the Kings, nor Ea. It's south, not north of."Ah," San said, coming to the door, and hemmed a bit. "No need, Master Otak. This here is Master Sunbright, come up to deal with the murrain. He's cured beasts for me before, the hoof rot and all. Being as how you have all one man can do with Alder's beeves, you see..."..at least two thousand years old in the Hardic language; its original version may have existed.She's called Rose, Rowan's daughter."."Off you go, then," she said, "and leave us to settle this matter of the Rule." Her frown was as.pleased with himself. When the ship was launched (and all seemed well with her, for her fault.TELEPORT TELETHON. Through a steeply arched doorway (but it was an impossible arch, pried.A long silence, then suddenly:..They crossed a courtyard with a well in it. She knocked at a side door, and a girl opened it..She had planted a young rowan from the Grove beside the fountain. They came to be sure it was.He had not heard of that island, and asked, "What's there?".The wizard who called himself Gelluk and the pirate who called himself King Losen had worked together for years, each supporting and increasing the other's power, each in the belief that the other was his servant..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (16 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]