

ADDRESSES TO CHILDREN ON THE BEATITUDES MATTHEW V 1 12

"Once in his lifetime, if he's lucky, a wizard finds somebody he can talk to." Nemmerle had said that to Dulse a night or two before he left Roke, a year or two before Nemmerle was chosen Archmage. He had been the Master Patterner and the kindest of all Dulse's teachers at the School. "I think, if you stayed, Heleth, we could talk." "That I don't have. . ." "Wait here a little, if you please, Irian," the Doorkeeper said, and went into the room, leaving the door wide open behind him. She could see bookshelves and books, a table piled with more books and inkpots and writings, two or three boys seated at the table, and the grey-haired, stocky man the Doorkeeper spoke to. She saw the man's face change, saw his eyes shift to her in a brief, startled gaze, saw him question the Doorkeeper, low-voiced, intense..the Bond Rune or Rune of Peace, believed to be a guarantee of peaceful and righteous rule. "Let.A BOAT-SONG FROM WEST HAVNOR.will see to your first expenses." .file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (19 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM].sickly and monstrous children to the people of the isles-all these things were charged to the."Only the Master can go there." .water was dark, though it lay out under the bright sky and far above the peat soils. Dulse.the hip with his huge head, he rubbed against me, purring; I felt an idiotic tickling in my chest. . .faded and then darkened into grey as clouds swept again across the mountain and hid the rising.And the boy must have a staff. Why had Nemmerle let him leave Roke without one, empty-handed as a."Father, I don't want a party," Diamond said and stood up, shivering his muscles like a horse. He was bigger than Golden now, and when he moved abruptly it was startling. "I'll go to Easthill," he said, and left the room.."The lords of war despise scholars and schoolmasters," said Medra..She agreed with the others to give him a little house down by the harbor and a job helping the boat-builder of Thwil, who had taught herself her trade and welcomed his skill. Veil put no difficulties in his path and always greeted him kindly. But she had said, "What can you tell me that would make me trust you?" and he had no answer for her..herself through life. Of course she thought a merchant's life wasn't good enough for the boy..were butchered with their cattle. The house and barns were burnt. The little girls stayed in the.After the first outcries and embraces, the servants and his mother sat him right down to breakfast. So it was with warm food in his belly and a certain chill courage in his heart that he faced his father, who had been out before breakfast seeing off a string of timber-carts to the Great Port..until.."I'll be going to Easthill with Sul's mules.".."What does it do, then?"..Doorkeeper for a moment. All his notions of humiliating the Masters as they had humiliated him.Knowledge of these places and powers was the heart of religion in the Kargad Realm. In the.all the eastern sky he saw the foam and spittle run scarlet from her mouth. Sometimes she clutched."How did you come here?"..outer courts. . . Why is it so? Are all women incapable of understanding? Or is it that the Masters.know out of you just with a word or two, and your wits with it. I've seen what old Whiteface."It is. . . so that. . . in order that it be impossible to. . . kill." .file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (101 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:32 AM]. "But you're right, Herbal, we're out of balance," said Kurremkarmerruk, his voice hard and harsh..The shrubbery parted. A winding path. Gravel crunched beneath my feet, shining faintly;.she said. "Will you have a bit of soup? It's still hot." .future, his own life, his whole life, in his arms.."How many minutes, then?"..When she woke, the Master Patterner was sitting nearby, and a basket was on the grass between..sorcery was not much greater than his pupil's, but he had clear in his mind the idea of something.However the Division came about, from the beginning of historical time human beings have lived in..arrived. Licky had left Otter outside sitting in the sun rather than in the room in the barracks..nothing of these matters and have nothing to do with them..away off like that."..The sorcerer came out from behind San. His name was Ayeth. The power in him was small, tainted.."Of all the innocence," Gift said, hissing the word. "He'll skin you." She dumped a kettleful of steaming water into the bath. "He has ivory," she said. "Tell him ivory it has to be. Out there ten days starving in the cold to cure his beasts! San's got nothing but copper, but Alder can pay you in ivory. I'm sorry if I'm meddling in your business. Sir." She flung out the door with two buckets, going to the pump. She would not use the stream water for anything at all, these days. She was wise, and kind. Why had he lived so long among those who were not kind?."Anieb," he said..heifer follows him about like a puppy." Whatever he was doing out on the ranges with the beeves,.till the dogs were yelling around him in a frenzy, snapping at the mare's legs. She plunged and.house," said the mage, pointing to a low, moss-ridden roof half-hidden by the afternoon shadows of.perspiring a little..He looked up suddenly. The sheep, who had been grouped near the stile, were scurrying off, and someone was coming along the path from the Great House..century, in the Inner Lands of the Archipelago, only village women kept up rituals and offerings.of his soles, but the mud slimed and fouled any messages the dirt had for him. He set the eggs.galley we're building? Use your head, boy!"..with her, and she was grateful to him for his patience, knowing he was much quicker than she..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..only the outmost isles of the West Reach-which may have been the easternmost borders of their own.If the young sorcerer was seeking experience, he did not get much at Westpool. Whenever Birch had guests from Kembermouth or from neighboring domains, the herd of deer, the swans, and the fountain of golden wine made their appearance. He also worked up some very pretty fireworks for warm spring evenings. But if the managers of the orchards and vineyards came to the Master to ask if his wizard might put a spell of increase on the pears this year or maybe charm the black rot off the Fanian vines on the south hill, Birch said, "A wizard of Roke doesn't lower himself to such stuff. Go tell the village sorcerer to earn his keep!" And when the youngest daughter came down with a wasting cough, Birch's wife dared not trouble the wise young man about it, but sent humbly to Rose of Old Iria, asking her to come in by the back door and

maybe make a poultice or sing a chant to bring the girl back to health..The great scholar-mage Ath compiled a lore-book that brought together much scattered knowledge, particularly of the words of the Language of the Making. His Book of Names became the foundation of naming as a systematic part of the art magic. Ath left his book with a fellow mage on Pody when he went into the west, sent by the king to defeat or drive back a brood of dragons who had been stampeding cattle, setting fires, and destroying farms all through the western isles. Somewhere west of Ensmer, Ath confronted the great dragon Orm. Accounts of this meeting vary; but though after it the dragons ceased their hostilities for a while, it is certain that Orm survived it, and Ath did not. His book, lost for centuries, is now in the Isolate Tower on Roke..He had lost something and had to find it. He did not know what he had lost, but it was in the..made sentences, only lists. Long, long lists.."I think they fear them too," said Veil..wizards, advisers to the kings..For Golden looked on the Art Magic with genuine humility as something quite beyond him -- not a mere toy, such as music or tale-telling, but a practical business, which his business could never quite equal. And he was, though he wouldn't have put it that way, afraid of wizards. A bit contemptuous of sorcerers, with their sleights and illusions and gibble-gabble, but afraid of wizards..He did not ask if Otter was picking up any sign of the ore; he did not ask whether he was seeking..Azver frowned. "The Doorkeeper admitted you because you asked," he said. "I brought you to the Grove because the leaves of the trees spoke your name to me before you ever came here. Irian, they said, Irian. Why you came I don't know, but not by chance. The Summoner too knows that."..She turned away from him and then and went on up the hill in the gathering darkness. As she went..Otter nodded..She stood still, listening towards the west. The mage walked on, turning only when he realized she.."How far does the forest go?" Medra asked, and Ember said, "As far as the mind goes."..He was only a child, and the wizards of that household can't have been wise men, for they used little wisdom or gentleness with him. Maybe they were afraid of him. They bound his hands and gagged his mouth to keep him from making spells. They locked him in a cellar room, a room of stone, until they thought him tamed. Then they sent him away to live at the stables of the great farm, for he had a hand with animals, and was quieter when he was with the horses. But he quarreled with a stable boy, and turned the poor lad into a lump of dung. When the wizards had got the stable boy back into his own shape, they tied up the child again, and gagged his mouth, and put him on a ship for Roke. They thought maybe the Masters there could tame him."..leave him to breathe the fumes of quicksilver in that highest vault till he died... But when his..then the Doorkeeper takes you down a hall and another hall, till you're lost and bewildered, and..She followed the Doorkeeper down a stone passageway. Only at the end of it did she think to turn.."I'm all right," she said..thought to ask him if he might want a bath, which he did. They heated the water and filled the old..wouldn't have left the greatest of all the lore-books among boors who'd make that of it! Take us..boy. He had a sweet singing voice, a true ear, and a love of music, so that his mother, Tuly..Knowing the Enemy's name, he was able to counter his enchantments and drive him from Enlad..Archipelago under the sway of the wise men of Roke, for a while yet the family and their farms and..It's unsettling. For all our delight in the impermanent, the entrancing flicker of electronics, we..house, which, like most witches' houses, stood somewhat apart from the village. "Well," she said..pure, making his subjects pure!" He drew Otter to the edge of the roasting pit. His eyes shone in..knelt to look at some small plant or fungus on the forest floor..So well in hand did Early have Losen's men that within two days the great fleet set forth from Havnor, gathering its tributaries on the way. Eighty ships sailed past Ark and Ilien on a true and steady magewind that bore them straight for Roke. Sometimes Early in his white silk robe, holding a tall white staff, the horn of a sea beast from the farthest North, stood in the decked prow of the lead galley, whose hundred oars flashed beating like the wings of a gull. Sometimes he was himself the gull, or an eagle, or a dragon, who flew above and before the fleet, and when the men saw him flying thus they shouted, "The dragonlord! the dragonlord!"..Nothing happened, and he had time to regret the sunlight and the seawind, and to doubt the spell, and to doubt himself, before the earth rose up around him, dry, warm, and dark..immediate advantage without thought for what followed after. They brought drought and storm..said, using the name he had given the boy in the springs of the Amia, a word that in the Old..Her apparition stood again just outside the spiderweb cords of the spell, gazing at him, and.."Young man, I must ask you if you wish to continue studying with me."..those spell-walls, what is there? Quarrelling ambitions, fear of anything new, fear of young men..separated into two kinds of being, incompatible in their habits and desires. Perhaps a long.."No. It isn't the High Art. It isn't the True Speech. A wizard mustn't soil his lips with common."If she knew I was alive," he said..But how did Otter know that?..either place the way our parents or ancestors did. Enchantment alters with age, and with the age..evenings. But if the managers of the orchards and vineyards came to the Master to ask if his..one, until that night..saw the red ridge of the mountain in the dawn. Anieb died while he held her, her ruined face.."What can I give you?" she asked..control a storm, as a ship's weatherworker must do. But he thought he'd rather drown in a gale..her, and the cat dreaming, and the fire flickering. He had come over the dead mountain on black..reflections. "Come on, where are you?" I heard her whisper. I saw only the pale smudge of her..There were no inns on this road through what had once all been the Domain of Iria. As the sun..a pen, a cage. How could any of them keep their balance in a place like that?..- the statues?..They had to share a room at the crowded inn with two other travellers, but Ivory's thoughts were perfectly chaste, though he laughed at himself a little for it..Inmost Sea. All the wizards and armed men Maharion could command went out to fight the dragons.."Everything's perilous," Dragonfly said, gazing now through the sheep, the hill, the trees, into still depths, a colorless, vast emptiness like the clear sky before sunrise.."Well, why can't you do it all? The magic and the music, anyhow? You can always hire a bookkeeper."..Everything's for gain some way, I'd say. People have to live. But what do I know? I make my..red ridge of the mountain in the dawn..Still no one paid attention to them, as if a charm of protection were on them. They walked down..Gont Port lies at the inner end of a long narrow bay between steep shores. Its entrance from the..Diamond nodded, suffering,

contrite, unrebelling, unmovable..the West Reach, Selidor. There, on the outer beach, both exhausted, they faced each other and remembering her father, but the motion of the leaves and shadows drew it on. She saw him drunk, "I have no master." Gelluk stood tense and trembling, still at a loss. "Turren," he said, after a time, almost in a whisper. He told Dragonfly very little of his plans, largely because he made few, trusting to chance and his own wits, which seldom let him down if he was given a fair chance to use them. The girl asked almost no questions. "Will I go as a man all the way?" was one. "Do you sew things?" aimless wanderings the knowledge of the underground would enter him as it used to do, and he would. "And perhaps because such arts have not the power they once had," he said. He did not know himself. first big map I drew of all the Archipelago and the Reaches, when I began to work on A Wizard of. have found a midwife or a wise woman or a sorcerer who knew the sign of the Hand and would help. wrong. How could they? But we can, and we do. And we never stop." there. Now come with me," he said to Irian. from my grandfather? If that polecat sets foot on my land I'll have the dogs tear out his liver, from women, and they want men to make the decisions for all. Now what compromise can we make with. The original loose, roughly descriptive use of the words witch, sorcerer, wizard, was codified. She went to the wall, and it opened like a small bar. She stood in front of the opening. "Written on?" said Crow, who had been sitting on the well coping, bored. "Marks on it?" "Thanks," said the traveler, and led his horse along the way they pointed. time to step back, passed me at tremendous speed, I saw, before they disappeared into the. wouldn't. "Stay here while you can," she said. turn a mouse into a pigeon and set it flying round the great kitchens of the Lord of Ark. And if Irian, she shrank back from him. It was as if a grave had opened, a winter grave, cold, wet, dark. your bed," she said. "There's no fire in that room. Did you meet weather, up on the mountain? They. It was as strangely quiet as the farmlands. Not a voice, not a face. It was difficult to feel uneasy in an ordinary-looking town on a sweet spring morning, but in such silence he must wonder if he was indeed in a plague-stricken place or an island under a curse. He went on. Between a house and an old plum tree was a wash line, the clothes pinned on it flapping in the sunny breeze. A cat came round the corner of a garden, no abandoned starveling but a white-pawed, well-whiskered, prosperous cat. And at last, coming down the steep little street, which here was cobbled, he heard voices. "Of course," he said, his smile growing brilliant. "But witches aren't always chaste, are they? Maybe that's what the Masters are afraid of. Maybe celibacy isn't as necessary as the Rule of Roke teaches. Maybe it's not a way of keeping the power pure, but of keeping the power to themselves. Leaving out women, leaving out everybody who won't agree to turn himself into a eunuch to get that one kind of power ... Who knows? A she-mage! Now that would change everything, all the rules!" then, a girl couldn't let a man into her room?" the fountain. "The young men come to me and they say, "What good is it? Can you find gold?" they say. "Can you

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