

3 A NEW EDITION WITH THE AUTHORS LAST CORRECTIONS AND IMPROVEMENTS

almost pleading, incredulous silence, he insisted: "You could. A woman you are, but there are ways. There were only dragons, to begin with. They found the tooth on Mount Onn, in Havnor, at the thin woodlands towards the foothills that hid Mount Onn from the lowlands of Samory. The boy, it seemed to me, was unpleasantly surprised, even angry, that someone dared to locked in its muteness. They had little trust in men. A man had betrayed them. Men had attacked them. It was men's ambitions, they said, that had perverted all the arts to ends of gain. "We do not deal with their governments," said tall Veil in her mild voice. Ivory never noticed that the girl was ailing, nor the pear trees, nor the vines. He kept himself. songs seem to have been moved not so much by greed as by anger, a sense of having been cheated, would have with him a force no mage could withstand. Had not even Morred been nearly brought down. "But why-?" shadowy sunrise land. Far ahead, bright in the first sunlight, he saw the curve of a high green. "So what brought you here?" the Changer asked, stern, but not hiding his curiosity. about that excessive strength that had remained in us, and indeed we had to be on our guard -- in woods, walking a bit stiffly and scratching his head as he went, as people do when half awake. A carter walking at his mule's head with a load of oakwood came upon them and took them both to. "How many minutes, then?" The young man slept on a pallet under the little west window of Dulse's house for three years. He learned wizardry, fed the chickens, milked the cow. He suggested, once, that Dulse keep goats. He had not said anything for a week or so, a cold, wet week of autumn. He said, "You might keep some goats." The Other Wind (to be published soon). A dragon bridge. west of Ensmer, Ath confronted the great dragon Orm. Accounts of this meeting vary; but though me. Gontish oak, from the hands of a Gontish wizard. Well, if he earns it I'll make him one. If he. "You won't find out. It's all lies, shams. Old men playing games with words. I wouldn't play their. Thirst: and with it pain. Thirst, and the sound of water running. The Hardic people of the Archipelago live by farming, herding, fishing, trading, and the usual. He smiled again. "You're a beautiful woman," he said, but plainly, not in the flattering way he. She asked nothing and he said no more. Presently he got up, and she followed him to the path that. He stopped to listen, and heard nothing. Kings, lords, and Islemen charged with defending the islands of the Archipelago came to rely. that we enter departing. and to doubt himself, before the earth rose up around him, dry, warm, and dark. "The great lode?" Gelluk looked straight at him, their faces not a hand's breadth apart. The light. "You still are," Medra said. "Anieb was one of you. She and you and all of us live in the same household, told the Master that it was time his daughter had her naming day. They asked should. of the crafty men. Women sat together by the fire in the lonely farmhouses; people gathered round. runes. To write in the True Runes, as to speak the Old Speech, is to guarantee the truth of what. "Forgive me for talking about you before your face, young woman," he said, "but I must. Master. The people of the Archipelago speak Hardic. There are as many dialects as there are islands, but none so extreme as to be wholly unintelligible to the others. who sometimes came among people in human form, and who made the rich Isle of Pendor into a dragon. weakness proved he was not dangerous. Some talents were best not left to run wild, but there was. leg. "Get the saddle off her," she said, and her tone held the unspoken, impatient, "you fool!". Magic was a wild talent before the time of Morred, who as both king and mage established intellectual and moral discipline for the art magic, gathering wizards to work together at the court for the general good and to study the ethical bases and constraints of their practice. quiet talk among them. "Just a minute while I finish this," and then turning saw a stranger and nearly dropped the pan. When she said nothing, and some time had passed, he said, "In the shadow of these trees is no harm. Only truth." knowledge. The patterns the shadows of their leaves make in the sunlight write the words Segoy. crowd, a ceiling made of fiery magma, unreal but belching real flames, and no one paid attention; witch, sorcerer, or wizard is the power to know the true name of a child and give the child that. Early did not punish Hound for his failure, but he remembered it. He was not used to failures and did not like them. He did not like what Hound told him about this boy, Otter, and he remembered it. "Take your shoes off," she said, "they're soaking. Come in then." She stood aside and said, "Come. though I did not know whether they were mirrored reflections of this one or reality -- letters of. thought. He looked at life in that cold light. It was a different matter from what he had believed. Each True Rune has a significance, a connotation or area of meaning, which can be more or less defined in Hardic; but it is better to say that the runes are not words at all, but spells, or acts. Only in the syntax of the Old Speech, however, and only as spoken or written by a wizard, not as a statement but with intention to act, reinforced by voice and gesture--in a spell--does the word or the rune fully release its power. him, with a slop of rancid oil on the bread. Hungry as he was every night, when he sat in that. It looked very old. It had been rebuilt and rebuilt again, but not for a long time. Nor had anyone lived in it for a long time, from the feel of it. But it was a pleasant feeling, as if those who had slept there had slept peacefully. As for decrepit walls, mice, cobwebs, and scant furniture, none of that was new to Irian. She found a bald broom and swept out a bit. She unrolled her blanket on the plank bed. She found a cracked pitcher in a skew-doored cabinet and filled it with water from the stream that ran clear and quiet ten steps from the door. She did these things in a kind of trance, and having done them, sat down in the grass with her back against the house wall, which held the heat of the sun, and fell asleep. journey into the valley and tricked the wizard into saying his name, she knew no arts or spells, woman repeated, "I won't have it! Don't let that touch me." I did not see the face of the speaker. "Oh, yes, since he's cured half the herds and got paid six coppers for it, time for him to go. corner, into the interiors of the passageways that glided by, into the features of the people. The. bit... But the boy had met his match in the Masters. "Well, this boy did learn at last to tame his anger and control his power. And a very great power it was. Whatever art he studied came easy to him, too easy, so that he despised illusion, and weatherworking, and even healing, because they held no fear, no challenge to him. He saw no virtue in himself for his mastery of them. So, after

the Archmage Nemmerle had given him his name, the boy set his will on the great and dangerous art of summoning. And he studied with the Master of that art for a long time..shouting. She felt his prying, tremulous hands on her. She saw him weeping, sick, shamed, and."No," Azver said, but could say nothing else. He held his staff of willow, but it was only wood in his hand..the wet rocks afterward, because he was very cold. One arm hurt and had no strength in it..women of the Hand, who are forgotten everywhere else in the world, even on Roke, but remembered.It took him six more days to get through the big herds in the eastern marshes. The last two days he spent riding out to scattered groups of cattle that had wandered up towards the feet of the mountain. Many of them were not infected yet, and he could protect them. The hinny carried him bareback and made the going easy. But there was nothing left for him to eat. When he rode back to the village he was light-headed and weak-kneed. He took a long time getting home from Alder's stable, where he left the hinny. Emer greeted him and scolded him and tried to make him eat, but he explained that he could not eat yet. "As I stayed there in the sickness, in the sick fields, I felt sick. After a while I'll be able to eat again," he explained..pursuing the young man. The Doorkeeper waved his hand at it, and it avoided him. Irian swerved and.Will it take a long time to find one to take us, do you think?".She left him standing at the waymeet, on the level ground, and walked up the hill path for a.He looked up into the darkness. After a while he moved his good hand a little, and the faint light flowed out of it."What can we do?" said Veil..Heleth said. "I'm not sure..". "There is..".see it, if you don't mind, sir. He won't come looking for it. But if he saw it, he'd take it. He..home truths..he was ten years old. He had been afraid of them, the women that shouted at him to get out of the."I think Irian of Way may have come to us seeking not only what she needs to know, but also what we need to know." The Doorkeeper's tone was equally sober, and his smile was gone. "I think this may be a matter for talk among the nine of us..".Diamond expected to feel relieved, released, but found he felt rejected, ashamed..smile to cover an upsetting incident. She was not pretending to be calm, she truly was calm..tempered, having learned the uselessness of impatience in the work that must be done. Sometimes..quarrelled. Some went west and some east, and they became two kinds, and forgot they were ever.gave me a dirty look, but said nothing; he turned and marched off, fingering something on his..with exaggeration, moving its huge lips and meaty tongue..The way one does research into nonexistent history is to tell the story and find out what.The wizard's spells still bound their minds together. Otter pressed rashly forward into Gelluk's."Otter," said the flat voice.."I gave it up, Darkrose. I had to either do it and nothing else, or not do it. You have to have a single heart..". "Why didn't you come to me first?" Dulse had demanded. "And then Roke, to put a polish on it?". "I'll ask them their name," Medra said. He smiled. "If they'll tell me, they can come in. And when..Banners still flew from the towers of the City of Havnor, and a king still ruled there; the banners were those of captured towns and isles, and the king was the warlord Losen. Losen never left the marble palace where he sat all day, served by slaves, seeing the shadow of the sword of Erreth-Akbe slip like the shadow of a great sundial across the roofs below. He gave orders, and the slaves said, "It is done, your majesty." He held audiences, and old men came and said, "We obey, your majesty." He summoned his wizards, and the mage Early came, bowing low. "Make me walk!" Losen shouted, beating his paralyzed legs with his weak hands..Curious manners, I thought. But, then, if that's what's done. . . ."He's angry," Diamond said, "but he won't do anything..".He had no thought of hiding or protecting himself. Luckily for him there were no guards about; "I heard -" she said, and could not say what she had heard..fly to Roke. Or swim, or sail, or come in any way at all. So we must ask what brought you here..". "Why don't you sit down?".He ran down from the straggle of huts to the quick, noisy stream he had heard singing through his sleep all his nights in Woodedge. He prayed to it. "Take me and save me," he asked it. He made the spell the old Changer had taught him long ago, and said the word of transformation. Then no man knelt by the loud-running water, but an otter slipped into it and was gone..She stared at my legs..He stood tongue-tied. After a while she looked up at him. "No," she said in a soft, quiet voice..". "No," she said, "only me... But there's a great deal of seeking and finding to be done in the Grove. Enough to keep even you from being restless. Why north?". "You went wrong. You've come back. But you're tired, Irioth, and the way's hard when you go alone..After a while he said, "I could chase an etymology on the brink of doom ... But I think, Azver, that that's where we are. We won't defeat him..".The wind blew, the long grass nodded in the wind. Summer was getting on and the grass was dry now, yellowing, no flowers in it but the little white heads of the lacefoam. A woman came walking up the hill towards him through the long grass. She followed no path, and walked easily, without haste..ears, the white -- in the shadow, silvery -- dress. This was not possible. A dream? I was still a few..what Dulse said; sometimes he heard what Dulse thought. He did what Dulse wanted and what Dulse..made and put against the front wall of the house. He looked upstream at her, crouching motionless."Our problem is with men," Veil said, "if you'll forgive me, dear brother. Men are of more account..steaming water into the bath. "He has ivory," she said. "Tell him ivory it has to be. Out there..After a while she heard the latch rattle. The door opened. An ordinary-looking middle-aged man..his left..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..Of them all it was the Herbal, the healer, who was the first to move. He went up the path and..Irian drew a deep breath and looked at him eye to eye as they sat there. ""Only in dark the..disbelieving joy. Not knowing Hound's connection with the warlord and his wizard, they treated him..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (110 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:32 AM]. "Many claimed Maharion's throne, but none could keep it, and the quarrels of the claimants divided..who brought us hope. A promise was made, made through me, I spoke it - "A woman on Gont" -I will."And you feel nothing?". "You're welcome," she said, and hoisted whatever it was

into a massive pottery bowl, and wiped her hands down her apron. He knew nothing at all about women. He had not lived where women were since he was ten years old. He had been afraid of them, the women that shouted at him to get out of the way in that great other kitchen long ago. But since he had been traveling about in Earthsea he had met women and found them easy to be with, like the animals; they went about their business not paying much attention to him unless he frightened them. He tried not to do that. He had no wish or reason to frighten them. They were not men."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."Sleeping out on deck with the starlight on his face, he had a simple, vivid dream: it was daylight, clouds racing across a bright sky, and across the sea he saw the sunlit curve of a high green hill. He woke with the vision still clear in his mind, knowing he had seen it ten years before, in the spell-locked barracks room at the mines of Samory..Ellua." They stood, big, indifferent; sometimes one looked at him for a long time. Sometimes one.Doorkeeper, master of the entering and leaving of the Great House.them the School sprawled grey and many-roofed on its lower hill. The grove of trees towered before.He had forced them to boil any water they used. Now he said, "If you eat that meat, in a year you'll begin to get dizzy. You'll end with the blind staggers and die as they do."rhythm..forgiveness, and must learn what follows on transgression."without the eight months at Adapt. But now, perhaps even more than before, I did not want to go.Summoner, master of the spells that call the spirits of the living and the dead.another witch-man in the door her baby would be born dead twice over. Her screaming could be heard.sending he smiled a wide, sweet smile. But he looked old. He had never looked so old. Ogion had.was becoming a good craftsman, even his father would admit that.."She took my cup away," the Master of Iria said to the stranger, whining like a puppy, while his.The Lament for the White Enchanter. The island was drowned beneath the sea, and Elfarran with it.."What, to send them back into death?" the Namer said, and the Patterner, "Who is to say what is.comfort to talk to him even if he was no longer there, "is get into the mountain, right inside;It may be that the Firelord was, in fact, a dragon in human form; for very soon after his fall,.plaza, fairly small. In the center rose a column, high, transparent as glass; something danced in it,the butterfly fell to the ground, a fragment of brick..and kicked his shoes off. He stood still and felt the dust and rock of the cliff-top path under."I spoke your true name. It's not what I thought it would be. And I don't feel easy about it. As.mastered. Only then, he said, can your teachers begin to tell you what to do with it, what good it.where it's safe, and where the great robbers and killers would least look for it, since no one.initially taken to be a vaulted ceiling were only overhanging tiers, tiers that now gave way to.."

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