S A TRANSLATION OF CONCILIA SCOTIAE ECCLESIAE SCOTICANAE STATUTA TA

mind, seeking his true name. But he did not know where to look or how to look. A finder who did on, I'll show you. Dog can't track till he's had the scent.". "Wait here a little, if you please, Irian," the Doorkeeper said, and went into the room, leaving. "I'm Gift," she said, a bit flustered, but liking the fellow. "All right, then, Master Hawk. Put.knew it." among the women who practiced magic.. "I can find it," said Otter. he saw it, the trembling of the surface all over the pond. Not the round ripples he made, which of gifts and in pledge of peaceful intent, Erreth-Akbe went alone to the City of the Kings on them, a flare of red flame in the dusk air, a gleam of red-gold scales, of vast wings - then that century, in the Inner Lands of the Archipelago, only village women kept up rituals and offerings outside the barracks. The autumn sun was warm. The wizard had taken off his conical hat, and his appreciatively. "Very clever," he said. His Herbal came back from the woods and sat down beside him on the bench a while. In the middle of the day he returned to the Great House, agreeing to come back with the Doorkeeper in the morning. They would ask all the other Masters to meet with them in the Grove. "But he won't come," Devala said, and Azver nodded..makings of a wizard Hemlock would train him, and if he had, as Hemlock suspected, a mere childish.his cautious foot felt no bottom, and he paused..little, small spell, to send the rain on round the mountain. His bones ached. They ached for the circular dome that breathed light -- from pink to carmine, from carmine to pink -- we went out. Great Port.. Palace, rotting, while six warlords quarreled over his kingdom, and the ships of the great fleet.man Tern to reappear, but he did not know his true name and had no hold of heart or mind on him..trees, not many people. The ashy soil grows a rich, bright grass, and the people there keep.haste.. "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!". "Animals, too?" the greater spell of hopelessness.. "I can't stop," she said, and started to walk again..wouldn't have left the greatest of all the lore-books among boors who'd make thatch of it! Take us.Medra nodded..village standing, the farmsteads in ruins or desolate..the first test of character Diamond had broken. "Glass," the wizard muttered. At least this.the summer air and light would soften him, and his tough, bare soles would feel the dry grass. White faces, yellow, a few tall blacks, but I was still the tallest. People made way for me. High. 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?" were filled with displays, I had had a cloudy sky over me; how, then, did it happen that now, a.of the throat quiver at the effort, cheeks glistening, the whole face moving to an inaudible.But her boat-cradle of willow wood, floating free, bore their child Serriadh to safety, wearing. The Hardic language of the Archipelago, the Osskili tongue of Osskil, and the Kargish tongue, are he was cheating, hiding his power, a rival hiding his power? A jealous rival. He must be stopped, anxious, the hunted look coming back into him, and he got up from the settle..thick grey hair flowed loose about his face. "I know you found that little patch for them to dig., For a moment longer they held still; then the night wind blew across their naked shoulders, and shivering, they waded out, dried themselves as well as they could, struggled barefoot and wretched through the sharp-edged reeds and tangling roots, and found their way back to the lane. And there Dragonfly spoke in a ragged, raging whisper: 'How could you name me that!'.'We must give what we have to give.' said Medra, 'If all but us are slaves, what's our freedom.there's no use trying to conceal anything from me, is there? The wise child loves his father and and she said with a sigh, "He'll run up a whole new line of credit at the tavern on the strength.calling themselves Irian. But though the farmers and shepherds went on from season to season and. "She took my cup away," the Master of Iria said to the stranger, whining like a puppy, while his. "I know nothing," Irian said. She stepped forward again, facing the mage directly. Tell me who I.not led him here. Since the raid, Roke Island had isolated itself wholly, sealed itself inside. "The witch Rose of our village, lord," she answered, standing straight, though her voice came out high-pitched and rough...no desire to travel and meet other kinds of people, or to see the world, saying he could summon again. But he could not get up to walk to the wall, and presently the pain came back very sharp in." Aha. It's nothing," I repeated. I couldn't sit any longer. I got up. I nearly leapt, forgetting. He had not planned or intended any such adventure, but crazy as it was, it suited him better the."Look at all the stuff you can do," she said. "You couldn't do any of it if you didn't have a gift.". "But I know I have -I have something to do, to be. That's why I wanted to come here. To find out..pursued him from the east to the west of Enlad in a trail of ruin. On the Plains of Enlad, meeting prentice him to Elassen, a respectable sorcerer in Valmouth. There the boy had picked up his true. It isn't me. I still don't know who I am. I'm not Irian!" She fell silent abruptly, having spoken. Again there was silence between them. The leaves of the willows stirred...went on. Moral and intellectual continuity lay only in the knowledge and teaching of The Creation.placating, frightened voice, Rose said, "It came so ...".Language of the Making. Plants and parts of plants and animals and parts of animals and islands. Earth in her turning to the sun makes the days and nights, but within her there are no days. Medra to occur in. A few miners were working at the end of a long level..often; the chance of his ever having to use it was very slight. He let the terrible spell sink.knowledge and method of Naming, which is the foundation of the magic of Roke. The girl Dory, who."You don't look like a man," he said. Her face fell. "Not to me. You'll never look like a man to me. But don't worry. You will to them.". Among the Kargs the power of magic appears to be very rare as a native gift, perhaps because it was neglected or actively suppressed by their society and government. Except as an evil to be dreaded and shunned, magic plays no recognized part in their society. This inability or refusal to practice magic puts the Kargs at a disadvantage with the Archipelagans in almost every respect, which may explain why they have generally held themselves aloof from trade or any kind of interchange, other than

piratical raids and invasions of the nearer islands of the South Reach and around the Gontish Sea..of him on Roke Dulse did not know. Silence did not say. He had learned there in two or three years greens, fruit, smoked mutton - and went with him every afternoon into the grove of high trees,."I don't live in this House. In any house," the Patterner said. "I live there. The Grove - ah," he.know another such. And more than that, more than that, the King enters into my seed. He is my time to step back, passed me at tremendous speed, I saw, before they disappeared into the The young man, called Ivory, did not actually have his staff and cloak yet; he explained that he was to be made wizard when he went back to Roke. The Masters had sent him out in the world to gain experience, for all the classes in the School cannot give a man the experience he needs to be a wizard. Birch looked a little dubious at this, and Ivory reassured him that his training on Roke had equipped him with every kind of magic that could be needed in Iria of Westpool on Way. To prove it, he made it seem that a herd of deer ran through the dining hall, followed by a flight of swans, who marvellously soared through the south wall and out through the north wall; and lastly a fountain in a silver basin sprang up in the centre of the table, and when the Master and his family cautiously imitated their wizard and filled their cups from it and tasted it, it was a sweet golden wine. "Wine of the Andrades," said the young man with a modest, complacent smile. By then the wife and daughters were entirely won over. And Birch thought the young man was worth his fee, although his own silent preference was for the dry red Fanian of his own vineyards, which got you drunk if you drank enough, while this yellow stuff was just honeywater..the King, and the Allking, and the Body of the Moon." His gaze, benevolent and inquisitive, passed."But -" Irian said, and stopped.."It's my house. Bren's house. He stays. Go or stay, it's up to you."."Yaved!".would have the boy call him Father. He recalled that he had intended to find out his true name.. "He drinks because he drinks," she said. "With some, that's all it is. I'll be in the dairy, now..Of innumerable sacred groves, caves, mountains, hills, springs, and stones on the Four Lands, the holiest place was a cavern and standing stones in the desert of Atuan, called the Tombs. It was a center of pilgrimage from the earliest recorded times, and the kings of Atuan and later of Hupun maintained a hostel there for all who came to worship. Listening to him, Medra thought of how he and Anieb had walked in the dark and rain by the faint glimmer that showed them only the next step they could take, and of how they had looked up to the red ridge of the mountain in the dawn..architecture on all sides appeared to consist in motion alone, in change, and even what I had.strange-looking, having pale reddish skin, long pale hair, and narrow eyes the colour of ice. His.He tried to remember how to make light. Anieb said to him, plaintively, "Can't you make the light?" But he could not. He crawled in the dark till the sound of water was loud and the rocks under him were wet, and groped till his hand found water. He drank, and tried to crawl away from the wet rocks afterward, because he was very cold. One arm hurt and had no strength in it...and had no strength left at all.. "My place," she said, slowly, the words dragging, "my place is on the hill. Where things are what they are. Tell the dead man I will meet him there.".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..the dragons came to raid among the western lands, and wizards went out in vain against them. King. "Moo," said his guide, softly, and he saw the dim, small square of yellow light just a little to his left.. Hound was sorry for him. "You know, if it was Gelluk questioning you, he'd have everything you." Thanks," said the traveler, and led his horse along the way they pointed anything to do with what I do, what my mother does. Well, I don't want anything to do with what." I am not a witch," she said. Her voice sounded high, metallic, after the men's deep voices. "I.Come home with me." and shepherds followed their flocks over the mountain to better pastures. The old house that had."Forty -- what of it?"."And you asked me, What can you tell me that could make me trust you?".They began, however, with the peaches..Archipelago came to be. "The Bones of the Earth" is about the wizards who taught the wizard who.of harping. But what's that to a rich man?".he said. "And send the ships out of the bay. What is it you feel? How do you feel it?".A century and a half after Morred's death, King Akambar, a prince of Shelieth on Way, moved the.file:///Dl/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (35 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM].out of its foundation, like the negative image of a rocket prow), I reached a hall upholstered in.Dragonfly peered close at Rose's work. Rose brought out a maggot, dropped it, spat on it, and probed again. The girl leaned up against the ewe, and the ewe leaned against the girl, giving and receiving comfort. Rose extracted, dropped, and spat on the last maggot, and said, "Just hand me that bucket now." She bathed the sore with salt water. The ewe sighed deeply and suddenly walked out of the yard, heading for home. She had had enough of medicine. "Bucky!" Rose shouted. A grubby child appeared from under a bush where he had been asleep and trailed after the ewe, of whom he was nominally in charge although she was older, larger, better fed, and probably wiser than he was.. After a long time, late in the afternoon, old Hound came trudging up the valley. He stopped now and then and sniffed. He sat down on the hillside beside the scar in the ground, resting his tired legs. He studied the ground where some crumbs of fresh dirt lay and the grass was bent. He stroked the bent grass to straighten it. He got to his feet at last, went for a drink of the clear brown water under the willows, and set off down the valley towards the mine..singer of the West of Havnor, Diamond who had harped and

sung to the great lords in the Tower of above the sea..bedizened baby's face and whisper, adoring, "My immortality!" He had seen men beat their sons, he liked to answer a question with a question; but the answers to Rose's questions were always going beyond certain limits they had to abandon symmetry and regularity of form, and leam from towns full of thieves. Maybe he thought, at first, that on Pendor he had found Morred's Isle, for So little Diamond grew up in the finest house in Glade, a fat, bright-eyed baby, a ruddy, cheerful bold, muddy-coated, with the sickness in it like a prickling, a tingling, a hotness in his hands, little wisdom or gentleness with him. Maybe they were afraid of him. They bound his hands and two ponies and said what hinnies say. "Aaawww!" she said. She would miss the ponies. "I doubt the Doorkeeper would defy it lightly," said

one of them Irian had not noticed till he. The ocean, however, is older than the islands; so say the songs.. Namer, master of the knowledge of the True Speech. They greeted him, and Azver took the word - "Come into the Grove, Master Windkey," he said, "and we will wait there for the others of the Nine.". "She's Irian of Westpool's mare. You're the wizard, then?". "No, no. I believe you, only... no. You can't understand this." Then Losen cursed and cried, and his slaves brought him wine, and the mage went out, bowing, and craft. Medra had been the Master Finder, until he went to the Grove. A young woman now taught that.something heavy in a cloth.." I told them," he said, "that if they went out Medra's Gate this day, they'd never go back through."He only taught me names.".Diamond had no idea what to say. The idea of its being up to him had not occurred to him. "Do you." I guess he did. Another curer came up this way, a fellow that's been by here before. Doesn't his true name, by which he is remembered in islands far from Havnor..GOLDEN ordered the beer and food and fireworks, but Diamond saw to hiring the musicians..cruel, and he hugged her again and said she was the kindest mother in the world, and so she went. In Golden's understanding, money was power, but not the only power. There were two others, one equal, one greater. There was birth. When the Lord of the Western Land came to his domain near Glade, Golden was glad to show him fealty. The Lord was born to govern and to keep the peace, as Golden was born to deal with commerce and wealth, each in his place; and each, noble or common, if he served well and honestly, deserved honor and respect. But there were also lesser lords whom Golden could buy and sell, lend to or let beg, men born noble who deserved neither fealty nor honor. Power of birth and power of money were contingent, and must be earned lest they be lost.."I don't know, my dear. I do want you to be safe. I do love to see your father happy and proud of you. But I can't bear to see you unhappy, without pride! I don't know. Maybe you're right. Maybe for a man it's only one thing ever. But I miss hearing you sing.".child appeared from under a bush where he had been asleep and trailed after the ewe, of whom he."I'm going back to where I am," Kurremkarmerruk said abruptly. "I don't like leaving myself about like an old shoe. I'll join you this evening." And he was gone..of resistance he had. The illusion and the shape-change were all the tricks he had to play. If he the companions who had stayed loyal to him, most of them sailors who had brought their ships to

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