

THE SUBJUGATE

Irioth did not say yes, or no, or thanks, but went off unspeaking. The cattleman looked after him. Lions. . . lifted at his side. "Anieb," he whispered, "conic with me". HOUND STAYED IN ENDLANE. He could make a living as a finder there, and he liked the tavern, and Otter's mother's hospitality. . . only smeared about on his skin. "I hate mud," he whispered. Then he snapped his jaws and stopped. "I made the wrong choice." None of the mages answered him. In the silence, the men with him murmured, and a voice among them. . . was oily, colorless, and slightly effervescent under the surface; at the same time it darkened, . . . in the west, or Osskil in the north, but they did send explorers out all over the Inmost Sea and. He found a carter who would carry them down to Endlane, Otter's mother and sister were living with. . . understood as "people" or "human beings," alath. This word is by etymology (from the True Runes. . . of a lighted ship far out at sea, in darkness, in the rain. . . "So the vulgar call it, or quicksilver, or the water of weight. But those who serve him call him the King, and the Allking, and the Body of the Moon." His gaze, benevolent and inquisitive, passed over Otter and to the tower, and then back. His face was large and long, whiter than any face Otter had seen, with bluish eyes. Grey and black hairs curled here and there on his chin and cheeks. His calm, open smile showed small teeth, several of them missing. "Those who have learned to see truly can see him as he is, the lord of all substances. The root of power lies in him. Do you know what we call him in the secrecy of his palace?" "And what is a real?" . . . defend the heaps of stones and earth they had piled over their dead. . . the flowers -- and my voice failed me. She was calmly chewing the delicate petals. She looked up. "Frosty. White," she said, looking away, embarrassed. . . mere glimpse at the place told me that things had been happening there while I wasn't looking. It. The sorcerer came out from behind San. His name was Ayeth. The power in him was small, tainted. . . The wind blew, the long grass nodded in the wind. Summer was getting on and the grass was dry now, yellowing, no flowers in it but the little white heads of the lacefoam. A woman came walking up the hill towards him through the long grass. She followed no path, and walked easily, without haste. . . It was peaceful here with the woman and the cat. He had come to a good house. "It's not Roke magic," the old man said. His voice was dry, a little forced. "Not to do with the." "Yes," he said, "but only disguised. I won't put a semblance-spell on you till we're on Roke Island." . . He saw Irian staring at him in amazement. Thorion the Summoner speaks his true name," he said. "He. supposed to wait until you got tired of playing wizard. Well, I got tired of waiting." Her voice. He's so proud of it, his stupid domain, his stupid grandfather. I don't want it. I won't have it. "She's going there, to the wall, and I can't go with her," she said. "She's going alone and I. That is, human beings chose to have possessions and dragons chose not to. But, as there are. . . out inquiries, in the ways we have of doing so, but nothing and nobody replied. So we set off. . . had won his staff on Roke, was used to having boys come to him begging to be tested and, if they. "Yes," she said. "I'm sorry." Her hand was still on his knee. She said, "We can make love if you want." "You don't? Where, then?" . . . She nodded shortly, frowning her black brows. . . file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (77 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. He had given her a little warmth when she was cold. He had nothing else to give her. Where she. training in the art magic, especially in naming, summoning, and patterning, and so become a. him away. I thought him insignificant, and so harmless. But he lied to you and beguiled you. You. "Trust," the young man said. "Yes. But against- Against them?- Gelluk's gone. Maybe Losen will fall now. Will it make any difference? Will the slaves go free? Will beggars eat? Will justice be done? I think there's an evil in us, in humankind. Trust denies it. Leaps across it. Leaps the chasm. But it's there. And everything we do finally serves evil, because that's what we are. Greed and cruelty. I look at the world, at the forests and the mountain here, the sky, and it's all right, as it should be. But we aren't. People aren't. We're wrong. We do wrong. No animal does wrong. How could they? But we can, and we do. And we never stop." . . all a judgment on his son. . . the Kargad Lands, bearing the Bond Ring as pledge of his king's sincerity, he came to Hupun as the. year's leaf by her hand. . . still depths, a colorless, vast emptiness like the clear sky before sunrise. "Say it, then." . . They came ashore in Ilien for water and food. Setting a host of many hundreds of men on its way so. foraging in the pastures of dry, frosty grass. They could not keep the cattle bunched for long. "And if. . . ." "A fool could sit under the trees forever and grow no wiser." Gelluk was sure that without him Losen's rubbishy kingdom would soon collapse and some enemy mage. "I was just talking, just to talk, it had no. . . ." The witch said nothing. She knew the girl was right. Once the Master of Iria said he would or. violence, their actors to dolls, and their truth- telling to sentimental platitudes. Heroes. "Too high and mighty these days to stop and talk," said Tarry, "though I taught him all he knows of harping. But what's that to a rich man?" . . the night, laying to in any bay or harbor; but there was no moorage on this crossing, and since. she saw Azver the Patterner rolled up in his grey cloak, sound asleep on the ground before her. learn to let go. And Diamond nodded sturdily enough to satisfy his father, though he had a. the mountain, all the sweep and cresting of it, over the calm waters where he used to try to raise. air with sticky lines of resistance and repulsion. If he tried to push forward into them his face. kill you for it. Keep it hid. And keep away from great people and their crafty men!" . . what some boys learned in six or seven and many never learned at all, but to him it had been mere. of glass, metallic sounds, repeated, incomprehensible. The crowd that had carried me here. them, I have the courage, if you do!" . . biologist can explain it to you." Two days later, when they had reopened the old shaft and begun digging towards the ore, the wizard. he managed to speak. . . the vapor of the quicksilver was trapped and condensed, reheated and recondensed, till in the. mage-warlords of Wathort raided Roke, and killed almost all the grown men of the island. But the. The existence of magic as a recognized, effective power wielded by certain individuals, but not by all, shapes and influences all the institutions of the Hardic peoples, so that, much as ordinary life in the Archipelago seems to resemble that of nonindustrial peoples elsewhere, there are almost

immeasurable differences. One of these differences may be, or may be indicated by, the lack of any kind of institutionalised religion. Superstition is as common as it is anywhere, but there are no gods, no cults, no formal worship of any kind. Ritual occurs only in traditional offerings at the sites of the Old Powers, in the great, universally celebrated annual festivals such as Sunreturn and the Long Dance, in the speaking and singing of the traditional songs and epics at these festivals, and, perhaps, in the performance of spells of magic..with eagerness.. "I've been thinking about it," she said, hurried and earnest. "Couldn't I just tell them who I am? With you there to vouch for me - to say even if I am a woman, I have some gift - and I'd promise to take the vow and make the spell of celibacy, and live apart if they wanted me to -".can't sing ballads while I'm figuring what we have to pay the pickers to keep 'em from hiring out."There's not much worth much in my life," she said, gazing down at the pavement. "All I know how to do is run the farm, and try to stand up and speak truth. But if I thought it was all tricks and lies even on Roke, I'd hate those men for fooling me, fooling us all. It can't be lies. Not all of it. The Archmage did go into the labyrinth among the Hoary Men and come back with the Ring of Peace. He did go into death with the young king, and defeat the spider mage, and come back. We know that on the word of the king himself. Even here, the harpers came to sing that song, and a teller came to tell it."Money was a problem. The girl thought, of course, that he as a great wizard would snap his fingers and waft them over the sea in a magic boat flying before the magewind. But when he told her they'd have to hire passage on a ship, she said simply, "I have the cheese money."House. When they came there, it was late afternoon. He went down to the stream and drank from it.home."..creature about. Otter's uncomprehending awe was endearing, as was his uncomprehended strength..irreparable harm. Men and women and children had died because he was there. They had died in.now like a dead man. But the curer from the south said he wasn't dead, and was as dangerous as an.looked him up and down and said, "One man works weather on this ship. If it's not me, I'm off."."They said you should give me my name," said Dragonfly. "Father fell to raging. So that's that."..witches a year's earnings for the promise of a healthy boy, and a rich man touch his gold-between sorcerers over work was nothing new and nothing to take on about. But San and his wife and."Ah, pick your nose, harp-picker," Labby said, and Tarry took offense, and people took sides, and while the dispute was at its brief height, Rose put her fife in her pocket and slipped away..moment for me really to see the size of the hall. But was it all one hall? No walls: a glittering.sodden leaves; I froze..potions used in aid of lust, jealousy, and malice. And a child's gift for magic became a thing to.We will laugh together,her, and the cat dreaming, and the fire flickering. He had come over the dead mountain on black.competition. But a finder can always find work, as they say...You ever been in a mine?"..When she asked him if students came there from the Great House, he said, "Sometimes." Another time he said, "My words are nothing. Hear the leaves." That was all he said that could be called teaching. As she walked, she listened to the leaves when the wind rustled them or stormed in the crowns of the trees; she watched the shadows play, and thought about the roots of the trees down in the darkness of the earth. She was utterly content to be there. Yet always, without discontent or urgency, she felt that she was waiting. And that silent expectancy was deepest and clearest when she came out of the shelter of the woods and saw the open sky..And the old man railed on about the folly of the young and the evils of modern times..He swept out the dust and leaves that had blown in the open door across the polished wood. He set.set in the lid, which seemed a kind and pretty gift to Diamond and his mother. But Golden was a.sailing up from Wathort. Maybe the lords there had heard there was a great fleet coming raiding,.He slept there, on the ground. At sunrise he got up and walked by the high road over to Re Albi.."Well, of course they do," said Rose, "that's what they're there for!"..looked down at the men who stood silent at the foot of the hill, staring after the dragon. "Well,whom he trusted. One of them was a man called Crow, a wealthy recluse, who had no gift of magic."He drinks because he drinks," she said. "With some, that's all it is. I'll be in the dairy, now.."And what would I do there?"..wide awake now..After a long pause he went on. "You know that a dragon brought back our Lord Sparrowhawk, with the.the north shore of O, at Ilien, Leng, Kamery, and O Port, and then headed west to carry the."Oh, it's no good, I know it's no good. Nothing's any good with a drunkard," she said. She wiped her eyes with her apron. "Was that what broke you," she said, "the drink?"..She had planted a young rowan from the Grove beside the fountain. They came to be sure it was.Language of the Making. Plants and parts of plants and animals and parts of animals and islands."A little gift," Diamond said indistinctly. "Enough for tricks."..of the Great Bay of Havnor, a man stood up on the muddy sand: a man poorly dressed and poorly."Thank you, mistress," he muttered, crouching at the fire. She brought him a bowl of broth. He glittered in short dashes in the werelight..She looked him up and down. "Marks on it, sir," she said. And then, to Tern, in a different tone, "If you'd like to come with me, she lives this way. And though she's only a girl, and poor, I'll tell you, peddler, she has an open hand. Though perhaps not all of us do."..Sometimes the word used is alherath, "true-word-beings," "those who say true words," speakers of.and stopped and undid it word by word..Silence nodded, meaning himself.."Don't be afraid," Gelluk said, his voice strong and musical over the panting gasp of the huge bellows and the steady roar of the fire. "Come, come see how he flies in the air, making himself pure, making his subjects pure!" He drew Otter to the edge of the roasting pit. His eyes shone in the flare and dazzle of the flames. "Evil spirits that work for the King become clean," he said, his lips close to Otter's ear. "As they slaver, the dross and stains flow out of them. Illness and impurities fester and run free from their sores. And then when they're burned clean at last they can fly up, fly up into the Courts of the King. Come along, come along, up into his tower, where the dark night brings forth the moon!".."You'll do better away from the ships, all the fighting and raiding. The King's working the old."Put your feet up to the fire," she said abruptly. "I have some old shoes of my husbands." It cost.Diamond glanced at Rose. The girl turned her head away, looking down.."Now the King is in my body, the noble guest of my house. He won't make me slaver and vomit or.Where he stood it was not wholly dark. The air moved against his face. Far ahead, dim, small, there was a light that was not werelight. He went forward. He had been crawling for a long time now,

dragging the right leg, which would not bear his weight. He went forward. He smelled the wind of evening and saw the sky of evening through the branches and leaves of trees. An arched oak root formed the mouth of the cave, no bigger than a man or a badger needed to crawl through. He crawled through. He lay there under the root of the tree, seeing the light fade and a star or two come out among the leaves. The poem begins with the best known and most cherished love story in the Archipelago, that of Morred and Elfarran. In the third year of his reign, the young king went south to the largest island of the Archipelago, Havnor, to settle disputes among the city-states there. Returning in his "oarless longship," he came to the island Solea and there saw Elfarran, the Islewoman or Lady of Solea, "in the orchards in the spring." He did not continue on to Enlad, but stayed with Elfarran. To pledge his troth he gave her a silver bracelet or arm ring, the treasure of his family, on which was engraved a unique and powerful True Rune. readers, I include the description after the stories. I also redrew the geographical maps for this

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