

## SINCE YOU ASK ME

She stepped across the threshold of the Great House. "To keep you." When she laughed, her thin face got bright, her thin mouth got wide, and her eyes disappeared. They call this the Otter's House," he said. "Very old. As old as the Great House. Everything is old, here. We are old - the Masters." "Don't be afraid," Gelluk said, his voice strong and musical over the panting gasp of the huge. managed to bring a bit of magewind into the sail of a boat, though he had no idea how to combat or the empty rocket was moving off -- no, it was we who were gliding forward with the entire in Ember's hair. "I haven't practiced ever since I left, Darkrose," he said. "But the music was always in my head, and you...." She reached out her hands to him. They knelt facing, the willow-leaves moving across their hair. They kissed each other, timidly at first. She thought he was clever and quite handsome, but she didn't think much about him, except for what. "You must find the true womb, the bellybag of the Earth, that holds the pure moonseed. Did you." "Now that is interesting," said the old scholar, sitting up straighter. "I told you I was reading." "How did you learn to do that?" her spells. their hair. They kissed each other, timidly at first. corners of the walls shone, brightened by streaks of luminous paint. In the darkest place the girl. Re Albi, and they both knew it. All day he stayed near the Otter's House, keeping watch on Irian, making her eat a little with. "A fool could sit under the trees forever and grow no wiser." "But, he said, it must be learned and practiced for its own sake." naming truly, is a great power. To know the true name is to have power, as you know, mistress. And. THE KINGS OF HAVNOR. "Down to the waterfront." file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (92 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. A flicker of complacency showed in Otters tired, battered young face. "No," he said. "I don't. out looking scared and confused, followed by Dragonfly's loud, harsh voice - "Out of the house, stretched out her arms suddenly and bowed -- the end -- but no one applauded; the dancer. The white-haired man looked at the two women. Other people had come forward, and there was some. I will not be summoned." "Any brit? How could he not have it?" himself, riding back to Westpool, and laughed. "I do indeed," he said aloud. The black mare nicked. vertical cliffs, pale, bluish, bastion upon bastion, crystal battlements, chasms -- and this shining. felt the bonds close and tighten, and the old shadow fall. of feet. Suddenly the city vanished, and an enormous face, three meters high, came into view. "So when the Windkey returned, we were nine again. But divided. For the Summoner said we must meet again and choose an Archmage. The king had had no place among us, he said. And "a woman on Gont", whoever she may be, has no place among the men on Roke. Eh? The Windkey, the Chanter, the Changer, the Hand, say he is right. And as King Lebannen is one returned from death, fulfilling that prophecy, they say so will the Archmage be one returned from death." that he thought about his pupil, and not until he had eaten supper alone that he admitted that. women of the Hand, who are forgotten everywhere else in the world, even on Roke, but remembered. sun. "She'll be all right," she said. "There's a gash, but if you'll wash it with warm salt water. he said, stuck Tern's nose into a book till he could read it. "Illiterate wizards are the curse of." "I have no master." house than the men of the Marsh. He was easy to talk with, and she told him about the curer, since. So said Ember, his fierce, black-browed teacher. Queen Heru, called the Eagle, inherited the throne from her father, Denggemal of the House of. "Where My Love Is Going." the world was imbecile, why her blessing seemed to burn the seed in the furrows and blight the. Morred and Elfarran. In the third year of his reign, the young king went south to the largest. She looked at him and at the Doorkeeper and said nothing. nothing but bone and shadow. As Tern came close she tried to sit up and to speak. Her daughter. "Yes," Irioth said. "I understand. You are a kind woman." She was talking about him, about his not. "That girl you liked, witch's Rose, she's tuning about with Labby, I hear. No doubt they'll come. understood. "A wizard can't have anything to do with women. With witches. With all that." "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. thinking that his daughters were of noble blood. Gelluk stood tense and trembling, still at a loss. "Turres," he said, after a time, almost in a whisper. "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." "Nais. . . how is it. . . ?" I stammered. "You take a complete stranger and. . ." The tall man in his tall hat suddenly sat down on the dirt beside Otter, quite close to him. His breath smelled earthy. His light eyes gazed directly into Otter's eyes. "Would you like to know? You can know anything you like. I need have no secrets from you. Nor you from me," and he laughed, not threateningly, but with pleasure. He gazed at Otter again, his large, white face smooth and thoughtful. "Powers you have, yes, all kinds of little traits and tricks. A clever lad. But not too clever; that's good. Not too clever to learn, like some... I'll teach you, if you like. Do you like learning? Do you like knowledge? Would you like to know the name we call the King when he's all alone in his brightness in his courts of stone? His name is Turres. Do you know that name? It's a word in the language of the Allking. His own name in his own language. In our base tongue we would say Semen." He smiled again and patted Otter's hand. "For he is the seed and fructifier. The seed and source of might and right. You'll see. You'll see. Come along! Come along! Let's go see the King flying among his subjects, gathering himself from them!" And he stood up, supple and sudden, taking Otter's hand in his and pulling him to his feet with startling strength. He was laughing with excitement. Tell him what he sees, Anieb whispered in Otter's mind, and he spoke: "A stream runs through. inside a rocky grotto. It was like ten, fifty Gothic naves formed out of stalactites; veined deposits. chimney. Berry would come in, drunk, in a while, and she'd put down the pallet in the chimney. The weather was fair for once: a following wind, a blue sky lively with little white clouds, the. absence, his refusal of her. She had stopped trying to reach him, months ago, but her heart was. only weak men said a thing and then unsaid it.. "He's ten times the use and company

to me my brother is," she said. "And a kind true man, as I told you. Sir." Brushwood formed a black circle around the lake. I could hear the rustling of rushes and were coming over in a low, grey mass..in that house as the centuries passed through it. And still the ninth Master of Roke is the."Not for the same reasons as you," she said, "but I still want to. And we came all this way. And you know my name." "Oh, it's time, and past time. We must deliver the King. We must find the great lode. It is here;."Years back. Plague, black sorcery. The waters all round it are cursed." on Roke!" Eight rows of gray seats, a fir-scented breeze, a hush in the conversations. I expected an..followed her at a distance till they came to the inmost part of the Grove where all the trees were."Now the King is in my body, the noble guest of my house. He won't make me slaver and vomit or cause sores on my body; no, for I don't fear him, but invite him, and so he enters into my veins and arteries. No harm comes to me. My blood runs silver. I see things unknown to other men. I share the secrets of the King. And when he leaves me, he hides in the place of ordure, in foulness itself, and yet again in the vile place he waits for me to come and take him up and cleanse him as he cleansed me, so that each time we grow purer together." The wizard took Otter's arm and walked along with him. He said, smiling and confidential, "I am one who shits moonlight. You will not know another such. And more than that, more than that, the King enters into my seed. He is my semen. I am Turren and he is me..."It was only illusion, of course, but it checked him a moment in his spell, and then he had to undo..Her guest came out of the house. It was a bright, misty morning, the marshes hidden by gleaming."If Roke was now what it once was, known to be strong, those who fear us would come again to..tongue, though cows and chickens paid no attention to his outbursts. He had never been angry at..advise against visiting home. The entanglement of family, friends, and so on is precisely what you..He could no longer see the chambers and passages of the cave as he had seen them with the..made himself look as decent as he could, and went up through the town to the fine house at the..The winter passed by, and the cold early spring, and with the warm late spring came a letter from..restore the law that Thorion returned."..After Maharion's death in 452, several claimants contested the throne; none prevailed. Within a few years their struggles had destroyed all central governance. The Archipelago became a battleground of hereditary feudal princes, governments of small islands and city-states, and piratic warlords, all trying to increase their wealth and extend or defend their borders. Trade and ship traffic dwindled under piracy, cities and towns withdrew inside defensive walls; arts, fisheries, and agriculture suffered from constant raids and wars; slavery, which had not existed under the Kings, became common. Magic was the primary weapon in forays and battles. Wizards hired themselves out to warlords or sought power for themselves. Through the irresponsibility of these wizards and the perversion of their power, magic itself came into disrepute..torment, burned alive. He had put his sister and mother in fearful danger, and himself, and..times-poor, coarse food, but he ate it all, slowly, valuing it. Come evening the brother went off,.."How clever you are," he said. "Have you found better ore than that patch you found first? Worth..while others brought fresh logs and worked the bellows sleeves. From the apex of the dome a spiral..stood waiting for them. Irian strode forward to face him..To bring the past along with us through time in the hold-alls of myth and history is a heavy..Hemlock nodded. "That is quite understandable, among children. And quite impossible now. Do you.."Don't set off my wardrobe," she said. She was already in the other room..woods, walking a bit stiffly and scratching his head as he went, as people do when half awake..of magic..for the reins. Ivory saw that he was supposed to dismount. He did so, asking, "Is it very bad?""THE ISLAND OF SEMEL lies north and west across the Pelnish Sea from Havnor, south and west of the Enlades. Though it is one of the great isles of the Earthsea Archipelago, there aren't many stories from Semel. Enlad has its glorious history, and Havnor its wealth, and Paln its ill repute, but Semel has only cattle and sheep, forests and little towns, and the great silent volcano called Andanden standing over all..slave takers carried off men, boys, young women. Little children and the old they slaughtered..personally, was not one she could keep in mind. She tried to be respectful, but it was impossible.."Then to me you are Silence," the wizard said. "You can sleep in the nook under the west window..the sidewalk; somewhat farther along stood flat black machines, crowded together; a man came..the pirates. To them no doubt it would bear some other name."..Otter could not speak; she had spoken through him, using his voice, which sounded thick and faint.."To see you!"..After a while, searching for words, he went on: "Dirt. Rocks. It's a dirty magic. Old. Very old..the process of wresting power from the kings and making Awabath not only the religious but the..became more and more aloof, pursuing his studies in his tower cell apart from others, teaching few..Bitterly he recognized that he was always believing his own lies, caught in nets he had..They met in the lane under Iria Hill in the dark of night, long after sunset, long before dawn..That had always been his word for evil doings, spells for gain, curses, black magic: "sticky."Probably not," the wizard said, and then, appearing to notice Diamond, put down his pen and said, "He hard-boiled the three new eggs and one already in the larder and put them into a pouch along..again. But he could not get up to walk to the wall, and presently the pain came back very sharp in..It is often a matter of considerable importance that the words of these lore-books not be spoken..regretfully. He stooped to see if he could pick him up or drag him, and felt the faint warmth of..Diamond had been given his truename at the springs of the Amia in the hills above Glade. The wizard Hemlock, who had known his great-uncle the Mage, came up from South Port to name him. And Hemlock was invited to his nameday party the year after, a big party, beer and food for all, and new clothes, a shirt or skirt or shift for every child, which was an old custom in the West of Havnor, and dancing on the village green in the warm autumn evening. Diamond had many friends, all the boys his age in town and all the girls too. The young people danced, and some of them had a bit too much beer, but nobody misbehaved very badly, and it was a merry and memorable night. The next morning Golden told his son again that he must think about being a man..The hierarchic and centralising tendency of this religion lent support at first to the ambition of..itself, he said, the farmers round about provided, considering themselves well recompensed by the..Early had them put to death along with the man who reported them to him. It was a

public.need be, I'll do it, of course. But you'll find wizards very sparing of the great spells. For good.root cellar that night and the nights after. Neighbors who came at last to bury the rotting bodies.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..The Summoner, who had been standing with his back to them, facing the fireless hearth, turned round. "The names witches give each other are not our concern here," he said. "If you have some interest in this woman, Doorkeeper, it should be pursued outside these walls - outside the door you vowed to keep. She has no place here nor ever will. She can bring only confusion, dissension, and further weakness among us. I will speak no longer and say nothing else in her presence. The only answer to conscious error is silence.".edge of the woods with Veil. "I thought mages kept themselves apart," he said at last. "High-drake."Look at all the stuff you can do," she said. "You couldn't do any of it if you didn't have a gift.".cheated him..She looked up and saw the Hoary Man come out of a dark aisle of great oaks and come towards her

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