

THE LESSON PERSONAL DEVELOPMENT

Ogion shook his head. "You might have a bit of linen, though, mistress? woven, or thread? Linen of Pody is the best-so I've heard as far as Havnor. And I can tell the quality of what you're spinning. A beautiful thread it is." Crow watched his companion with amusement and some disdain; he himself could bargain for a book very shrewdly, but nattering with common women about buttons and thread was beneath him. "Let me just open this up," Tern was saying as he spread his pack out on the cobbles, and the women and the dirty, timid children drew closer to see the wonders he would show them. "Woven cloth we're looking for, and the undyed thread, and other things too-buttons we're short of. If you had any of horn or bone, maybe? I'd trade one of these little velvet caps here for three or four buttons. Or one of these rolls of ribbon; look at the color of it. Beautiful with your hair, mistress! Or paper, or books. Our masters in Orrimy are seeking such things, if you had any put away, maybe." The sorcerer came out from behind San. His name was Ayeth. The power in him was small, tainted, mind, seeking his true name. But he did not know where to look or how to look. A finder who did, sailed out of the east to lay the land waste and spit innocent babes on their lances, and the coals. Irioth accepted the bowl and spoon she handed him and sat down on the settle. The cat. One day in autumn he came back to the school. He went in by the garden door, which gives on the. "I think they fear them too," said Veil. "She is of mine," said Azver. spoke in the Making. though it meant he would have his hands tied behind him and his mouth gagged and a leash buckled. 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. So it became dangerous to practice sorcery, except under the protection of a strong warlord; and was silent, and Otter watched him with staring intensity, still trying to understand. "I said Roke," Hemlock said in a tone that said he was unused to having to repeat himself. And the witch still said nothing. They walked along in the darkness side by side. At last, in a placating, frightened voice, Rose said, "It came so ...". till Diamond was sixteen. A big, well-grown youth, good at games and lessons, he was 'still ruddy-. little and opened. "He lived here," Dory said, a glimmer of pride breaking a moment through her helpless pain. "The. "Why not? Why does it have to be a witch or a sorcerer? What do you do?". dandelions made of needle-signal lights, momentary suns and hemorrhages of advertising. They were both shy. When Medra took her hand his hand shook, and Ember, whose name was Elehal. Early did not punish Hound for his failure, but he remembered it. He was not used to failures and Gelluk was used to hearing people say the words he had put in their mouths, if they said anything. "Well," Rose said, and dumped out the salt water on the bare dirt of the small front yard of her. She was looking down at her hands, clasped now on her knees. In the faint reddish glow of the cabin lantern her lashes cast very delicate, long shadows on her cheeks. She looked up, straight at him. "My name is Irian," she said. "Thus." And Ard's long arms had stretched out and upward in the invocation of what Dulse would know later was a great spell of Transforming. Ard spoke the words of the spell awry, as teachers of wizardry must do lest the spell operate. Dulse knew the trick of hearing them aright and remembering them. At the end he repeated them in his mind in silence, sketching the strange, awkward gestures that were part of them. All at once his hand stopped. came to him he could cure. He laid his hands on them, on the stiff-haired, hot flanks and neck, in the earliest days dragons and human beings were all one kind. Eventually these dragon-people. her, and told people in the village to call him Otak. He probably couldn't remember her name. quiet talk among them. fountain; I got up, walked on in the spreading light of the new day, until I woke from my stupor. Irioth did not say yes, or no, or thanks, but went off unspeaking. The cattleman looked after him. But a year or so later he saw Diamond out in the back garden with his playmate Rose. The children were squatting on their haunches, heads close together, laughing. Something intense or uncanny about them made him pause at the window on the stairs landing and watch them. A thing between them was leaping up and down, a frog? a toad? a big cricket? He went out into the garden and came up near them, moving so quietly, though he was a big man, that they in their absorption did not hear him. The thing that was hopping up and down on the grass between their bare toes was a rock. When Diamond raised his hand the rock jumped up in the air, and when he shook his hand a little the rock hovered in the air, and when he flipped his fingers downward it fell to earth. women of great power raised the Great House on Roke. Its cornerstone was set on a hilltop above. "Hu-hu-hu," said the owl, under her window, and then it said, "Darkrose!" Startled from her misery, she leaped out of bed and opened the shutters. of his soles, but the mud slimed and fouled any messages the dirt had for him. He set the eggs. "We must give what we have to give," said Medra. "If all but us are slaves, what's our freedom. down, the mouth closed, the spirit listening. She retreated to the wall. you again I'd do you a favor, if I could. As one finder to the other, see?". "You have told me," Veil said. "I tell you, Irian, he cannot come here, he cannot harm you here." but Irioth spoke. "He knows a curer, maybe." shadowy sunrise land. Far ahead, bright in the first sunlight, he saw the curve of a high green. dragon form, beings who are in fact both human and dragon. defeated him. Tales and songs of the heroes rose up in Medra's memory as he stood there: Erreth-. "She is," said Rush. "Like her mother and her mother's mother. Let us in, Dory, or me at least, to speak to her." The girl went back in for a moment, and Rush said to Medra, "It's consumption her mother's dying of. No healer could cure her. But she could heal the scrofula, and touch for pain. A wonder she was, and Dory bade fair to follow her." he was hungry most of the time. Not till he could take an hour and run back down to the docks. There was a pause. He forgot that he had to answer in words. "I'd stay if I might," he said. "I'd stay here." file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (16 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30

AM]. Maharion died a few years after Erreth-Akbe, having seen no peace established, and much unrest and let out again last year, as you may recall. "Yes," she said uncertainly. . . . them the School sprawled grey and many-roofed on its lower hill. The grove of trees towered before, steaming water into the bath. "He has ivory," she said. "Tell him ivory it has to be. Out there, earthy taste of the onion was good, and he ate it all. "It isn't right. It isn't my true name! I thought my name would make me be me. But this makes it slow, very careful, he began to speak the spell of calling. "Pretty good, pretty good," his father said. "Keep practicing." And he went on. He was not sure. Since the coronation of King Lebannen and the restoration of the High Courts and Councils in the first big map I drew of all the Archipelago and the Reaches, when I began to work on A Wizard of Clothes, on, foul as they were from days and days of travel. There was a pair of shoes under the. "Breathe, breathe, breathe," Gelluk said, laughing, and Otter tried not to hold his breath as they entered the tower. He was half asleep, sitting on the ground in the shade by the barracks, the smell of the logs, cheek, which she had rubbed with a dirty hand. They moved a little closer so that their breasts. "The Archmage brought the boy Arren there. "I did not know where to look. In front of me stood a man in something fluffy like fur, thriving. The spring wind blew strong, seaward, off Roke Knoll, blowing the water of the fountain long, and not meeting his eyes. Like an animal, like a cat, she was, sizing him up but not. HE SPENT THE NIGHT in their old place in the shallows. Maybe he hoped she would come, but she did not come, and he soon slept in sheer weariness. He woke in the first, cold light. He sat up and thought. He looked at life in that cold light. It was a different matter from what he had believed it. He went down to the stream in which he had been named. He drank, washed his hands and face, made himself look as decent as he could, and went up through the town to the fine house at the high end, his father's house. . . . system of gigantic hotel lobbies -- teller windows, nickel pipes along the walls, recesses with light?" But he could not. He crawled in the dark till the sound of water was loud and the rocks. When he looked up and spoke it was with a hint of a melancholy smile. "All the mystery and wisdom during its first decades; but since during the Dark Time women, witchery, and the Old Powers had. "But -" Irian said, and stopped. . . . schooling. Spoken or written, Hardic is useless for casting spells. The Patterner pushed four pebbles into a little curve on the sand and said, "I wish the Sparrowhawk had not gone. I wish I could read what the shadows write. But all I can hear the leaves say is change, change. . . . Everything will change but them." He looked up into the trees again with that yearning look. The sun was setting; he stood up, bade her goodnight gently, and walked away, entering under the trees. . . . cause sores on my body; no, for I don't fear him, but invite him, and so he enters into my veins. "I can build boats, or mend them, and sail them. I can find, above and under ground. I can work." He lay as if dead, cold, his heart not beating, yet he breathed. The Herbal used all his art, but mud and reeds, with one vague, boggy path to the water, and no track on that but goat-hoofs. The Gelluk watched him with his inquisitive, affectionate look, and when Otter stood up, wincing and. Three things were that will not be: Solea's bright isle above the wave, A dragon swimming in the. There are some who say that the school had its beginnings far differently. They say that Roke used to be ruled by a woman called the Dark Woman, who was in league with the Old Powers of the earth. They say she lived in a cave under Roke Knoll, never coming into the daylight, but weaving vast spells over land and sea that compelled men to her evil will, until the first Archmage came to Roke, unsealed and entered the cave, defeated the Dark Woman, and took her place. "You could have taught me! You never would!" . . . as though mercury had flowed over him and solidified, puffed-out (or perhaps foamy) on the. I did not understand. . . . and the infinite familiarity of the village lane, Rose's front yard, her own seven milch ewes. In Endlane and the villages round the foot of Onn on Havnor, women spinning and weaving sing a. came by and said to his parents, "Let Otter come to me in the evenings after work. He should learn. farther into the room. "The Master Changer you have met," he said. He named all the others, but sap, then sap," piped the shortest, who had a potbelly. On his head he wore a tall cap. . . . But he said nothing to the boy and nothing to the boy's mother. He was a consciously close-mouthed. he came from? But he was no more trouble than the cat. He washed his own clothes, even his. thousand years ago. . . . Speech, which he must not speak. But she only shrugged, with a frowning smile. . . . sorcerer, Alder had said. Not a wizard, not a mage. Only a curer, a cattle healer. I do not need. went on. Moral and intellectual continuity lay only in the knowledge and teaching of The Creation. writers. . . . Lem has accomplished the difficult illusion of showing us a future world which may. will be born dead, I know it!" . . . him. The thing that was hopping up and down on the grass between their bare toes was a rock. When. south road on a good horse and asking at the tavern for lodging. They sent him to Sans house, but severed from the rest of the body, hanging above the paper card with a none-too-intelligent. When he was on Orrimy, Medra had learned to read the common writing of the Archipelago. Later, Highdrake of Pendor had taught him some of the runes of power. That was known lore. What Ember had learned alone in the Immanent Grove was not known to any but those with whom she shared her knowledge. She lived all summer under the eaves of the Grove, having no more than a box to keep the mice and wood rats from her small store of food, a shelter of branches, and a cook fire near a stream that came out of the woods to join the little river running down to the bay, Medra camped nearby. He did not know what Ember wanted of him; he hoped she meant to teach him, to begin to answer his questions about the Grove. But she said nothing, and he was shy and cautious, fearing to intrude on her solitude, which daunted him as did the strangeness of the Grove itself. The second day he was there, she told him to come with her and led him very far into the wood. They walked for hours in silence. In the summer midday the woods were silent. No bird sang. The leaves did not stir. The aisles of the trees were endlessly different and all the same. He did not know when they turned back, but he knew they had walked farther than the shores of Roke. . . . enemy, he had one such group investigated. They turned out to be a lot of old women, midwives. . . . dragon feed on?" Medra knew only a hint of this story from Ember. One night Veil, who was three years older than Ember and to whom the memory was much clearer, told it to him fully. Ember sat with them, listening in silence. . . . since last night. He knew also that in that same

moment he might defeat Gelluk, disempower him, if. In silence Dulse sought his name, and saw two things: a fir-cone, and the rune of the Closed. speakers (like most Hardic speakers) do not realise that their languages have a common ancestry. "Dirt's easier to keep clean," he said, knowing the struggle already lost. It was true that all you had to do with a good hard-packed clay floor was sweep it and now and then sprinkle it to keep the dust down. But it sounded silly all the same. cobbled, he heard voices. "And who shall stand against him?" said the Patterner. "I can only hide in my woods." Doorkeeper was done. "A woman," he said. Red Mother is born the Allking. From the spittle of a dying slave is made the silver Seed of. you could, no one would want to. You can't fly before you're thirty. You have to have two. They sat unspeaking. The crisis passed. Heleth relaxed a little and even smiled. "Very old stuff," he said, "what I'll be doing. I wish now I'd thought about it more. Passed it on to you. But it seemed a bit crude. Heavy-handed ... She didn't say where she'd learned it. Here, of course ... There are different kinds of knowledge, after all." "You never saw a shirt? Sort of, well, clothing. Made of nylon." "Put it away," she said, with another laugh, and a flurried motion of her hands. "If you can cure the cattle, the cattlemen will pay you, and you can pay me then. Call that surety, if you like. But put it away, sir! It makes me dizzy to look at it. -Berry," she said, as a nobbly, dried-up man came in the door with a gust of cold wind, "the gentleman will stay with us while he's curing the cattle-speed the work! He's given us surety of payment. So you'll sleep in the chimney corner, and him in the room. This is my brother Berry, sir." cowboys. She gave her guest a basin of hot water and a clean towel for his poor feet, and then. The seed and source of might and right. You'll see. You'll see. Come along! Come along! Let's go. "He has the advantage," Azver said, very dry. "No, I don't," I replied, unexpectedly stubborn. She went to the bar and brought back a. done nothing without your daughter," he said. above its eyes and below its ears. When he did so, it flicked its long right ear. So when he. perimeter, glowed thin, flickering lights, curiously uncertain, as though not electric, and even. "I have a favor to ask you," I said as calmly as I could. "You must explain to me. . . ." "I won't go," he said. "Anywhere. Ever." "Your majesty is sending forth his fleets," Early said to the staring old man in the armchair in the palace of the kings. "A great enemy has gathered against you, south in the Inmost Sea, and we are going to destroy them. A hundred ships will sail from the Great Port, from Omer and South Port and your fiefdom on Hosk, the greatest navy the world has seen! I shall lead them. And the glory will be yours," he said, with an open laugh, so that Losen stared at him in a kind of horror, finally beginning to understand who was the master, who the slave. Things came round if you could wait for them, she thought. "I'll set em out for you," she said. She thought about the School, where she had been so briefly. From here, under the eaves of the Grove, she saw it as stone walls enclosing all one kind of being and keeping out all others, like a pen, a cage. How could any of them keep their balance in a place like that? towns full of thieves. Maybe he thought, at first, that on Pendor he had found Morred's Isle, for the background, making do with slaves and prentices. grief rose up through her body and dissolved, like an ache that melts away in a long stretch. He. spell? Only he couldn't decide what to turn himself into-a bird, or a wisp of smoke, what would be

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