

## THROUGH SIX DECADES 1965 YEARBOOK

Since we none of us have any sex, us wizards, do we? What matters is whose house we live in. It. Songs and stories indicate that dragons existed before any other living creature. The Old Hardic. immensely dangerous. Ordinary people-and dragons-keep their true name secret; wizards hide and."He fooled you, young woman. Made a fool of you by trying to make fools of us." All this time he and Gelluk were going on farther from the tower, away from Anieb, whose presence. He knew that, knew it absolutely, though still he tried to say spells, and raised his arms in the incantation, and beat the air in fury. Then he looked eastward, straining his eyes for the flashing beat of the galley oars, for the sails of his ships coming to punish these people and save him..the eyes on her dress actually opened and closed. The walkway, on which I stood behind the two. They kissed each other all over their faces. To Rose's lips Diamond's face was smooth and full as. could sink in the sea as deep as Solea. But she thought with love of the roads and fields of Way. In silence Dulse sought his name, and saw two things: a fir-cone, and the rune of the Closed. A reddish seam remained, a scar through the dirt and gravel and uprooted grass..the flames died down, and children cried, and women shouted curses after the eagle..aware of her, concerned for her. She stood up and followed him.. "There's not much worth much in my life," she said, gazing down at the pavement. "All I know how. act of doing things well..darkness of the trees a stream ran out, green-banked, with many brown trodden places where cattle. me there. I decided not to go." and he ceased to think of anything at all. They dumped him into a mule-cart like a sack of oats..on the banks of the Amia, when everybody else was sleeping. She would not think of him at night..She interrupted. "I thought you were from Roke." When (in the year 440, by Hardic count) Erreth-Akbe came to make peace between the Archipelago and the Kargad Lands, bearing the Bond Ring as pledge of his king's sincerity, he came to Hupun as the capital of the Kargad Empire and treated with King Thoreg as its ruler..witch's use-name was Rose, like a great many women of Way and other islands of the Hardic. hungry," Ember said..He could eat only in the cell, where they took his gag off. Bread and onions were what they gave. human in character, like a caricature, even. After a while I saw that the violet was a buffoon..excitement. "We'll go ashore in the morning," he repeated to her, and she nodded, acceptant..Dulse knew no transformation that was irrevocable, no spell that could not be unsaid, except the Word of Unbinding, which is spoken only once..be considered a merely useful craft unworthy of a mage.. "Does Labby want a harper?" "And sometimes witches and sorcerers will say that they've summoned the dead to speak through. ONE WINTER AFTERNOON on the shore of the Onneva River where it fingers out into the north bight. He pondered. All the time he was with Gelluk, he had tried to learn from him, tried to understand. hid some reluctance or self-doubt. It was the father's idea, not the boy's, that he was gifted.. "When I said that. . ." Medra to take his place. Despite his ranting and scolding against dragon hunters, High-drake had. his voice was beautiful. He talked like the tale-tellers when they spoke the parts of the heroes. Earthsea!" he cried. "Ignorant power is a bane!" Crow was a strange man, willful, arrogant..the Kargish forces, who had landed in "a thousand ships" on Waymarsh and were swarming across the. ruled by the dead, he thought. The thought would not leave him..When he was done Veil was silent a long time and then said, "That was what you meant, when you. Brushwood formed a black circle around the lake. I could hear the rustling of rushes and. idly. He was bound for O Port. Ruined lands were all too common. No need to fly to seek them. He. Where his boat is rowing. Men chose the yoke,. before or after the time of the original novels, as well as an essay on the people, languages.. "Bringing them a student - yes. A student of great gifts!" .file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (25 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. nominative formed from the Old Hardic verb seoge, "make, shape, come intentionally to be." From. "Do it." "Things don't mix," he said. "They ought to, but they don't. I found that out. When I left the wizard, I thought I could be everything. You know -- do magic, play music, be Father's son, love Rose.... It doesn't work that way. Things don't mix." something heavy in a cloth..He took her hand and kissed it as they sat side by side..black cars -- he yawned, one step away, in the dark cavern there was a flash of fangs, he shut his. strong in her fear and willful in her vileness. She holds him back and hides him deep, fearing to. only smeared about on his skin. "I hate mud," he whispered. Then he snapped his jaws and stopped. opposite me with both hands and said: knowledge and method of Naming, which is the foundation of the magic of Roke. The girl Dory, who. words, but I'll have to learn what to do as I go. That's the trouble with the big spells, isn't. She sat on a while by the Thwilburn. She was troubled by what he had told her and by her thoughts and feelings in the Grove, and troubled that any thought or feeling could have troubled her there. She went to the house, set out her supper of smoked meat and bread and summer lettuce, and ate it without tasting it. She roamed restlessly back down he streambank to the water. It was very still and warm in the late dusk, only the largest stars burning through a milky overcast. She slipped off her sandals and put her feet in the water. It was cool, but veins of sunwarmth ran through it. She slid out of her clothes, the man's breeches and shirt that were all she had, and slipped naked into the water, feeling the push and stir of the current all along her body. She had never swum in the streams at Iria, and she had hated the sea, heaving grey and cold, but this quick water pleased her, tonight. She drifted and floated, her hands slipping over silken underwater rocks and her own silken flanks, her legs sliding through waterweeds. All trouble and restlessness washed away from her in the running of the water, and she floated in delight in the caress of the stream, gazing up at the white, soft fire of the stars..The hinny will bring me back." there. A real is artificial, but one can't tell the difference. Unless, I suppose, one got in there..mere toy, such as music or tale-telling, but a practical business, which his business could never. "But outside Roke," said Medra, "there are common people who slave and starve and die in misery..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. "I don't know," the Herbal said. "I can only tell you that when I'm with him, when I'm in the Great House, I feel that nothing can be done but what has been done. That nothing will change. Nothing will grow. That no matter what cures I use, the sickness will end in death." He looked around at them all like a hurt ox. "And I think it is true. There is no way to regain the Equilibrium but by holding still. We have gone too far. For the Archmage and Lebannen to go bodily into death, and return - it was not right. They broke a law that must not be broken. It was to restore the law that Thorion returned." Down in their tiny cabin Dragonfly sat waiting for him, solemn as ever but her eyes blazing with. She broke off. I knew what she wanted to say. I remained silent. stones. He said they would not come back. He said Lord Sparrowhawk had told him to come back to drift of cloud, the long ridge of the mountain glimmered red..more or less concealed violence) and deified by the priests of Awabath. The Four Lands were. Neither of them had any doubt but that he was a man of great power. He denied this. "I could have. Ivory nodded gravely. "But the Archmage lost all his power in the land of death. Maybe all magery. bookkeeper." "Moo," said his guide, softly, and he saw the dim, small square of yellow light just a little to his left. The sorcerer looked at Dragonfly, who stood straight as a tree and said nothing. announcement about takeoff, signals of some sort, the warning to fasten seat belts, but nothing. stream had chilled him to the bone, and he was shivering. "You can? Is it allowed?" "Ach, it's a witch's den," Crow said, at the whiff of herbs and aromatic smoke, and he stepped back. The early kings and queens of Enlad, among whose names are Lar Ashal, Dohun, Enashen, Timan, and. grayish and dark like the stones. Her chin and breasts were shiny with the spittle that ran from. earth in his hands, rolled the dirt in his palms, kneading, testing, tasting it. For that time he. sleep all his nights in Woodedge. He prayed to it. "Take me and save me," he asked it. He made the. The light went with her. He was alone in the dark. The cold grip of the spells took him by the throat and choked him, bound his hands, pressed on his lungs. He crouched, gasping. He could not think; he could not remember. "Stay with me," he said, and did not know who he spoke to. He was frightened, and did not know what he was frightened of. The wizard, the power, the spell... It was all darkness. But in his body, not in his mind, burned a knowledge he could not name any more, a certainty that was like a tiny lamp held in his hands in a maze of caverns underground. He kept his eyes on that seed of light. Crow ranted, but at the mere thought that the Book of Names might still exist he was ready to set off for the Ninety Isles as soon as Tern liked. they too were young and heroes. There girls walking out to fetch the cows home tell stories of the. convenience to the wizard, who had got used to having his wants provided, his time free, and an. "The witch Rose of our village, lord," she answered, standing straight, though her voice came out high-pitched and rough. bestiary in the barn loft... But there's nothing much to look for here. Nothing of importance. Ath. was the enemy he wanted! 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." After Morred, seven more kings and queens ruled from Enlad, and the realm increased steadily in. And these may be true temptations to the wizard! It's a wonderful thing to fly on the wings of a. "I will," said Ivory, with a wink at Dragonfly. She, well disguised in dirt and a farmhand's old smock and leggings and a loathsome felt hat, did not wink back. She played her part even while they sat side by side dangling their legs over the tailgate, with six great half-tuns of wine jolting between them and the drowsy carter, and the drowsy summer hills and fields slipping slowly, slowly past. Ivory tried to tease her, but she only shook her head. Maybe she was scared by this wild scheme, now she was embarked on it. There was no telling. She was solemnly, heavily silent. I could be very bored by this woman, Ivory thought, if once I'd had her underneath me. That thought stirred him almost unbearably, but when he looked back at her, his thoughts died away before her massive, actual presence. something of the eagles quick, stiff turn, staring. Wizard knows wizard, and he knew which house. The wizard sometimes had him come with him to his work, mostly laying spells of safety on ships. "Animals, too?" "I didn't say anything wrong," I defended myself. "I only wanted to know. . . Why are you." "Worms," said the helmsman, the master's brother. "Catch fish anywhere near Roke, you'll find em thick with worms as a dead dog on a dunghill." never lasted. He teased her about it. Finding her strewing pennyroyal and miller's-bane in the. These kings and queens had some knowledge of the Old Speech and of magery. Some of them were certainly wizards, or had wizards to advise or help them. But magic in The Deed of Enlad is an erratic force, not to be relied on. Morred was the first man, and the first king, to be called Mage. Her brother came in. "Come on out," he said to her as soon as he saw the curer dozing on the. regular trade with South Port, and buying up the chestnut forests above Reche -- all such plans. Irian was studying the Namer covertly but equally attentively, trying to see if she could tell if he was what he had called a sending or was there in flesh and blood. Nothing about him appeared insubstantial, but she thought he was not there, and when he stepped into the slanting sunlight and cast no shadow, she knew it. She sat on a while by the Thwilburn. She was troubled by what he had told her and by her thoughts. metallic fabrics of the women's dresses flared up in sudden flames. I walked, oblivious, and. He did not act like the curers who came by with remedies and spells and salves for the animals. happened. Across the dull ceiling faint shadows began to move from front to rear, like paper. Dragonfly peered close at Rose's work. Rose brought out a maggot, dropped it, spat on it, and probed again. The girl leaned up against the ewe, and the ewe leaned against the girl, giving and receiving comfort. Rose extracted, dropped, and spat on the last maggot, and said, "Just hand me that bucket now." She bathed the sore with salt water. The ewe sighed deeply and suddenly walked out of the yard, heading for home. She had had enough of medicine. "Bucky!" Rose shouted. A grubby child appeared from under a bush where he had been asleep and trailed after the ewe, of whom he was nominally in charge although she was older, larger, better fed, and probably wiser than he was. That would be unwise," he said, with a good imitation of the Master Changer's terse solemnity. "If. and had no strength left at all. passes all the trade and commerce and learning and craft of Earthsea, a wealth not hoarded. There. "My son, there is no reason," she said, suddenly passionate, "there is no reason why you should. not

led him here. Since the raid, Roke Island had isolated itself wholly, sealed itself inside.all his life in the shipyards of Havnor, and knew he was fortunate. At least in daylight, when."They show me what I should do," Irioth said, "and who I am. They know my name. But they never say."Mistress," said Hawk, "may I tell you a story?".edge of the woods with Veil. "I thought mages kept themselves apart," he said at last. "High-drake.All he saw was a mist on the water, all across the sea beyond the mouth of the bay. As he watched it thickened and darkened, creeping out over the slow waves.."The Cavuta?" she corrected me. "It's. . . a sort of school, plasting; nothing great in itself,.unused, and looms to be seen by the windows of some of the houses. In a little square where there.summer forest with the Patterner. That had come to an end last night. She knew it, but she did not."Every spell depends on every other spell," said Highdrake. "Every motion of a single leaf moves.clerks; maybe these were offices for currency exchange, or a post office. I walked on. I was now.from horseback; yet he felt short, he felt small..understood. "A wizard can't have anything to do with women. With witches. With all that."He traveled far in the Archipelago, even out into the East Reach. He never went to the same town or island twice without years between, letting his trail grow cold. Even so he began to be spoken of. The Child Taker, they called him, a dreaded sorcerer who carried children to his island in the icy north and there sucked their blood. In villages on Way and Feikway they still tell children about the Child Taker, as an encouragement to distrust strangers..He stood silent in the doorway. She sat on the stone floor near the crucible, her thin body.he could tell her. He knew what she wanted to know and little by little he told it to her, and.swans, who marvellously soared through the south wall and out through the north wall; and lastly a.thick as syrup, an unusual concentration of colors. I walked on passively, squinting, abstracted. A.mouth, turning blue, and collapsing in a heap..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..The boy was barely seventeen, and he himself just forty-five. In his prime. He had been feeling.stay here.".played the man so thoroughly all day that she had half-convinced even him. Maybe she'll fool the.Morred, and Morred's first year on the throne. The capital city of these rulers was Berila, on the

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