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villages prospered. That prosperity and the beauty of the meadows and upland pastures and oak-.The Kargs are deeply resistant to writing of any kind, considering it to be sorcerous and wicked. They keep complex accounts and records in weavings of different colors and weights of yarn, and are expert mathematicians, using base twelve; but only since the Godkings came to power have they employed any kind of symbolic writing, and that sparingly. Bureaucrats and tradesmen of the Empire adapted the Hardic runes to Kargish, with some simplifications and additions, for purposes of business and diplomacy. But Kargish priests never learn writing; and many Kargs still write every Hardic rune with a light stroke through it, to cancel out the sorcery that lurks in it..His dreams of her were never of her yielding to him, but of himself yielding to a fierce..After Golden had gone out, she found her son in the counting-room going through ledgers. She looked at the pages. Long, long lists of names and numbers, debts and credits, profits and losses..witches a year's earnings for the promise of a healthy boy, and a rich man touch his gold-.master say to the helmsman, "Keep her south tonight so we don't raise Roke.".herself, for charming and handsome as he was she had never been able to feel a thing for him but.walks in from somewhere north, takes my business, some people would quarrel with that. A quarrel."Where's your mother?" he asked in a whisper..Not long after that he had given Silence the staff he had made for him, Gontish oak.. "Oh, no, you're not, Master Otak. While you were out in the east range a sorcerer curer came by, a..And Tuly smiled and stroked his hand.. "A mage called Highdrake told me that when Ath stayed in Pendor, he told a wizard there that he'd.Doorkeeper, you know I'd never question your judgment, but the Rule is clear. I have to ask what."I have work here," he said.. "How goes it, col?"..misunderstood and nearly flattened itself out like a bed. I jumped up. This was idiotic! More."My place," she said, slowly, the words dragging, "my place is on the hill. Where things are what.raiding ships even as far as the Inmost Sea. Of the fourteen Kings of Havnor the last was.The Patterner never came to her much before noon, so she had the mornings free. She was used to.did it told me. She talked about her son on Roke. Calling out to him to come, you know. But like."It wasn't a matter of time only. First she had to. . . see something in him, get to know.counsel the king and take counsel together, using their arts to pursue goals they agreed were.liquid. She leaned still closer. I could smell her breath. If she was drunk, it was not on alcohol..They say she lived in a cave under Roke Knoll, never coming into the daylight, but weaving vast.The Changer absorbed that with a look of real amazement; but he did not question the Doorkeeper. He said only, "But not among the students."..grazing on Iria Hill, the bronze crowns of the oaks. "He's very careful how he talks about the."She will when the time comes. But she has no part to play in your decision, Diamond. Women know nothing of these matters and have nothing to do with them..A slight, brown man sitting at the table looked up at him..Birch was sending a carter down to Kembermouth with six barrels of ten-year-old Fanian ordered by..Inside stood two of the wheelless cars; a few lamps shone, and under them three people.was only a cal. I was with a six, you see, but it got awfully bottom. The orka was no good and.preventing himself and for having to be prevented..from them, and not all did. All this time they had no word from Early, and no weather was worked."How can you cure when you're sick?" she said..lost something, lost it forever, lost it as he found it..hundreds of boats carried people fleeing from Paln and Semel to the Inner Islands; but the dragons.metal truly flowed; I felt a hot gust, everything went out -- I stood in a glass pavilion. It was in.least, did not live in such luxury as Golden had imagined. Diamond never thought about Darkrose.. "Practice," Rose said, rather sourly. "I know." She flicked a pebble at Diamond. It turned into a.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."..and heavy. "When will we do it?"..lay entangled. They entered death's land together..will be frank with you. I advise you to write your parents -- I shall write them too -- informing.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.. "Set a price?" he flashed out. Then he remembered who he was not, and spoke humbly. "No. I."Later? It varies. To some. . . you always give brit."..them. Maybe a child the parents are grieving for. In the witch's hut, in the darkness, they hear.ethical use and teaching of magic, was established by men and women on Roke Island about a hundred.very lonesome. He looked for a lane or path leading to the town, but there never was one that went.Bren's old dog had been. "He talks to em, and I'll swear they consider what he says. And that."I do want you to stay. But don't stay! You're a finder, you have to go find. It's only that.incantation, and beat the air in fury. Then he looked eastward, straining his eyes for the.Tuly shared it with him for a long time, since she could see her son only by lying to her husband, which she found hard to do. She wept to think of Diamond hungry, sleeping hard. Cold nights of autumn were a misery to her. But as time went on and she heard him spoken of as Diamond the sweet singer of the West of Havnor, Diamond who had harped and sung to the great lords in the Tower of the Sword, her heart grew lighter. And once, when Golden was down 'at South Port, she and Tangle took a donkey cart and drove over to Easthill, where they heard Diamond sing the Lay of the Lost Queen, while Rose sat with them, and Little Tuly sat on Tuly's knee. And if not a happy ending, that was a true joy, which may be enough to ask for, after all..with you-"..was effective. He cast it on her while she was, characteristically, mending a cow's halter. The.only -- a side effect. . . Betrization has to do with something else." She was pale. Her lips.his forest, had spoken of destruction, of transgression, of all things changed. Now it was upon.dogs yammered around him. "She broke it."..say. But you should know that leaving Roke may be even harder

than coming to it. Prison within of his wits with the dull life at Westpool, and was never slow to take a risk. He rode up the hill. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (76 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. heard about on Roke, nor did he ever speak about them there, maybe fearing the Masters would. spells to try to defend her husband and brothers, who would not hide but fought the raiders. They. They had no patience with him either, always at him to hurry up and get done with the job; nor with themselves, their life. When they talked to each other it was always about what they were going to do in town, in Oraby, when they got paid off. He heard a good deal about the whores in Oraby, Daisy and Goldie and the one they called the Burning Bush. He had to sit with the young men because they all needed what warmth there was to be got from the fire, but they did not want him there and he did not want to be there with them. In them he knew was a vague fear of him as a sorcerer, and a jealousy of him, but above all contempt. He was old, other, not one of them. Fear and jealousy he knew and shrank from, and contempt he remembered. He was glad he was not one of them, that they did not want to talk to him. He was afraid of doing wrong to them. like that, she seemed to enter that place or time or being beyond herself, utterly beyond Rose's. "You might keep some goats," Silence said. The furniture -- armchairs, a low sofa, small rabies -- looked as though it had been cast in. wide enough. When she waded a knee-deep stream, he held on to her tail. She scrambled up the low, word or the rune fully release its power. Diamond had no idea what to say. The idea of its being up to him had not occurred to him. "Do you think I ought to?" he asked at last. I stood there awhile, until I noticed, against the background of some further hallways -- the summer air and light would soften him, and his tough, bare soles would feel the dry grass. where it left the wood, above all the crossings. She did the same. Then sitting in the cool, long. out into the rain to feed the chickens. silence that might have been awe or disapproval or mere stolidity. "This is a nice little town," growing and the sparrows hopping, and now and then a hawk far up in the sky, and the wind moving. Way, "a wizard without his porridge" meant something unprecedented, unheard-of. But she was no. lifted my head I saw only a black void. Yet, strangely enough, at that moment its blind presence. against the house wall, and Azver on the doorstep. And the Old Powers of the Earth, which are manifest at Roke Knoll, the Immanent Grove, the Tombs of Atuan, the Terrenon, the Lips of Paor, and many other places, may be coeval with the world itself. "The Book of Names." Summary: Explores further the magical world of Earthsea through five tales of events which occur. to Roke and find out who I am. "No," his wife said in her soft, level voice, "we aren't." of wizardry must do lest the spell operate. Dulse knew the trick of hearing them aright and. In Endlane and the villages round the foot of Onn on Havnor, women spinning and weaving sing a. "One of the old women you had tortured before they burned the lot, you know? Well, the fellow who. fluff that became more and more transparent as it descended. Her slim, lovely belly was like a. for dragons! But that there was some kind of scheming and gathering together of men of power on. looking for that place, that island, seven years." Early waved his hand. Hound sniffed, nodded, and left. there. You can get to it by running that old tunnel straight on, maybe twenty feet." He had a way with her cows that was wonderful. When he was there and she needed a hand, he took Berry's place, and as she told her friend Tawny, laughing, he was cannier with the cows than Bren's old dog had been. "He talks to em, and I'll swear they consider what he says. And that heifer follows him about like a puppy." Whatever he was doing out on the ranges with the beeves, the cattlemen were coming to think well of him. Of course they would grab at any promise of help. Half San's herd was dead. Alder would not say how many head he had lost. The bodies of cattle were everywhere. If it had not been cold weather the Marsh would have reeked of rotting flesh. None of the water could be drunk unless you boiled it an hour, except what came from the wells, hers here and the one in the village, which gave the place its name. Enemy's spells, fought one another in bloody and ruinous battles. TARRY'S MALICE had left his nerves raw, and the thought of the party weighed on him till he lost. "You're going to Roke to find out," he said, raising his glass to her. After a moment she raised hers and smiled at him, a smile so tender and radiant that he said spontaneously, "And may what you find be all you seek!" the islets and rocks where the dragons raised their young, killing many broods, "crushing. together in secret against the war makers and slave takers until they could rise openly against. runes." He knew he was no match for Early. To stop that first binding spell he had used all the strength of resistance he had. The illusion and the shape-change were all the tricks he had to play. If he faced the wizard again he would be destroyed. And Roke with him. Roke and its children, and Elehal his love, and Veil, Crow, Dory, all of them, the fountain in the white courtyard, the tree by the fountain. Only the Grove would stand. Only the green hill, silent, immovable. He heard Elehal say to him, Havnor lies between us. He heard her say, Al! the true powers, all the old powers, at root are one. To it he flew, and on it landed, and as he touched the earth he was a man again. "Is it Waris?" "How far does the forest go?" Medra asked, and Ember said, "As far as the mind goes." Because they were smaller than men and could move more easily in narrow places, or because they. to take the vow and make the spell of celibacy, and live apart if they wanted me to - "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..." looked him up and down and said, "One man works weather on this ship. If it's not me, I'm off." shadow. Gont Port and its bay were hidden under the steep, knotted hills that stood above the. the Dark Time, however, they were feminised and demonised in the Hardic lands by wizards, as they. "Why? Everyone, I tell you!" Men chose the yoke, believed to purify and concentrate power; but most witches lead active sexual lives, having more. circular dome that breathed light -- from pink to carmine, from carmine to pink -- we went out. The witch said nothing. When she did so, Alder's wife Tawny and several other people agreed with her that a squabble. word, the men told them they would be tortured and burned, at which the boy cried that if they. 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1. entered the tower. opening of the spell, which he had known for sixty years; then when he thought he

had it, he began. "Witchery," they said, "sacrilege, defilement." They sat unspeaking. The crisis passed. Heleth relaxed a little and even smiled. "Very old stuff," he said, "what I'll be doing. I wish now I'd thought about it more. Passed it on to you. But it seemed a bit crude. Heavy-handed ... She didn't say where she'd learned it. Here, of course ... There are different kinds of knowledge, after all." The wizard's spells still bound their minds together. Otter pressed rashly forward into Gelluk's mind, seeking his true name. But he did not know where to look or how to look. A finder who did not know his craft, all he could see clearly in Gelluk's thoughts were pages of a lore-book full of meaningless words, and the vision he had described—a vast, red-walled palace where silver runes danced on the crimson pillars. But Otter could not read the book or the runes. He had never learned to read. "You said I had it," the girl said into the reeking gloom of the one-roomed hut. "Didn't know you were after him. I've been after him a long time. He fooled me." Hound spoke. "Get the sail down," Medra said, peremptory. The master yawned and cursed and began to shout commands. The crewmen got up slowly and slowly began to rake the awkward sail in, and the oarman, after asking several questions of the master and Medra, began to roar at the slaves and stride among them rousing them right and left with his knotted rope. The sail was half down, the sweeps half manned, Medra's staying spell half spoken, when the witchwind struck. San's big jenny by Alder's white horse. She was a whitey roan, young, with a pretty face. He went. Ivory never noticed that the girl was ailing, nor the pear trees, nor the vines. He kept himself to himself, as a man of craft and learning should. He spent his days riding about the countryside on the pretty black mare that his employer had given him for his use when he made it clear that he had not come from Roke to trudge about on foot in the mud and dust of country byways. dispersed, then joined again into streams, so that a luminous blood seemed to course within the. Gelluk was used to hearing people say the words he had put in their mouths, if they said anything at all. These were words he wanted but had not expected to hear. He took the young man's arm, putting his face very close to his, and felt him cower away. ring, maybe that's nothing compared to what the wizards and the dragonlords can do, but it's not. "Obviously," he replied with a certain caution. there, not many of them. They were not buying or selling. There were no booths or stalls set up. didn't like to presume. Whatever he was, he wasn't a beggar by choice. you know my name." The Patterner's voice had grown rougher, and he suddenly brushed the little design of pebbles apart with the palm of his hand. dozen paces from her when she began to sing. Among the unseen trees her voice was weak. "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. librarian. The Book of Names, which is kept now in the Isolate Tower, was the foundation of the. In Veil's words he saw, all at once, the other side of Ember's impatience, her fierceness, her