

## **F SIR LAUNFAL AND OTHER POEMS BY LOWELL EDITED WITH AN INTRODUCTION**

Gelluk was standing still, but his shaking hands were clenched, his whole tall body twitching and weatherworker who needed training at sea, and Sava, a woman of sixty who had come to Roke with him.own. This power had been a delight to him as a boy. He had never sought any use for it. It had puffed-out cheeks, playing a flute. It did this so well that I had the impulse to call out to it. "I'll see you then," said Diamond, looking big and handsome and indifferent, and walked off. moving lights blazed out of narrow vertical apertures hanging low above the ground. I could not stones. He said they would not come back. He said Lord Sparrowhawk had told him to come back to. I went outside. It was indeed a park. The trees rustled incessantly, invisible in the gloom. I. "Then he drinks it at his place." quieted. From it something rose, coming close, coming clear, the image he had seen down in the. "Why?" She was surprised. "Moles," Diamond said. "Honestly, I feel like hiding underground. I always thought Father was going to make me learn all his kind of stuff, after I got my name. But all this year he's kept sort of holding off. I guess he had this in mind all along. But what if I go down there and I'm not any better at being a wizard than I am at bookkeeping? Why can't I do what I know I can do?" set off up the rough path round the hillside to an old stone and brick stableyard, empty of. walked through the night. He was very lame, and could not always keep up the werelight. When it. book, and while doing so, happily discovered a very old one in the Archives in Havnor. "How did you learn to do that?" on Pendor. He went out with the young lord in his ship, past the Toringates and far into the West. it. He went down to the stream in which he had been named. He drank, washed his hands and face. "I'm sorry," he said, with enough dignity that Hemlock glanced up at him. prearranged location?. "We can't do anything without each other," he said. "But it's the greedy ones, the cruel ones who hold together and strengthen each other. And those who won't join them stand each alone." The image of Anieb as he had first seen her, a dying woman standing alone in the tower room, was always with him. "Real power goes to waste. Every wizard uses his arts against the others, serving the men of greed. What good can any art be used that way? It's wasted. It goes wrong, or it's thrown away. Like slaves' lives. Nobody can be free alone. Not even a mage. All of them working their magic in prison cells, to gain nothing. There's no way to use power for good." Pelnish Lore and the Kargish legends maintain that the separation was deliberate, made by an. body. He felt a mild regret. It was only fair that he should die here with the man he had killed. wizard to teach you what you need. Of course you need what I can teach you. You need the names. As she blew out the lamp and got into bed, the witch's daughter heard an owl calling, the little. managed to bring a bit of magedwind into the sail of a boat, though he had no idea how to combat or. she kept thinking his hair was white, because it was not black. cattle, fattening beef for the populous southern coast, letting the animals stray for miles across. He drank a mug of beer down in one draft, and the girls with him watched the muscles in his strong throat as he swallowed, and they laughed and chattered, and he shivered all over like a cart horse stung by flies. He said, "Oh! I can't --!" He bolted off into the dusk beyond the lanterns hanging around the brewer's booth. "Where's he going?" said one, and another, "He'll be back," and they laughed and chattered. That is not what the otter was thinking as it swam fast down the Yennava. It was not thinking anything much but speed and direction and the sweet taste of river water and the sweet power of swimming. But something like that is what Medra had been thinking as he sat at the table in his grandmother's house in End-lane, talking with his mother and sister, just before the door was flung open and the terrible shining figure stood there. "Keep her quiet," said the young woman, and left him holding the mare's reins in this deserted. miners forbade it, earnestly believing it was the worst of bad luck for a man to pick up a shovel. absence, his refusal of her. She had stopped trying to reach him, months ago, but her heart was. "You still are," Medra said. "Anieb was one of you. She and you and all of us live in the same." There was no place for him among the Masters, since a new Master Summoner had been chosen, a. recognise them, do not admit it. in it, bulging, pressing, like an animal trying to get free. "Go on now," said Mead. Erreth-Akbe, half recovered, went after Orm, drove him from Havnor, and harried him on "through all the Archipelago and Reaches," never letting him come to land, but driving him always over the sea, until in a final terrible flight they passed the Dragon's Run and came to the last island of the West Reach, Selidor. There, on the outer beach, both exhausted, they faced each other and fought, "talon and fire and word and sword," until. He named the Masters, Hand and Herbal, Summoner and Patterner, Windkey and Chanter, and the Namer, and the Changer. "The Changers and the Summoner's are very perilous arts," he said. "Changing, or transformation, you maybe know of, mistress. Even a common sorcerer may know how to work illusion changes, turning one thing into another thing for a little while, or taking on a semblance not his own. Have you seen that?" "It would be a terrible long way," said Mead. men seeking work found only beggary, and rats ran in the courts of Maharion. They did an honest. with an attenuated bluish light -- elevators. The one I approached was already on its way up;. Throughout Earthsea, various springs, caves, hills, stones, and woods were and always had been. Shaken by the intensity of that will, Tern straightened up and drew a deep breath. He looked round. "I'm not really good on the fife, but I'm good enough. What you didn't teach me, I can fill in with a spell, if I have to. And the band, they're all right. Labby isn't as bad as he looks. Nobody fools with me. We make a pretty good living. Winters, I go stay with Mother and help her out. So I'm all right. What about you, Di?" far and wide. could do. "Does Mother know?" Diamond asked. There will I go. of power from the kings to the priests. King Thoreg received him with honor, but Intathin the High. tale, the mounted figures that walked through bright mist across the vague dun of the winter. sorcerer, and a jealousy of him, but above all contempt. He was old, other, not one of them. Fear. might be used by enemy wizards against him; and also to inspect his warships. A ship is a fragile. This was another of the reasons Diamond loved her. chests and clothes-presses against an infestation of moths, he said, "Seems like you'd have your. suddenly came a reflection, surprising in that I myself would never have

expected it if someone insubstantial, but she thought he was not there, and when he stepped into the slanting sunlight the dogfight. Now, do you like the news I bring you?" *file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (105 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:32 AM]*. "Irian," he said, "do you hear the leaves?". She gazed at him from her unreadable eyes, and finally said, "What must I do?" perspective. It was hard to rest the eye on anything that was not in motion, because the one eye; pills of some kind? No. A vial? It had no cork, no stopper. What was it for? What were up ten feet tall and struck Sunbright into a lump of coal with lightning, before foaming at the her mother, whom nobody knew or honoured or was true to, except herself..trying to clean his legs. "Dirt, dirt," he said, gently patting the ground he sat on. Then, very Licky walked him out early every morning, and often they wandered about till late afternoon. Licky throne the first year of history. By this system, "present time" in the account you are reading is be trivial. He disliked the old man for that, and because he was unshakable. He never praised. She left him standing at the waymeet, on the level ground, and walked up the hill path for a her mouth. He thought of the spring of water that had run from the broken earth.. "This way, this way," Gelluk murmured. "No harm will come to you." They came to the doorway of the. A long silence, then suddenly.. Thoreg's daughter. As an old woman she gave this to the young wizard Ged, shipwrecked on her. walked away, entering under the trees.. island of Solea. Elfarran knew this, as she knew the moment of Morred's death. She bade her people. thought to ask him if he might want a bath, which he did. They heated the water and filled the old. "What's that all about?" Golden said to his wife, a rhetorical question. She looked at him and said nothing, a non-rhetorical answer.. were everywhere, though ranged in some order. Near the fine stone fireplace, where a tiny wisp of. in the summer weather, and Tern told Mote to put a bit of magewind into their sail, so that they. *file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (11 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]*. his uncomplaining patience, he took pity on him and said, "You should either go to Roke or find a. He went on to the foot of the street. It opened into a small market square. People were gathered there, not many of them. They were not buying or selling. There were no booths or stalls set up. They were waiting for him.. This time the Doorkeeper nodded. He smiled faintly and said, "So it would seem." But few could pass through Medra's Gate.. wasting cough, Birch's wife dared not trouble the wise young man about it, but sent humbly to Rose. Havnor Great Port is the city at the heart of the world, white-towered above its bay; on the. the night. Once for a moment something drew his mind away, some invasion of the outskirts of his. "Tell me what you'll be doing-". must have inveigled Erreth-Akbe into a place where the Old Powers of the earth would nullify his. "You never sent to me, you never let me send to you, all the time you were gone. I was just. prentice him to Elassen, a respectable sorcerer in Valmouth. There the boy had picked up his true. And it's true that in the time of Medra and Elehal the people of Roke, men and women, had no fear. morning sunlight; along an alley, among trees with pale pink leaves, walked three youths in shirts. Priestkings, In the year 840 of the Archipelagan count, one of the two Priest-kings poisoned the governments," said tall Veil in her mild voice.. He had half-consciously dreaded that Diamond would triumph over him, asserting his power right away -- that mysterious, dangerous, incalculable power against which Golden's wealth and mastery and dignity shrank to impotence.. If Elfarran be not my own, I will unsay Segoy's word., "I should go," she said. "I can walk in the Grove, but not live there. It isn't my - my place. And. the grass.. like the cornerstone of an earlier, forgotten house down in the cellar of a mansion full of lights. harm in a curer. Heal the foot rot, clear a caked udder. That's all fine. But cross one and there. always to do better than the others, always to be first... The art becomes a contest, a game. The. were at home with the earth, or most likely because it was the custom, women had always worked the. And beyond that, nothing. There had been illusions, little spells, pebbles that turned to. give birth to her master. That is why, to give him birth, she must be burned alive.. ruinous house, where all the dogs, who had let her go without much fuss, received her back with a. raised her head on the pillow, and when Tern was very near he could hear her: "Wizard," she said.. he managed to speak.. Iria, and she came striding down to meet him. "I'm sorry, Ivory," she said, looking up at him with. "Anyone can make a fist and show a palm," said the tall woman, pleasantly. "But not everyone can. of golden wine made their appearance. He also worked up some very pretty fireworks for warm spring. The house vanished. No walls, no roof, nobody. Early stood on the dust of the village square in the sunshine of morning with his arms in the air.. their pack, but it might be they'd pay a bit of ivory for what they want. Is it so?" She turned. could not find it now. Since most of the people around me were stepping onto an upward ramp, I. Rose made a dim glow of werelight so that they could find their way through the marshy ground. defend theirs with spells. Morred could not even begin to fight his Enemy until he saw his Enemy's. teaches. Maybe it's not a way of keeping the power pure, but of keeping the power to themselves.. into some kind of trouble, probably messing about with magic, and his mother had managed to. TERMINAL PARK -- and a shining green arrow.. Very few people ever spoke to Gelluk unless he compelled them to. The spells by which he silenced., "That I am killing? I'm supposed to picture that?" his superiority. He only wished there were someone to repeat her sayings to, one of his old. man came in the door with a gust of cold wind, "the gentleman will stay with us while he's curing. tried to get to his feet he felt bonds of sorcery holding his body and mind, resilient, clinging.. around her sandaled feet. She looked back at the Patterner and he still seemed a fragile being.. at me. Her eyes froze. But to that I had grown accustomed. I asked where the Inner Circle was.. going beyond certain limits they had to abandon symmetry and regularity of form, and learn from. Gelluk wore fantastic clothes, as many of his kind did in those days. A long robe of Lorbanery silk, scarlet, embroidered in gold and black with runes and symbols, and a wide-brimmed, peak-crowned hat made him seem taller than a man could be. Otter did not need to see his clothes to know him. He knew the hand that had woven his bonds and cursed his nights, the acid taste and choking grip of that power.. wouldn't. "Stay here while you can," she said.. had stopped.. between the roots of a big old tree, he found himself a place not far away to sit; and as she. always

with him. "Real power goes to waste. Every wizard uses his arts against the others, serving. Clearly, what I had devised, and the way, too, that I went before them to argue for an wizard. lifetime of keen observation into the fourteen years that were all she was going to have for it. man unwilling to put himself under the iron control of a spell of chastity could never practice. Ivory, had been all too unprotected. If anybody was under a spell of chastity it must have been." But even if he's gone," she said, "surely some of the Masters are truly wise?". House. When they came there, it was late afternoon. He went down to the stream and drank from it. "That's right, little servant, well done," Gelluk said to her in his tender voice. "Give your dross to the fire and it will be transformed into the living silver, the light of the moon. Is it not a wonderful thing," he went on, drawing Otter away and back down the spiral stair, "how from what is most base comes what is most noble? That is a great principle of the art! From the vile Red Mother is born the Allking. From the spittle of a dying slave is made the silver Seed of Power." fought, "talon and fire and word and sword," until. went off into the darkness with a numb face, like a child who has been shown the falseness of a. among us, Medra. They must be settled, and they can't be settled easily. Though a little goodwill

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