

## SERMONS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS VOL 2 OF 3

Namer, master of the knowledge of the True Speech. "Now the King is in my body, the noble guest of my house. He won't make me slaver and vomit or." "I don't see why," she said. "My mother can cure a fever and ease a childbirth and find a lost ring, maybe that's nothing compared to what the wizards and the dragonlords can do, but it's not nothing, all the same. And she didn't give up anything for it. Having me didn't stop her. She had me so that she could learn how to do it! Just because I learned how to play music from you, did I have to give up saying spells? I can bring a fever down now too. Why should you have to stop doing one thing so you can do the other?"

.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (70 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. Irioth's head drooped as if in utter weariness. All tension and passion had gone out of his body. But he looked up, not at Ged but at Gift, silent in the hearth corner..wizards most of all..were squatting on their haunches, heads close together, laughing. Something intense or uncanny. Printed on narrow sands under granite cliffs, in the first light, were the tracks of a bird.that would make me trust you?" and he had no answer for her..often have brown or even blond hair and light eyes; the men are often bearded. Their language and.expansive. "And maybe you'll be looking at my yearlings over in the Long Pond pastures, in the.though I did not know whether they were mirrored reflections of this one or reality -- letters of. are one..no true speech. From now on he could talk only the language of duty: the getting and the spending,..slave takers carried off men, boys, young women. Little children and the old they slaughtered..was leaping up and down, a frog? a toad? a big cricket? He went out into the garden and came up. The shrubbery parted. A winding path. Gravel crunched beneath my feet, shining faintly;.knew it.".ox, the middle-aged man driving the iron-bladed plough, never a word spoken; as they started home.Of them all it was the Herbal, the healer, who was the first to move. He went up the path and.Havnor. He called her Hopeful. Not long after that he sailed her out of Thwil Bay, taking no.Medra did not know, with soft reddish bark and layered foliage. You walked on, and the way through.He asked her to stay, he did not tell her to. All she could do was nod..Among the Hardic-speaking people of the Archipelago, the ability to do magic is an inborn talent..him I'd retire" he said. "I think I'll do that myself.". "No. But we have the things wizardry is made of. Water, stones, trees, words ...".that art for a long time..Gelluk was sure that without him Losen's rubbishy kingdom would soon collapse and some enemy mage would rub out its king with half a spell. But he let Losen act the master. The pirate was a convenience to the wizard, who had got used to having his wants provided, his time free, and an endless supply of slaves for his needs and experiments. It was easy to keep up the protections he had laid on Losen's person and expeditions and forays, the prisoning spells he had laid on the places slaves worked or treasures were kept. Making those spells had been a different matter, a long hard work. But they were in place now, and there wasn't a wizard in all Havnor who could undo them..failed he had to stop and sit down and sleep. The sleep was never death, as he thought it was. He.covering their arms gave off a light, so that only their raised necks showed in it like strange white.mica. Not far away lay another huddled heap, rotted red silk, long hair, bones. Beyond it the.seven or eight years before. Sava had been one of the women of the Hand on the isle of Ark. Though."I doubt the Doorkeeper would defy it lightly," said one of them Irian had not noticed till he.vaster clarity. Sky and earth were all one grey, but before them and above them, very high, over a."I asked you not to," he said, "and it's not my need I spoke of. I talk enough for two. Never mind. You'll know what to say when the time comes. That's the art, eh? What to say, and when to say it. And the rest is silence.".paying much attention to him unless he frightened them. He tried not to do that. He had no wish or."If you share his power he won't harm you. To fear a power, to fight a power, is very dangerous. To love power and to share it is the royal way. Look. Watch what I do." Gelluk held up the pouch into which he had put the few drops of quicksilver. His eye always on Otter's eye, he unsealed the pouch, lifted it to his lips, and drank its contents. He opened his smiling mouth so that Otter could see the silver drops pooling on his tongue before he swallowed..Sleeping out on deck with the starlight on his face, he had a simple, vivid dream: it was daylight, clouds racing across a bright sky, and across the sea he saw the sunlit curve of a high green hill. He woke with the vision still clear in his mind, knowing he had seen it ten years before, in the spell-locked barracks room at the mines of Samory..seemed about to say he did not know, but he knew better than to try to lie to Early. He sighed..He woke, as he always did, in his room in the Great House. He did not understand why the ceiling was low and the air smelt fresh but sour and cattle were bawling outside. He had to lie still and come back to this other place and this other man, whose use-name he couldn't remember, though he had said it last night to a heifer or a woman. He knew his true name but it was no good here, wherever here was, or anywhere. There had been black roads and dropping slopes and a vast green land lying down before him cut with rivers, shining with waters. A cold wind blowing. The reeds had whistled, and the young cow had led him through the stream, and Emer had opened the door. He had known her name as soon as he saw her. But he must use some other name. He must not call her by her name. He must remember what name he had told her to call him. He must not be Irioth, though he was Irioth. Maybe in time he would be another man. No; that was wrong; he must be this man. This man's legs ached and his feet hurt. But it was a good bed, a feather bed, warm, and he need not get out of it yet. He drowsed a while, drifting away from Irioth..dread and hide..her smoky orange eyes. "I don't know what came over me the other day. I was angry. But not at you..under the Kings, became common. Magic was the primary weapon in forays and battles. Wizards hired.heard about on Roke, nor did he ever speak about them there, maybe fearing the Masters would.Archipelago. People who have a secret name that holds their power the way a diamond holds light.house. "Let him crawl home to his mother.".The Master of Iria of Westpool, Birch, didn't own the old house, but he did own the central and.name, and some skill in carpentry and farmwork, if not much else; and

Elassen had had the."You mean they'll oblige a wizard? But you aren't a wizard.".said. "It's at daybreak a name should be given. And then there ought to be music and feasting and.They set off along the wharves, asking for a ship bound south that might take a wizard and his.touch it..insistence and spoke freely at last..down, he found himself dizzy and retching. He came no closer, but said words that might ease the.refused to run her west again into those gales. He had learned a good deal about weatherworking.more or less concealed violence) and deified by the priests of Awabath. The Four Lands were.How long had he been standing here? Why was he standing here? He had been thinking about mud, about the floor, about Silence. Had he been out walking on the path above the Overfell? No, that was years ago, years ago, in the sunlight. It was raining. He had fed the chickens, and come back to the house with three eggs, they were still warm in his hand, silky brown lukewarm eggs, and the sound of thunder was still in his mind, the vibration of thunder was in his bones, in his feet. Thunder?.among those silent, sunlit roads and fields and in the kitchens by the hearths where housewives."You're going to Roke to find out," he said, raising his glass to her. After a moment she raised hers and smiled at him, a smile so tender and radiant that he said spontaneously, "And may what you find be all you seek!". "What does that mean, 'really'? Biologically I'm forty, but by Earth clocks, one hundred."The lords of war despise scholars and schoolmasters," said Medra..little house near the edge of the Thwilburn that runs out of the Grove, and lived there in the.White faces, yellow, a few tall blacks, but I was still the tallest. People made way for me. High.Havnor Great Port; he owned the biggest chestnut groves; he owned the carts and hired the carters.to conic to the city every year or two.".She got to work scraping down the inner wall of the house, readying it to plaster. But before the sun was in the windows, there was a knock at her open door. Outside was the man she had thought was a gardener, the Master Herbal, looking solid and stolid, like a brown ox, beside the gaunt, grim-faced old Namer.. "In my judgment, you do," he said..Dulse had the big lore-book open on the table. He had been trying to reweave one of the Acastan Spells, much broken and made powerless by the Emanations of Fundaur centuries ago. He had just begun to get a sense of the missing word that might fill one of the gaps, he almost had it, and-"You might keep some goats," Silence said..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (30 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM].locked in its muteness..Golden owned the mill that cut the oak boards for the ships they built in Havnor South Port and."But you yourself said that brit. . . I'm sitting now. You see, I'm sitting. Calm yourself..no idea who -- helped me open the door or, rather, did it for me. Walls of ice; and in them,.founding of the school, she could go there seldom, and even then she might take a couple of.grew immensely wealthy..was effective. He cast it on her while she was, characteristically, mending a cow's halter. The.He did not forgive his son. It would have made a happy ending, but he would not have it. To leave.smaller and smaller and wail like a stick in the fire, and then all in a moment he was back in."She is of mine," said Azver.. "No. A bathing suit. . . But there were groups of people in my day, they were called.out. So I'm all right. What about you, Di?".There was a pause, and Diamond said, "So you saw to it...that I..."internal quarrels, but the disintegration of the society of the Archipelago worsened as the years.The people of Osskil, Rogma, and Borth are lighter-skinned than others in the Archipelago, and."What's up?" said Kurremkarmerruk. "I've been reading about dragons. Not paying attention. But all the boys I had studying at the Tower left.".words. "Weak as women's magic, wicked as women's magic," you think I don't know what they say? So..When she woke, the Master Patterner was sitting nearby, and a basket was on the grass between.His old master was sitting in the grass near the pond, eating an apple. Bits of eggshell flecked the ground near his legs, which were caked with drying mud. When he looked up and saw Ogion's sending he smiled a wide, sweet smile. But he looked old. He had never looked so old. Ogion had not seen him for over a year, having been busy; he was always busy in Gont Port, doing the business of the lords and people, never a chance to walk in the forests on the mountainside or to come sit with Heleth in the little house at Re Albi and listen and be still. Heleth was an old man, near eighty now; and he was frightened. He smiled with joy to see Ogion, but he was frightened..Wide steps ran down, silvery like a mute waterfall. The desolation surprised me; since.fields by Serrenen to show him the one spell of true change he knew. "First let's see you turn.the Archipelago..his power was gone, he was not a mage. So presently the Masters of Roke met to choose a new.The name and office of archmage were invented by Halkel, and the Archmage of Roke was a tenth.variations on the old stone-hopping trick..Hemlock was glad to see a bit of fire in the boy. "They are one another's family," he said.. "The woman with you defies the Rule of Roke," the Windkey said. "She must leave. A boat is waiting.Kargs have maintained a society that appears to be little influenced, except negatively, by their.The donkey leaned its head hard against his hand so that he would go on scratching the place just.All the people of the Archipelago and the Reaches share the Hardic language and culture with local variations. The Raft People of the far South West Reach retain the great annual celebrations, but little else of Archipelagan culture, having no commerce, no agriculture, and no knowledge of other peoples..morning, hot, the summer sunlight filtering through the leaves in a thousand shades of green. A.him in for a cup of water and a handful of shelled nuts. She and Ayo chatted with him about his.asked around a bit. The father, a longshoreman, had died in the big earthquake, when Silence would."I'll take those names from you, Irioth, but not your own.".defend the heaps of stones and earth they had piled over their dead..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..itself, he said, the farmers round about provided, considering themselves well recompensed by the.regret her rash invitation, and I wanted to make things easy for her..steer quite true..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..go tell him that, if you like!" And so on. Old Daisy went back to her kitchen and old Coney went to the control, was to ask him. "What is your name?" he said, watching Otter intently..study with him because it might be dangerous not to. Oh," and Diamond beat his head with his hand. Early did not punish Hound for his failure, but he remembered it. He was not used to failures and did not like them. He did not like what Hound told him about this boy, Otter, and he remembered it.."Irian of Way," the Summoner said in his deep, clear voice, "that there may be peace and order, and for the sake of the balance of all things, I bid you now leave this island. We cannot give you what you ask, and for that we ask your forgiveness. But if you seek to stay here you forfeit forgiveness, and must learn what follows on transgression."..He went on showing his wares and joking with the women and children. Nobody bought anything. They..without knowing him, right away. . .".brother, go wash out that cut, and change your shirt. You stink of the pothouse." And she went.."What's changed?"..I'll show you some. That's what Gelluk's after. The ore of watermetal. Watermetal eats all the..the Archipelago-perhaps to avenge the Firelord. These fiery flights caused great terror, and..yellowing, no flowers in it but the little white heads of the lacefoam. A woman came walking up.."Do it.".."No," Irioth said. "Sans herd was going down fast when I left. I'm needed there."..The witch emerged with a soapstone drop-spindle and a ball of greasy wool. She sat down on the bench beside her door and set the spindle turning. She had spun a yard of grey-brown yarn before she answered..From the breast of his robe he took a pouch of fine leather decorated with silver threads. With a..A globe of misty, greenish fire drifted swiftly down the corridor at eye level, apparently.."Then. When we quarreled. I said it all wrong. I thought...." A long pause. "I thought I could go on running away. With you. And play music. Make a living. Together. I meant to say that."..the yells of gulls and dockworkers wreathing the air with a thin, ungainly music, he shut his eyes