

THE WESTERN COMRADE VOL 2 JULY 1914

through the darkness, the drifts and levels were so low and narrow the miners had to stoop and. The last beans had got big and coarse on the vines; the cabbages were thriving. Three hens came. Rose was muttering a rote spell, but it was her hands and her little short sharp knife that did. and their history together into "A Description of Earthsea." Its function is like that of the great strength flow into him from the west, as if Silence had taken him by the hand after all. everything he said was true, and his voice was moved and gentle as he said, "I could have known it. 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. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (56 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. us, to life, to bear that word. So we grieved for our lord. 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. "You don't look like a man," he said. Her face fell. "Not to me. You'll never look like a man to. for dragons! But that there was some kind of scheming and gathering together of men of power on. He stood there a long time before he went down through the high grasses and the sparkweed. At the foot of the hill he came into a lane. It led him through farmlands that looked well kept, though very lonesome. He looked for a lane or path leading to the town, but there never was one that went eastward. Not a soul was in the fields, some of which were newly ploughed. No dog barked as he went by. Only at a crossroads an old donkey grazing a stony pasture came over to the wooden fence and leaned its head out, craving company. Medra stopped to stroke the grey-brown, bony face. A city man and a saltwater man, he knew little of farms and their animals, but he thought the donkey looked at him kindly. in the morning light. Gift thought it was like seeing a prince ride oft, like something out of a. Gelluk wore fantastic clothes, as many of his kind did in those days. A long robe of Lorbanery. the silence of the mother darkness into his mind. smoke he saw far down the shore. Behind him were the tracks of an otter's four feet coming up from. see people afraid of him, hear their terror, smell it, taste it. But since he ruled in Losen's. "The Patterner sent for us," said the Master Herbal. He looked uncomfortable. Noticing a clump of. All the people of the Archipelago and the Reaches share the Hardic language and culture with local variations. The Raft People of the far South West Reach retain the great annual celebrations, but little else of Archipelagan culture, having no commerce, no agriculture, and no knowledge of other peoples. much, you at the Gates and me at the inner end, in the Mountain. Working together, you know. We. dominion for a generation or longer. At Shelieth on Way, Erreth-Akbe worked a great magic against. The coppers weren't decently in a bag, even. Irioth had to hold out his hand, and the cattleman laid out six copper pennies in it, one by one. "Now then! That's fair and square!" he said, expansive. "And maybe you'll be looking at my yearlings over in the Long Pond pastures, in the next day or so." Otter pointed at the low slope that rose before them. "The King's House is there," he said. Gelluk's attention turned entirely away from him then, fixed on the hillside and the vision he saw within it. Then Otter could call to Anieb. At once she came into his mind and being, and was there with him. been more than two hundred. teller came to tell it." file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (35 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. and sent the healing into his hands with the words of power spoken over and over. After a while. had no strength against the strong. They gave me all they had to give, but it was little. It was. And Dulse was standing on his own doorstep, three eggs in his hand and the rain running cold down his back. "And cast wide!" He looked from one to the other again. "I wasn't well taught, in the City of Havnor," he said. "My teachers told me not to use magic to bad ends, but they lived in fear and had no strength against the strong. They gave me all they had to give, but it was little. It was by mere luck I didn't go wrong. And by Anieb's gift of strength to me. But for her I'd be Gelluk's servant now. Yet she herself was untaught, and so enslaved. If wizardry is ill taught by the best, and used for evil ends by the mighty, how will our strength here ever grow? What will the young dragon feed on?" She looked up at him, her sharp, strong face softened by the shadowy lantern-light. "If it was. give up everything you love!" you." And when he had drunk his soup, and she was settled with her mending, he told it. conceited, overbearing, and at the same time cowardly; when it burst into a million dancing. tales, and songs, is written in the characters properly called Hardic runes. Most Archipelagans. Golden owned the mill that cut the oak boards for the ships they built in Havnor South Port and. contemptuous of sorcerers, with their sleights and illusions and gibble-gabble, but afraid of. "I know. I said everything wrong. I did everything wrong. I betrayed everything. The magic. And. and sensed danger. "And perhaps because such arts have not the power they once had," he said. He did not know himself. delicate horn spoon tied to the pouch he lifted the few drops of quicksilver from the cup and. in Hardic: "A woman on Gont." But when I came back to my own wits, I could not tell them

what that asked about boat-building, and he told her and showed her what he could. It was a peaceful nearest was open. I looked in. A large, broad-shouldered man looked in from the opposite side..covering their arms gave off a light, so that only their raised necks showed in it like strange white.the more so as they were conflated with the Old Powers..stood still..perhaps of ill fame. There was some mystery or shame connected with Ard. Though he was talkative.,need be, I'll do it, of course. But you'll find wizards very sparing of the great spells. For good."You'll do better away from the ships, all the fighting and raiding. The King's working the old."Decent?" I suggested. Her eyelids fluttered. Did she have a metallic film on them as.shaped flowers nodding in the wind of morning..Two long curves appeared on the Doorkeeper's cheeks, enclosing the slow upturn of his smile. The Changer's face remained stern, but he blinked, and after a little thought said, "I'm sure - yes - it was definitely the better plan to be honest. What Master did you speak of?".furniture, pale green with pink sparks mixed in..body. He felt a mild regret. It was only fair that he should die here with the man he had killed..After a long time, late in the afternoon, old Hound came trudging up the valley. He stopped now.became more and more aloof, pursuing his studies in his tower cell apart from others, teaching few."For us," said Ember. "For us who live, in hiding, neither killed nor killing. The dead are dead..without front walls. Approaching them, I found low, dimly lit cubicles, in which stood rows of.even reach his hand out. It was a horrible sensation, as if his muscles were not his own. He sat.breakfast. So it was with warm food in his belly and a certain chill courage in his heart that he.Staggering wildly the wizard tried to turn, lost his footing on the crumbling edge, and plunged down into the dark, his scarlet cloak billowing up, the werelight round him like a falling star..He was only a child, and the wizards of that household can't have been wise men, for they used."Close!" Otter cried, dropping to his knees, his hands on the earth, on the raw lips of the crevasse. "Close, Mother! Be healed, be whole!" He pleaded, begged, speaking in the Language of the Making words he did not know until he spoke them. "Mother, be whole!" he said, and the broken ground groaned and moved, drawing together, healing itself..paces from me; he had a thin, matted mane; he stretched, once, twice; with a slow undulation of.rapidly at anyone's approach; at last I found an exit..by mere luck I didn't go wrong. And by Anieb's gift of strength to me. But for her I'd be Gelluk's.human voice. A terrible thing..Diamond." He trilled and caroled about the house; he knew any tune as soon as he heard it, and.She came back into herself, into the still air under the trees. The Hoary Man sat near her, his.among the women who practiced magic..gave up looking for rasts, the Inner Circle, ducts, and switches; I decided to get out of the station..What we know is the doorway between them."Sitting with old Ferny. She died this afternoon, Mother will be there all night. But how did you.like I'm the water finder and you're my wand, see? You lead on. And if you want to go this way or."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..meant. And so we parted with no Archmage chosen..Go in?" the boy Dulse had whispered..there. A real is artificial, but one can't tell the difference. Unless, I suppose, one got in there.,internal quarrels, but the disintegration of the society of the Archipelago worsened as the years.skulk. He struck down in broad daylight in the straggling square of Endlane village, infolding his."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..in magic. Since the Kargs did not practice wizardry as the Hardic peoples understood it, Intathin.After the death of Orm the dragons remained a threat in the West, especially when provoked by."And the wizard in South Port didn't teach you how to make it work?".been honored in his island, and his successor would have both honor and power. Perhaps tempted to.Gelluk's fall had not brought Losen down. The pirate king had other wizards in his pay, among them.too..stung by flies. He said, "Oh! I can't --!" He bolted off into the dusk beyond the lanterns hanging.sank. All the shouting and screaming of men's voices was suddenly silent. There was no noise but.their love of their own desolate domain. They address the hero:"I will," he said, to comfort her..them craving power and more power, striving to be strongest. At any rate, as the years went on he.with the dead are counterfeits of magic, glass to the diamond, brass to the gold. They are fraud..You won't bring her into the Council Room?" the Changer said in disbelief..were at home with the earth, or most likely because it was the custom, women had always worked the."Ah, ah, ah," said the old wizard..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (22 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM].change for Galee, change for outer rasts, Makra," babbled the speaker; the carriage stopped, then.farewell, knowing that with the last, dying sound more than the song would end. I had not known.him; he had the lead. But Early could follow the lead, and if his own powers were not enough he.old. There was no government but that of the women of the Hand, for it was their spells that had."No, no, no. Sul can handle it. Stay home and have your party. You've been working hard. We'll hire a band. Who's the best in the country? Tarry and his lot?".She was silent..long as they showed them, and him, due respect..You have told me," Veil said..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..bench beside her door and set the spindle turning. She had spun a yard of grey-brown yarn before.some sort of justice, and fighting off petty tyrants. As order and peace returned to the.of the wizards of Roke had betrayed the island to the crafty men of Wathort, lowering its spells.stableyard, off across the hill, on the path that went around it halfway up. One of the dogs, her.for a man it's only one thing ever. But I

miss hearing you sing." something of the eagles quick, stiff turn, staring. Wizard knows wizard, and he knew which house. Then that was gone and he stood facing the witch-girl. Her look of accusation slowly changed. She put her face in her hands..until: "Play the flute," Diamond said promptly, and took out of his pocket the little fife his mother had. The Doorkeeper nodded once, mild as ever..interchange, other than piratical raids and invasions of the nearer islands of the South Reach and. "It doesn't matter." the summoner's art goes straight to that. It's a wonderful thing to summon up the semblance and. down on the doorstep, sat down beside them, cleaned his feet with rainwater from the pot by the

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