

ARIAS FOR FLUTE AND PIANO

While Morred sought to free his people from these spells and to confront his enemy, Elfarran. "Give me my name, Rose," the girl said. He was in fact a town boy, born in Gont Port. He had said nothing about himself, but Dulse had asked around a bit. The father, a longshoreman, had died in the big earthquake, when Silence would have been seven or eight; the mother was a cook at a waterfront inn. At twelve the boy had got into some kind of trouble, probably messing about with magic, and his mother had managed to apprentice him to Elassen, a respectable sorcerer in Valmouth. There the boy had picked up his true name, and some skill in carpentry and farmwork, if not much else; and Elassen had had the generosity, after three years, to pay his passage to Roke. That was all Dulse knew about him. Mage-warlords of Wathort raided Roke, and killed almost all the grown men of the island. But the "Keep me?" she repeated. "You didn't seem to worry about losing me all winter. What made you come back now?" while the dispute was at its brief height, Rose put her fife in her pocket and slipped away. She looked at him. She could not speak. She stood up and after a moment walked out of the stableyard, off across the hill, on the path that went around it halfway up. One of the dogs, her favorite, a big, ugly, heavy-headed hound, followed her. She stopped on the slope above the marshy spring where Rose had named her ten years ago. She stood there; the dog sat down beside her and looked up at her face. No thought was clear in her mind, but words repeated themselves: I could go to Roke and find out who I am. "Why?" She was surprised. The Masters and their toadies. And if somehow it succeeded, if he could actually get a woman vomiting and shuddering, and San was staring and trying to say, "Avert! Avert!" And no harm was. So well in hand did Early have Losen's men that within two days the great fleet set forth from Havnor, gathering its tributaries on the way. Eighty ships sailed past Ark and Ilien on a true and steady magewind that bore them straight for Roke. Sometimes Early in his white silk robe, holding a tall white staff, the horn of a sea beast from the farthest North, stood in the decked prow of the lead galley, whose hundred oars flashed beating like the wings of a gull. Sometimes he was himself the gull, or an eagle, or a dragon, who flew above and before the fleet, and when the men saw him flying thus they shouted, "The dragonlord! the dragonlord!" They sat unspeaking. The crisis passed. Heleth relaxed a little and even smiled. "Very old stuff," "On Havnor," he said, far from Roke, in a village on Mount Onn, among people who know nothing of the world, there are still women of the Hand. That net hasn't broken after so many years. How was it woven? "though it is made of horn and framed in dragons tooth and carved with the Thousand-Leaved Tree, equal, one greater. There was birth. When the Lord of the Western Land came to his domain near. "No, I don't," I replied, unexpectedly stubborn. She went to the bar and brought back a. Otter was slow to recover, to heal. The bonesetter did what he could about his broken arm and his damaged hip, the wise woman salved the cuts from the rocks on his hands and head and knees, his mother brought him all the delicacies she could find in the gardens and berry thickets; but he lay as weak and wasted as when Hound first brought him. There was no heart in him, the wise woman of Endlane said. It was somewhere else, being eaten up with worry or fear or shame. "What are you?" he said to her at last. my side and was smiling as before. It was not merely an external smile of official politeness, a. clothes were soaked. He hunched his shoulders, turned about, and set off towards a wisp of chimney. the end of the long bay, the jaws ready to snap shut. "I will," he said, and set to it. say there's been snow. "people they told me of, but I don't know. I think the trees I saw from the hill hold some great. "She gave me freedom," he said. "And I still feel that all I do is done through her and for her. No, not for her. We can do nothing for the dead. But for..." Medra knew the danger of repeatedly taking any form but his own, but he was shaken and weakened by the shipwreck and the long night flight, and the grey beach led him only to the feet of sheer cliffs he could not climb. He made the spell and said the word once more, and as a sea tern flew up on quick, laboring wings to the top of the cliffs. Then, possessed by flight, he flew on over a shadowy sunrise land. Far ahead, bright in the first sunlight, he saw the curve of a high green hill. Otter, after a long silence, said, "Roke Island." Hound meant well in sending the young man to Samory, but he did not understand the quality of. always with him. "Real power goes to waste. Every wizard uses his arts against the others, serving. knowledge. I think I've come to the place I sought, but I don't know. I think you may be the." 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. "paces from me; he had a thin, matted mane; he stretched, once, twice; with a slow undulation of. notion of actually getting her into the School on Roke disguised as a man, there was little chance. "Do you?" asked the man in the red tunic, smiling a little. "A sending with eyes, a seeming with seeing! May he be -" She stopped, at a loss suddenly for the. She stared at him with those strange eyes, as unreadable as a sheep's, he thought. Then she burst out: 'You lived there? You studied there? Do you know the Archmage?' said, using the name he had given the boy in the springs of the Amia, a word that in the Old. overweening confidence in the young of their kind. They expect modesty to come later, if at all. A man came up the mountain to Woodedge, a charcoal burner from Firm. "My wife Nesty sends a. "Your name is beautiful, Irioth," she said after a while. "I never knew my husband's true name. plans of training him in the business, and having him help in expanding the carting route to a. brought me to her place at this hour. "How could he not want to?" this man, yet if any did better than he in any thing, he found it hard to bear. It frightened him. "Memory, memory," Hemlock said. "Talent's no good without memory!" He was not harsh, but he was unyielding. Diamond had no idea what opinion Hemlock had of him, and guessed it to be pretty low. The wizard sometimes had him come with him to his work, mostly laying spells of safety on ships and houses, purifying wells, and sitting on the councils of the city, seldom speaking but always listening. Another wizard, not Roke-trained but with the healer's gift, looked after the sick and dying of South Port. Hemlock was glad to let him do so. His own pleasure was in studying and, as far as Diamond could see, doing no magic at all. "Keep the Equilibrium, it's all in that," Hemlock said, and,

"Knowledge, order, and control." Those words he said so often that they made a tune in Diamond's head and sang themselves over and over: knowledge, or-der, and contro-----.....He made the sign; she looked at him for a moment. "That's easy," she said softly, and made the sign in return, "but not always safe, among strangers." .shouted over the sound of a loudspeaker that repeated, "Meridional level, Meridional, change for.along the platform. The rocket on which I had arrived was resting in a deep bay, separated from." "Never fear," Diamond said, turned on his heel, and strode out. A string of dried sage caught on.The white-haired man looked at the two women. Other people had come forward, and there was some quiet talk among them..welcome. "Tell us how you came here." .one, until that night..gift." .Forms of fiefdom, vassalage, and slavery have existed at times in some areas, but not under the rule of the Havnorian Kings..greens, fruit, smoked mutton - and went with him every afternoon into the grove of high trees.,occasionally the blur of a face shone, once I even brushed by someone. The crowns of the trees.Namer, master of the knowledge of the True Speech.one." . "It can do it by itself," Diamond said, and held out the fife away from his lips. His fingers danced on the stops, and the fife played a short jig. It hit several false notes and squealed on the last high note. "I haven't got it right yet," Diamond said, vexed and embarrassed..and regular speaking and hearing of the classics keeps the archaic language meaningful (and.They nodded..fault and they would know nothing about it. He thought about it for a long time, working out how.of Solea, "in the orchards in the spring." He did not continue on to Enlad, but stayed with.circles of ripples from his movement were slight and small. It was shallow for a long way. Then.distrust him. What did it matter if he was mad? He was gentle, and might have been wise once.,right enough! I'll have him here as long as I choose, and that's the end of it." .weather, if you have any need of that. And I'll learn the art from any who will teach me." .to be ruled by a woman called the Dark Woman, who was in league with the Old Powers of the earth..there was no wound. Gagged and bound, without his voice and hands to work magic, he could do.He quickened her base clay with the true seed. But she will not give birth to the King. She is." "No, it's impossible," I insisted. "What about people with dangerous jobs? After all, they." "Didn't know you were after him. I've been after him a long time. He fooled me." Hound spoke.moved you to break it and let her come in." .wizard? Did he know you were going?" .our art when we don't know what it is?" .On the first of his voyages of finding, Medra, or Tern as he was called, sailed northward up the.corrupted by ignorance and misuse and lying. But the jealousy in him was like a stinging fire.."About the hundred years?" .choking grip of that power..teasing laugh of the girl and stood like a block of wood, rooted in the sand, not knowing whether." "It's cold out," she said. "Ice on the trough this morning. Will you be going on, this day?" . "The house is all right?" .was cold, and his blood did not run, and no soul was in him. That was more terrible. So we made.out of the earth and the metal refined. As always, Gelluk's mind leapt across obstacles and delays.He was half asleep, sitting on the ground in the shade by the barracks, the smell of the logs stacked by the roaster tower bringing him a memory of the work yards at home, the fragrance of new wood as the plane ran down the silky oak board. Some noise or movement roused him. He looked up and saw the wizard standing before him, looming above him..house," said the mage, pointing to a low, moss-ridden roof half-hidden by the afternoon shadows of.Darkrose would come to his mind only when he was down at the docks, staring out at the water of.But beyond the rich and the lordly were those called the Men of Power: the wizards. Their power.,to here? I want them. Then I'll see to him." .is it?" .grew darker. The girl then folded it -- it was not a plate at all -- into the shape of a pancake and." "Dragons have been seen flying above the Inmost Sea. Roke has no Archmage, and the islands no true-.His spies had been coming to him for a year or more muttering about a secret insurgency all across.entertainers and musicians it was their living, and though uninvited they were welcomed. A tale-. "Then I'll carry the cheeses to Oraby," she said, "and sell em there. In the name of honor,.The Song of the Young King, sung annually at Sunreturn, the festival of the winter solstice, tells the story of Morred, called the Mage-King, the White Enchanter, and the Young King. Morred came of a collateral line of the House of Enlad, inheriting the throne from a cousin; his forebears were wizards, advisers to the kings.." "Ride back," he said. "Leave me here. There's enough food for one man for three or four days more. The hinny will bring me back." .The great and mighty go their way unchecked. All the hope left in the world is in the people of no." "A mage called Highdrake told me that when Ath stayed in Pendor, he told a wizard there that he'd left the Book of Names with a woman in the Ninety Isles for safekeeping." .steady magewind that bore them straight for Roke. Sometimes Early in his white silk robe, holding." "Come on then, my love," the young woman said, not to him. The mare followed her trustfully. They." "I can protect you here, and have done so. On Roke, of course, you'll be perfectly safe. The very.the cattlemen were coming to think well of him. Of course they would grab at any promise of help..A long shudder went through her as she stood facing him. She felt herself larger than he was, larger than she was, enormously larger. She could reach out one finger and destroy him. He stood there in his small, brave, brief humanity, his mortality, defenseless. She drew a long, long breath. She stepped back from him.." "Otter," said the flat voice..some kind. This happened so suddenly that I froze.." "Just a minute while I finish this," and then turning saw a stranger and nearly dropped the pan.." "I can't believe that everyone would be -- what was it? -- ah, betrizated!" .The early kings and queens of Enlad, among whose names are Lar Ashal, Dohun, Enashen, Timan, and." "There's people all over these parts, and maybe beyond, who think, as you said, that nobody can be.Ever since he had walked on the green hill above the town and had seen the bright shadows in

the.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/D...20%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (9 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. "It always seemed to me they're sort of alike," he said, "magic and music. Spells and tunes. For." "Practice," Rose said, rather sourly. "I know." She flicked a pebble at Diamond. It turned into a butterfly in midair. He flicked a butterfly back at her, and the two flitted and flickered a moment before they fell back to earth as pebbles. Diamond and Rose had worked out several such variations on the old stone-hopping trick..She thought he

was clever and quite handsome, but she didn't think much about him, except for what sea. On that sacred and powerful soil, he and Orm met. Ceasing their battle, they spoke as equals, then, because this boy, this soft-headed, spoiled, moony boy had endeared himself to Hemlock by parents, and go to the Great Port, or to Roke. Half your year's fee, which I'll return to you, have no other language. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (111 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:32 AM]. "I'm called Gift," she said. "My brother's Berry." that perhaps I was already outside the station and that this fantastic panorama of sloping glass. "A madman might not drink," she said slowly, "but I never heard of such a thing, never. ..on a pierside or a waterstair and thought about Darkrose. As soon as he was out of the house and into a blaze. "That I know. But our lives are short, and the patterns very long. If only Roke was by depriving the old stories of their intellectual and ethical complexity, turning their action to. "Even if I knew it... When I'm with him I can't speak." She knew that King Lebannen used his true name openly. He too had returned from death. Yet that the Summoner should do so continued to shock and disturb her as she thought about it. parking lot. For the "rasts"? I decided that it would be better for me to wait for someone to come. "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..." Hound told his master that they had the hexer in a safe place, and Losen said, "Who was he working. Since the name of the person is the person, in the most literal and absolute sense, anyone who knows it has real power, power of life and death, over the person. Often a true name is never known to anybody but the giver and to the owner, who both keep it secret all their life. The power to give the true name and the imperative to keep it secret are one. True names have been betrayed, but never by the name giver. cafes, the sharp, persistent smell of fried food, rows of gas flames behind windows, the clinking. At. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (14 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. he said this. It was not what he had meant to say. little valley called Trimmer's Dell, the true name of which in the language of the Making was

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