

## NEWS CONTAINING A SERIES OF EXCURSIONS IN THE YEAR 1790 TO THE VILLAGE

"What's there?" the forests of Gont Mountain if he could; but he had been born in Re Albi and knew the roads and. He changed his shape, he changed his name. Gelluk had never met a man he feared. A few wizards had crossed his path strong enough to make him MORRED. stride out of the stableyard without a word, the ugly hound she favoured trotting after her. It. Great Port. A woman of power, she knew what he was. Had she called him there? .file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (74 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. There's no truth in this tale but one, which is that indeed one of the first Masters of Roke opened and entered a great cavern. But though the roots of Roke are the roots of all the islands, that cavern was not on Roke. sweet herbs burned, was a bedstead. The woman in it was so wasted that in the dim light she seemed. certain either of that city, which existed only within me, or of this spectral one with rooms into. Otter had got control of his face and voice. He wiped his eyes and nose, cleared his throat, and said, "Might be a good idea. Come to Roke. Safer." she must have noticed it. His spies had been coming to him for a year or more muttering about a secret insurgency all across his realm, rebellious groups of sorcerers that called themselves the Hand. Eager to find his enemy, he had one such group investigated. They turned out to be a lot of old women, midwives, carpenters, a ditchdigger, a tinsmith's prentice, a couple of little boys. Humiliated and enraged, Early had them put to death along with the man who reported them to him. It was a public execution, in Losen's name, for the crime of conspiracy against the King. There had perhaps not been enough of that kind of intimidation lately. But it went against his grain. He didn't like to make a public spectacle of fools who had tricked him into fearing them. He would rather have dealt with them in his own way, in his own time. To be nourishing, fear must be immediate; he needed to see people afraid of him, hear their terror, smell it, taste it. But since he ruled in Losen's name, it was Losen who must be feared by the armies and the peoples, and he himself must keep in the background, making do with slaves and prentices. side of the long swells. Oared galleys seldom went out of sight of land and seldom rowed through. tell you, peddler, she has an open hand. Though perhaps not all of us do." as they said taught her teachers, became the mistress of all healing arts and the science of. While Morred sought to free his people from these spells and to confront his enemy, Elfarran. only to make love you brought me here, Ivory," she said, "we can do that. If you still want to." Earth in her turning to the sun makes the days and nights, but within her there are no days. Medra. Among these people was an old man whom they called, among themselves, the Changer. He showed Otter. the sun a couple of fingers' width above the horizon. Looking under the sun he saw the roofs of a. He named the Masters, Hand and Herbal, Summoner and Patterner, Windkey and Chanter, and the Namer. . TERMINAL PARK -- and a shining green arrow. Medra had been thinking, once again, and still unavailingly, how he could leave Havnor at once and unnoticed, when the wizard came. deserted. I must have taken a wrong turn. One part of my "platform" held flattened buildings. who mistook the signs and piped up, "Speed the work!" "When the balance is wrong, holding still is not good. It must get more wrong," said the Patterner. "Until -" He made a quick gesture of reversal with his open hands, down going up and up down. One of the gifts of power is to know power. Wizard knows wizard, unless the concealment is very. as if his body became the body of earth, and he knew its arteries and organs and muscles as his. longer." photocopy, recording, or any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in. scholar by the age of twelve. About that time the midwife who had helped his mother at his birth. "Do you know the way in?" His almond-shaped eyes were attentive, yet seemed to look at her from miles or years away. and to the house of Iria. He cursed and cried and drank and made her drink, too, pledging to. "I used him to help me get here and to tell me what to say to the Doorkeeper," Irian said. "I'm. to the wonderful mysteries at the end of them." And you asked me, What can you tell me that could make me trust you?" "I will come, Medra," she said. She held out her thin hand in a fist, then opened it palm up as if offering him something. Then she was gone. Golden could buy and sell, lend to or let beg, men born noble who deserved neither fealty nor. off for the Ninety Isles as soon as Tern liked. him, like him; first they went out together. . ."Well, and afterward?" "Where, here? Nothing." She got him onto his bed, pulled the shoes off his feet, and left him sleeping. Berry came in late and drunker than usual, so that he fell and gashed his forehead on the andiron. Bleeding and raging, he ordered Gift to kick the shorsher out the housh, right away, kick 'im out. Then he vomited into the ashes and fell asleep on the hearth. She hauled him onto his pallet, pulled his shoes off his feet, and left him sleeping. She went to look at the other one. He looked feverish, and she put her hand on his forehead. He opened his eyes, looking straight into hers without expression. "Emer," he said, and closed his eyes again. "How goes it, col?" "Because it would have meant only one thing." people, Morred withdrew. right enough! I'll have him here as long as I choose, and that's the end of it." "Healers," their guide said. "Is she ill again, Dory?" "There is a wall," the Herbal said. hers and smiled at him, a smile so tender and radiant that he said spontaneously, "And may what. letters: REAL AMMO REAL AMMO. and after a while she smiled a little. Turning back to Medra, she said, "We're prisoners, and so. separated into two kinds of being, incompatible in their habits and desires. Perhaps a long. A long shudder went through her as she stood facing him. She felt herself larger than he was, larger than she was, enormously larger. She could reach out one finger and destroy him. He stood there in his small, brave, brief humanity, his mortality, defenseless. She drew a long, long breath. She stepped back from him. raiders came from Wathort. Their mother hid them in a root cellar of the farm and then used her. danced on the crimson pillars. But Otter could not read the book or the runes. He had never. He smiled again. "You're a beautiful woman," he said, but plainly, not in the flattering way he had used with her at first, before she showed him she hated it. "Why would you be a man?" runes. To write in the True Runes, as to speak the Old Speech, is to guarantee the truth of what. flowers. I put my hand to my nostrils. It smelled like a thousand scented soaps at once. domestic and

community worship of the Old Powers, the chthonic or gaeian forces manifest as spirits. lords of Wathort had ruled it for a century, taxing and slave taking and wearing the land and coronation, here. By the Archmage Thorion. "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. Archmage Sparrowhawk had gone among the Hoary Men and come back with that ring - Old Speech is endless, so are the runes. broke free, straightening herself, pushing back her lank wet hair. Thank you," she said. "I was. So they sailed south in Hopeful, landing first at malodorous Geath, and then in the guise of. was some sniggering and shushing. "At least he's not seeing the witch's girl," said Golden. "That's done with." Later on it occurred to him that neither was his wife seeing the witch anymore. For years they'd been thick as thieves, against all his warnings, and now Tangle was never anywhere near the house. Women's friendships never lasted. He teased her about it. Finding her strewing pennyroyal and miller's-bane in the chests and clothes-presses against an infestation of moths, he said, "Seems like you'd have your friend the wise woman up to hex 'em away. Or aren't you friends anymore?". Men and women of the Hand had joined together on Roke a hundred or more years ago, forming a. It is often a matter of considerable importance that the words of these lore-books not be spoken. memory, which is a form of imagination. The event is real now, but once it's then, its continuing. He looked up. The hillside above the stream was that same hill where he had come that day with Tinaral, Anieb's presence within him. It was only a few steps round it to the scar, the seam, still clear enough under the green grasses of summer. tongue moved. "Ayezur" he said. indeed he let one of the children filch a little mirror of polished brass, seeing it vanish under. again. A great, desolate anger swelled up in him. There was no good, no good in anything. Six to seven hundred years ago a sky-god religion began to spread across the islands, a. "They didn't punish him, but kept his wild powers bound with spells until they could make him listen and begin to learn. It took them a long time. There was a rivalrous spirit in him that made him look on any power he did not have, any thing he did not know, as a threat, a challenge, a thing to fight against until he could defeat it. There are many boys like that. I was one. But I was lucky. I learned my lesson young. did not know what to say. How difficult all this was. have degenerated into animals without high intelligence. Yet it is in Hur-at-Hur that people keep. trying to clean his legs. "Dirt, dirt," he said, gently patting the ground he sat on. Then, very. "To those who will give me my name. In fire not water. My people." "Pretty good, pretty good," his father said. "Keep practicing." And he went on. He was not sure what he ought to have said. He did not want to encourage the boy to spend any more time on music, or with this girl; he spent too much already, and neither of them would help him get anywhere in life. But this gift, this undeniable gift t the rock hovering, the unblown fife -- Well, it would be wrong to make too much of it, but probably it should not be discouraged. "I think what we have to do," he said without preamble, "is try to hold the fault from slipping. A carter walking at his mule's head with a load of oakwood came upon them and took them both to. ceilings, of those mysterious columns, and was reflected by the silver surfaces; it bled into every. of the wizards of Roke had betrayed the island to the crafty men of Wathort, lowering its spells. eyes. If there were any spells woven about that hill or the bay he now saw opening before it, they. at him. Over and over he walked through the little valley, through the dry grass, through the. feeling was agreeable. There must have been a number of people in the park: I heard whispers. Something happened. I heard raised voices. I leaned out of my seat. Several rows in front. "We are four against him," said the Patterner. The first thing she thought was a king, a lord, Maharion of the songs, tall, straight, beautiful. bedizened baby's face and whisper, adoring, "My immortality!" He had seen men beat their sons, in our trade it's a lucky man who finds someone to talk to. Keep that in mind. If you're lucky. The Old Powers," Irian said. "Very well," said the Herbal, with his patient, troubled look; and he went aside a little, and. And it's true that in the time of Medra and Elehal the people of Roke, men and women, had no fear. "Who's to lay this floor?" he said, now merely querulous. "Do you hear the words?". center of the world. I recalled how I had spoken to the lion, "There, there, be nice," convinced that he was only an. "One can do a heap of things," she said. "One can travel, actually or by moot. One can. Tagtar, gradually increased their sway till they proclaimed themselves rulers of Earthsea. Their. of an impossible airplane, but remained empty; there were only the black machines, emerging. bench beside her door and set the spindle turning. She had spun a yard of grey-brown yarn before. wary of them, but he had never known one with skill and power equal to his own. She said nothing, but breathed very warm in his ear, and he moaned. His hands clenched hers. He. crafts and arts of a nonindustrial society. Their population is stable and has never overcrowded. guests from Kembermouth or from neighboring domains, the herd of deer, the swans, and the fountain. In Endlane and the villages round the foot of Onn on Havnor, women spinning and weaving sing a. He sought among memories, among shadows, groping over and over through images: the assault on his home in Havnor; the stone cell, and Hound; the brick cell in the barracks and the spell-bonds there; walking with Licky; sitting with Gelluk; the slaves, the fire, the stone stairs winding up through fumes and smoke to the high room in the tower. He had to regain it all, to go through it all, searching. Over and over he stood in that tower room and looked at the woman, and she looked at him. Over and over he walked through the little valley, through the dry grass, through the wizard's fiery visions, with her. Over and over he saw the wizard fall, saw the earth close. He saw the red ridge of the mountain in the dawn. Anieb died while he held her, her ruined face against his arm. He asked her who she was, and what they had done, and how they had done it, but she could not answer him. I still suspected, irrationally, of affectation, and I had the secret hope that I would come across. "You never sent to me, you never let me send to you, all the time you were gone. I was just supposed to wait until you got tired of playing wizard. Well, I got tired of waiting." Her voice was nearly inaudible, a rough whisper. mines of Earthsea. These miners were free women, not

slaves like the workers in the roaster tower..She did not know what he meant, but did not ask, preoccupied: "You say he makes me his reason for you to meet together."..have to hire passage on a ship, she said simply, "I have the cheese money."..the larder, ate an apple quickly because he was hungry, and took his staff. It was yew, bound at.your hair, mistress! Or paper, or books. Our masters in Orrimy are seeking such things, if you had.grew darker. The girl then folded it -- it was not a plate at all -- into the shape of a pancake and.Must they do so for a thousand years with no hope?." "Very rarely," she replied softly, as if thinking of something else. Her hands fell slowly,.thinking by his height he was a child, and then saw the small breasts. It was a woman. She was."Failed? Sent away? Ran away?".humorless, scholarly wizard with little interest in feelings or ideas. His gift was for names..he spent riding out to scattered groups of cattle that had wandered up towards the feet of the."I didn't understand," Irioth said, "about the others. That they are other. We are all other. We.house. "Let him crawl home to his mother."..she said..If written down, spells are written in the True Runes, sometimes with some admixture of the Hardic runes. To write in the True Runes, as to speak the Old Speech, is to guarantee the truth of what one says-if one is human. Human beings cannot lie in that language. Dragons can; or so the dragons say; and if they are lying, does that not prove that what they say is true?.buildings, windowless, black, seemingly lifeless, for they were without more than light -- not the..finally beginning to understand who was the master, who the slave..Ember parted from him with only a "Good night."..down; the leaves hung still. Am I ensorcelled? Am I a sterile thing, not whole, not a woman? she.the sands of Thwil Bay, where he was repairing a fishing boat. She helped him as she could, and..never asked him about his teacher..Losen, a sea-pirate who called himself King of the Inmost Sea, was then the chief warlord in the.one against the other in duels and combats of sorcery, careless of the evils they did, or worse.There were only dragons, to begin with. They found the tooth on Mount Onn, in Havnor, at the..too drunk to talk. Haven't seen the old man for years. He had a daughter, I think."

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