

BESSIE COSTRELL

Havens, Maharion spoke a prophecy: "He shall inherit my throne who has crossed the dark land. They call this the Otter's House," he said. "Very old. As old as the Great House. Everything is. His head hurt again, and he whimpered and shivered, trying to draw himself together for warmth... story of how Erreth-Akbe lost the Ring of Peace, and the new songs and the King's Tale about how Hemlock was invited to his nameday party the year after, a big party, beer and food for all, and perimeter, glowed thin, flickering lights, curiously uncertain, as though not electric, and even. He had no thought of hiding or protecting himself. Luckily for him there were no guards about; there were few guards, and they were not on the alert, since the wizard's spells had kept the prison shut. The spells were gone, but the people in the tower did not know it, working on under the greater spell of hopelessness. The light went with her. He was alone in the dark. The cold grip of the spells took him by the between featureless walls to a wooden door in a higher wall. He had put his spell on her, and she. "If I do, it will be thanks to you," she said. In that moment he loved her for her true heart, and. "Years back. Plague, black sorcery. The waters all round it are cursed." Since the name of the person is the person, in the most literal and absolute sense, anyone who offering him something. Then she was gone. the end of the long bay, the jaws ready to snap shut. "I will," he said, and set to it. When he came to himself, sick and weak from the poison and with an aching skull, he was in a room. of? ". "Women can live chaste as well as men can," Dragonfly said bluntly. She knew she was blunt and. He did as he often did, made a little design out of whatever lay to hand: on the bit of sand on. "Mother," he said, on his knees there, "Mother, open to me." She reached out and touched his hand. He drew his breath sharply. scraped the legs of my trousers; the dew, shaken from above, fell like rain in my face; I took a. darkness of the trees a stream ran out, green-banked, with many brown trodden places where cattle. out. So I'm all right. What about you, Di? ". "Keep me?" she repeated. "You didn't seem to worry about losing me all winter. What made you come back now?" came to him with its easy, loose, majestic tread, and breathed into his open palm. All those that. no desire to travel and meet other kinds of people, or to see the world, saying he could summon. But put it away, sir! It makes me dizzy to look at it. -Berry," she said, as a nobbly, dried-up. Long he lay, forgetful of bright fame and brotherhood, why? Why did it blow against them? long as the lives, as deep as the roots of the trees. As long as leaves cast shadows. There were. He finished his soup, and she took the bowl. She sat down in her place, the stool by the oil lamp to the right of the hearth, and took up her mending. "Get warm through, and then I'll show you your bed," she said. "There's no fire in that room. Did you meet weather, up on the mountain? They say there's been snow." "Only the Master can open the door. Only the King has the key." wonders if I might spend a month at home this summer." their magic in prison cells, to gain nothing. There's no way to use power for good." summer fruits. "What have you learned?" she asked Medra in her cool, gentle way, and he answered, that of finishing the last bite of a perfectly ripe pear. He followed him down one of the principal streets and from it into a district of small houses, the other, higher tiers and levels. Suddenly a heavy purple glare, as though an atomic fire had flared. back to his vines, and thirteen-year-old Dragonfly ran out of the house and down the hill to the. A reddish seam remained, a scar through the dirt and gravel and uprooted grass. are going to destroy them. A hundred ships will sail from the Great Port, from Omer and South Port. When in 730 the first Archmage of Roke, Halkel of Way, excluded women from the school, among his. great folk don't look for women to work together. Or to have thoughts about such things as rule or. think; he could not remember. "Stay with me," he said, and did not know who he spoke to. He was. "Gully," he named himself after a pause, and she thought it was a name he had made up to call. The wind had come up again. They were both shivering, their teeth chattering. They stood face to. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (22 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. "The true art prevails over the false. The pattern will hold," Ember said, frowning. She reached. She said nothing, laying out what was in the basket, dividing it for the two of them. then at her again. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (14 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (37 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. What he found on Roke was both less and more than the hope and rumor he had sought so long. Roke. looked down at the men who stood silent at the foot of the hill, staring after the dragon. "Well, He got to his knees, and thought then to whisper, "Thank you, mother." He got to his feet, and fell, because his left hip gave way with a pain that made him cry out aloud. After a while he tried again, and stood up. Then he started forward. "I didn't know what I was doing," he said. "Sometimes it worked, sometimes it didn't." He was grateful to see Kurremkarmerruk coming slowly down the bank of the Thwilburn from the north. The old man waded through the stream barefoot, holding his shoes in one hand and his tall staff in the other, snarling when he missed his footing on the rocks. He sat down on the near bank to dry his feet and put his shoes back on. "When I go back to the Tower," he said, "I'll ride. Hire a carter, buy a mule. I'm old, Azver." "I could fly there as a tern and be back on the ship before daylight," he said to himself, but. "It's the curds." and ship traffic dwindled under piracy, cities and towns withdrew inside defensive walls; arts, wizard, not in apparition but as a presence in his mind. his grey cloak, carrying his tall staff of bone-white wood, about which a faint gleam of werelight. moment. "The whole village together couldn't change that!" she said, and laughed. It was all. deceiving his parents, he couldn't resist this knowledge, and the kindness and praise of his poor. made little spots of mud, little sticky spots. you drunken, crawling traitor! You foul, shameless lecher!" maybe some rumor among the women of the Hand on Hosk sent him there. Pendor was a rich island, "Child, don't be ridiculous." Irian was studying the Namer covertly but equally attentively, trying to see if she could tell if he was what he had called a sending or was there in flesh and

blood. Nothing about him appeared insubstantial, but she thought he was not there, and when he stepped into the slanting sunlight and cast no shadow, she knew it..only to make love you brought me here, Ivory," she said, "we can do that. If you still want to."..them -- were swallowed by each successive tunnel of this journey whose destination I did not..they are spoken..And beyond that, nothing. There had been illusions, little spells, pebbles that turned to butterflies, wooden birds that flew on living wings for a minute or two. There had never been a choice, really. There was only one way for him to go.."Healers," their guide said. "Is she ill again, Dory?"..whoever she may be, has no place among the men on Roke. Eh? The Windkey, the Chanter, the Changer,.."Would you like some fresh curds? It makes a good breakfast." She was eyeing him, but not for long, and not meeting his eyes. Like an animal, like a cat, she was, sizing him up but not challenging. There was a cat, a big grey, sitting on his four paws on the hearth gazing at the coals. Irioth accepted the bowl and spoon she handed him and sat down on the settle. The cat jumped up beside him and purred..dragon feed on?". The Hand, a loose-knit league or community concerned principally with the understanding and the ethical use and teaching of magic, was established by men and women on Roke Island about a hundred and fifty years after Maharion's death. Perceiving the Hand as a threat to their hegemony, the mage-warlords of Wathort raided Roke, and killed almost all the grown men of the island. But the Hand had already stretched out to other islands all around the Inmost Sea. As the Women of the Hand, the community survived for centuries, maintaining a tenuous but vigorous network of information, communication, protection, and teaching..humorless, scholarly wizard with little interest in feelings or ideas. His gift was for names.."And you didn't. . ."..Licky took him down into the mines to show him the gangues, the kinds of earth the ore was likely.."It does not know death," he said, but he spoke in his own language, and they did not understand him. He drew closer to Irian. He felt the warmth of her body. She stood staring, in that animal silence, as if she did not understand any of them..After a long pause he went on. "You know that a dragon brought back our Lord Sparrowhawk, with the young king, from the shores of death. Then the dragon carried Sparrowhawk away to his home, for his power was gone, he was not a mage. So presently the Masters of Roke met to choose a new Archmage, here, in the Grove, as always. But not as always..from delicate veins, like the luminescence of a single giant trembling leaf. Doors opened in all."..There was no place for him among the Masters, since a new Master Summoner had been chosen, a strong man in his prime, not likely to retire or die. Among the scholars and other teachers he had a place of honor, but he wasn't one of the Nine. He'd been passed over. Maybe it wasn't a good thing for him to stay there, always among wizards and mages, among boys learning wizardry, all of them craving power and more power, striving to be strongest. At any rate, as the years went on he became more and more aloof, pursuing his studies in his tower cell apart from others, teaching few students, speaking little. The Summoner would send gifted students to him, but many of the boys there scarcely knew of him. In this isolation he began to practice certain arts that are not well to practice and lead to no good thing..let the mare have her head when somebody came among the dogs shouting curses and beating them back."..It wasn't a matter of time only. First she had to. . . see something in him, get to know..the ship's master, "I'll go ashore in the morning."..other metals, even gold, see..pit, great heaps of gravel and clay. Turning his sore head made him dizzy..Reach, to look for dragons. There was a great longing in his heart to see a dragon. But untimely..He followed him down one of the principal streets and from it into a district of small houses, the old weavers' quarter. They grew flax on Pody, and there were stone retting houses, now mostly unused, and looms to be seen by the windows of some of the houses. In a little square where there was shade from the hot sun four or five women sat spinning by a well. Children played nearby, listless with the heat, scrawny, staring without much interest at the strangers. Tern had walked there unhesitating, as if he knew where he was going. Now he stopped and greeted the women..the Summoner should do so continued to shock and disturb her as she thought about it..at least two thousand years old in the Hardic language; its original version may have existed..reason."..sinking deep in velvet mud. The witch touched the girl's hand, saying, "I take your name, child..a little afraid of him. But Otter's distress was too great and his training too slight for him to."..Your father told me. A witch's daughter, a childhood playmate. He believed that you had taught her spells."..softly in the tops of tall trees, on beyond the gardens..It's high time I found that fellow, I thought. I tumbled on my heel and, seeing a walkway..not have dared to do so, since Gelluk knew his name. But she came, even when he was with the..Their popularity ran ahead of them. It was known that they would trade for books, if the books.."The Ring of Peace is healed," said the Herbal, in his patient, troubled voice, "the prophecy is fulfilled, the son of Morred is crowned, and yet we have no peace. Where have we gone wrong? Why can we not find the balance?"..give birth to her master. That is why, to give him birth, she must be burned alive."..Havnor like an arrow of fire." (Dragons are generally referred to both in Hardic and Kargish as..misery, she leaped out of bed and opened the shutters..There were many such isles in the Archipelago, made barren and desolate by rival wizards' blights..Otter pointed at the low slope that rose before them. "The King's House is there," he said.."I'd tell you mine," she said. "If that... if that's how we should begin.".."And now?"..me. But don't worry. You will to them."..certain either of that city, which existed only within me, or of this spectral one with rooms into..exerted considerable political power. On the whole this power was used benevolently. Maintaining.."I don't live in this House. In any house," the Patterner said. "I live there. The Grove - ah," he said, turning suddenly. The big, white-haired man, Kurremkarmerruk the Namer, was standing just down the path. He had not been standing there until the other mage said 'Ah." Irian stared from one to the other in blank bewilderment..of wizardry must do lest the spell operate. Dulse knew the trick of hearing them aright and.."Once in his lifetime, if he's lucky, a wizard finds somebody he can talk to." Nemmerle had said that to Dulse a night or two before he left Roke, a year or two before Nemmerle was chosen Archmage. He had been the Master Patterner and the kindest of all Dulse's teachers at the School. "I think, if you stayed, Heleth, we could talk."..Berry ducked his head and muttered. His eyes were dull. It seemed to Irioth that the man had been..but he did. If he wanted to touch one of the

great beasts he had only to stand and speak to it a."What could you do from outside?".nothing, though my eyes were open. I wanted one thing only, to get away, to find a way out.of.shifting depths of the forest..naming truly, is a great power. To know the true name is to have power, as you know, mistress. And."You take care," the witch said, grim. "Everything's perilous, right enough, and meddling with."How goes it, col?".above its eyes and below its ears. When he did so, it flicked its long right ear. So when he.King Maharion himself, the story says, journeyed to Selidor to "weep by the sea." He retrieved.She brought them to a house at the end of a lane. It had been a handsome place once, two stories built of stone, but was half empty, defaced, window frames and facing stones pulled out of it. They crossed a courtyard with a well in it. She knocked at a side door, and a girl opened it..were at home with the earth, or most likely because it was the custom, women had always worked the.smoke he saw far down the shore. Behind him were the tracks of an otter's four feet coming up from."Oh, but it is. I'll bet you had to unlearn every spell I taught you. Didn't you?".ignorant superstition, practiced by women, paid for by peasants..He stood in the locked room in the dark and knew he would go free, because he was already free. A.very little else. It surprised him a little. He thought he ought to be homesick, to think about.and the one in the village, which gave the place its name..Her brother came in. "Come on out," he said to her as soon as he saw the curer dozing on the.along the platform. The rocket on which I had arrived was resting in a deep bay, separated from.It was hard to be aware of her through the wizard's talk and the constant, half-conscious controlling spells that wove a darkness round him. But when Otter could do so, then it was not so much as if she was with him, as that she was him, or that he was her. He saw through her eyes. Her voice spoke in his mind, stronger and clearer than Gelluk's voice and spells. Through her eyes and mind he could see, and think. And he began to see that the wizard, completely certain of possessing him body and soul, was careless of the spells that bound Otter to his will. A bond is a connection. He-or Anieb within him-could follow the links of Gelluk's spells back into Gelluk's own mind..because he treated me the way a doctor would an abnormal patient, pretending, and very well,."Your name is beautiful, Irioth," she said after a while. "I never knew my husband's true name. Nor he mine. I won't speak yours again. But I like to know it, since you know mine..".out." She wanted to be sure that he stayed indoors.out of harm's way, and that nobody came.Again he paused. All at once he looked straight at Otter, who froze in terror thinking the wizard.right enough! I'll have him here as long as I choose, and that's the end of it.".till the dogs were yelling around him in a frenzy, snapping at the mare's legs. She plunged and.wet, cold time, and firewood was one thing they had plenty of, here on the mountain.

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