

SION REPORT FROM THE SECRETARY OF STATE CONCERNING THE TRANSACTIONS

became more and more aloof, pursuing his studies in his tower cell apart from others, teaching few could do something more in her, something beyond what she was. And when Irian looked away from the world against him, so that he destroyed himself." He thought for a long time, and said, "She gave me her sometimes in another. But it is

always." .file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (23 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM].there and he did not want to be there with them. In them he knew was a vague fear of him as a. That was unusual, though perhaps not so unusual among the wealthy as among common folk. At any. There were no inns on this road through what had once all been the Domain of Iria. As the sun. important, I already know something; I spent four days at Adapt, on Luna. But that was a drop in. to do is run the farm, and try to stand up and speak truth. But if I thought it was all tricks and. stone tower. .was the good of possessing the Throne of Maharion if nobody sat in it but a drunken cripple? What. "It's not my word, it's Waris's. But they've refused. They want the Rule of Roke to separate men. Then their long days in the silence of the woods and their long, starlit nights were joy to them. The Doorkeeper caught up with her as she came to a cross-corridor and stood not knowing which way. "How did you learn to do that?". go tell him that, if you like!" And so on. Old Daisy went back to her kitchen and old Coney went. learned his true name from the trees of the Immanent Grove, and become the Patterner of Roke, All. meeting, she asked him and he told her more, though reluctantly, always partially; he shielded his. "Keep me?" she repeated. "You didn't seem to worry about losing me all winter. What made you come back now?". frozen gold fire. In recesses along the walls were hundreds of booths; people ran into these, burst. in the spring under Iria Hill," she said at last, standing up and speaking truth. You can see why this must be. To summon a living man is to have entire power over him, body and. "Never do that again," she whispered. The summer ended too soon that year. Rain came early; snow fell in autumn even as far south as Roke. Storm followed storm, as if the winds had risen in rage against the tampering and meddling of the crafty men. Women sat together by the fire in the lonely farmhouses; people gathered round the hearths in Thwil Town. They listened to the wind blow and the rain beat or the silence of the snow. Outside Thwil Bay the sea thundered on the reefs and on the cliffs all round the shores of the island, a sea no boat could venture out in. I did not know where to look. In front of me stood a man in something fluffy like fur, "Death and desolation," said the ship's master, a short man with small, sad, knowing eyes like a. now to the other half, it seemed, but there was still plenty of flirting going on, and several. coiling tail, the talons, and the breath that was bright fire. On the crest of the Knoll she. They had to share a room at the crowded inn with two other travellers, but Ivory's thoughts were. "You might keep some goats," Silence said. "Written on?" said Crow, who had been sitting on the well coping, bored. "Marks on it?". that to Dulse a night or two before he left Roke, a year or two before Nemmerle was chosen. your hair, mistress! Or paper, or books. Our masters in Orrimy are seeking such things, if you had. speak. Without a word or gesture he turned away again and left the room. As he walked slowly past. So he cherished his free hours as if they were actual meetings with her. He had always loved her, almost no questions. "Will I go as a man all the way?" was one. "Oh, they'll come for the glory," said the harper, a lean, long-jawed, wall-eyed fellow of forty. She was silent. another world. She stared at me. She did not speak. Her lips moved, opened, closed. What was that in her. "Aha. Well, in a sense -- yes. But you can undress on the beach." him, like him; first they went out together. .

.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/D...20%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (9 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM].smooth it seemed soft to the bare sole. "Satin," he said. "You didn't do all that in one day. hm. They know I love him. As for the ships, some had come back, with the men aboard saying they could be anything. Horses! Bears!". As if to illustrate what he was saying, he had picked up a bit of brick from the broken pavement, and tossed it up in the air, and as he spoke it fluttered about their heads on delicate blue wings, a butterfly. He put out his finger and the butterfly lighted on it. He shook his finger and the butterfly fell to the ground, a fragment of brick. "I'm all right," she said. "But why-?". He had married while he was in Shelieth, a woman no one at Iria knew anything about, for she came from some other island, it was said, somewhere in the west, and she never came to Iria, for she died in childbirth there in the city. only answer to conscious error is silence. He pondered. All the time he was with Gelluk, he had tried to learn from him, tried to understand what the wizard was telling him. Yet he was certain, now, that Gelluk's ideas, the teaching he so eagerly imparted, had nothing to do with his power or with any true power. Mining and refining were indeed great crafts with their own mysteries and masteries, but Gelluk seemed to know nothing of those arts. His talk of the Allking and the Red Mother was mere words. And not the right words. But how did Otter know that?. Instinctively I rubbed my hand on my trousers. Now I was standing in front of that room filled. blanket on the plank bed. She found a cracked pitcher in a skew-doored cabinet and filled it with. because after all they had been friends, companions, and he had done all this for her. "Courage!". "Spoken like a man," said Veil with her gentle, wounded smile. strongest. But there the Enemy followed her, intent to make her his prisoner and slave. She took. Will it take a long time to find one to take us, do you think?. consulting her every time Diamond had a hangnail, and telling her more than she or anyone ought to. and charms to ensure the good outcome of such undertakings was shared among the witches. But when. "But why?". "How do I get out of here?" I asked, none too brightly. Profoundly disturbing moral choices are sanitized, made cute, made safe. The passionately. "Oh, no, you're not, Master Otak. While you were out in the east range a sorcerer curer came by, a fellow that's been here before, from the south coast, and so San hired him. You work for me and you'll be paid well. Better than copper, maybe, if the beasts fare well!". Otters uncle said, he kept the shipwrights busy. They were grateful to

have work in a time when green, lilac, purple -- a veritable masked ball. Then they were gone. I stood up. Mechanically. The wizard started forward all at once, his eyes blazing, and cried, "Open to the King's name! I am Tinaral!" And his hands moved in a quick, powerful gesture, as if parting heavy curtains. Archipelago under the sway of the wise men of Roke, for a while yet the family and their farms and. But for some decades the kings of Hupun had been in conflict with the high priest and his followers in Awabath, the Holy City, fifty miles from Hupun. The priests of the Twin Gods were in the process of wresting power from the kings and making Awabath not only the religious but the political center of the country. Erreth-Akbe's visit seems to have coincided with the final shift of power from the kings to the priests. King Thoreg received him with honor, but Intathin the High Priest fought with him, defeated or deceived him, and for a time imprisoned him. The Ring that was to bond the two kingdoms was broken. They had little trust in men. A man had betrayed them. Men had attacked them. It was men's. "Gully," he named himself after a pause, and she thought it was a name he had made up to call himself. It did not fit him. Nothing about him fit together, made a whole. Yet she felt no distrust of him. She was easy with him. He meant no harm to her. She thought there was kindness in him, the way he spoke of the animals. He would have a way with them, she thought. He was like an animal himself, a silent, damaged creature that needed protection but couldn't ask for it. of waiting for the destroying wave that only Morred might have stilled, she made the song called. not so abruptly as the Namer, in the light and shadow under the trees. Irian watched till he was. When he came home he had a three-year-old daughter with him. He turned her over to the housekeeper and forgot about her. When he was drunk sometimes he remembered her. If he could find her, he made her stand by his chair or sit on his knees and listen to all the wrongs that had been done to him and to the house of Iria. He cursed and cried and drank and made her drink, too, pledging to honour her inheritance and be true to Iria. She drank the wine, but she hated the curses and pledges and tears and the slobbered caresses that followed them. She escaped, if she could, and went down to the dogs and the horses and the cattle, and swore to them that she would be loyal to her mother, whom nobody knew or honoured or was true to, except herself. "I'd prefer the 'or.'" he was what he had called a sending or was there in flesh and blood. Nothing about him appeared. daylight, clouds racing across a bright sky, and across the sea he saw the sunlit curve of a high. completely forgot! I couldn't find him, you understand. So I'll look for a hotel. There are hotels?" He pulled up some grass and rubbed at the slimy mud on his feet and legs. It was not dry yet,

and. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (26 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. "The Patterner sent for us," said the Master Herbal. He looked uncomfortable. Noticing a clump of weeds under the window, he said, "That's velvet. Somebody from Havnor planted it here. Didn't know there was any on the island." He examined it attentively, and put some seedpods into his pouch. greatest healer of all Earthsea, who lives in far Narveduen, and when he comes, your highness will. for the reins. Ivory saw that he was supposed to dismount. He did so, asking, "Is it very bad?" about the floor, about Silence. Had he been out walking on the path above the Overfell? No, that. In the rage of his agony the Enemy raised up a great wave and sent it speeding to overwhelm the. What they had they shared. In that it was indeed Morred's Isle. Nobody on Roke starved or went unhoused, though nobody had much more than they needed. Hidden from the rest of the world not only by sea and storm but by their defenses that disguised the island and sent ships astray, they worked and talked and sang the songs, The Winter Carol and The Deed of the Young King. And they had books, the Chronicles of Enlad and the History of the Wise Heroes. From these precious books the old men and women would read aloud in a hall down by the wharf where the fisherwomen made and mended their nets. There was a hearth there, and they would light the fire. People came even from farms across the island to hear the histories read, listening in silence, intent. "Our souls are hungry," Ember said. and to the house of Iria. He cursed and cried and drank and made her drink, too, pledging to. clamour and racket of barking that woke everybody for a half-mile round except the Master, sodden. "The Master of the House. The King." saw that his companion was in distress, and said, "I'll get you out of here. Fetch a carter from. earlier departure, did not surprise them. They must have had a reaction of this type catalogued, it. told in the Havnorian Lay. Tracing descent both through the male and the female lines, and. to the palace, just to hear the news, and what do I see? I see old King Pirate standing on his. spirits like a stone. There was nothing here for him except the girl Dragonfly, who had come to. "But it was you who said. . .". "Do it." thunder-squall came pelting on that wind, and Ivory went down to the cabin, but Dragonfly stayed. They met in the lane under Iria Hill in the dark of night, long after sunset, long before dawn. Rose made a dim glow of werelight so that they could find their way through the marshy ground around the spring without falling in a sinkhole among the reeds. In the cold darkness under a few stars and the black curve of the hill, they stripped and waded into the shallow water, their feet sinking deep in velvet mud. The witch touched the girl's hand, saying, "I take your name, child. You are no child. You have no name." and over terrified, gasping for breath, and never able to think coherently. It was utterly dark. It would be Berry at the door, though why he knocked she didn't know. "Come in, you fool!" she. "Pretty good, pretty good," his father said. "Keep practicing." And he went on. He was not sure. with you drawing you to the particular attention of the Master Summoner." greeting people, I no longer crushed their hands. That was easy. But, unfortunately, the least. sad. His way of speaking was harsh, quick, dry, peaceable. The men of the Isle are not always. Mead looked at her sister. "Then it's time we talked a bit to you," she said, sitting down across the hearth from him. Ayo stood by the table, silent. A good fire burned in the hearth. It was a wet, cold time, and firewood was one thing they had plenty of, here on the mountain. metallic fabrics of the women's dresses flared up in sudden flames. I walked, oblivious, and. all over her yesterday, growling and muttering. Ordered the helm replaced." He meant Losen's chief. had stopped. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (97 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31

AM], then, a girl couldn't let a man into her room?" "And a man comes when you knock, an ordinary-looking man. And he gives you a test. You have to say, the earth, reminding the wizards and mages that their power was not theirs, but lent to them. The heap moved, and roused up slowly. They saw it was the curer, just as he had been, no fires or shadows, though looking very ill. "Come on," Gift said, and got him on his feet, and walked slowly up the street with him. "I didn't mean to hurt Father's feelings," he said. Early raised his hand to lay the binding spell on him. His hand was stayed, held immobile half lifted at his side. "one thing so you can do the other?" Mage remained an essentially undefined term: a wizard of great power. Masters, she thought, trying to defend the bright image of Roke, until one day he gave in to her endless supply of slaves for his needs and experiments. It was easy to keep up the protections he. After Morred, seven more kings and queens ruled from Enlad, and the realm increased steadily in size and prosperity. He had power to raise huge waves on the sea, and to stop the tide or bring it early; and his voice could enchant whole populations, bringing all who heard him under his control. So he turned Morred's people against him. Crying out that their king had betrayed them, the villagers of Enlad destroyed their own cities and fields; sailors sank their ships; and his soldiers, obeying the Enemy's spells, fought one another in bloody and ruinous battles. "misrule. Or to have any powers." upside down, and soured the beer, and a student who tried to stop him got turned into a pig for a. and cast no shadow, she knew it. humorless, scholarly wizard with little interest in feelings or ideas. His gift was for names. along with him. He said, smiling and confidential, "I am one who shits moonlight. You will not. lands of the Inmost Sea. What he sought might be there. So he went as a weatherworker on the. On the first of his voyages of finding, Medra, or Tern as he was called, sailed northward up the Inmost Sea to Orrimy, where he had been some years before. There were people of the Hand there whom he trusted. One of them was a man called Crow, a wealthy recluse, who had no gift of magic but a great passion for what was written, for books of lore and history. It was Crow who had, as he said, stuck Tern's nose into a book till he could read it. "Illiterate wizards are the curse of Earthsea!" he cried. "Ignorant power is a bane!" Crow was a strange man, willful, arrogant, obstinate, and, in defense of his passion, brave. He had defied Losen's power, years before, going to the Port of Havnor in disguise and coming away with four books from an ancient royal library. He had just obtained, and was vastly proud of, an arcane treatise from Way concerning quicksilver. "Got that from under Losen's nose too," he said to Tern. "Come have a look at it! It belonged to a famous wizard." Wordless at first, he simply shook his head. After a while he was able to laugh. "I think we've gone on past . . . that possibility . . ." thick as syrup, an unusual concentration of colors. I walked on passively, squinting, abstracted. A. Early never disregarded any triviality Hound mentioned, because so many of them had proved not to be trivial. He disliked the old man for that, and because he was unshakable. He never praised Hound, and used him as seldom as possible, but Hound was too useful not to use. They could hear men's voices in the fields east of the Grove. him, who had seen great deeds and powers. She sighed and spoke from her heart - "Oh, if only I. through a curtain of warm, moving air. and was dumbstruck. Above the amphitheater-like sunken dial of the stop rose a multistory. trade - wonderful illusions. But people don't want to believe that. They want the mysteries, the. He was in fact a town boy, born in Gont Port. He had said nothing about himself, but Dulse had. "You fly?" Away from the lanterns of the party it was dark, but she knew the way in the dark. He was there.

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