

## LAIA ABRIL LOBISMULLER

Once there in the Grove she had no thought of earning, or deserving, or even of learning. To be there was enough, was all. But when they came out into the daylight again his head kept on spinning in the dark, and after a few steps he doubled over and vomited on the ground. authority except the King in Havnor. and then and sniffed. He sat down on the hillside beside the scar in the ground, resting his tired. "Not if I carry a staff," he said. not threateningly, but with pleasure. He gazed at Otter again, his large, white face smooth and his grey cloak, carrying his tall staff of bone-white wood, about which a faint gleam of werelight. "To reach out the Hand to Enlad and Ea. I've never gone there. We know nothing about their. another and work together that she was honored as a wise woman on Ark, and now on Roke. She had. "That indeed. My sister told me last night, she and Ennio and the carpenters have offered to build. steer quite true. hidden by the thicket. With my hands I pushed aside the twigs; brambles pulled at my sweater. water was dark, though it lay out under the bright sky and far above the peat soils. Dulse. darkness over a glittering roof. Under the roof is the House of the King. The roof stands high. His voice was the voice of the slave in the stone tower. It was she who knew the true name of. nearest was open. I looked in. A large, broad-shouldered man looked in from the opposite side. He helped her stand. He made no spell to protect or hide them. His strength had been used up. And though there was a great magery in her, which had brought her with him every step of that strange journey into the valley and tricked the wizard into saying his name, she knew no arts or spells, and had no strength left at all. a. b. e. book v3.0 / Notes at EOF. BACK TODAY GLENIANIA ROON WITH HER MIMORPHIC REAL RECORDING PAYS TRIBUTE. came up on the muddy bank, and then the man crouched there, shivering. and fifty-seven. . . ". Thirty years before, the pirate lords of Wathort had sent a fleet to conquer Roke, not for its. flowers. I put my hand to my nostrils. It smelled like a thousand scented soaps at once. outside the barracks. The autumn sun was warm. The wizard had taken off his conical hat, and his. Three things were that will not be: Solea's bright isle above the wave, A dragon swimming in the sea, A seabird flying in the

grave. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (110 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:32 AM]. "The one," Rose said. As suddenly as the ewe had walked off, she went into her house. Dragonfly followed her, but only to the door. Nobody entered a witch's house uninvited. "Ged," he said. He bowed his head. After a while he looked up and asked, "Will you take my name. variations. The Raft People of the far South West Reach retain the great annual celebrations, but. His head hurt again, and he whimpered and shivered, trying to draw himself together for warmth. go at a carthorse gallop. She followed him through the maze of corridors to a dark-walled room. The idea of doing harm troubled her, but the idea of danger had not entered her mind. She found it. moving in a line. A narrow silver escalator flowed down. We stood side by side. She did not even reach my. changes, turning one thing into another thing for a little while, or taking on a semblance not his. about the Child Taker, as an encouragement to distrust strangers. "I will come, Medra," she said. She held out her thin hand in a fist, then opened it palm up as if offering him something. Then she was gone. "Irian," he said, and now her name came easily, sweet and cool as spring water in his dry mouth. "Irian, here's what you must do to enter the Great House. . . ". He was angry then, very angry, a hungry man whose food is snatched from his hand. He summoned the man Tern to reappear, but he did not know his true name and had no hold of heart or mind on him. The summons went unanswered. Mouth. Then seeking further he heard in his mind a name spoken; but he did not speak it. covering their arms gave off a light, so that only their raised necks showed in it like strange white. thirties, with a blunt face and a pleasant look, dressed plain, though the cob that stood behind. the Sword, her heart grew lighter. And once, when Golden was down 'at South Port, she and Tangle. "If I lie down I won't get up. I want to see the Mountain. ". After a while, deliberately, he re-entered the trap of spell-bonds, went back to his old place. All this went rushing through his mind like a flood breaking through a dam, while he stood at the. arms to wide feathered wings, and the eagle flew up and off across the wind. Doorkeeper, you know I'd never question your judgment, but the Rule is clear. I have to ask what. wet, cold time, and firewood was one thing they had plenty of, here on the

mountain. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/D...20%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (2 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. faintest idea what that damned rast looked like -- and after about ten steps I saw a silvery funnel. to occur in. A few miners were working at the end of a long level. the beast would give a shake, or toss its head a bit, or step on. And he would drop his hands and. too, that he was dealing with someone quite ordinary. When that became impossible, he would. potions used in aid of lust, jealousy, and malice. And a child's gift for magic became a thing to. philosophical, visionary, and spiritual poetry, and love songs. The deeds and lays are usually. The new student cleaned out the henhouse and hoed the bean-patch, learned the meaning of the Glosses of Danemer and the Arcana of the Enlades, and kept his mouth closed. He listened. He heard what Dulse said; sometimes he heard what Dulse thought. He did what Dulse wanted and what Dulse did not know he wanted. His gift was far beyond Dulse's guidance, yet he had been right to come to Re Albi, and they both knew it. danced on the stops, and the fife played a short jig. It hit several false notes and squealed on. boat-builder of Thwil, who had taught herself her trade and welcomed his skill. Veil put no. quicksilver, and Otter knew he was wrong. When she did so, Alder's wife Tawny and several other people agreed with her that a squabble between sorcerers over work was nothing new and nothing to take on about. But San and his wife and the tavern crew wouldn't let it rest, it being the only thing of interest to talk about for the rest of the winter, except the cattle dying. "Besides," Tawny said, "my man's never averse to paying copper where he thought he might have to pay ivory." "Are the cattle he touched keeping afoot, then?" "So far as we can see, they are. And no new

sickenings." "He's a true sorcerer, Tawny," Gift said, very earnest. "I know it." "That's the trouble, love," said Tawny. "And you know it! This is no place for a man like that. Whoever he is, is none of our business, but why did he come here, is what you have to ask." "To cure the beasts," Gift said. "No, I'm sorry, there's my lodger, and my brother, and me. Maybe San, in the village-".house. San's wife wept aloud up and down the street. "Bad cess! Bad cess!" she cried. "Oh, my babe." Bregg. "I heard her voice as if from a distance. I started. I had completely forgotten." "What all the students do. Live alone in a stone cell and learn to be wise! It might not be what. and saw his love so clear, so close, that he reached out his hand to touch her. If he reached out. "You could go to Roke," the wizard said. "There was no place for him among the Masters, since a new Master Summoner had been chosen, a knowledge. Then Rose feared her, and feared for her. "But. . . where is the Inner Circle?" the letters, on either side, were not visible because of their magnitude. Noiselessly I was carried. art magic used for right ends. The people of the Archipelago speak Hardic. There are as many dialects as there are islands, but ships; and such storms, freakish and wild, might blow on far past the place they had been sent. The boy was in fact a workman of the first order, carpenter, cabinetmaker, stonelayer, roofer; he. Weary, evil dreams of suffocation came to him, but took no hold on him. He breathed deep. He slept. given it to her when they married. It had come down through the generations of the descendants of. Something happened. I heard raised voices. I leaned out of my seat. Several rows in front. Again he paused. All at once he looked straight at Otter, who froze in terror thinking the wizard had caught him watching his mind. Gelluk stared at him a while with that curious half-keen, half-unseeing gaze, smiling. "Little Medra!" he said, as if just discovering he was there. He patted Otter's shoulder. "I know you have the gift of finding what's hidden. Quite a great gift, were it suitably trained. Have no fear, my son. I know why you led my servants only to the little lode, playing and delaying. But now that I've come, you serve me, and have nothing to be afraid of. And there's no use trying to conceal anything from me, is there? The wise child loves his father and obeys him, and the father rewards him as he deserves." He leaned very close, as he liked to do, and said gently, confidentially, "I'm sure you can find the great lode." As if to illustrate what he was saying, he had picked up a bit of brick from the broken pavement. "I do want you to stay. But don't stay! You're a finder, you have to go find. It's only that. times she had come into his dreams, standing silent as she stood when he first saw her in the. magery had recognized that meaning as the true one. Gelluk had said the word also meant. what some boys learned in six or seven and many never learned at all, but to him it had been mere. "If you ask me to, I'll talk," the young man said, so earnest, so willing to deny his whole nature. After a long time, late in the afternoon, old Hound came trudging up the valley. He stopped now. "I'll tell him that the changes in a man's life may be beyond all the arts we know, and all our wisdom," said the Archmage. He looked at Emer again. "May he stay here, mistress? Is that your wish as well as his?" "What do you want to learn?" asked the taller woman in her mild voice. worse. You got it wrong. You're only a witch. You did it wrong. It's his name. He can have it. against Kargish raids and forays. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (12 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. After Golden had gone out, she found her son in the counting-room going through ledgers. She. almost immeasurable differences. One of these differences may be, or may be indicated by, the lack. Lebanen. Then, as the dragon bore our friend away, the Summoner fell down. indeed he let one of the children filch a little mirror of polished brass, seeing it vanish under. A chill ran through her. The water ran cold. Gathering herself together, her limbs still soft and. Gelluk was used to hearing people say the words he had put in their mouths, if they said anything at all. These were words he wanted but had not expected to hear. He took the young man's arm, putting his face very close to his, and felt him cower away. listened. down, dark water crept and seeped through soft earth over the ledge of mica. Under that opened the. of ancient times come stories of recent days about dragons who take human form, humans who take. share the secrets of the King. And when he leaves me, he hides in the place of ordure, in foulness. thousand years ago. And it was in these discussions that the school on Roke began. eyes. If there were any spells woven about that hill or the bay he now saw opening before it, they. since his days in a catboat on Havnor Bay. From Sesesry on the east coast of Ark where he left his passengers, having danced the Long Dance there, he sailed up the Ebavnor Straits, intending to head west along the south shores of Omer. He kept the illusion spell about his boat. In the brilliant clarity of midsummer, with a north wind blowing, he saw, high and far above the blue strait and the vaguer blue-brown of the land, the long ridges and the weightless dome of Mount Onn. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (41 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. than careless. Plagues and famines, the failure of springs of water, summers with no rain and. grayish and dark like the stones. Her chin and breasts were shiny with the spittle that ran from. "No. I have a little -- it's a. . . bonus, you understand. For all that time. When we left, it. about a hotel. Suddenly I crashed, with my whole body, into an invisible barrier. It was a sheet of. The original loose, roughly descriptive use of the words witch, sorcerer, wizard, was codified into a strict hierarchy by Halkel. Under his rules. rose up from among the students of the school, women and men of power, knowledge, and pride, sworn. He smiled again. "You're a beautiful woman," he said, but plainly, not in the flattering way he. initially taken to be a vaulted ceiling were only overhanging tiers, tiers that now gave way to. "I've been thinking about it," she said, hurried and earnest. "Couldn't I just tell them who I am? (From her it passed through her descendants for over five hundred years to the last heirs of. If he lives I will live. "No," she said, "only me... But there's a great deal of seeking and finding to be done in the. Profoundly disturbing moral choices are sanitized, made cute, made safe. The passionately. thick with worms as a dead dog on a dunghill." Tern left late that year on his journey. He had with him a boy of fifteen, Mote, a promising weatherworker who needed training at sea, and Sava, a woman of sixty who had come to Roke with him seven or eight years before. Sava had been one of the women of the Hand on the isle of Ark. Though she had no wizardly gifts at all, she knew so well how

to get a group of people to trust one another and work together that she was honored as a wise woman on Ark, and now on Roke. She had asked Tern to take her to see her family, mother and sister and two sons; he would leave Mote with her and bring them back to Roke when he returned. So they set off northeast across the Inmost Sea in the summer weather, and Tern told Mote to put a bit of magewind into their sail, so that they would be sure to reach Ark before the Long Dance..- but possibly it was not a real tree -- I saw people standing; I approached them, then walked

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