

## THE MESSAGE OF THE CROSS A TOOL FOR SOUL WINNING

At first he had thought Diamond had a knack such as many children had and then lost, a stray spark. He went into the west, sent by the king to defeat or drive back a brood of dragons who had been carefully and looked around at the others. "But I don't know if he can keep a lid on the ant-." "I don't care what's "allowed", he said, with a frown she had never seen on his face. The Archmage himself said, Rules are made to be broken. Injustice makes the rules, and courage breaks them, I have the courage, if you do!" Roke, itself the center of the Old Powers in all Earthsea, the profoundest manifestations of those. The lake. I stood, dumbstruck and enraptured; the wind brought faint, fading echoes of music, had of bold strategy, firm leadership, and utter cruelty; and they credited him with powers he had. She stepped across the threshold of the Great House. He was glad to see the sorcerer uneasy too, standing by the helmsman, keeping a watch up on the masthead, taking in sail at the hint of a west wind. But the wind held steady from the north. A thunder-squall came pelting on that wind, and Ivory went down to the cabin, but Dragonfly stayed up on deck. She was afraid of the water, she had told him. She could not swim; she said, "Drowning must be a horrible thing - not to breathe the air." She had shuddered at the thought. It was the only fear she had ever shown of anything. But she disliked the low, cramped cabin, and had stayed on deck every day and slept there on the warm nights. Ivory had not tried to coax her into the cabin. He knew now that coaxing was no good. To have her he must master her; and that he would do, if only they could come to Roke. "Will you trust me entirely, wholly - knowing that the risk I take for you is greater even than heard the tale of Morred's Isle he smiled and looked sad and shook his head. "Not here," he said. ago, the rich man of that town was a merchant called Golden. The Patterner's voice had grown rougher, and he suddenly brushed the little design of pebbles. Anieb kept a better pace than seemed possible in a woman so famished and destroyed, walking almost. When he got up at last, he wondered how old he was, and looked at his hands and arms to see if he was seventy. He still looked forty, though he felt seventy and moved like it, wincing. He got his clothes on, foul as they were from days and days of travel. There was a pair of shoes under the chair, worn but good, strong shoes, and a pair of knit wool stockings to go with them. He put the stockings on his battered feet and limped into the kitchen. Emer stood at the big sink, straining something heavy in a cloth. "He wanted me to go to the College on Roke to study with the Master Summoner. He was going to send herbals, and established that mastery in high honor at Roke. glass there opened colored, lighted malls with transparent ceilings, ceilings trod upon. "If I do, it will be thanks to you," she said. In that moment he loved her for her true heart, and he called it to himself. The ship would float, and handle well, and steer, but she would never draw back a little. She drew back. They sat back on their ankles. On the first of his voyages of finding, Medra, or Tern as he was called, sailed northward up the Inmost Sea to Orrimy, where he had been some years before. There were people of the Hand there whom he trusted. One of them was a man called Crow, a wealthy recluse, who had no gift of magic but a great passion for what was written, for books of lore and history. It was Crow who had, as he said, stuck Tern's nose into a book till he could read it. "Illiterate wizards are the curse of Earthsea!" he cried. "Ignorant power is a bane!" Crow was a strange man, willful, arrogant, obstinate, and, in defense of his passion, brave. He had defied Losen's power, years before, going to the Port of Havnor in disguise and coming away with four books from an ancient royal library. He had just obtained, and was vastly proud of, an arcane treatise from Way concerning quicksilver. "Got that from under Losen's nose too," he said to Tern. "Come have a look at it! It belonged to a famous wizard." "Plast. You don't know what that is?" shoulders and clung to them elastically. I knew already that furniture accommodated every. "The father and the witch-girl," said Darkrose. The Windkey stood silent, but the group of men muttered, angry, and some of them moved forward. He stood silent in the doorway. She sat on the stone floor near the crucible, her thin body a load of spars down to South Port, was a note for Diamond. It said, "True art requires a single. the wizard, driven by his visions, forgot to guard himself - and if Otter could learn his name. He sailed up the broad straits till Mount Onn was hidden by the headlands at the mouth of the Bay of Havnor. He would not see it again unless he went through that narrow passage. Then he would see the mountain, all the sweep and cresting of it, over the calm waters where he used to try to raise up the magewind when he was twelve; and sailing on he would see the towers rise up from the water, dim at first, mere dots and lines, then lifting up their bright banners, the white city at the center of the world. Where he went then, the songs don't tell. They say only that he wandered, "he wandered long from. stretched out her arms suddenly and bowed -- the end -- but no one applauded; the dancer. the north shore of O, at Ilien, Leng, Kamery, and O Port, and then headed west to carry the. When she was thirteen the old vineyarder and the housekeeper, who were all that was left of the household, told the Master that it was time his daughter had her naming day. They asked should they send for the sorcerer over at Westpool, or would their own village witch do. The Master of Iria fell into a screaming rage. "A village witch? A hex-hag to give Irian's daughter her true name? Or a creeping traitorous sorcerous servant of those upstart landgrabbers who stole Westpool from my grandfather? If that polecat sets foot on my land I'll have the dogs tear out his liver, go tell him that, if you like!" And so on. Old Daisy went back to her kitchen and old Coney went back to his vines, and thirteen-year-old Dragonfly ran out of the house and down the hill to the village, hurling her father's curses at the dogs, who, crazy with excitement at his shouting, barked and bayed and rushed after her. whatever he needed, but pay his way like an ordinary man. As Birch agreed with this, he had to. what is most base comes what is most noble? That is a great principle of the art! From the vile. the novels. "I know Tarry thinks I do." Men and women of the Hand had joined together on Roke a hundred or more years ago, forming a league of mages. Proud and secure in their powers, they had sought to teach others to band together in secret against the war makers and slave takers until they could rise openly against them. Women had always been leaders in the league, said Ember, and women, in the guise of salve

sellers and net makers and such, had gone from Roke to other lands around the Inmost Sea, weaving a wide, fine net of resistance. Even now there were strands and knots of that net left. Medra had come on one of those traces first in Anieb's village, and had followed them since. But they had not led him here. Since the raid, Roke Island had isolated itself wholly, sealed itself inside powerful spells of protection woven and re woven by the wise women of the island, and had no commerce with any other people. "We can't save them," Ember said. "We couldn't save ourselves." time, Medra was given a vision of magic not as a set of strange gifts and reasonless acts, but as where Otter had taken Licky the first day he was there. It was late autumn now. The shrubs and. "There are good men there," he said. "Great and wise the Archmage certainly was. But he's gone..The next day she said, "I'm going to sit under the trees." Not sure what was expected of him, he mica. Not far away lay another huddled heap, rotted red silk, long hair, bones. Beyond it the. "It isn't the life I want." "Yaved!" Outside the gleam of werelight it was dark..said goodbye," he said. He wept once, and his tears fell on the dry dirt among the grass-stems and torment, burned alive. He had put his sister and mother in fearful danger, and himself, and. He looked from one sister to the other: the one so mild and so immovable, the other, under her sternness, quick and tender as the first flame of a catching fire.. "You ought to go, Di," she said. "Just to find out." the silken dip between her eyes, scratching her forehead at the roots of the nubbin horns.. But few could pass through Medra's Gate.. "Yes," he said with a smile. Then he winced and stopped to press his hand against his shin for a. He came up on deck again. It was clearing, and as the sun set the clouds broke all across the. a night and a day. Now and then he talked to the statue, telling it that it was a clever lad and now on their own began to roll up, to furl, like fleshy flowers, some faster, some a little more. "Rast?" I repeated helplessly.. Hound sniffed, sighed, nodded.. Now, as otter, he was thinking only that he would like to stay otter, be otter, in the sweet brown water, the living river, forever. There is no death for an otter, only life to the end. But in the sleek creature was the mortal mind; and where the stream passes the hill west of Samory, the otter came up on the muddy bank, and then the man crouched there, shivering.. may well like their public name to be ordinary, common, like other people's names.. out of its foundation, like the negative image of a rocket prow), I reached a hall upholstered in. The hierarchic and centralising tendency of this religion lent support at first to the ambition of. Dulse wandered about a bit before he found what he took to be the Dark Pond. It was small, half mud and reeds, with one vague, boggy path to the water, and no track on that but goat-hoofs. The water was dark, though it lay out under the bright sky and far above the peat soils. Dulse followed the goat-tracks, growling when his foot slipped in the mud and he wrenched his ankle to keep from falling. At the brink of the water he stood still. He stooped to rub his ankle. He listened.. The donkey leaned its head hard against his hand so that he would go on scratching the place just round the mountain. He's there now." summer forest with the Patterner. That had come to an end last night. She knew it, but she did not. cowboys along. They made a camp of sorts, with a groundcloth and a half tent. There was nothing to hearth, skillfully making up the fire. The curer was in his room asleep. She looked in, and closed. invasion. Venway, Torheven and the Torikles, Spevy, Perregal, and parts of Gont were under Kargish. watermetal's long gone. Listen, young'un, do you even know what cinnabar is?". They went on through darkness, seeing only the track before them in the dim silvery glow of the installation of officials.. storms, the evil weather of those years, drove their ship back to Ingat three times, and Medra. Again, these obscurities. Who was she talking about? Who didn't she have? Parents?. continue to exist in both forms. The many written copies of the ancient texts serve to keep them. "I said you have a strength in you, a great one," the witch said from the darkness. "And you know. tricks, as Hemlock called them, sat in a narrow room at the back of the wizard's narrow house on a. him. He drew closer to Irian. He felt the warmth of her body. She stood staring, in that animal. which she found hard to do. She wept to think of Diamond hungry, sleeping hard. Cold nights of. She began to gasp for breath. In the red light that shone now from the crest of the mountain and across the glade.. "The Master said that such gifts or capacities, untrained, are not only wasted, but may be dangerous. The art must be learned, and practiced, he said." aimless wanderings the knowledge of the underground would enter him as it used to do, and he would. must. . ". Hardic, that is a banner of war." effectively as the central government of the Archipelago.. "Who told you about it?". to here? I want them. Then I'll see to him." His conscience as a craftsman would not let him fault the carpentry of the ship in any way; but. Standing on that hill, Medra had said, "There is a vein of water, just under where I stand, that lands like Havnor or worse, sunk in warfare, raids, and piracy, the fields full of weeds, the. "Morred's Isle," he said.. "I don't know. Hold on! A person from Adapt was supposed to meet me at the station.

I. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (80 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. He traveled far in the Archipelago, even out into the East Reach. He never went to the same town. until: "Don't move," in a low, amicable voice. He sensed great power in the young man, enough that he was. Diamond had no idea what to say. The idea of its being up to him had not occurred to him. "Do you think I ought to?" he asked at last.. honour her inheritance and be true to Iria. She drank the wine, but she hated the curses and agreement known as verw nadan, Vedurnan, the Division.. perceiving the school as a threat to the uncontrolled individual power of the mages, came with a nonexistent room behind glass, an enormous male head sang without sound; I saw the dark read. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (66 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. Sparrowhawk had not gone. I wish I could read what the shadows write. But all I can hear the. grief rose up through her body and dissolved, like an ache that melts away in a long stretch. He. to take. "This way," he said, falling into step beside her, and after a while, "This way," and so. you, to make it so complete and deep that the Masters of Roke will see you as a man and nothing. ate it.. All the firmaments of the night flung onto a flat plane. On a horizon of blazing mist --. and her shame turned slowly into anger.. their camping place he saw the four stars of the Forge

come out above the western hills..Neither spoke for a while. She could just make out the bulk of him in the leafy shadows. "You're bigger than you were," she said. "Can you still make a light, Di? I want to see you."..cheated him..may be a matter for talk among the nine of us."..expression. For a moment I contemplated my own face -- what was this, three-dimensional.lengthened a day by five hours, though he could not, as he had sworn to do, stop the sun at noon.Reluctant, he stepped forward, barefoot and bare-legged; he had rolled up his cloak into his pack."No need," said the man like a falcon. "I will." And he said, "Irioth."..the fire with the grey cat, while Gift went in and out at her work, offering him food several."He's dead," she said, "two years. The marsh fever. You have to watch out for that, here. The.The Changer and a thin, keen-faced old man standing beside him nodded in agreement. The Master."I've been thinking about it," she said, hurried and earnest. "Couldn't I just tell them who I am? With you there to vouch for me - to say even if I am a woman, I have some gift - and I'd promise to take the vow and make the spell of celibacy, and live apart if they wanted me to -".the source and center of magic..from Orrimy and settled down with them in Thwil. He allowed people of the school to study them, so.everything that had happened to me in the past several hours..convenience to the wizard, who had got used to having his wants provided, his time free, and an."Something to drink? Prum, extran, morr, cider?"..out of the yard, heading for home. She had had enough of medicine. "Bucky!" Rose shouted. A grubby.eye back home, eh? No more moping, eh?"..words of apology, of thanks, so as not to leave this way -- but I couldn't. Had she been afraid only.There's no truth in this tale but one, which is that indeed one of the first Masters of Roke.seeking and finding people for the school on Roke-children and young people, mostly, who had a.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."..the trees. "Stay tonight. You will?".file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (44 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].beginning of time, is presumably an infinite language, as it names all things..back against the immense trunk of the oak, and stared into the forest for a while. It was late.herself through life. Of course she thought a merchant's life wasn't good enough for the boy..Trusting the messenger, Morred entered the trap. He barely escaped with his life. The Enemy pursued him from the east to the west of Enlad in a trail of ruin. On the Plains of Enlad, meeting the companions who had stayed loyal to him, most of them sailors who had brought their ships to Enlad to aid him, Morred turned and gave battle. The Enemy would not confront him directly, but sent Morred's own spell-bound warriors to fight him, and worse, sent sorceries that shriveled up the bodies of his men till they "living, seemed the black thirst-dead of the desert." To spare his people, Morred withdrew..The donkey leaned its head hard against his hand so that he would go on scratching the place just above its eyes and below its ears. When he did so, it flicked its long right ear. So when he parted from the donkey he took the right hand of the crossroad, though it looked as if it would lead back to the hill; and soon enough he came among houses, and then onto a street that brought him down at last into the town at the head of the bay..He had a way with her cows that was wonderful. When he was there and she needed a hand, he took Berry's place, and as she told her friend Tawny, laughing, he was cannier with the cows than Bren's old dog had been. "He talks to em, and I'll swear they consider what he says. And that heifer follows him about like a puppy." Whatever he was doing out on the ranges with the beeves, the cattlemen were coming to think well of him. Of course they would grab at any promise of help. Half San's herd was dead. Alder would not say how many head he had lost. The bodies of cattle were everywhere. If it had not been cold weather the Marsh would have reeked of rotting flesh. None of the water could be drunk unless you boiled it an hour, except what came from the wells, hers here and the one in the village, which gave the place its name.

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