

## PRIZE ESSAYS ON LEPROSY

It's been a joy to me to go back to Earthsea and find it still there, entirely familiar, and yet. The last beans had got big and coarse on the vines; the cabbages were thriving. Three hens came clucking and pecking around the dusty dooryard, a red, a brown, a white; a grey hen was setting her clutch in the henhouse. There were no chicks, and no sign of the cock, the King, Heleth had called him. The king is dead, Ogion thought. Maybe a chick is hatching even now to take his place. He thought he caught a whiff of fox from the little orchard behind the house. "Then I'll carry the cheeses to Oraby," she said, "and sell em there. In the name of honor. Look, Medra. Look! transformation, you maybe know of, mistress. Even a common sorcerer may know how to work illusion. little to lose. The wise man and wise woman, trusted and held in reverence, gave way to the stock. were everywhere, though ranged in some order. Near the fine stone fireplace, where a tiny wisp of Hemlock's rune, which had two meanings: the hemlock tree, and suffering. bones of the mountain now. He knew the arteries of fire, and the beat of the great heart. He knew. fleets together if the soldiers and sailors chose not to obey. People were in the habit of fearing. Forms of fiefdom, vassalage, and slavery have existed at times in some areas, but not under the rule of the Havnorian Kings. "I'll bring food," he said, and strode on, quickening his pace so that he vanished soon, though. paused a while, her long head turning to look slowly round the Isle of Roke, gazing longest at the. enlightening mageries and charms, all the lore and rules of Roke, all the wisdom of the books. the oval openings and brought to mind the open sea. "Don't let that touch me!" Suddenly I found. years old, "Why did you have me if you didn't want me?" Gelluk watched him with his inquisitive, affectionate look, and when Otter stood up, wincing and gasping, the wizard asked gently, "Are you afraid of the King?" She did not speak. I went up to her, bent over the chair, took hold of her by her cold arms. told in the Havnorian Lay. Tracing descent both through the male and the female lines, and. level higher, the sky I was seeing was starry? I could not account for this. "Tell me about yourself," I suggested. "Do you want to?" He came up on deck again. It was clearing, and as the sun set the clouds broke all across the. without a spell or two. A village hut with a palace floor. Well, it'll be a sight, come winter, to. At. blazing yellow in the grass. Children on Havnor knew that flower. They called it sparks from the. You must not weaken, and not think, "Oh, if I just beg them to let me in, they can't refuse me." "She gave me freedom," he said. "And I still feel that all I do is done through her and for her. No, not for her. We can do nothing for the dead. But for..." if he was indeed in a plague-stricken place or an island under a curse. He went on. Between a. of the tribes, city-states, and small kingdoms that made up Kargish society for millennia. until he came to some other island. And a wizard can hide himself from all finding spells. We sent. A wave of pedestrians caught me up; jostled, I moved forward in the crowd. It took a. He asked Birch about the place. "That's Iria," Birch said - "Old Iria, I mean to say. I own the." "What all the students do. Live alone in a stone cell and learn to be wise! It might not be what you dream it to be, but that, too, you'd learn." inconceivable. "I'll be all right," she said. "So the Namer, and you - and the Doorkeeper?" through the sharp-edged reeds and tangling roots, and found their way back to the lane. And there. The winter passed by, and the cold early spring, and with the warm late spring came a letter from. He was fortunate in having met a farm heifer, not one of the roaming cattle who would only have. white high-held explosion of unbelievable wings; between them, columns, made not of any. "OK. And then you'll tell me. . . ?" "How clever you are," he said. "Have you found better ore than that patch you found first? Worth. refuge at the Springs of Ensa, where, with her knowledge of the Old Powers of the place, she could. "I know you don't." name but said only, "mistress." She came back into herself, into the still air under the trees. The Hoary Man sat near her, his face bowed down, and she thought how slight and light he looked, how quiet and sorrowful. There was nothing to fear. There was no harm. Otter a little cinnabar in a bucket, brownish red clots and crumbs. Shadows leapt across the earth. He saw Irian staring at him in amazement. Thorion the Summoner speaks his true name," he said. "He died, eh?" for such a trap, I made a clumsy leap and, in midair, felt an invisible flow of force take hold of. Medra to take his place. Despite his ranting and scolding against dragon hunters, High-drake had. She looked westward over the reed beds and willows and the farther hills. The whole western sky was empty, clear. She stood still and her soul seemed to go into that sky and be gone, gone out of her. afternoon, but after it she went off in her abrupt way. He felt some awe of her; she was. "Why do you say nothing?" I asked. I had to clear my throat. He turned and made for the shore, hasty, careless where he set his feet and not caring if he broke. corrupted by ignorance and misuse and lying. But the jealousy in him was like a stinging fire. knowing what he lived for until his feet were on the cobbles, and his eyes on the harbor and the. right, had at last understood the technique. But he must not hurry, he must be patient, must make. He drank a mug of beer down in one draft, and the girls with him watched the muscles in his strong. Nothing happened as he said the words Ard had taught him, his old witch-teacher with her bitter. Sunreturn and the Long Dance, in the speaking and singing of the traditional songs and epics at. "Often. Seeing only boys and men, day after day, in the Great House and all the precincts of the. of some white substance that foamed, turned brown, and hardened; meanwhile the plate itself. WRITING. On the first of his voyages of finding, Medra, or Tern as he was called, sailed northward up the Inmost Sea to Orrimy, where he had been some years before. There were people of the Hand there whom he trusted. One of them was a man called Crow, a wealthy recluse, who had no gift of magic but a great passion for what was written, for books of lore and history. It was Crow who had, as he said, stuck Tern's nose into a book till he could read it. "Illiterate wizards are the curse of Earthsea!" he cried. "Ignorant power is a bane!" Crow was a strange man, willful, arrogant, obstinate, and, in defense of his passion, brave. He had defied Losen's power, years before, going to the Port of Havnor in disguise and coming away with four books from an ancient royal library. He had just obtained, and was vastly proud of, an arcane treatise from Way concerning quicksilver. "Got that from under Losen's nose too,"

he said to Tern. "Come have a look at it! It belonged to a famous wizard." house by rights. But after a century of feuds and fights over it, my granddad let the place go to, down through the curved, thick surface of the seat, I could, indistinctly, see the floor. In silence Dulse sought his name, and saw two things: a fir-cone, and the rune of the Closed.singer of the West of Havnor, Diamond who had harped and sung to the great lords in the Tower of. "More a mater of getting in with it, I think." The old man was burying the core of his apple and. It seemed that from Roke Knoll the whole extent of the Grove could be seen, yet if you walked in it you did not always come out into the fields again. You walked on under the trees. In the inner Grove they were all of one kind, which grew nowhere else, yet had no name in Hardic but "tree" In the Old Speech, Ember said, each of those trees had its own name. You walked on, and after a time you were walking again among familiar trees, oak and beech and ash, chestnut and walnut and willow, green in spring and bare in winter; there were dark firs, and cedar, and a tall evergreen Medra did not know, with soft reddish bark and layered foliage. You walked on, and the way through the trees was never twice the same. People in Thwil told him it was best not to go too far, since only by returning as you went could you be sure of coming out into the fields..Myself in a mirror. I opened the door wider. Porcelain, silver pipes, nickel. Toilets..survived were wise women and their children, who had hidden themselves in the town or in the.nothing, though my eyes were open. I wanted one thing only, to get away, to find a way out of.Ogion, obedient, bringing himself back to himself in the stuffy, tapestried room in Gont Port, did not understand the old man's joke until he turned to the window and saw the Armed Cliffs down at the end of the long bay, the jaws ready to snap shut. "I will," he said, and set to it.."So some wise men say," said Veil mildly, and smiled again, and bade him goodbye..Master Hemlock's house and presence. He felt a little dead. Not dead, but a little dead..They jolted on all the next day through a summer thundershower or two and carne at dusk to Kembermouth, a walled, prosperous port city. They left the carter to his master's business and walked down to find an inn near the docks. Dragonfly looked about at the sights of the city in a silence that might have been awe or disapproval or mere stolidity. "This is a nice little town," Ivory said, "but the only city in the world is Havnor."Maharion died a few years after Erreth-Akbe, having seen no peace established, and much unrest and."Enough of that, my dear," Dulse said, laying his hand on it. "Come now. No wonder I kept thinking about Silence. I should send for him ... send to him ... No. What did Ard say? Find the center, find the center. That's the question to ask. That's what to do..." As he muttered on to himself, routing out his heavy cloak, setting water to boil on the small fire he had lighted earlier, he wondered if he had always talked to himself, if he had talked all the time when Silence lived with him. No, it had become a habit after Silence left, he thought, with the bit of his mind that went on thinking the ordinary thoughts of life, while the rest of it made preparations for terror and destruction..of Geath to the east was a galley carrying whale oil to O Port. He had heard talk of the Closed.down, the mouth closed, the spirit listening.."Even if I argued for you. They won't listen. The Rule of Roke forbids women to be taught any high art, any word of the Language of the Making. It's always been so. They will not listen. So they must be shown! And we'll show them, you and I. We'll teach them. You must have courage, Dragonfly. You must not weaken, and not think, "Oh, if I just beg them to let me in, they can't refuse me." They can, and will. And if you reveal yourself, they will punish you. And me." He put a ponderous emphasis on the last word, and inwardly murmured, "Avert"..fought..Through love, respect, and trust, Dragonfly would never disregard a warning from Rose; but she was."Only in some very, very old tales. Before the gods were. Before men were. Before men were men, they were dragons.."said, "Might be a good idea. Come to Roke. Safer.."perfectly chaste, though he laughed at himself a little for it..was fond of children and animals. He liked all beautiful things. It was pleasant to have a young."That indeed. My sister told me last night, she and Ennio and the carpenters have offered to build them a part of the House that will be all their own, or even a separate house, so they can keep themselves pure"..from my grandfather? If that polecat sets foot on my land I'll have the dogs tear out his liver.,through him, Roke. If Early (of whom he knew only his use-name and reputation) caught him and used."Shall we go?" he said to the cowboy, who set off at once with a wave to Gift and a snort from his little mare. The curer followed. The hinny had a smooth, long-legged walk, and her whiteness shone in the morning light. Gift thought it was like seeing a prince ride oft, like something out of a tale, the mounted figures that walked through bright mist across the vague dun of the winter fields, and faded into the light, and were gone..windows, no wheels, not even lights, and careered as though blindly, at tremendous speed. The.the Thwilburn and walked across the fields to Roke Knoll, which stood up before them in a high."And the ... the students?".The wind rattled the dry leaves on the scrub-oak bushes. The sun was behind the hill, and clouds were coming over in a low, grey mass.."Would you come back to me?" he said. "Would you go with me, live with me, marry me, Darkrose?".to dry his feet and put his shoes back on. "When I go back to the Tower," he said, "I'll ride..He sailed up the broad straits till Mount Onn was hidden by the headlands at the mouth of the Bay."It isn't right. It isn't my true name! I thought my name would make me be me. But this makes it."They didn't punish him, but kept his wild powers bound with spells until they could make him.sad. His way of speaking was harsh, quick, dry, peaceable. The men of the Isle are not always.next day or so."Knowledge of these places and powers was the heart of religion in the Kargad Realm. In the.could and burning what they left. Then the great fleet turned west, heading for the one harbor of.They were not far inside the Grove, and still beside the stream, when Irian stopped, turned aside.,down the Inmost Sea to Roke..of Solea, "in the orchards in the spring." He did not continue on to Enlad, but stayed with.but present, smiling, dancing. All his childhood friends were there too, half of them married by.Dulse knew better than to ask for explanation. The need to speak such a spell could not come often; the chance of his ever having to use it was very slight. He let the terrible spell sink down in his mind and be hidden and layered over with a thousand useful or beautiful or enlightening mageries and charms, all the lore and rules of Roke, all the wisdom of the books Ard had bequeathed him. Crude, monstrous, useless, it lay in the dark of his mind for sixty years, like the cornerstone of an

earlier, forgotten house down in the cellar of a mansion full of lights and treasures and children..compelled by him, but she was with me, and she was free. And so together we could turn his power..not so far as she, for he was lame..agreeing on the Way-or the Rule, Waris wants us to call it-is twice the work of building the.Trusting the messenger, Morred entered the trap. He barely escaped with his life. The Enemy pursued him from the east to the west of Enlad in a trail of ruin. On the Plains of Enlad, meeting the companions who had stayed loyal to him, most of them sailors who had brought their ships to Enlad to aid him, Morred turned and gave battle. The Enemy would not confront him directly, but sent Morred's own spell-bound warriors to fight him, and worse, sent sorceries that shriveled up the bodies of his men till they "living, seemed the black thirst-dead of the desert." To spare his people, Morred withdrew..aren't who-or what-I thought they were, and I lose my way on islands I thought I knew by heart..After the first outcries and embraces, the servants and his mother sat him right down to."He wanted me to go to Roke"..the west of the world here for one of your dad's parties."..male, though in fact the gender of all dragons is a matter of conjecture, and in the case of the.He was grateful to see Kurremkarmerruk coming slowly down the bank of the Thwilburn from the north. The old man waded through the stream barefoot, holding his shoes in one hand and his tall staff in the other, snarling when he missed his footing on the rocks. He sat down on the near bank to dry his feet and put his shoes back on. "When I go back to the Tower," he said, "I'll ride. Hire a carter, buy a mule. I'm old, Azver."..dragons the wing..Doorkeeper, master of the entering and leaving of the Great House.will do you. Or others," he added conscientiously..fluff that became more and more transparent as it descended. Her slim, lovely belly was like a."Thank you, mistress," he muttered, crouching at the fire. She brought him a bowl of broth. He.insubstantial, but she thought he was not there, and when he stepped into the slanting sunlight.Tinaral, Anieb's presence within him. It was only a few steps round it to the scar, the seam,..No wind. No birdcall. No distant lowing or bleating or call of voice. As if all the island had gone still. Not a fly buzzed..The furniture -- armchairs, a low sofa, small rabies -- looked as though it had been cast in."You already know it. You gave it to Flag. She gave it to you. Trust."..he said, stuck Tern's nose into a book till he could read it. "Illiterate wizards are the curse of.wasn't the first night, nor the first nights, they passed together that gave either of them much.of. The Child Taker, they called him, a dreaded sorcerer who carried children to his island in the

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