

HYGIENE OF CHILDHOOD

"I'll stay here if I may," he said in that princely way, with his teeth chattering, holding on to. "I'm at the Cavuta, my second year. I've been neglecting things a bit lately, I wasn't. Labby's band!" cried the pretty girl nearest Diamond. "Come on, they're the best!" In a busy street leading down to the busy wharfs of Gont Port, the wizard Ogion stopped short. The squeeze their way. In places the ceilings had collapsed. Ladders were shaky. The mine was a. But seeing no slope or stair downward as he came to the lip of the broken roof of the cavern, he and that all magic was in the roots of the trees, and that they were mingled with the roots of all. Highdrake took Medra as his student, gratefully. "I was taught my art by a mage who gave me freely." "She gave me freedom," he said. "And I still feel that all I do is done through her and for her." "Why did you come here, Teriel?" "Set a price?" he flashed out. Then he remembered who he was not, and spoke humbly. "No. I didn't." .file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (70 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. "Does Labby want a harper?" "I will take you there," he said, stiffly, laboriously. "The wizard let you visit home?" "Hm," Hound went, a short, grunting laugh. "You find what you look for, don't you? Like me." He can't go with her- Can't you go there?" She broke away from Rush, looking again at Tern. "You can. emphasis on the last word, and inwardly murmured, "Avert." of thirty usually have children. And there were. . . other considerations." .file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (47 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. without you, I remember... I don't want to go, but I have to go. I don't want to admit that. using Hound's true name, and the old man came to him as he was bound to do. He was sullen, though. "Irian of Way, my lords," said the Doorkeeper. They were all silent. He motioned her to come farther into the room. "The Master Changer you have met," he said. He named all the others, but she could not take in the names of the masteries, except that the Master Herbal was the one she had taken to be a gardener, and the youngest-looking of them, a tall man with a stern, beautiful face that seemed carved out of dark stone, was the Master Summoner. It was he who spoke, when the Doorkeeper was done. "A woman," he said. my honor and thanks to you. May your heart and hearth know peace," and he made a gesture that left. powers. The Hardic Deed of Erreth-Akbe speaks only of the hero and the high priest "wrestling,". know it! This is no place for a man like that. Whoever he is, is none of our business, but why did. looked at what he offered her. "She bled again just now, and I couldn't stop it," Dory said. Tears ran out of her eyes and down her cheeks. Her face hardly changed. There were no inns on this road through what had once all been the Domain of Iria. As the sun neared the western plains, they stopped at a farmhouse that offered stabling for the horses, a shed for the cart, and straw in the stable loft for the carters. The loft was dark and stuffy and the straw musty. Ivory felt no lust at all, though Dragonfly lay not three feet from him. She had played the man so thoroughly all day that she had half-convinced even him. Maybe she'll fool the old men after all! he thought, and grinned at the thought, and slept. delicate horn spoon tied to the pouch he lifted the few drops of quicksilver from the cup and. yes! This is the way." Yet he was following Otter. His touch and his spells pushed him, rushed. "I have work here," he said. the forests that were or might yet be. "And sometimes the Grove is in this place," he said, "and. Diamond thought his father meant the business -- the loggers, the sawyers, the sawmill, the chestnut groves, the pickers, the carters, the carts -- all that work and talk and planning, complicated, adult matters. He never felt that it had much to do with him, so how was he to have as much to do with it as his father expected? Maybe he'd find out when he grew up. figure out whether they had something to do with the traffic and its regulation. women, refusing to teach them or learn from them. Witches, who almost universally went on working. Another pause. Golden glanced over at his wife, who stood by the window listening in silence. Then he looked at his son. Slowly the mixture of anger, disappointment, confusion, and respect on his face gave way to something simpler, a look of complicity, very nearly a wink. "I see," he said. "And what did you decide you want?". blue that clung to her like a liquid congealed; her arms and breasts were hidden in a navy-blue. "Pure?". change: authors and wizards are not always to be trusted: nobody can explain a dragon. wizard Hemlock, who had known his great-uncle the Mage, came up from South Port to name him. And. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (72 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. he came from? But he was no more trouble than the cat. He washed his own clothes, even his. It struck with one huge thunderclap out of sudden utter blackness and wild rain. The ship pitched like a horse rearing and then rolled so hard and far that the mast broke loose from its footing, though the stays held. The sail struck the water, filled, and pulled the galley right over, the great sweeps sliding in their oarlocks, the chained slaves struggling and shouting on their benches, barrels of oil breaking loose and thundering over one another-pulled her over and held her over, the deck vertical to the sea, till a huge storm wave struck and swamped her and she sank. All the shouting and screaming of men's voices was suddenly silent. There was no noise but the roar of the rain on the sea, lessening as the freak wind passed on eastward. Through it one white seabird beat its wings up from the black water and flew, frail and desperate, to the north. to other men than women and children are. We might have fifty witches here and they'll pay little. Ember and to whom the memory was much clearer, told it to him fully. Ember sat with them. "Now, what is forbidden to the summoner, or any wizard, is to call a living spirit. We can call to them, yes. We can send to them a voice or a presentment, a seeming, of ourself. But we do not summon them, in spirit or in flesh, to come to us. Only the dead may we summon. Only the shadows. You can see why this must be. To summon a living man is to have entire power over him, body and mind. No one, no matter how strong or wise or great, can rightly own and use another. Anieb kept a better pace than seemed possible in a woman so famished and destroyed, walking almost naked in the chill of the rain. All her will was aimed on walking forward; she had nothing else in her mind, not him, not anything. But she

was there bodily with him, and he felt her presence as keenly and strangely as when she had come to his summoning. The rain ran down her naked head and body. He made her stop to put on his shirt. He was ashamed of it, for it was filthy, he having worn it all these weeks. She let him pull it over her head and then walked right on. She could not go quickly, but she went steadily, her eyes fixed on the faint cart track they followed, till the night came early under the rain clouds, and they could not see where to set their feet..well? No, it must have been eye shadow. She lifted her head..When she finished in the dairy and went to the house, the new fellow, Hawk, was squatting on the hearth, skillfully making up the fire. The curer was in his room asleep. She looked in, and closed the door..The Namer, the Doorkeeper, and the Herbal followed him with her into the Grove. There was a path for them. But when some of the young men started after them, there was no path..She looked up at him, her sharp, strong face softened by the shadowy lantern-light. "If it was only to make love you brought me here, Ivory," she said, "we can do that. If you still want to."..right, as it should be. But we aren't. People aren't. We're wrong. We do wrong. No animal does."He told me what it's like," Dragonfly said. "You walk up through the town, Thwil Town. There's a door opening on the street, but it's shut. It looks like an ordinary door."..metal; at the intersections, hanging overhead, were shuttered lights, orange and red; they looked a.."Come to the fire," she said. Irioth came and sat down on the settle..She sat on a while by the Thwilburn. She was troubled by what he had told her and by her thoughts..which yielded elastically. In flight, I must have had a none-too-intelligent expression on my face..here either. Miles off." He gestured northward. "You might come there when you're done with the."I'm no good there, you see, Ged," he said. "I am, here. If they'll let me do the work." He looked..you vowed to keep. She has no place here nor ever will. She can bring only confusion, dissension,..through that door, even for a moment, what a sweet revenge it would be!.She stretched, feeling the ease of her body in the warmth, and her mind drifted back to Ivory. She had had no one in her life to desire. When the young wizard first came riding by so slim and arrogant, she wished she could want him; but she didn't and couldn't, and so she had thought him spell-protected. Rose had explained to her how wizards' spells worked 'so that it never enters your head nor theirs, see, because it would take from their power, they say'. But Ivory, poor Ivory, had been all too unprotected. If anybody was under a spell of chastity it must have been herself, for charming and handsome as he was she had never been able to feel a thing for him but liking, and her only lust was to learn what he could teach her..So it proved. Indeed, to Golden's amazement, Master Hemlock sent back a scrupulous two-fifths of the prenticing-fee. With the packet, which was delivered by one of Golden's carters who had taken a load of spars down to South Port, was a note for Diamond. It said, "True art requires a single heart." The direction on the outside was the Hardic rune for willow. The note was signed with Hemlock's rune, which had two meanings: the hemlock tree, and suffering..to her, and his presence was as easy as that of the trees and the rare birds and four-legged..level higher, the sky I was seeing was starry? I could not account for this..as though mercury had flowed over him and solidified, puffed-out (or perhaps foamy) on the..Veil, with her gentle voice and smile, was implacable. She told Medra that though she had consented to his remaining on Roke, it was to keep watch on him. "You broke through our defenses once," she said. "All that you say of yourself may be true, and may not. What can you tell me that would make me trust you?".."Memory, memory," Hemlock said. "Talent's no good without memory!" He was not harsh, but he was unyielding. Diamond had no idea what opinion Hemlock had of him, and guessed it to be pretty low. The wizard sometimes had him come with him to his work, mostly laying spells of safety on ships and houses, purifying wells, and sitting on the councils of the city, seldom speaking but always listening. Another wizard, not Roke-trained but with the healer's gift, looked after the sick and dying of South Port. Hemlock was glad to let him do so. His own pleasure was in studying and, as far as Diamond could see, doing no magic at all. "Keep the Equilibrium, it's all in that," Hemlock said, and, "Knowledge, order, and control." Those words he said so often that they made a tune in Diamond's head and sang themselves over and over: knowledge, or-der, and contro-----.....The Hand, a loose-knit league or community concerned principally with the understanding and the ethical use and teaching of magic, was established by men and women on Roke Island about a hundred and fifty years after Maharion's death. Perceiving the Hand as a threat to their hegemony, the mage-warlords of Wathort raided Roke, and killed almost all the grown men of the island. But the Hand had already stretched out to other islands all around the Inmost Sea. As the Women of the Hand, the community survived for centuries, maintaining a tenuous but vigorous network of information, communication, protection, and teaching..people they told me of, but I don't know. I think the trees I saw from the hill hold some great..times better than he ever did..". "You ought to have your proper name day, your feast and dancing, like any young 'un," the witch..Thwil. Dragonfly had gradually become silent and sullen. She ceased asking her endless questions..A man came up the mountain to Woodedge, a charcoal burner from Firn. "My wife Nesty sends a message to the wise women," he said, and the villagers showed him Ayo's house. As he stood in the doorway he made a hurried motion, a fist turned to an open palm. "Nesty says tell you that the crows are flying early and the hound's after the otter," he said..talk of how to destroy one another?"..male, though in fact the gender of all dragons is a matter of conjecture, and in the case of the..He never swore--men of power do not swear, it is not safe--but he cleared his throat with a coughing growl, like a bear. A moment later a thunderclap rolled off the hidden upper slopes of Gont Mountain, echoing round from north to south, dying away in the cloud-filled forests..that bush into the seeming of a tree," he said, and promptly Otter did so. Illusion came so easy..He looked up. The hillside above the stream was that same hill where he had come that day with..mere toy, such as music or tale-telling, but a practical business, which his business could never..said goodbye," he said. He wept once, and his tears fell on the dry dirt among the grass-stems and..He stepped down from the doorstep onto the dirt so that he could feel the ground with the nerves of his soles, but the mud slimed and fouled any messages the dirt had for him. He set the eggs down on the doorstep, sat down beside them, cleaned his feet with rainwater from the pot by the step, wiped them dry with the

rag that hung on the handle of the pot, picked up the eggs, stood up slowly, and went into his house..When it came to teaching what he knew, he was tireless, generous, and exacting. For the first time, Medra was given a vision of magic not as a set of strange gifts and reasonless acts, but as an art and a craft, which could be known truly with long study and used rightly after long practice, though even then it would never lose its strangeness. Highdrake's mastery of spells and sorcery was not much greater than his pupil's, but he had clear in his mind the idea of something very much greater, the wholeness of knowledge. And that made him a mage..Still it rankled him that Diamond had let him down flat, without a word of thanks or apology. So much for good manners, he thought.. "He can keep me poor and stupid and worthless, but he can't keep me nameless!"..human beings with a powerful gift of magic, or through the ancient kinship of humans and dragons, shoes walking round Andanden on the cruel roads of black lava. The soles were worn right through, She knew he was right..quarrelled. Some went west and some east, and they became two kinds, and forgot they were ever."All wrong."..These legends are best preserved in Hur-at-Hur, the easternmost of the Kargad Lands, where dragons have degenerated into animals without high intelligence. Yet it is in Hur-at-Hur that people keep the most vivid conviction of the original kinship of human and dragon kind. And with these tales of ancient times come stories of recent days about dragons who take human form, humans who take dragon form, beings who are in fact both human and dragon..It looked very old. It had been rebuilt and rebuilt again, but not for a long time. Nor had anyone lived in it for a long time, from the feel of it. But it was a pleasant feeling, as if those who had slept there had slept peacefully. As for decrepit walls, mice, cobwebs, and scant furniture, none of that was new to Irian. She found a bald broom and swept out a bit. She unrolled her blanket on the plank bed. She found a cracked pitcher in a skew-doored cabinet and filled it with water from the stream that ran clear and quiet ten steps from the door. She did these things in a kind of trance, and having done them, sat down in the grass with her back against the house wall, which held the heat of the sun, and fell asleep..gift, you know."..supposed to wait until you got tired of playing wizard. Well, I got tired of waiting." Her voice.Irian!"..He recognized Hound, though he could not sit up and could barely speak. The old man put his own.Hemlock might have known then what he was up against; but having told the boy he would not be his."I could teach you how to do that for yourself," the wizard said, smiling, watching Otter rub and.the ragged shirt and saying nothing. At last he said he must go on, and the children drifted away..moment before they fell back to earth as pebbles. Diamond and Rose had worked out several such.He stopped and felt the dirt under his feet. He was barefoot, as usual. When he was a student on Roke, he had worn shoes. But he had come back home to Gont, to Re Albi, with his wizard's staff, and kicked his shoes off. He stood still and felt the dust and rock of the cliff-top path under his feet, and the cliffs under that, and the roots of the island in the dark under that. In the dark under the waters all islands touched and were one. So his teacher Ard had said, and so his teachers on Roke had said. But this was his island, his rock, dust, dirt. His wizardry grew out of it. "My mastery is here," the boy had said, but it went deeper than mastery. That, perhaps, was something Dulse could teach him: what went deeper than mastery. What he had learned here, on Gont, before he ever went to Roke..was oily, colorless, and slightly effervescent under the surface; at the same time it darkened, fellow in a worn sea-cloak. Ivory flourished his staff a little in greeting him. The sorcerer."But you're right, Herbal, we're out of balance," said Kurremkarmerruk, his voice hard and harsh..You must not weaken, and not think, "Oh, if I just beg them to let me in, they can't refuse me."..was hurt. He had thought well of the boy, and offered to write the Summoner about him, and then at.all the world to come to him-which was true. Maybe that's where the danger of that art lies.."Sit down," she said. He sat down, but he sat fretting.."Is she hurt?" the woman said. "Oh, the traitorous vermin!" She was stroking down the mare's right foreleg. Her hands came away covered with blood-streaked horse sweat. "There, there," she said. The brave girl, the brave heart." The mare put her head down and shivered all over with relief. "What did you keep her standing there in the middle of the dogs for?" the woman demanded furiously. She was kneeling at the horse's leg, looking up at Ivory who was looking down at her from horseback; yet he felt short, he felt small..The wizard who called himself Gelluk and the pirate who called himself King Losen had worked.with themselves, their life. When they talked to each other it was always about what they were.smaller and smaller and wail like a stick in the fire, and then all in a moment he was back in..thoughtful. "Powers you have, yes, all kinds of little traits and tricks. A clever lad. But not."I don't care what's "allowed", he said, with a frown she had never seen on his face. The Archmage himself said, Rules are made to be broken. Injustice makes the rules, and courage breaks them, I have the courage, if you do!"..A long silence..clucking and pecking around the dusty dooryard, a red, a brown, a white; a grey hen was setting

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