

THE LOST ART OF HOW TO FIND THINGS FREEDOM FROM FORGETTING

father, a sorcerer-prospecter, over his choice of a teacher; his father had shouted that a student. "Is it a long way from where you live, sir?" she asked. Her timbers creaked a little, a slaves chain rattled, rattled again. and litigations. Farmlands went to weeds, farmsteads went unroofed, milking sheds stood unused. often doesn't know what he's doing, do you see." The idea of doing harm troubled her, but the idea of danger had not entered her mind. She found it. There will I go. He did not ask if Otter was picking up any sign of the ore; he did not ask whether he was seeking. She put her hand on his knee. It was the first time she had ever touched him. He endured it, the. could he think of her. thought could not hold it. His knowledge could not use it. His tongue could not say it. HISTORY OF THE KARGAD LANDS. opens all the greater spells; and he spoke. "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." "Oh, they'll come for the glory," said the harper, a lean, long-jawed, wall-eyed fellow of forty. "Maybe you'll have a go with us yourself, then? You had a hand for it, before you took to making money. And the voice not bad, if you'd worked on it." Weary, evil dreams of suffocation came to him, but took no hold on him. He breathed deep. He slept at last. He dreamed of long mountainsides veiled by rain, and the light shining through the rain. He dreamed of clouds passing over the shores of islands, and a high, round, green hill that stood in mist and sunlight at the end of the sea. dark years will come again, when there was no rule of justice, and wizardry was used for evil. mourned him. Then, because here was dismay among us, and all my patterns spoke of change and. were dozens of ships like ours. The moving platform made a turn, accelerated, continued to. It may be that Segoy is or was one of the Old Powers of the Earth. It may be that Segoy is a name. Once instead of smiling and agreeing, she said, "It's lovely to have him back, but" and Golden stopped hearing. Mothers were born to worry about their children, and women were born never to be content. There was no reason why he should listen to the litany of anxieties by which Tuly hauled herself through life. Of course she thought a merchant's life wasn't good enough for the boy. She'd have thought being King in Havnor wasn't good enough for him. heard about on Roke, nor did he ever speak about them there, maybe fearing the Masters would. "Look at that," said the woman. "He's not friendly with most folk." the name. choppy seas, but never a storm or a troublesome wind. They put off and took on cargo at ports on. "You must find the Red Mother," he said, the day after that. They were sitting side by side again. sank. All the shouting and screaming of men's voices was suddenly silent. There was no noise but. the body but only the King. Only he can read what is written." "Do wizards have no family?" "For us," said Ember. "For us who live, in hiding, neither killed nor killing. The dead are dead. The great and mighty go their way unchecked. All the hope left in the world is in the people of no account." MORRED. The Changer stood silent, and then he said quietly, with respect, "My friend, what is it you think. Hemlock was glad to see a bit of fire in the boy. "They are one another's family," he said. "She took bird form. Osprey, they said. Didn't expect that from a girl so young. Gone before they. of feet. Suddenly the city vanished, and an enormous face, three meters high, came into view. In there he knew he should hurry, that the bones of the earth ached to move, and that he must become them to guide them, but he could not hurry. There was on him the bewilderment of any transformation. He had in his day been fox, and bull, and dragonfly, and knew what it was to change being. But this was different, this slow enlargement. I am vastening, he thought. "I can be that, if you insist." The funny thing is, it's the truth, I thought. got a girl, a town girl, to come to my room. My cell. My little stone celibate cell. It had a. "But you yourself said that brit. . . I'm sitting now. You see, I'm sitting. Calm yourself. ship's passage to the School. had told them that I would not be able to manage on my own? But how could that be, when this. Otter had got control of his face and voice. He wiped his eyes and nose, cleared his throat, and. distrust him. What did it matter if he was mad? He was gentle, and might have been wise once. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (100 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:32 AM]. did not know what to say. How difficult all this was. wells, burned in the withered fields, buried alive to make the dead earth rich again. like the cornerstone of an earlier, forgotten house down in the cellar of a mansion full of lights. "Bring them here," Early said to the messenger. Dragonfly rolled her head round on her neck, stretching till the vertebrae cracked, stretching out. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (14 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. Endlane said. It was somewhere else, being eaten up with worry or fear or shame. perfectly chaste, though he laughed at himself a little for it. "No. Theater, I know what that was -- that was long ago. I know: they had actual people. And the old man railed on about the folly of the young and the evils of modern times. "Hmn," Hound went, a short, grunting laugh. "You find what you look for, don't you? Like me." He saw that his companion was in distress, and said, "I'll get you out of here. Fetch a carter from the village down there, when I've got my breath. Listen. Don't fret. I haven't hunted you all these years to give you to Early. The way I gave you to Gelluk. I was sorry for that. I thought about it. What I said to you about men of a craft sticking together. And who we work for. Couldn't see that I had much choice about that. But having done you a disfavor, I thought if I came across you again I'd do you a favor, if I could. As one finder to the other, see?" came together, so that the stars were visible only through their branches. I recalled that to reach. He found a carter who would carry them down to Endlane, Otter's mother and sister were living with cousins while they rebuilt their burned house as best they could. They welcomed him with disbelieving joy. Not knowing Hound's connection with the warlord and his wizard, they treated him as one of themselves, the good man who had found poor Otter half dead in the forest and brought him home. A wise man, said Otter's mother Rose, surely a wise man. Nothing was too good for such a man. Archmage himself said, Rules are made to be broken. Injustice makes the rules, and courage breaks. "It must be weird, coming back like this," she said almost in a whisper. She

shuddered..there. You can get to it by running that old tunnel straight on, maybe twenty feet." Inmost Sea to Orrimy, where he had been some years before. There were people of the Hand there.the vine "right down to the life in it"; and Rose, her Etaudis, whispering charms to ease the pain."Thorion was the best of us all - a brave heart, a noble mind." The Herbal spoke almost in anger. "Sparrowhawk loved him. So did we all."four or five times a day, it'll heal clean, I'm sorry." She said the last honestly, though.The nights were long and terrible, for the spells pressed on him, weighed on him, waked him over.went off into the darkness with a numb face, like a child who has been shown the falseness of a."There was no place for him among the Masters, since a new Master Summoner had been chosen, a strong man in his prime, not likely to retire or die. Among the scholars and other teachers he had a place of honor, but he wasn't one of the Nine. He'd been passed over. Maybe it wasn't a good thing for him to stay there, always among wizards and mages, among boys learning wizardry, all of them craving power and more power, striving to be strongest. At any rate, as the years went on he became more and more aloof, pursuing his studies in his tower cell apart from others, teaching few students, speaking little. The Summoner would send gifted students to him, but many of the boys there scarcely knew of him. In this isolation he began to practice certain arts that are not well to practice and lead to no good thing.."But the spirit of rivalry worked in the boy as he grew to be a man. It's a strong spirit on Roke: always to do better than the others, always to be first... The art becomes a contest, a game. The end becomes a means to an end less than itself... There was no man there more greatly gifted than this man, yet if any did better than he in any thing, he found it hard to bear. It frightened him, it galled him.."No," Otter said, and hesitated. He felt he owed this man an explanation. "See, it's not so much.leaving Nais, I had not encountered a single passer-by. The escalator was very long. A wide street.But he said nothing to the boy and nothing to the boy's mother. He was a consciously close-mouthed man, distrustful of visions until they could be made acts; and she, though a dutiful, loving wife and mother and housekeeper, already made too much of Diamond's talents and accomplishments. Also, like all women, she was inclined to babble and gossip, and indiscriminate in her friendships. The girl Rose hung about with Diamond because Tuly encouraged Rose's mother the witch to visit, consulting her every time Diamond had a hangnail, and telling her more than she or anyone ought to know about Golden's household. His business was none of the witch's business. On the other hand, Tangle might be able to tell him if his son in fact showed promise, had a talent for magery...but he flinched away from the thought of asking her, asking a witch's opinion on anything, least of all a judgment on his son..benches, seats, an overturned table, and sand, loose and deep; I felt my feet sink into it and found.out in a high, harsh voice. "Come up on to the hill, Thorion," she said..against his arm. He asked her who she was, and what they had done, and how they had done it, but."What else?" I asked, and since I was still holding the cup, I took another swallow of that.see. Nobody should ought to meddle with sorcery that ain't born to it. Nor with sorcerers. You."But that's. . . you think that I keep all these bottles here, in my apartment?".learned to read..softly in the tops of tall trees, on beyond the gardens..saw him flying thus they shouted, "The dragonlord! the dragonlord!".was nothing to fear. There was no harm..his power lay..name? Or a creeping traitorous sorcerous servant of those upstart landgrabbers who stole Westpool.ship in port, and none has come into Thwil Bay since the one that brought you, lady, and sailed."I think what we have to do," he said without preamble, "is try to hold the fault from slipping."Sitting with old Ferny. She died this afternoon, Mother will be there all night. But how did you.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (95 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].must not feel shame. The fault was his, and mine."..gesture..gave me courage. I stood and looked. Someone brushed by me; I caught the fragrance of.Banners still flew from the towers of the City of Havnor, and a king still ruled there; the banners were those of captured towns and isles, and the king was the warlord Losen. Losen never left the marble palace where he sat all day, served by slaves, seeing the shadow of the sword of Erreth-Akbe slip like the shadow of a great sundial across the roofs below. He gave orders, and the slaves said, "It is done, your majesty." He held audiences, and old men came and said, "We obey, your majesty." He summoned his wizards, and the mage Early came, bowing low. "Make me walk!" Losen shouted, beating his paralyzed legs with his weak hands..Archipelago came to be. "The Bones of the Earth" is about the wizards who taught the wizard who."Has it come to this," the Namer said, "that we stand at the edge of the forest Segoy planted and.wiped her down all over, put the saddle blanket back on her, and made sure she was standing in the."Your name is beautiful, Emer," he said. "I will speak it when you tell me to."."He's dead," she said, "two years. The marsh fever. You have to watch out for that, here. The water. I live with my brother. He's in the village, at the tavern. We keep a dairy. I make cheese. Our herd's been all right," and she made the sign to avert evil. "I keep em close in. Out on the ranges, the murrain's very bad. Maybe the cold weather'll put an end to it."The guesswork of a wizard is close to knowledge, though he may not know what it is he knows. The.small plate in front of each of us and with two lightning movements threw on each plate a portion.wizard? Did he know you were going?". "And you?" she asked.."Why didn't you come to me first?" Dulse had demanded. "And then Roke, to put a polish on it?".Elehal. But when I come back I'll stay. What I need to find I'll find here. Haven't I found it."I know nothing," Irian said. She stepped forward again, facing the mage directly. Tell me who I imagined and found startling, unwelcome, even painful, altering all her beliefs..becomes elegant, and what everybody knows is true turns out to be what some people used to think..door that opened out upon the Knoll was long called Medra's Gate, even after much else had changed.cool. Nearby stood a vacant table. I sat awkwardly, my back to the people, looking out into the.He got up in the icy morning while they still slept rolled in their blankets. He knew where the."He lived here," Dory said, a glimmer of pride breaking a moment through her helpless pain. "The.his prey was in. He walked to it and flung the door open..He sat up. The dark sea was so quiet that the stars were reflected here and there on the sleek lee side of the long swells. Oared galleys seldom went out of sight of land and seldom rowed through the

night, laying to in any bay or harbor; but there was no moorage on this crossing, and since the weather was settled so mild, they had put up the mast and big square sail. The ship drifted softly forward, her slave oarsmen sleeping on their benches, the free men of her crew all asleep but the helmsman and the lookout, and the lookout was dozing. The water whispered on her sides, her timbers creaked a little, a slaves chain rattled, rattled again..the forests that were or might yet be. "And sometimes the Grove is in this place," he said, "and."I don't see the difference. You're sure you weren't betrizated? ".wizards..stung by flies. He said, "Oh! I can't --!" He bolted off into the dusk beyond the lanterns hanging

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