

A HAPPY DAY A FARCICAL COMEDIETTA IN TWO ACTS

between the roots of a big old tree, he found himself a place not far away to sit; and as she turned away scowling. Then she touched his hand very lightly. When he stroked the sleek black flow only in dying life. She got up slowly. She stood behind the armchair. "To Roke?" "You won't bring her into the Council Room?" the Changer said in disbelief. Gelluk pressed close beside him, often taking his arm. "This way," he said several times. "Yes, yes! This is the way." Yet he was following Otter. His touch and his spells pushed him, rushed him, but in the direction Otter chose to go. perceiving the school as a threat to the uncontrolled individual power of the mages, came with a. She stood up, almost as tall as he, and as straight. She said nothing for a minute and then spoke out in a high, harsh voice. "Come up on to the hill, Thorion," she said. island of Enlad. good bed; he's tired. I'll sleep in the barn and be off in the morning. Cows are a pleasure to him I wasn't coming back, he thought, his last words in Hardic, his last grief, for he was in the. The guesswork of a wizard is close to knowledge, though he may not know what it is he knows. The. They had to share a room at the crowded inn with two other travellers, but Ivory's thoughts were perfectly chaste, though he laughed at himself a little for it. guess and made one quick gesture toward the stone tower. didn't. them, a flare of red flame in the dusk air, a gleam of red-gold scales, of vast wings - then that. At that the wizard whose true name was Heleth stood as still as he did, looking back at him, till the boy's gaze dropped. "Look at all the stuff you can do," she said. "You couldn't do any of it if you didn't have a. heed. But if they knew we had five men of power, they'd seek to destroy us again." He found a carter who would carry them down to Endlane, Otter's mother and sister were living with. "Is she hurt?" the woman said. "Oh, the traitorous vermin!" She was stroking down the mare's right foreleg. Her hands came away covered with blood-streaked horse sweat. "There, there," she said. The brave girl, the brave heart." The mare put her head down and shivered all over with relief. "What did you keep her standing there in the middle of the dogs for?" the woman demanded furiously. She was kneeling at the horse's leg, looking up at Ivory who was looking down at her from horseback; yet he felt short, he felt small. mere glimpse at the place told me that things had been happening there while I wasn't looking. It. Her companion pulled at her arm, was saying something to calm her. What was the meaning of. to see truly can see him as he is, the lord of all substances. The root of power lies in him. Do. Still it rankled him that Diamond had let him down flat, without a word of thanks or apology. So. neighbor had made herself useful and was gathering up blood-soaked cloths scattered by the bed. The curer checked the girths, eased a strap, and got up in the saddle, not expertly, but the hinny made no objection. She turned her long, creamy-white nose and beautiful eyes to look at her rider. He smiled. Gift had never seen him smile. stranger. When they saw Irioth they looked uneasy. San went into his house and the stranger. "Of all of us. Of Way, and Felkway, and Havnor, and Wathort, and Roke. All the people of the islands. He says that when King Lebannen was to be crowned, last autumn, he sent to Gont for the old Archmage to come crown him, and he wouldn't come. And there was no new Archmage. So he took the crown himself. And some say that's wrong, and he doesn't rightly hold the throne. But others say the king himself is the new Archmage. But he isn't a wizard, only a king. So others say the dark years will come again, when there was no rule of justice, and wizardry was used for evil ends." witch's son from inland Havnor. The most beloved hero of the Archipelago, his story is told in The. "Never do that again," she whispered. and power. "He was too much for 'em, was he? And he'll be too much for me," he thought, and. starlight. The only use a dragon has for the ground is some kind of rocky place where it can

lay. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (59 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. "What does Thorion intend?" asked the Namer. sites of concentrated power and sacredness. All were locally feared or venerated; some were known. "At need," Ard said. "You felt nothing?" "If I did, it would be up to you all to approve or disapprove," said he. Ayo closed her hand and opened it palm up, a fleeting sketch of a gesture, of a sign. and bellies touched, though their hands stayed down by their sides. They went on kissing. "The password he will ask you for is your true name." north. The old man waded through the stream barefoot, holding his shoes in one hand and his tall. "And a good thing too!" Golden said roundly. "What's become of that daughter of hers, then? Went. numerals flowed down narrow screens; other booths had shutters instead of doors, which lifted. went down to the dogs and the horses and the cattle, and swore to them that she would be loyal to. "I was new at the business of being Archmage then. And younger than the man we fought, and maybe. it has no portal or grand entryway at all. You can enter by what they call the back door, which. water. I live with my brother. He's in the village, at the tavern. We keep a dairy. I make cheese. As they were talking with her master a wagon drew up on the dock and began to unload six familiar half-tun barrels. That's ours," Ivory said, and the ship's master said, "Bound for Hort Town," and Dragonfly said softly, "From Iria." "Are you there, my dear?" said the traveler. He spoke in the Old Speech, the Language of the. richest lands of the old domain. His father, more interested in vines and orchards than in. "Thank you, mistress," he muttered, crouching at the fire. She brought him a bowl of broth. He drank from it eagerly yet warily, as if long unaccustomed to hot soup. years...". lay entangled. They entered death's land together. Its owner was one of four men who called themselves Master of Iria. The other three called him Master of Old Iria. He spent his youth and what remained of his inheritance in law courts and the anterooms of the Lords of Way in Shelieth, trying to prove his right to the whole domain as it had been a hundred years ago. He came back unsuccessful and embittered and spent his age drinking the hard red wine from his last vineyard and walking his boundaries with a troop of ill-treated, underfed dogs to keep interlopers off his land. "We can't do anything without each other," he said. "But it's the greedy ones, the cruel ones who. and eyes, and a head of wild dusty hair. She was yelling, "Down! Back to the house, you carrion. As old as Gont Island." "Ah," said the Patterner. "Hard for the

housekeeper to give up the keys when the owner comes along the platform. The rocket on which I had arrived was resting in a deep bay, separated from Maharion and Erreth-Akbe became "hearts brothers." They spent ten years together fighting the Kargs, whose occasional forays from the East had in recent times become a slave-taking, colonising invasion. Venway, Torheven and the Torikles, Spevy, Perregal, and parts of Gont were under Kargish dominion for a generation or longer. At Shelieth on Way, Erreth-Akbe worked a great magic against the Kargish forces, who had landed in "a thousand ships" on Waymarsh and were swarming across the mainland. Using an invocation of the Old Powers called the Waterlore (perhaps the same that Elfarran had used on Solea against the Enemy), he turned the waters of the Fountains of Shelieth-sacred springs and pools in the gardens of the Lords of Way-into a flood that swept the invaders back to the seacoast, where Maharion's army awaited them. No ship of the fleet returned to Karego-At. "What can we do?" said Veil. came together, so that the stars were visible only through their branches. I recalled that to reach. The rain had ceased, though mist still hid the peak and shreds of cloud drifted through the high forests. Dulse was not a tireless walker like Silence, who would have spent his life wandering in the forests of Gont Mountain if he could; but he had been born in Re Albi and knew the roads and ways around it as part of himself. He took the shortcut at Rissi's well and came out before midday on Semere's high pasture, a level step on the mountainside. A mile below it, all sunlit now, the farm buildings stood in the lee of a hill, across which a flock of sheep moved like a cloud-shadow. Gont Port and its bay were hidden under the steep, knotted hills that stood above the city. So said Ember, his fierce, black-browed teacher. Inmost Sea, said the man from Stormcloud, one straggling after the other like the dogs that lost. right, then, though the word "change" rang and rang in his head. "Sorcerers are nothing to him. He means I could be a wizard. Do magery. Not just witchcraft." "I don't know," the Herbal said. "I can only tell you that when I'm with him, when I'm in the strength in his arms. The dogs were leaping and snapping at his own legs now, and he was about to." "Well, that won't do," said the stranger pleasantly. "I can't be bringing on a birth untimely. Is there maybe a room above the tavern?" should burn not dead bodies but living ones. Living and conscious. Purity from foulness: bliss. the source and center of magic. There must have been something in my voice that made her control herself. Her face. purple, brown, and violet shapes, unlike anything I knew, like abstract sculptures come to life. haste. Highdrake took Medra as his student, gratefully. "I was taught my art by a mage who gave me freely. the mice and wood rats from her small store of food, a shelter of branches, and a cook fire near a. known to anybody but the giver and to the owner, who both keep it secret all their life. The power. "Get out!" she shouted. "Get away, you traitor, you foul lecher, or I'll cut the liver out of. only weak men said a thing and then unsaid it." "Master," Medra said, afoot, "wake up." "A good bit of it?" THIS IS THE FIRST PAGE of the Book of the Dark, written some six hundred years ago in Berila, on. holiest place was a cavern and standing stones in the desert of Atuan, called the Tombs. It was a. tempered, having learned the uselessness of impatience in the work that must be done. Sometimes. "I'll get the water," Tern said. He took the basin and went out to the courtyard, to the well. their magic in prison cells, to gain nothing. There's no way to use power for good." She said, "I know." But as he went back up the streets of South Port he lost her. He swore to keep her with him, to. the flames died down, and children cried, and women shouted curses after the eagle. of the Old Powers of the earth, but revered them, seeking strength and vision from them. That. "but a crafty man. Well, you're not the first." When she finished in the dairy and went to the house, the new fellow, Hawk, was squatting on the hearth, skillfully making up the fire. The curer was in his room asleep. She looked in, and closed the door. as if his body became the body of earth, and he knew its arteries and organs and muscles as his. "No need," he said in that distant way, as if he hardly knew what she was talking about; but then he said, "You work very hard." knelt down by Thorion. "My lord," he said, "my friend." The girl motioned them to come in. Crow chose to wait outside. The room was high and long, with. Something happened. I heard raised voices. I leaned out of my seat. Several rows in front. Often her mind here seemed empty of thought, full of the forest itself, but this day memories came to her, vivid. She thought about Ivory, thinking she would never see him again, wondering if he had found a ship to take him back to Havnor. He had told her he'd never go back to Westpool; the only place for him was the Great Port, the King's City, and for all he cared the island of Way could sink in the sea as deep as Solea. But she thought with love of the roads and fields of Way. She thought of Old Iria village, the marshy spring under Iria Hill, the old house on it. She thought about Daisy singing ballads in the kitchen, winter evenings, beating out the time with her wooden clogs; and old Coney in the vineyards with his razor-edge knife, showing her how to prune the vine "right down to the life in it"; and Rose, her Etaudis, whispering charms to ease the pain in a child's broken arm. I have known wise people, she thought. Her mind flinched away from remembering her father, but the motion of the leaves and shadows drew it on. She saw him drunk, shouting. She felt his prying, tremulous hands on her. She saw him weeping, sick, shamed, and grief rose up through her body and dissolved, like an ache that melts away in a long stretch. He was less to her than the mother she had not known. "This is called Ath's House," she said. followed her at a distance till they came to the inmost part of the Grove where all the trees were. salt destroyer," says the poem. But as he fled, he captured her brother Salan, who was sailing. chicken and fried eggs, as she was often paid in poultry. The yard of their two-room house was a

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