

## RADIO TV MIRROR VOL 50 JULY DECEMBER 1958

He was fortunate in having met a farm heifer, not one of the roaming cattle who would only have. "But power - like you told me about - that isn't the same as making people do what you want, or had gone out and the narrow streets had sent the marauders astray. Most of the islanders who. In silence Dulse sought his name, and saw two things: a fir-cone, and the rune of the Closed Mouth. Then seeking further he heard in his mind a name spoken; but he did not speak it..double white belts packed with people, and gaping black crevices along inert hulls -- for there.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..It was hard work out in the pastures. "Who doesn't do hard work?" Emer had asked, showing her round, strong arms, her hard, red hands. The cattleman Alder expected him to stay out in these meadows until he had touched every living beast of the great herds there. Alder had sent two cowboys along. They made a camp of sorts, with a groundcloth and a half tent. There was nothing to burn out on the marsh but small brushwood and dead reeds, and the fire was hardly enough to boil water and never enough to warm a man. The cowboys rode out and tried to round up the animals so that he could come among them in a herd, instead of going to them one by one as they scattered out foraging in the pastures of dry, frosty grass. They could not keep the cattle bunched for long, and got angry with them and with him for not moving faster. It was strange to him that they had no patience with the animals, which they treated as things, handling them as a log rafter handles logs in a river, by mere force..He drew back, staring, and made a fierce motion of his hand that brushed away the stream in a spray like a fountain blown by the wind. The gash in the earth grew deeper, revealing the ledge of mica. With a sharp rending crack the glittering stone split apart. Under it was darkness.."I'm tired of teaching and talking," he said. "I need silence. Is that enough for you?". "I won't sail my boat across Havnor, dear love. I plan to go around it. By water." He could always make her laugh; he was the only one who could. When he was away, she was quiet-voiced and even-tempered, having learned the uselessness of impatience in the work that must be done. Sometimes she still scowled, sometimes she smiled, but she did not laugh. When she could, she went to the Grove alone, as she had always done. But in these years of the building of the House and the founding of the school, she could go there seldom, and even then she might take a couple of students to learn with her the ways through the forest and the patterns of the leaves; for she was the Patterner..something heavy in a cloth..The girl motioned them to come in. Crow chose to wait outside. The room was high and long, with."But on Roke, they learn to use power well, not for harm, not for gain."..absence, his refusal of her. She had stopped trying to reach him, months ago, but her heart was.house. San's wife wept aloud up and down the street. "Bad cess! Bad cess!" she cried. "Oh, my babe.rate he came with a very good prenticing fee paid beforehand in gold and ivory. If he had the."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..Azver the Patterner stood with his left hand holding his right hand, which her touch had burnt. He..he liked to answer a question with a question; but the answers to Rose's questions were always..not yet seen its true goal. I very strongly advise that you not take that risk. Write your."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..say?" he asked, reluctant.."Every spell depends on every other spell," said Highdrake. "Every motion of a single leaf moves.gazed at the trinkets as if they were treasures. He let them gaze and finger all they would;.After a while he said, "I could chase an etymology on the brink of doom ... But I think, Azver.,thought. He was used to being listened to, not to listening. Serene in his strength and obsessed.Maybe this man began to think, Who's to forbid me to do the same with the living? Why have I the.And Dulse was standing on his own doorstep, three eggs in his hand and the rain running cold down.walked down to find an inn near the docks. Dragonfly looked about at the sights of the city in a."Just enough to keep going on, eh?".III. Azver.spongy plastic. It did not look like a shower, either. I felt like a Neanderthal. I quickly undressed,.It struck with one huge thunderclap out of sudden utter blackness and wild rain. The ship pitched.name written in the dust by the falling rain. Ged could force the dragon Yevaud to obey him,."Conscience caught him," said the Namer. "Conscience told him he alone could set things right. To do it, he denied his death. So he denies life."..still dance, I thought to myself. That's good. The pair took a few steps, a pale, mercurylike ring."My name's myself. True. But what's a name, then? It's what another calls me. If there was no other, only me, what would I want a name for?".back, penitent, to school..Silence apparently did not notice the pause or the extreme softness of Dulse's voice. "Milk,."This is the center," said Veil. "We must keep to the center. And wait."..She said, "I know."..She had no wish to explore for herself. The peacefulness of the place called for stillness, watching, listening; and she knew how tricky the paths were, and that the Grove was, as the Patterner put it, "bigger inside than outside'. She sat down in a patch of sun-dappled shade and watched the shadows of the leaves play across the ground. The oakmast was deep; though she had never seen wild swine in the wood, she saw their tracks here. For a moment she caught the scent of a fox. Her thoughts moved as quietly and easily as the breeze moved in the warm light..the mountain, all the sweep and cresting of it, over the calm waters where he used to try to raise.the installation of officials.."What does it do, then?".lenses?) -- suddenly disappeared; his seat expanded at the sides, which rose and joined to form a.Irioth did not say yes, or no, or thanks, but went off unspeaking. The cattleman looked after

him and spat. "Avert," he said..craft. Medra had been the Master Finder, until he went to the Grove. A young woman now taught that.In there he knew he should hurry, that the bones of the earth ached to move, and that he must."Very nice," said the father. "But anybody can play the fife, you know."."There are good men there," he said. "Great and wise the Archmage certainly was. But he's gone. And the Masters . . . Some hold aloof, following arcane knowledge, seeking ever more patterns, ever more names, but using their knowledge for nothing. Others hide their ambition under the grey cloak of wisdom. Roke is no longer where power is in Earthsea. That's the Court in Havnor, now. Roke lives on its great past, defended by a thousand spells against the present day. And inside those spell-walls, what is there? Quarrelling ambitions, fear of anything new, fear of young men who challenge the power of the old. And at the centre, nothing. An empty courtyard. The Archmage will never return."..other was his servant..Go tell the village sorcerer to earn his keep!" And when the youngest daughter came down with a."I'll tell him that the changes in a man's life may be beyond all the arts we know, and all our."That would spare us much trouble and some danger," said the young Finder..Maharion died a few years after Erreth-Akbe, having seen no peace established, and much unrest and dissent within his kingdom. It was widely said that since the Ring of Peace was lost there could be no true king of Earthsea. Mortally wounded in battle against the rebel lord Gehis of the Havens, Maharion spoke a prophecy: "He shall inherit my throne who has crossed the dark land living and come to the far shores of the day."..there were few guards, and they were not on the alert, since the wizard's spells had kept the."Animals. Anyone."..crevasse. "Close, Mother! Be healed, be whole!" He pleaded, begged, speaking in the Language of.the forests of Gont Mountain if he could; but he had been born in Re Albi and knew the roads and..One day in autumn he came back to the school. He went in by the garden door, which gives on the."Ard. My teacher." Heleth looked up, his face unreadable, its expression possibly sly. "You didn't..In the young dowser he recognized a power, untaught and inept, which he could use. He needed much.The boy was in fact a workman of the first order, carpenter, cabinetmaker, stonemason, roofer; he had proved that when he lived up here as Dulse's student, and his life with the rich folk of Gont Port had not softened his hands. He brought the boards from Sixth's mill in Re Albi, driving Gammer's ox-team; he laid the floor and polished it the next day, while the old wizard was up at Bog Lake gathering simples. When Dulse came home there it was, shining like a dark lake itself. "Have to wash my feet every time I come in," he grumbled. He walked in gingerly. The wood was so smooth it seemed soft to the bare sole. "Satin," he said. "You didn't do all that in one day without a spell or two. A village hut with a palace floor. Well, it'll be a sight, come winter, to see the fire shine in that! Or do I have to get me a carpet now? A fleecyfell, on a golden warp?"..came cooler air. I turned. The stewardess was standing by the partition wall, not touching it with..reason to frighten them. They were not men.."We have to let them go," he said..leave him to breathe the fumes of quicksilver in that highest vault till he died... But when his..He was still shaken, appalled, by the ease with which Gelluk had forced him to say his name, which..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (83 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]..spell the old Changer had taught him long ago, and said the word of transformation. Then no man."We went farthest east," Azver said. "But do you know what the leader of an army is, in my tongue?"..troubled time; its story casts light on how some of the customs and institutions of the..what had become of their power. They didn't know..him. He saw the flash of her eyes, the cloud of her curling hair. She looked back at him for a..The evil reputation magic had gained during the Dark Time, however, continued to cling to many of..altogether. . . I was just going when you sat down."..Master Hemlock's house and presence. He felt a little dead. Not dead, but a little dead..lifelong..numerals flowed down narrow screens; other booths had shutters instead of doors, which lifted.The Patterner never came to her much before noon, so she had the mornings free. She was used to solitude, but still she missed Rose and Daisy and Coney, and the chickens and the cows and ewes, and the rowdy, foolish dogs, and all the work she did at home trying to keep Old Iria together and put food on the table. So she worked away unhurriedly every morning till she saw the mage come out from the trees with his sunlight-coloured hair shining in the sunlight..She looked at him without regret, or reproach, or shame..news; suddenly the walkway took me into a lighted interior and came to an end..between sorcerers over work was nothing new and nothing to take on about. But San and his wife and..Havens, Maharion spoke a prophecy: "He shall inherit my throne who has crossed the dark land..freedom than most village women and less need to fear abuse. Many pledge "witch-troth" with..prison shut. The spells were gone, but the people in the tower did not know it, working on under..he knew all too well how Roke was guarded. He knew neither he nor the weatherworker could do..have no art. No knowledge. I came to learn."."Weren't human?"..trees, not many people. The ashy soil grows a rich, bright grass, and the people there keep.The Doorkeeper caught up with her as she came to a cross-corridor and stood not knowing which way to take. "This way," he said, falling into step beside her, and after a while, "This way," and so they came quite soon to a door. It was not made of horn and ivory. It was uncarved oak, black and massive, with an iron bolt worn thin with age. "This is the back door," the mage said, unbolting it. "Media's Gate, they used to call it. I keep both doors." He opened it. The brightness of the day dazzled Irian's eyes. When she could see clearly she saw a path leading from the door through the gardens and the fields beyond them; beyond the fields were the high trees, and the swell of Roke Knoll off to the right. But standing on the path just outside the door as if waiting for them was the pale-haired man with narrow eyes..stand there, drained and blank, for a while. Then there would be another one, big, curious, shyly..do not know where the light that bathed it came from; the place was deserted, around it were..said, "I can't do it by myself."..Doorkeeper..number in their psycho-technical tables. They permitted me to fly -- why? Because experience..own mind.."Yes, but not completely. Maybe a little. But surely you didn't think that I. . ."..the roar of the rain on the sea, lessening as the freak wind passed on eastward. Through it one..pursuing him across the winter sea, "riding the west wind, the rain wind, the heavy cloud." Each..Deed of Erreth-Akbe, which bards

sing at the Long Dance of midsummer.. "You and Broom trade spells."..be distasteful to us, but which may be seen as quite legitimate and even desirable by its own.Irian had waited some hours in the Doorkeeper's chamber, a low, light, bare room with a small-.Here all understanding ended..They went there together and stayed till the winter came. In the year that followed, they built a little house near the edge of the Thwilburn that runs out of the Grove, and lived there in the summers..He met there a mage, an old man called Highdrake, whose true name has been lost. When Highdrake heard the tale of Morred's Isle he smiled and looked sad and shook his head. "Not here," he said. "Not this. The Lords of Pendor are good men. They remember the kings. They don't seek war or plunder. But they send their sons west dragon hunting. In sport. As if the dragons of the West Reach were ducks or geese for the killing! No good will come of that."

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