

EXTRACTS FROM THE THEOLOGICAL WRITINGS OF THAT EMINENT SERVANT OF THE LORD

among us, Medra. They must be settled, and they can't be settled easily. Though a little goodwill, sort of holding off. I guess he had this in mind all along. But what if I go down there and I'm him. Later when he tried to repeat the word, he stood dumb. "Otter," said the flat voice, to conic to the city every year or two. voice spoke in his mind, stronger and clearer than Gelluk's voice and spells. Through her eyes and there was a light that was not werelight. He went forward. He had been crawling for a long time. "And a good thing too!" Golden said roundly. "What's become of that daughter of hers, then? Went off with a juggler, I heard?" "If you need to read the Mountain," his teacher had told him, "go to the Dark Pond at the top of Semere's cow pasture. You can see the ways from there. You need to find the center. See where to go in." "Come" she said, "before you fall asleep there," and he followed her obediently to Berry's room, which wasn't much more than a cupboard built onto the corner of the house. Her room was behind the chimney. Berry would come in, drunk, in a while, and she'd put down the pallet in the chimney corner for him. Let the traveler have a good bed for a night. Maybe he'd leave a copper or two with her when he went on. There was a terrible shortage of coppers in her household these days. regret her rash invitation, and I wanted to make things easy for her. regular trade with South Port, and buying up the chestnut forests above Reche -- all such plans. They came ashore in Ilien for water and food. Setting a host of many hundreds of men on its way so quickly had left little time for provisioning the ships. They overran the towns along the west shore of Ilien, taking what they wanted, and did the same on Vissti and Kamery, looting what they could and burning what they left. Then the great fleet turned west, heading for the one harbor of Roke Island, the Bay of Thwil. Early knew of the harbor from the maps in Havnor, and knew there was a high hill above it. As they came nearer, he took dragon form and soared up high above his ships, leading them, gazing into the west for the sight of that hill. He knew now, from Elehal and others on Roke, what that wall was. It lay between the living and the dead. And in that vision, Anieb had walked on this side of it, not on the side that went down into the dark. raiders came from Wathort. Their mother hid them in a root cellar of the farm and then used her thoughtful look. and got angry with them and with him for not moving faster. It was strange to him that they had no. Hound told me that you're a lad of promise and might go far with a proper guide. If you'd like to. about Roke and did not answer when he spoke. When he very tentatively approached her, taking her. have very dark brown skin. Most Archipelagan men have little or no facial hair. women of great power raised the Great House on Roke. Its cornerstone was set on a hilltop above. She was there, the sick woman who could heal him, the poof woman who held the treasure, the. down, he found himself dizzy and retching. He came no closer, but said words that might ease the. "I'll stay if you want, Elehal." again with that yearning look. The sun was setting; he stood up, bade her goodnight gently, and had books, the Chronicles of Enlad and the History of the Wise Heroes. From these precious books. gone still. Not a fly buzzed. They walked past the roaster tower, past the old shaft and the new one, on into the long valley where Otter had taken Licky the first day he was there. It was late autumn now. The shrubs and scrubby grass that had been green that day were dun and dry, and the wind rattled the last leaves on the bushes. To their left a little stream ran low among willow thickets. Mild sunlight and long shadows streaked the hillsides. She began to gasp for breath. In the red light that shone now from the crest of the mountain and from Kargs who, after settling the four great Eastern lands, sailed back to the West about two. Tuly shared it with him for a long time, since she could see her son only by lying to her husband. "It does not know death," he said, but he spoke in his own language, and they did not understand. will that hurried his steps. buckets, going to the pump. She would not use the stream water for anything at all, these days. any way. That night he had been in utter despair. But then Anieb had come into his mind: come of. Hemlock was 10th to practice any of the lesser arts of magic. He did not put out a finding spell. "Ivory! That fellow that studied with the Hand? Is he here?" the Changer demanded of Irian, wrathily. She stood straight and said nothing. It may be that Segoy is or was one of the Old Powers of the Earth. It may be that Segoy is a name for the Earth itself. Some think all dragons, or certain dragons, or certain people, are manifestations of Segoy. All that is certain is that the name Segoy is an ancient respectful nominative formed from the Old Hardic verb seoge, "make, shape, come intentionally to be." From the same root comes the noun esege, "creative force, breath, poetry." Crow cocked his head. figure out whether they had something to do with the traffic and its regulation. gagged his mouth to keep him from making spells. They locked him in a cellar room, a room of. They were only voices and shadows to each other. from even farther. Irian stood up slowly. She did not speak, but looked down the path, and then. out of its foundation, like the negative image of a rocket prow), I reached a hall upholstered in. The so-called Six Hundred Runes of Hardic are not the Hardic runes used to write the ordinary language. They are True Runes that have been given "safe," inactive names in the ordinary language. Their true names in the Old Speech must be memorised in silence. The ambitious student of wizardry will go on to learn the "Further Runes," the "Runes of Ea," and many others. If the Old Speech is endless, so are the runes. died, eh?" "Probably we can't," said the Herbal. "If the Windkey locks the winds against us ...". "Oh yes. You are uncommonly slow, young man, to recognize your own capacities." It was spoken harshly, and Diamond stiffened up a bit. miles or years away. the parents died young. So not much heed was paid to him, until they had to take notice of him. You look at what happens and try to see why it happens, you listen to what the people there tell. know that on the word of the king himself. Even here, the harpers came to sing that song, and a. "I doubt it," Diamond said. but sometimes one can get into the reals. . .". "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." At last she moved, and kissed his cheek, and whispered, "I missed you, I missed you, I missed you. How long can you stay?" initially taken to be a vaulted ceiling were only overhanging tiers, tiers that now gave way to. His head hurt again, and he whimpered and shivered, trying to draw himself together for warmth..and grew more awake. The excited turmoil of his mind all the time he had been with Gelluk slowly. "A shirt." where it left the wood, above all the crossings. She did the same. Then sitting in the cool, long. There was no warmth and no light..feet. No one was there. She stood afire, shaking with rage. She leapt back down the bank, found. "Yes," Gelluk said, his deep voice soft and dreamy, "she must be burned alive. And then, only to the fire," and had him sit down in Bren's settle close to the hearth. "Stir the fire up a bit," "You ought to have your proper name day, your feast and dancing, like any young 'un," the witch said. "It's at daybreak a name should be given. And then there ought to be music and feasting and all. Not sneaking about at night and no one knowing..." He looked stern. The dragon bore him away." light?" But he could not. He crawled in the dark till the sound of water was loud and the rocks kind of trance, and having done them, sat down in the grass with her back against the house wall, my side and was smiling as before. It was not merely an external smile of official politeness, a should burn not dead bodies but living ones. Living and conscious. Purity from foulness: bliss young dragon hoards up its fire. And share it. But only here. Pass it on, one to the next, here, aren't who-or what-I thought they were, and I lose my way on islands I thought I knew by heart..Great House. The walls we built to keep all evil out. Or in, as the case may be." "You and Broom trade spells." control, was to ask him. "What is your name?" he said, watching Otter intently..arguments about it. He should have known better, after all this time, than to argue with Silence.."I will," said Ivory, with a wink at Dragonfly. She, well disguised in dirt and a farmhand's old.(From her it passed through her descendants for over five hundred years to the last heirs of.Back in the cell room, when Licky had unleashed him and untied his gag, he said, "There's some ore there. You can get to it by running that old tunnel straight on, maybe twenty feet." She was getting used to his strange face now and was able to read it. She thought that he looked sad. His way of speaking was harsh, quick, dry, peaceable. The men of the Isle are not always wise, eh?" he said. "Maybe the Doorkeeper." He looked at her now, not glancing but squarely, his eyes catching and holding hers. "But there. In the wood. Under the trees. There is the old wisdom. Never old. I can't teach you. I can take you into the Grove." After a minute he stood up. "Yes?" "Play the flute," Diamond said promptly, and took out of his pocket the little fife his mother had. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (10 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM].beyond comprehension and he was nothing at all. He woke from those dreams shaken and shamed. In routing out his heavy cloak, setting water to boil on the small fire he had lighted earlier, he. When (in the year 440, by Hardic count) Erreth-Akbe came to make peace between the Archipelago and. imagined and found startling, unwelcome, even painful, altering all her beliefs..commerce with any other people. "We can't save them," Ember said. "We couldn't save ourselves." For there had been times when he felt that, as he had summoned her living, so dead she might. Erreth-Akbe, half recovered, went after Orm, drove him from Havnor, and harried him on "through all the Archipelago and Reaches," never letting him come to land, but driving him always over the sea, until in a final terrible flight they passed the Dragon's Run and came to the last island of the West Reach, Selidor. There, on the outer beach, both exhausted, they faced each other and fought, "talon and fire and word and sword," until. The villagers shook their heads. Gift was a brave woman, but there was such a thing as being too. There was an uncomfortable silence, as the Doorkeeper did not speak. At last a slight, bright-eyed. we?" "What if you got to be a wizard! Oh! Think of the stuff you could teach me! Shapechanging -- We could be anything. Horses! Bears!" The Changer stared openly at her. He was not as tall as she was. He stared at the Doorkeeper, and then at her again. "Before the dragon came, the Summoner too had returned from death, where he can go, where his art can take him. He had seen our lord and the young king there, in that country across the wall of stones. He said they would not come back. He said Lord Sparrowhawk had told him to come back to us, to life, to bear that word. So we grieved for our lord..quick woman, with a round face and clear eyes, and a mass of dark hair, not straight like most. in spells of protection, endurance, peace. They saw the Rule of Roke established, though never so. at all. These were words he wanted but had not expected to hear. He took the young man's arm..He thought he had raised his hand in a spell to stop her, but he had not raised his hand, and she came on. She stopped only when she was a couple of arm's lengths from him and a little below him still..see it, if you don't mind, sir. He won't come looking for it. But if he saw it, he'd take it. He. Archmage, here, in the Grove, as always. But not as always..ONE WINTER AFTERNOON on the shore of the Onneva River where it fingers out into the north bight. great fleet to destroy it. He was destroyed, and his fleet scattered..The hillside in front of him trembled, writhed, and opened. A gash in it deepened, widened. Water. of place. They were worshiped at the site and at home altars with offerings of flowers, oil, food, arms to wide feathered wings, and the eagle flew up and off across the wind..the Making words he did not know until he spoke them. "Mother, be whole!" he said, and the broken. "Irian of Way," the Summoner said in his deep, clear voice, "that there may be peace and order, push -- though the push had not been all that hard -- went backward down the aisle, and the. me. Gontish oak, from the hands of a Gontish wizard. Well, if he earns it I'll make him one. If he. 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." not be lonely..They came to where the miners were extending the old tunnel. There the wizard spoke with Licky in. "I'm going back to where I am," Kurremkarmerruk said abruptly. "I don't like leaving myself about. first sign of Otter's gift, when he was two or three years old, was his ability to go straight to." "It's nothing," he said. In fact, rather to his annoyance, the cut had stopped bleeding. The woman's gaze returned to his face..He recognized Hound, though he could not sit up and could barely speak. The old man put his own jacket around his shoulders and gave him water from his flask. Then he squatted beside him,

his back against the immense trunk of the oak, and stared into the forest for a while. It was late morning, hot, the summer sunlight filtering through the leaves in a thousand shades of green. A squirrel scolded, far up in the oak, and a jay replied. Hound scratched his neck and sighed. Grove, she saw it as stone walls enclosing all one kind of being and keeping out all others, like a stone wall. He could. Another, the old Stormcloud, used to be Losen's own ship, came in while I was there. In his hand, and rule with his guidance, as Morred ruled. No witches will defile sacred ground. No. "The carters go down to Endlane, summers." no harm in this fellow, no malice. No ambition. "No spine," said Hemlock to the silence of the forest. He had not planned or intended any such adventure, but crazy as it was, it suited him better the more he thought about it. The prospect of spending the long grey winter at Westpool sank his spirits like a stone. There was nothing here for him except the girl Dragonfly, who had come to fill his thoughts. Her massive, innocent strength had defeated him absolutely so far, but he did what she pleased in order to have her do at last what he pleased, and the game, he thought, was worth playing. If she ran away with him, the game was as good as won. As for the joke of it, the notion of actually getting her into the School on Roke disguised as a man, there was little chance of pulling it off, but it pleased him as a gesture of disrespect to all the piety and pomposity of the Masters and their toadies. And if somehow it succeeded, if he could actually get a woman through that door, even for a moment, what a sweet revenge it would be! There was a pause. He forgot that he had to answer in words. "I'd stay if I might," he said. "I'd." "You'd understand if I told you. Betrization, you see, isn't done by brit. With the brit, it's. She did not speak. I went up to her, bent over the chair, took hold of her by her cold arms. A BOAT-SONG FROM WEST HAVNOR. him, and gazed away, over the summery fields. "She's never looked at a man before," she said. "When and where did we begin to go too far? What have we forgotten, turned our back on, wilderness, in tents and lean-tos made of scraps, or shelterless. "Oh, this won't do," Crow said,