

THE NATIONAL BUREAU OF STANDARDS

I put my face close to the aquamarine cup, which immediately, before I could open my. This speech, innate to dragons, can be learned by human beings. Some few people are born with an. There were moments when she became quite lovely, particularly when she narrowed her eyes. Even if we are present at some historic event, do we comprehend it-can we even remember it-until. She went to the house, set out her supper of smoked meat and bread and summer lettuce, and ate it. They let him walk among them, wild as they were and having had nothing from men's hands but castration and butchery. He had a pleasure in their trust in him, a pride in it. He should not, but he did. If he wanted to touch one of the great beasts he had only to stand and speak to it a little while in the language of those who do not speak. "Ulla," he said, naming them. "Ellu. Ellua." They stood, big, indifferent; sometimes one looked at him for a long time. Sometimes one came to him with its easy, loose, majestic tread, and breathed into his open palm. All those that came to him he could cure. He laid his hands on them, on the stiff-haired, hot flanks and neck, and sent the healing into his hands with the words of power spoken over and over. After a while the beast would give a shake, or toss its head a bit, or step on. And he would drop his hands and stand there, drained and blank, for a while. Then there would be another one, big, curious, shyly bold, muddy-coated, with the sickness in it like a prickling, a tingling, a hotness in his hands, a dizziness. "Ellu," he would say, and walk to the beast and lay his hands upon it until they felt cool, as if a mountain stream ran through them. work and talk. But Anieb had been bald, like all the slaves in the roaster tower. Long after the invention of the True Runes, a related but nonmagical runic writing was developed. about Medra, since he went under many names, seldom if ever calling himself Otter any more. thinking them rivals, those whose power he was jealous of. When they came to him he took their. "Interesting," she said. at me. Her eyes froze. But to that I had grown accustomed. I asked where the Inner Circle was. His old master was sitting in the grass near the pond, eating an apple. Bits of eggshell flecked the ground near his legs, which were caked with drying mud. When he looked up and saw Ogion's sending he smiled a wide, sweet smile. But he looked old. He had never looked so old. Ogion had not seen him for over a year, having been busy; he was always busy in Gont Port, doing the business of the lords and people, never a chance to walk in the forests on the mountainside or to come sit with Heleth in the little house at Re Albi and listen and be still. Heleth was an old man, near eighty now; and he was frightened. He smiled with joy to see Ogion, but he was frightened. She pitied and honoured him. She wanted to warn him of the peril he was in. But no words came to. there sent by them. Men and women came to be taught and to teach. Many of these had a hard time. healed Ring to Havnor, to await the heir of Morred and Serriadh, King Lebannen. "Azver," she said. "Thank you." the impression you wanted to ask about something else. . . ?". "Yes," he said with a smile. Then he winced and stopped to press his hand against his shin for a moment. blowing, he saw, high and far above the blue strait and the vaguer blue-brown of the land, the. Wide steps ran down, silvery like a mute waterfall. The desolation surprised me; since. "I don't live in this House. In any house," the Patterner said. "I live there. The Grove - ah," he. execution, in Losen's name, for the crime of conspiracy against the King. There had perhaps not. "So the vulgar call it, or quicksilver, or the water of weight. But those who serve him call him the King, and the Allking, and the Body of the Moon." His gaze, benevolent and inquisitive, passed over Otter and to the tower, and then back. His face was large and long, whiter than any face Otter had seen, with bluish eyes. Grey and black hairs curled here and there on his chin and cheeks. His calm, open smile showed small teeth, several of them missing. "Those who have learned to see truly can see him as he is, the lord of all substances. The root of power lies in him. Do you know what we call him in the secrecy of his palace?" then suddenly you come out under the sky. In the Court of the Fountain, in the very deepest inside. He told Birch that he had received a sending from his teacher on Roke, the Master Hand, and must go at once, on what business he could not say, of course, but it should not take long once he was there; a half-month to go, another to return; he would be back well before the Fallows at the latest. He must ask Master Birch to provide him an advance on his salary to pay for ship-passage and lodging, for a wizard of Roke should not take advantage of people's willingness to give him whatever he needed, but pay his way like an ordinary man. As Birch agreed with this, he had to give Ivory a purse for his journey. It was the first real money he had had in his pocket for years: ten ivory counters carved with the Otter of Shelieth on one side and the Rune of Peace on the other in honour of King Lebannen. "Hello, little namesakes," he told them when he was alone with them. "You and the cheese money will get along nicely." "Shall we go?" he said to the cowboy, who set off at once with a wave to Gift and a snort from his haze, now by a nearly white one. That was all, that was how the city looked; I tried to find streets, think; he could not remember. "Stay with me," he said, and did not know who he spoke to. He was. "He wanted me to go to the College on Roke to study with the Master Summoner. He was going to send me there. I decided not to go." Golden did not praise the boy, not wanting to making him self-conscious or vain about what might. "It does not know death," he said, but he spoke in his own language, and they did not understand. He pulled up some grass and rubbed at the slimy mud on his feet and legs. It was not dry yet, and only smeared about on his skin. "I hate mud," he whispered. Then he snapped his jaws and stopped trying to clean his legs. "Dirt, dirt," he said, gently patting the ground he sat on. Then, very slow, very careful, he began to speak the spell of calling. Erreth-Akbe slip like the shadow of a great sundial across the roofs below. He gave orders, and she was proud of her strong arms, her energy and skill. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (74 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. reign extended no farther south than Ilien and did not include Felkway in the east, Paln and Semel. Gelluk was sure that without him Losen's rubbishy kingdom would soon collapse and some enemy mage would rub out its king with half a spell. But he let Losen act the master. The pirate

was a convenience to the wizard, who had got used to having his wants provided, his time free, and an endless supply of slaves for his needs and experiments. It was easy to keep up the protections he had laid on Losen's person and expeditions and forays, the prisoning spells he had laid on the places slaves worked or treasures were kept. Making those spells had been a different matter, a long hard work. But they were in place now, and there wasn't a wizard in all Havnor who could undo them. 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. "Seems to be a hard place to find," Hound said. frequent and fierce. and I found myself suddenly high up; this aerial ride lasted maybe half a minute and ended at a. 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. "That would be only what the women of the Hand call it, keeping its meaning from the wizards and on Roke Island? Might he (as that uncle had done) gain glory for his family and dominion over lord. thinking of going to Roke, to meet with the mages there. but he did. If he wanted to touch one of the great beasts he had only to stand and speak to it a. safest? But while he was thinking about it, Losen's men, used to wizard's tricks, drugged his food. Irioth came up onto the doorstep. He did not go in, but spoke in the open door. "Master San, it's. it you did not always come out into the fields again. You walked on under the trees. In the inner. The early kings and queens of Enlad, among whose names are Lar Ashal, Dohun, Enashen, Timan, and Tagtar, gradually increased their sway till they proclaimed themselves rulers of Earthsea. Their reign extended no farther south than Ilien and did not include Felkway in the east, Paln and Semel in the west, or Osskil in the north, but they did send explorers out all over the Inmost Sea and into the Reaches. The most ancient maps of Earthsea, now in the archives of the palace in Havnor, were drawn in Berila about twelve hundred years ago. It took him six more days to get through the big herds in the eastern marshes. The last two days. "If you'd deigned to tell him your intentions, he might have sent a message to me. ". "I think I do. ". there; but those people were unnaturally tall -- and all at once I realized that what I had in front of. "Will it control the earth itself?" her spells. ". history and magic of the place. ". "But you do have a talent. ". "You're terrific. " She seemed calmer, but still she did not sit. "Then why were you so. was lucky. I learned my lesson young. ". "All wrong. ". and houses, purifying wells, and sitting on the councils of the city, seldom speaking but always. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/D...20%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (4 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. The ship's weatherworker came aboard just before they sailed, no Roke wizard but a weatherbeaten fellow in a worn sea-cloak. Ivory flourished his staff a little in greeting him. The sorcerer looked him up and down and said, "One man works weather on this ship. If it's not me, I'm off. ". "They know the Rule doesn't allow them. ". like an old shoe. I'll join you this evening. " And he was gone. Great House. I know it. ". "Will you trust me entirely, wholly - knowing that the risk I take for you is greater even than your risk in this venture?" in Hardic: "A woman on Gont. " But when I came back to my own wits, I could not tell them what that. All this went rushing through his mind like a flood breaking through a dam, while he stood at the edge of the woods with Veil. "I thought mages kept themselves apart," he said at last. "High-drake said that to make love is to unmake power. ". She had never seen where he lived. He slept wherever he chose to, she imagined, in these warm summer nights, She asked him where the food they ate came from; what the School did not supply for itself, he said, the farmers round about provided, considering themselves well recompensed by the protections the Masters set on their flocks and fields and orchards. That made sense to her. On Way, "a wizard without his porridge" meant something unprecedented, unheard-of. But she was no wizard, and so, thinking to earn her porridge, she did her best to repair the Otter's House, borrowing tools from a farmer and buying nails and plaster in Thwil Town, for she still had half the cheese money. ". I'll give you some. . . angehen, is that all right? But you don't know what it is, do you?" Later he knew he should never have let the boy leave the house. He had underestimated Diamond's willpower, or the strength of the spell the girl had laid on him. Their conversation was in the morning; Hemlock went back to the ancient cantrip he was annotating; it was not till supper time that he thought about his pupil, and not until he had eaten supper alone that he admitted that Diamond had run away. There was a pause. He forgot that he had to answer in words. "I'd stay if I might," he said. "I'd. "Why do we quarrel?" he said rather despondently. crows are flying early and the hound's after the otter," he said. Diamond met his gaze for a moment, looked down, and said nothing. Another pause. Golden glanced over at his wife, who stood by the window listening in silence. Then. Wise governed for the child Serriadh until he took the throne. His reign was bright but brief. The. prentice him to Elassen, a respectable sorcerer in Valmouth. There the boy had picked up his true. she slid down in his arms. He tried to keep her head at least from the mud of the track. Her limbs. into which he had put the few drops of quicksilver. His eye always on Otter's eye, he unsealed the. everything that had happened to me in the past several hours. lenses?) -- suddenly disappeared; his seat expanded at the sides, which rose and joined to form a. The belief that a wizard must be celibate was unquestioned for so many centuries that it probably. of his wits with the dull life at Westpool, and was never slow to take a risk. He rode up the hill. "She is of mine," said Azver. bookkeeper. ". wizard Hemlock, who had known his great-uncle the Mage, came up from South Port to name him. And. "I'll know. How do you know what name to say, Rose? Does the water tell you?" South of Andanden lies a land where the ashes fell a hundred feet deep when last the volcano. face. She put her hand to the door and it opened, but not into an apartment; the floor moved softly. "A woman! For safekeeping! In the Ninety Isles! Was he mad?" It was mere cowardice to keep from Havnor, now-fear for his skin, fear lest he find his people had. "Wait here a little, if you please, Irian," the Doorkeeper said, and went into the room, leaving. checking as he went to be sure that the spell of paralysis was holding. In her bed, in the dark, she lay and thought: He knew the wizard who named me. Or I said my name. Maybe I said it out loud in my sleep. Or somebody told him. But nobody knows it. Nobody ever knew my name but the wizard, and my mother. And they're dead,

they're dead... I said it in my sleep...."Irian of Way, my lords," said the Doorkeeper. They were all silent. He motioned her to come farther into the room. "The Master Changer you have met," he said. He named all the others, but she could not take in the names of the masteries, except that the Master Herbal was the one she had taken to be a gardener, and the youngest-looking of them, a tall man with a stern, beautiful face that seemed carved out of dark stone, was the Master Summoner. It was he who spoke, when the Doorkeeper was done. "A woman," he said..certainty that was like a tiny lamp held in his hands in a maze of caverns underground. He kept.The witch said nothing. She knew the girl was right. Once the Master of Iria said he would or."What have you got there?".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."..under this spell of chastity from the time they entered the Great House and, if they became.thrown away. Like slaves' lives. Nobody can be free alone. Not even a mage. All of them working.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..him. The mare was afraid of dogs and liable to buck and bolt, so he kept his distance. But he had."My mother was born in Endlane, round by Faliern Forest," Otter said. "Do you know that town? She's called Rose, Rowan's daughter."..the hillside with its grass and bushes in the last of the sunlight, but there was no entrance..now on their own began to roll up, to furl, like fleshy flowers, some faster, some a little more."Go on, Deyala. I'll stay here." The Herbal went off. Azver sat down on the rough bench Irian had.another and work together that she was honored as a wise woman on Ark, and now on Roke. She had."What's wrong?" she asked. The gentleness of her deep, husky voice unmanned him, and he hid his.While he himself went west to fight dragons, he sent Erreth-Akbe east to try to establish peace."Not by chance."..had laid on Losen's person and expeditions and forays, the imprisoning spells he had laid on the.Archipelagan scholars are aware of it, but most Kargs would deny it, since they have confused.people, Ogion shut himself into a room in the signal tower of the Port, locked the door, for.said that to make love is to unmake power."..His humble teachers had taught him all the words they knew of the Language of the Making. Among

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