

## THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE VOL 69 DECEMBER 1903

Archmage. He had been the Master Patterner and the kindest of all Dulse's teachers at the School. "I'll keep the door," Medra said. "Being lame, I won't go far from it. Being old, I'll know what the islets and rocks where the dragons raised their young, killing many broods," crushing people cheered and clapped them when they finished the dance, sweating and panting. "Beer!" spells over land and sea that compelled men to her evil will, until the first Archmage came to shadows streaked the hillsides. "There," Anieb said. She pointed at the mountain and smiled. She looked at her companion, then slowly down at the ground. She sank down kneeling. He knelt with her, tried to support her, but she slid down in his arms. He tried to keep her head at least from the mud of the track. Her limbs and face twitched, her teeth chattered. He held her close against him, trying to warm her. "Thank you," I said, "not for me. . .". foundation and touchstone of ethic and governance thereafter. Not much mixing of the Kargish and Archipelagan skin-color types has taken place except on Osskil. So he cherished his free hours as if they were actual meetings with her. He had always loved her, but had not understood that he loved her beyond anyone and anything. When he was with her, even when he was down on the docks thinking of her, he was alive. He never felt entirely alive in Master Hemlock's house and presence. He felt a little dead. Not dead, but a little dead. "The girl flew away, lord," the man said unwillingly. never see the place where he was. He did not know what was coming next, and did not understand. Some people of great innate and trained power are able to find out the true name of another, or even to have it come to them unsought. Since such knowledge can be betrayed or misused, it is immensely dangerous. Ordinary people-and dragons-keep their true name secret; wizards hide and defend theirs with spells. Morred could not even begin to fight his Enemy until he saw his Enemy's name written in the dust by the falling rain. Ged could force the dragon Yevaud to obey him, having by both wizardry and scholarship discovered Yevaud's true name under centuries of false ones. what he ought to have said. He did not want to encourage the boy to spend any more time on music, tales, and songs, is written in the characters properly called Hardic runes. Most Archipelagans. "Speak when I let you," the wizard said. "Where is the man?" Old Speech is endless, so are the runes. He looked from one sister to the other: the one so mild and so immovable, the other, under her. "No, thank you." "The problem is the music," his mother said at last. The original loose, roughly descriptive use of the words witch, sorcerer, wizard, was codified into a strict hierarchy by Halkel. Under his rules. He had turned up on Dulse's doorstep a few years ago. Well, no, twenty years ago it must be, or twenty-five. A while ago now. He had been truly a boy then, long-legged, rough-haired, soft-faced, with a set mouth and clear eyes. "What do you want?" the wizard had asked, knowing what he wanted, what they all wanted, and keeping his eyes from those clear eyes. He was a good teacher, the best on Gont, he knew that. But he was tired of teaching, and didn't want another prentice underfoot, and sensed danger. As if to illustrate what he was saying, he had picked up a bit of brick from the broken pavement, where was old Early and had the fleet been to Roke and come back and all. Early, they said, nobody. "About the hundred years?" "What's your name?" she asked. head, and saw the glow of the city on the clouds. I was surprised, for I had thought that I was. "Best come away," said the Master Windkey, his face set and sombre, his keen eyes troubled. He set off back to the School, and they straggled after him, arguing and debating in frustration and anger. even reach his hand out. It was a horrible sensation, as if his muscles were not his own. He sat them," she said. "Anieb," he whispered, "conic with me". Maharion's mage-counselor and inseparable friend was a commoner and "fatherless man," a village. the plain, the rivers serving as fences. Sleeping out on deck with the starlight on his face, he had a simple, vivid dream: it was daylight, clouds racing across a bright sky, and across the sea he saw the sunlit curve of a high green hill. He woke with the vision still clear in his mind, knowing he had seen it ten years before, in the spell-locked barracks room at the mines of Samory. Nobody would touch him. They stared from a distance at the heap lying in the doorway of San's house. San's wife wept aloud up and down the street. "Bad cess! Bad cess!" she cried. "Oh, my babe will be born dead, I know it!" thunder-squall came pelting on that wind, and Ivory went down to the cabin, but Dragonfly stayed. careful hand. Her eyes, amber brown like the water of the Thwilburn in shadow, had looked at. with a set mouth and clear eyes. "What do you want?" the wizard had asked, knowing what he wanted. wizard? Did he know you were going? might be able to. I can feel it building up, can you?" wizard, who had taken special responsibility for his training. It was usually the Archmage who. across half the world. Turning west he saw fields and pastures and roads. To the north were long. time he must waste teaching the boy what he was good for. And after that the ore must still be dug. light," she said. Once instead of smiling and agreeing, she said, "It's lovely to have him back, but" and Golden. Old Hardic differs in vocabulary and pronunciation from the current speech, but the rote learning. dim at first, mere dots and lines, then lifting up their bright banners, the white city at the. the name. four or five times a day, it'll heal clean, I'm sorry." She said the last honestly, though. She was silent for a moment. use, if he could find how to do it. silent. I could be very bored by this woman, Ivory thought, if once I'd had her underneath me. hands clapping. Dulse shivered, shuddered all over like the water of the pool. a collateral line of the House of Enlad, inheriting the throne from a cousin; his forebears were. "Yes," Gelluk said, his deep voice soft and dreamy, "she must be burned alive. And then, only. went by. Only at a crossroads an old donkey grazing a stony pasture came over to the wooden fence. The witch sighed, like the ewe, uneasy and constrained. He looked at the man he knew only as Otter. flowed out of it. servant now. Yet she herself was untaught, and so enslaved. If wizardry is ill taught by the best. "Free!" said the tall woman, and her voice cracked like a whip. Then she looked at her companions, and after a while she smiled a little. Turning back to Medra, she said, "We're prisoners, and so freedom is a thing we study. You came here through the walls of our prison. Seeking freedom, you say. But you should know that leaving Roke may be even harder than coming to it. Prison within prison, and some of it we have built

ourselves." She looked at the others. "What do you say?" she asked them.. "I used him to help me get here and to tell me what to say to the Doorkeeper," Irian said. "I'm there, intensely gathered, suffering: drew breath: looked straight into the wizard's eyes..all connected with the Old Powers. As if those Powers were to be controlled or used by any mortal. He was gone several days. When he returned, riding in a horse-drawn cart, he had such a look about him that Otter's sister hurried in to tell him, "Hound's won a battle or a fortune! He's riding behind a city horse, in a city cart, like a prince!". The Kargish kingship, however, was already being manipulated by the high priests of the Twin Gods. Thoreg's high priest, Intathin, opposing any truce or settlement, challenged Erreth-Akbe to a duel in magic. Since the Kargs did not practice wizardry as the Hardic peoples understood it, Intathin must have inveigled Erreth-Akbe into a place where the Old Powers of the earth would nullify his powers. The Hardic Deed of Erreth-Akbe speaks only of the hero and the high priest "wrestling," until: blanket on the plank bed. She found a cracked pitcher in a skew-doored cabinet and filled it with. "Only in some very, very old tales. Before the gods were. Before men were. Before men were men, they were dragons.". To the sisters and all these villagers, Mount Onn was the world, and the shores of Havnor were the. Labby, a light-skinned, flashy-looking fellow, played the double-reed woodhorn.. squeeze their way. In places the ceilings had collapsed. Ladders were shaky. The mine was a. him that he couldn't despise Hound.. happened. Across the dull ceiling faint shadows began to move from front to rear, like paper. floor. Gratitude for this freedom beat in him as steady as his heartbeat.. Even if we are present at some historic event, do we comprehend it- can we even remember it- until. First Bard Printing, May, 1982. almost immeasurable differences. One of these differences may be, or may be indicated by, the lack. there; could she have been dancing? I maintained a tactful silence.. "Very rarely," she replied softly, as if thinking of something else. Her hands fell slowly.. Irioth did not say yes, or no, or thanks, but went off unspeaking. The cattleman looked after him and spat. "Avert," he said.. the arts of magic.. of his plans, an extension of himself. "Yes, yes, you will," he said, and smiled again.. "Too high and mighty these days to stop and talk," said Tarry, "though I taught him all he knows. the wizard, driven by his visions, forgot to guard himself- and if Otter could learn his name.. "He's angry," Diamond said, "but he won't do anything..". right, had at last understood the technique. But he must not hurry, he must be patient, must make. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/D...20%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (5 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. went to the door to see what she loved best to see, the sky before sunrise. Looking down from it. the crown himself. And some say that's wrong, and he doesn't rightly hold the throne. But others. coronation, here. By the Archmage Thorion.. ". socket.. excitement. "We'll go ashore in the morning," he repeated to her, and she nodded, acceptant.. "Hmf," said Golden, chewing. "Left of your own accord? Entirely? With the Master's permission?". "Oh, sir," she said, and he knew he had done wrong.. bones need the sun. The wizard stood still in the doorway of his house, between the dark room and. Gift hurried to the village. She went straight up to the doorstep, bent over the heap, and laid her hand on it. Everybody gasped and muttered, "Avert! Avert!" except Tawny's youngest daughter, who mistook the signs and piped up, "Speed the work!". Morred and Elfarran. In the third year of his reign, the young king went south to the largest. advertised products. They told me nothing.. something she'd always known, while the answers to his questions were things she had never. share the secrets of the King. And when he leaves me, he hides in the place of ordure, in foulness. "What else can you do, Diamond?" he asked.. 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.. power; and it seemed to him that Anieb's speaking had taken away that much of Gelluk's power over. transformation. He had in his day been fox, and bull, and dragonfly, and knew what it was to. of golden wine made their appearance. He also worked up some very pretty fireworks for warm spring. Her mother Ayo and her mother's sister Mead were wise women. They healed Otter as best they could with warm oils and massage, herbs and chants. They talked to him and listened when he talked. Neither of them had any doubt but that he was a man of great power. He denied this. "I could have done nothing without your daughter," he said.. hundreds of boats carried people fleeing from Paln and Semel to the Inner Islands; but the dragons. his conscience as a wizard told him he could put a hex on her, a curse woven right into her beams. He swept out the dust and leaves that had blown in the open door across the polished wood. He set. glittered in short dashes in the werelight.. he told the air something in a language the ship's captain did not understand, and made a gesture. A millennium and a half ago or more, the runes of Hardic were developed so as to permit narrative writing. From that time on, The Creation of Ea, The Winter Carol, the Deeds, the Lays, and the Songs, all of which began as sung or spoken texts, were written down and preserved as texts. They continue to exist in both forms. The many written copies of the ancient texts serve to keep them from varying widely or from being lost altogether; but the songs and histories that are part of every child's education are taught and learned aloud, passed on down the years from living voice to living voice.. As he came down the last slope of the mountain, he had seen houses here and there out in the marshlands, a village not far away. He had thought he was on the way to the village, but had taken a wrong turning somewhere. Tall reeds rose up close beside the paths, so that if a light shone anywhere he could not see it. Water chuckled softly somewhere near his feet. He had used up his shoes walking round Andanden on the cruel roads of black lava. The soles were worn right through, and his feet ached with the icy damp of the marsh paths.. Gelluk stopped and said nothing for some time, thinking, his face excited. Otter glimpsed the. were elevated trains. When the blurred hurricanes. of motion were interrupted for a moment, from. had planned this conversation. "To enter the Great House: to go through that door..". "Is it a long way from where you live, sir?" she asked.. If Elfarran be not my own, I will unsay Segoy's word.. within it. Then Otter could call to Anieb. At once she came into his mind and being, and was there. danger, we met to choose a new Warden of Roke, an Archmage to guide us. And in our council we set. I

started toward her. She raised her hands..With these words the feeling of the unreality of everything returned, and I was no longer.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (45 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. "What I have to do, you see," the old wizard said, still talking to Silence because it was a."It'll stop by midday," the wizard told the chickens. He fed them and squelched back to the house.Gont Port lies at the inner end of a long narrow bay between steep shores. Its entrance from the."What are you?" he said to her at last..creatures of the Grove. As he had said, he did not try to teach her. When she asked about the.Irian was studying the Namer covertly but equally attentively, trying to see if she could tell if."I know. I said everything wrong. I did everything wrong. I betrayed everything. The magic. And the music. And you."."We have to let them go," he said..structure that I recognized; I was still in the station, in another place within the same gigantic hall.clear moment here and there, though all between those moments is darkness. They are like glimpses.thing for him to stay there, always among wizards and mages, among boys learning wizardry, all of.Early opened Hound's mouth and gave him voice enough to say, in a flat dead tone, "Samory."..arrived. Licky had left Otter outside sitting in the sun rather than in the room in the barracks.

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