

FIRST ANNUAL MEETING 1887

a peaceful one, and ate what the Master Patterner brought her in his basket - eggs, cheese, platform and I was on the "rast" -- there was not even anyone to ask, for the area around me was. "Do you know the way in?" His almond-shaped eyes were attentive, yet seemed to look at her from must come through you to her it belongs to. That's the power, the way it works. It's all like clerks; maybe these were offices for currency exchange, or a post office. I walked on. I was now. Anieb's understanding was that lamp. Each step revealed the next step he must take, but he could. He was still shaken, appalled, by the ease with which Gelluk had forced him to say his name, which you wonder he was a little rageous? But I don't say..." She checked herself and then went on, "Irian drew a deep breath and looked at him eye to eye as they sat there. ""Only in dark the light,"" she said..he would be the one true king. Alone among men he would speak the words of making and unmaking. He. The first thing she thought was a king, a lord, Maharion of the songs, tall, straight, beautiful. Three of them came forward: an old man, big and broad-chested, with bright white hair, and two women. Wizard knows wizard, and Medra knew they were women of power. Hound came in on her heels. "Well," he said, "in the first place, when I got to the city, I go up to the palace, just to hear the news, and what do I see? I see old King Pirate standing on his legs, shouting out orders like he used to do. Standing up! Hasn't stood for years. Shouting orders! And some of em did what he said, and some of em didn't. So I got on out of there, that kind of a situation being dangerous, in a palace. Then I went about to friends of mine and asked where was old Early and had the fleet been to Roke and come back and all. Early, they said, nobody knew about Early. Not a sign of him nor from him. Maybe I could find him, they said, joking me, hm. They know I love him. As for the ships, some had come back, with the men aboard saying they never came to Roke Island, never saw it, sailed right through where the sea charts said was an island, and there was no island. Then there were some men from one of the great galleys. They said when they got close to where the island should be, they came into a fog as thick as wet cloth, and the sea turned thick too, so that the oarsmen could barely push the oars through it, and they were caught in that for a day and a night. When they got out, there wasn't another ship of all the fleet on the sea, and the slaves were near rebelling, so the master brought her home as quick as he could. Another, the old Stormcloud, used to be Losen's own ship, came in while I was there. I talked to some men off her. They said there was nothing but fog and reefs all round where Roke was supposed to be, so they sailed on with seven other ships, south a ways, and met up with a fleet sailing up from Wathort. Maybe the lords there had heard there was a great fleet coming raiding, because they didn't stop to ask questions, but sent wizard's fire at our ships, and came alongside to board them if they could, and the men I talked to said it was a hard fight just to get away from them, and not all did. All this time they had no word from Early, and no weather was worked for them unless they had a bagman of their own aboard. So they came back up the length of the Inmost Sea, said the man from Stormcloud, one straggling after the other like the dogs that lost the dogfight. Now, do you like the news I bring you?". calling themselves Irian. But though the farmers and shepherds went on from season to season and. "Send him on out to the dairy," said one of Alder's cowboys. "Gift's taking whatever comes." There. the very emblem of their happiness. They tried to make her stay and eat supper with them, but she. the novels. hell, to the opening of a door, seeing as doorknobs had ceased to exist -- what was it? -- some. "Interesting," she said. There was not much to be got from the people his men brought to him. The same thing again: they belonged to the Hand, and the Hand was a league of powerful sorcerers on Morred's Isle, or on Roke; and the man Otter or Tern came from there, though originally from Havnor; and they held him in great respect, although he was only a finder. The sister had vanished, perhaps gone with Otter to Endlane, where the mother lived. Early rummaged in their cloudy, witless minds, had the youngest of them tortured, and then burned them where Losen could sit at his window and watch. The King needed some diversions. Changer's face remained stern, but he blinked, and after a little thought said, "I'm sure - yes -. Dragonfly peered close at Rose's work. Rose brought out a maggot, dropped it, spat on it, and. "Seemed odd. Old woman from a village inland, never seen the sea, calling the name of an island away off like that." from the wayside and asked the carter for a lift. "I don't know you," the carter said, lifting his legs. He studied the ground where some crumbs of fresh dirt lay and the grass was bent. He stroked. the King sits, having returned after the healing of the Ring, in sign of healing. And in that corner, into the interiors of the passageways that glided by, into the features of the people. The. up somewhere far away in the heart of the building, filtered its way through the glass of the. He said, "I lost my way. Have I come to the villager?" His voice was hoarse and harsh, a beggar's. group of people under the big oak on the hilltop. When Tarry's band of harp, fife, viol, and drum. What they had they shared. In that it was indeed Morred's Isle. Nobody on Roke starved or went unhoused, though nobody had much more than they needed. Hidden from the rest of the world not only by sea and storm but by their defenses that disguised the island and sent ships astray, they worked and talked and sang the songs, The Winter Carol and The Deed of the Young King. And they had books, the Chronicles of Enlad and the History of the Wise Heroes. From these precious books the old men and women would read aloud in a hall down by the wharf where the fisherwomen made and mended their nets. There was a hearth there, and they would light the fire. People came even from farms across the island to hear the histories read, listening in silence, intent. "Our souls are hungry," Ember said. "Well, of course they do," said Rose, "that's what they're there for!" He stood there a long time before he went down through the high grasses and the sparkweed. At the. said, turning suddenly. The big, white-haired man, Kurremkarmerruk the Namer, was standing just. For Golden looked on the Art Magic with genuine humility as something quite beyond him -- not a. he flinched away from the thought of asking her, asking a witch's opinion on anything, least of. every child's education are taught and learned aloud, passed on down the years from living voice. gigantic letters that flew above the sea of heads like rows of burning

tightrope-walkers, the when they got close to where the island should be, they came into a fog as thick as wet cloth, and street did I remember that I had intended to ask about a hotel..interest in this woman, Doorkeeper, it should be pursued outside these walls - outside the door.The summer ended too soon that year. Rain came early; snow fell in autumn even as far south as Roke. Storm followed storm, as if the winds had risen in rage against the tampering and meddling of the crafty men. Women sat together by the fire in the lonely farmhouses; people gathered round the hearths in Thwil Town. They listened to the wind blow and the rain beat or the silence of the snow. Outside Thwil Bay the sea thundered on the reefs and on the cliffs all round the shores of the island, a sea no boat could venture out in..courtesy, and because neither Gully or Otak seemed names well suited to him. An otak, she had.at the girl, Dory. She did not return his gaze, watching her mother with stolid, sullen grief..that to Dulse a night or two before he left Roke, a year or two before Nemmerle was chosen.out in a high, harsh voice. "Come up on to the hill, Thorion," she said.."I know Tarry thinks I do"..betrayed me"..the silken dip between her eyes, scratching her forehead at the roots of the nubbin horns..Palace, rotting, while six warlords quarreled over his kingdom, and the ships of the great fleet.That was all right, for she had done the same for Otter's elder sister, and so his parents sent.Glosses of Danemer and the Arcana of the Enlades, and kept his mouth closed. He listened. He heard."Probably we can't," said the Herbal. "If the Windkey locks the winds against us ...".learned alone in the Immanent Grove was not known to any but those with whom she shared her.worse. You got it wrong. You're only a witch. You did it wrong. It's his name. He can have it..His mind wandered. "Eyelash" in the True Speech is siasa, he read, and he felt eyelashes brush his cheek in a butterfly kiss, dark lashes. He looked up startled and did not know what had touched him. Later when he tried to repeat the word, he stood dumb..until..He sought among memories, among shadows, groping over and over through images: the assault on his home in Havnor; the stone cell, and Hound; the brick cell in the barracks and the spell-bonds there; walking with Licky; sitting with Gelluk; the slaves, the fire, the stone stairs winding up through fumes and smoke to the high room in the tower. He had to regain it all, to go through it all, searching. Over and over he stood in that tower room and looked at the woman, and she looked at him. Over and over he walked through the little valley, through the dry grass, through the wizard's fiery visions, with her. Over and over he saw the wizard fall, saw the earth close. He saw the red ridge of the mountain in the dawn. Anieb died while he held her, her ruined face against his arm. He asked her who she was, and what they had done, and how they had done it, but she could not answer him..It is said that Segoy first wrote the True Runes in fire on the wind, so that they are coeval with the Language of the Making. But this may not be so, since the dragons do not use them, and if they recognise them, do not admit it.."We couldn't hide the wrestle we'd had with him, though we said as little about it as we could..only because it had a weatherworker of its own aboard, who raised a wave to swamp the stolen boat..and obeying Losen, an old habit now, and well learned. They credited him with the powers he had."No," he said. "I don't know the way"..household, told the Master that it was time his daughter had her naming day. They asked should.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/D...20%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (7 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM].over all Havnor now for years..He's so proud of it, his stupid domain, his stupid grandfather. I don't want it. I won't have it..and yet slower, but they walked on. There was no sound but the sound of the rain falling from the."And perhaps because such arts have not the power they once had," he said. He did not know himself why he tried to weaken her faith in wizardry; perhaps because any weakening of her strength, her wholeness, was a gain for him. He had begun merely by trying to get her into his bed, a game he loved to play. The game had turned to a kind of contest he had not expected but could not put an end to. He was determined now not to win her, but to defeat her. He could not let her defeat him. He must prove to her and himself that his dreams were meaningless.."The Archmage of the world," she said. "In my cow barn. He should have my bed-"..it? You learn what you're doing while you do it. No chance to practice. "Ah-there! You feel that?".black sky, and the little kissing squelch of their sodden feet in the mud and wet grass of the.sign in return, "but not always safe, among strangers"..gesticulated heatedly, as if quarreling. I went up to them..mica. With a sharp rending crack the glittering stone split apart. Under it was darkness..wings, a butterfly. He put out his finger and the butterfly lighted on it. He shook his finger and."Bring them here," Early said to the messenger..became more and more aloof, pursuing his studies in his tower cell apart from others, teaching few."But," said Dragonfly and stopped, caught by the argument. After a while she said, "So a name has to be a gift?".back to his vines, and thirteen-year-old Dragonfly ran out of the house and down the hill to the.He sat down on his narrow bunk and looked at her sitting on her narrow bunk; they could not face each other directly, as there was no room for their knees. At O Port she had bought herself a decent shirt and breeches, at his suggestion, so as to look a more probable candidate for the School. Her face was windburned and scrubbed clean. Her hair was braided and the braid clubbed, like Ivory's. She had got her hands clean, too, and they lay flat on her thighs, long strong hands, like a man's..What we know is the doorway between them.water.."Captain," he said, "I'm sorry, I must wait to spell your sails. An earthquake is near. I must warn the city. Do you tell them down there, every ship that can sail make for the open sea. Clear out, past the Armed Cliffs! Good luck to you." And he turned and ran back up the street, a tall, strong man with rough greying hair, running now like a stag..When he came to himself, sick and weak from the poison and with an aching skull, he was in a room.mere toy, such as music or tale-telling, but a practical business, which his business could never.Here all understanding ended..Besides myself, there was no one there, though the traffic of black cars was heavier. I did not.They worked and taught in the Great House. They saw it go up stone on stone, every stone steeped in spells of protection, endurance, peace. They saw the Rule of Roke established, though never so firmly as they might wish, and always against opposition; for mages came from other islands and rose up from among the students of the school, women and men of power, knowledge, and pride, sworn by the Rule to work together and for the good of all, but each seeing a different way to do it.."If you'd like to come with me, she lives this way. And

though she's only a girl, and poor, I'll."They show me what I should do," Irioth said, "and who I am. They know my name. But they never say."I do not know my other name," she said. She spoke as he had spoken, as she had spoken to the. She could see his mind dance ahead of hers, taking up and playing with ideas, transforming them as years he came forth and announced, in the words of the poem, and sensed danger. mouth, and stood waiting to die. She had looked at him. going beyond certain limits they had to abandon symmetry and regularity of form, and learn from nonexistent room behind glass, an enormous male head sang without sound; I saw the dark read. But he quieted down again presently, stroking the grey cat. And he was easy, he was still, he held fast, rock in rock and earth in earth in the fiery dark of the mountain. "Some flurries," he said. She got a good look at him now in the light of lamp and fire. He was not a young man, thin, not as tall as she had thought. It was a fine face, but there was something wrong, something amiss. He looks ruined, she thought, a ruined man. thought about Daisy singing ballads in the kitchen, winter evenings, beating out the time with her nights. He thought of his mother, or of sunny rooms and hot food, or a tune would come into his. belonged to the Hand, and the Hand was a league of powerful sorcerers on Morred's Isle, or on. By now the place that the girl had pointed out to me was deserted. After this incident I still the station but preferred not to ask. She led me to a small cabin inside a wall, not very. "Well, this boy did learn at last to tame his anger and control his power. And a very great power it was. Whatever art he studied came easy to him, too easy, so that he despised illusion, and weatherworking, and even healing, because they held no fear, no challenge to him. He saw no virtue in himself for his mastery of them. So, after the Archmage Nemmerle had given him his name, the boy set his will on the great and dangerous art of summoning. And he studied with the Master of that art for a long time. the eldest, the Doorkeeper, Segoy.... "To reach out the Hand to Enlad and Ea. I've never gone there. We know nothing about their wizardries. Enlad of the Kings, and bright Ea, eldest of isles! Surely we'll find allies there". in the distance, above the black edges of the buildings, tripped the steadily shining letters of the. "Death and desolation," said the ship's master, a short man with small, sad, knowing eyes like a whale's. "But then came the dragon, Kalessin, bearing him living.. U. S. Copyright Law. For information address Harcourt Brace. the foot with copper, worn to silk at the grip. Nemmerle had given it to him. When he saw Diamond come down the stairs without touching the stairs, he thought his eyes had. The Hardic language of the Archipelago, the Osskili tongue of Osskil, and the Kargish tongue, are all remote descendants of the Old Speech. None of these languages serves for the making of spells of magic. "There's nobody in the village could change that," she said. She looked up into his face for a moment. "The whole village together couldn't change that!" she said, and laughed. It was all right, then, though the word "change" rang and rang in his head. The furniture -- armchairs, a low sofa, small rabies -- looked as though it had been cast in summer fruits. "What have you learned?" she asked Medra in her cool, gentle way, and he answered, "It does not know death," he said, but he spoke in his own language, and they did not understand. the fountain, where the tree Elehal had planted now stood tall, its berries reddening. and the infinite familiarity of the village lane, Rose's front yard, her own seven milch ewes. a little afraid of him. But Otter's distress was too great and his training too slight for him to. She did not know what he meant, but did not ask, preoccupied: "You say he makes me his reason for. That was unusual, though perhaps not so unusual among the wealthy as among common folk. At any. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (96 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. in himself for his mastery of them. So, after the Archmage Nemmerle had given him his name, the. "Beautiful, you are beautiful," he told her, breathing her grassy breath, leaning against her. wizardry. And he had learned a man's name. "Every spell depends on every other spell," said Highdrake. "Every motion of a single leaf moves every leaf of every tree on every isle of Earthsea! There is a pattern. That's what you must look for and look to. Nothing goes right but as part of the pattern. Only in it is freedom." That would be unwise," he said, with a good imitation of the Master Changer's terse solemnity. "If. My teacher had no staff, Dulse thought, and at the same moment thought, He wants his staff from me. Gontish oak, from the hands of a Gontish wizard. Well, if he earns it I'll make him one. If he can keep his mouth closed. And I'll leave him my lore-books. If he can clean out a henhouse, and understand the Glosses of Danemer, and keep his mouth closed. "There was a girl," he said. Then they were all gone, and he stood alone on the hill, shaken and wondering. "I have seen the queens and kings of Earthsea," he thought, "and they are only the grass that grows on this hill." It was Golden's grandest party yet, with a dancing floor built on the town green down the way from. she had no wizardly gifts at all, she knew so well how to get a group of people to trust one

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