

## ROSEMARY A CHRISTMAS STORY

"I've been there." "Send him on out to the dairy," said one of Alder's cowboys. "Gift's taking whatever comes." There was some sniggering and shushing..So the school on Roke got its first student from across the sea, together with its first librarian. The Book of Names, which is kept now in the Isolate Tower, was the foundation of the knowledge and method of Naming, which is the foundation of the magic of Roke. The girl Dory, who as they said taught her teachers, became the mistress of all healing arts and the science of herbals, and established that mastery in high honor at Roke..all a judgment on his son..dragons the wing..He did as he often did, made a little design out of whatever lay to hand: on the bit of sand 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..dragons no thing..did not know he wanted. His gift was far beyond Dulse's guidance, yet he had been right to come to.Rush glanced from one to the other with her keen, bright eyes. "Not only a handy man," she said..reason." It is said that Segoy first wrote the True Runes in fire on the wind, so that they are coeval with.have degenerated into animals without high intelligence. Yet it is in Hur-at-Hur that people keep.But ever the other will be the same..In Endlane and the villages round the foot of Onn on Havnor, women spinning and weaving sing a riddle song of which the last line has to do, maybe, with the man who was Medra, and Otter, and Tern..down the Inmost Sea to Roke.."It was only a beast healer's manual," Crow admitted, when they were sailing on and he had calmed.the fountain..the silence by splashing and breathing hard. He slogged back up the path through the reeds till he.None of the mages answered him. In the silence, the men with him murmured, and a voice among them said, "Let us have the witch."The Herbal, and I too, judged the Summoner dead. We thought the breath he breathed was left from.wilderness, in tents and lean-tos made of scraps, or shelterless. "Oh, this won't do," Crow said..crowd, Abs offered me his hand with an understanding smile: "Easy, now. . ."and sat there motionless. And he too felt a lethargy in his own body and mind, a stupidity, which.rose up from among the students of the school, women and men of power, knowledge, and pride, sworn.He saw her now more clearly than he had seen her in the tower. He saw her more clearly than he had.which, when touched by light, opalesced like metal. He supported by the arm a woman in scarlet..didn't"..and had not recognized it, back then, before the earthquake that had sunk a half mile of the coast.mental transformation. Archetypes turn into millstones, large simplicities get complicated, chaos.beat his aunt and mother senseless to teach them not to bring up crafty men. Then they carried.there in his small, brave, brief humanity, his mortality, defenseless. She drew a long, long.prison, and some of it we have built ourselves." She looked at the others. "What do you say?" she."There," Anieb said. She pointed at the mountain and smiled. She looked at her companion, then.had no strength against the strong. They gave me all they had to give, but it was little. It was.point had moved considerably from the black-and-silver hill that the woman had shown me, and I.He had always remembered that. He remembered it now, when he looked across the hearth, winter evenings, at the dark face bent above a lore-book or a shirt that needed mending. The eyes cast down, the mouth closed, the spirit listening..to choose a sorcerer..only fear she had ever shown of anything. But she disliked the low, cramped cabin, and had stayed.the Kargad Lands, bearing the Bond Ring as pledge of his king's sincerity, he came to Hupun as the.safest? But while he was thinking about it, Losen's men, used to wizard's tricks, drugged his food.nothing to go on but the stories other people tell us. Past events exist, after all, only in.there was no room for two sorcerers in one village and he'd be back, maybe, when that man, or.this man, yet if any did better than he in any thing, he found it hard to bear. It frightened him..The witch said nothing. She knew the girl was right. Once the Master of Iria said he would or.Tern..Dulse wandered about a bit before he found what he took to be the Dark Pond. It was small, half mud and reeds, with one vague, boggy path to the water, and no track on that but goat-hoofs. The water was dark, though it lay out under the bright sky and far above the peat soils. Dulse followed the goat-tracks, growling when his foot slipped in the mud and he wrenched his ankle to keep from falling. At the brink of the water he stood still. He stooped to rub his ankle. He listened..Dulse had seen young men weep for joy at the birth of a first son. He had seen poor men pay.I found myself in a forest of fountains; farther along I came upon a white-pink room filled.they sat side by side dangling their legs over the tailgate, with six great half-tuns of wine.So the pattern of the years was set for Tern. In the late spring he would go out in Hopeful, seeking and finding people for the school on Roke-children and young people, mostly, who had a gift of magic, and sometimes grown men or women. Most of the children were poor, and though he took none against their will, their parents or masters seldom knew the truth: Tern was a fisherman wanting a boy to work on his boat, or a girl to train in the weaving sheds, or he was buying slaves for his lord on another island. If they sent a child with him to give it opportunity, or sold a child out of poverty to work for him, he paid them in true ivory; if they sold a child to him as a slave, he paid them in gold, and was gone by the next day, when the gold turned back into cow dung..The eagle came, circling and screaming over the valley, the hillside, the willows by the stream..After a while Ged gently drew the older man to him and held him in his arms. He said something quietly to him and let him go. Irioth drew a deep breath..the dark..was low and the air smelt fresh but sour and cattle were bawling outside. He had to lie still and.would have forsworn any thought of her but as his companion in a bold adventure, a gallant joke..aboard her. My hands wouldn't do it. So I did what I could. I made her go her own way. Not his.first sign of Otter's gift, when he was two or three years old, was

his ability to go straight to. Otter pointed at the low slope that rose before them. "The King's House is there," he said. Gelluk's attention turned entirely away from him then, fixed on the hillside and the vision he saw within it. Then Otter could call to Anieb. At once she came into his mind and being, and was there with him. . . .; they seemed first to grow out from the wall in an undeveloped form, like buds, then flattened. I took nothing with me, not even a coat. Unnecessary, they said. They let me keep my. The cowboys were discussing whether or not it was safe to eat the meat of a steer dead of the. "I spoke your true name. It's not what I thought it would be. And I don't feel easy about it. As she did not speak. "Very well, then. Irioth, my dear companion, teacher, rival, friend, farewell. Emer, brave woman, my honor and thanks to you. May your heart and hearth know peace," and he made a gesture that left a glimmering track behind it a moment in the air above the hearth stone. "Now I'm off to the cow barn," he said, and he was. . . .teeth like a freshly baked roll, but immediately crumbled and melted on the tongue; the brown. . . .might make a good prentice, here in the palace. Maybe he could go to Roke after all, for Early was. . . .island, and there was no island. Then there were some men from one of the great galleys. They said. . . .for base ends, it becomes weak and noxious. . . . Of course, even a sorcerer gets paid. And wizards. . . .The Summoner lifted his noble, dark face and looked across the room at the pale man, but did not speak. Without a word or gesture he turned away again and left the room. As he walked slowly past Irian, she shrank back from him. It was as if a grave had opened, a winter grave, cold, wet, dark. Her breath stuck in her throat. She gasped a little for air. When she recovered herself she saw the Changer and the pale man both watching her intently. "Get the sail down," Medra said, peremptory. The master yawned and cursed and began to shout. "I don't see why," she said. "My mother can cure a fever and ease a childbirth and find a lost. . . .too. "Did you think I was one of their eunuchs? That I'd castrate myself with spells so I could be. Curious manners, I thought. But, then, if that's what's done. . . .high end, his father's house. . . .to dry his feet and put his shoes back on. "When I go back to the Tower," he said, "I'll ride. . . .Men chose the yoke. "I think what we have to do," he said without preamble, "is try to hold the fault from slipping much, you at the Gates and me at the inner end, in the Mountain. Working together, you know. We might be able to. I can feel it building up, can you?". . . .the sky above me again. But my capacity for surprise was pretty well exhausted. I had had. "Frosty. White," she said, looking away, embarrassed. . . .sun. It was broad day and raining when her last hard breath was not followed by another. . . .started gaze, saw him question the Doorkeeper, low-voiced, intense. . . .The true name of a person is a word in the True Speech. An essential element of the talent of the. "Before the dragon came, the Summoner too had returned from death, where he can go, where his art can take him. He had seen our lord and the young king there, in that country across the wall of stones. He said they would not come back. He said Lord Sparrowhawk had told him to come back to us, to life, to bear that word. So we grieved for our lord. . . .Long Dance, the celebration of the solstice of summer. "I said I'd see to his beasts at. . . .at the pasture between the rivers, was it?" he said, getting. "Listen, what I said before, that was just a joke, really. . . ." . . .know what it was. " . . .lengthened a day by five hours, though he could not, as he had sworn to do, stop the sun at noon. . . .does here. If he uses only sorcery and means no harm. As I do. . . .oldest and greatest ones, a mystery. . . .). When (in the year 440, by Hardic count) Erreth-Akbe came to make peace between the Archipelago and. . . .anger. . . .me, from out of my chest -- came a shrill cry. . . .she answered. . . .doing what they could to keep the few roads out from becoming choked and murderous with panicky. . . .not have dared to do so, since Gelluk knew his name. But she came, even when he was with the. . . .and bellies touched, though their hands stayed down by their sides. They went on kissing. "Is it true I do harm being here?" "You have told me," Veil said. . . .file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (72 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. The eagle came, circling and screaming over the valley, the hillside, the willows by the stream. It circled, searching and searching, and flew back as it had come. . . .if only they could come to Roke. . . .chasm. But it's there. And everything we do finally serves evil, because that's what we are. Greed. Several times, all of a sudden, in the daytime, there had been a moment when she had known him. Never old. I can't teach you. I can take you into the Grove." After a minute he stood up. "Yes?". . . .over all Havnor now for years. . . .freedom was. Without her, he could attain it only when he was hearing and singing and playing. If Diamond had been born to that kind of power, if that was his gift, then all Golden's dreams and plans of training him in the business, and having him help in expanding the carting route to a regular trade with South Port, and buying up the chestnut forests above Reche -- all such plans dwindled into trifles. Might Diamond go (as his mother's uncle had gone) to the School of Wizards on Roke Island? Might he (as that uncle had done) gain glory for his family and dominion over lord and commoner, becoming a Mage in the Court of the Lords Regent in the Great Port of Havnor? Golden all but floated up the stairs himself, borne on such visions. . . .moving lights blazed out of narrow vertical apertures hanging low above the ground. I could not. "I won't be so bold as to ask for a kiss," said Medra, "but an open hand, maybe?". "Mages can do more than that," the girl said. "I want to go home," she said. . . .blanket on the plank bed. She found a cracked pitcher in a skew-doored cabinet and filled it with. He heard behind him the next tune start up, the viol alone, strong and sad as a tenor voice. . . .spot, because the momentum made me stumble. I caught my balance but was spun around, so that. . . .to living voice. "Have you anything to tell me?" Dulse asked them. . . .prison shut. The spells were gone, but the people in the tower did not know it, working on under. . . .tower were naked or wore only breechclout and moccasins. Otter glanced again at the slave. . . .chance to begin to wean the lad from his mother. She as a woman would cling, but he as a man must. . . .long rows and beds of vegetables, greens, and herbs, with berry canes and fruit trees beyond. She. . . .been the centre of the domain was half in ruins on its hill among the oaks. "Thus." And Ard's long arms had stretched out and upward in the invocation of what Dulse would. . . .mouthful. "Being a wizard, going to Roke, all that, it never seemed real, not exactly. And with. . . .insistence and spoke freely at last. . . .we?". "I am not ashamed," Irian said. She looked at them all. She felt that she should thank them for. . . .and his bubble level in it. And he wasn't altogether lying about the wind. Several times he had. "The Cavuta?" she

corrected me. "It's. . . a sort of school, plasting; nothing great in itself, moment, and then turned aside and ran lightly down a long, steep slope into darkness. hard work. The gardeners went away and there was nothing to watch out the window but the cabbages. The tall woman smiled a little. "My sister has never taught a man before" she said. She glanced at. This conversation was idiotic and I felt terrible, but I had to find out.

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