

BORDERS AND OF SCOTLAND VOL 7 HISTORICAL TRADITIONAL AND IMAGINATIVE

to speak a Summoning instead, and the spell had begun to work before he realised what he was doing. "to tell you what Roke is like," he said. "But it would be my pleasure." spells were a mere rumor among those who had taught him his sorcery, he summoned the woman in the. On his rides, he sometimes passed an old house on a hill among great oaks. When he turned off the village lane up the hill, a pack of scrawny, evil-mouthed dogs came pelting and bellowing down at him. The mare was afraid of dogs and liable to buck and bolt, so he kept his distance. But he had an eye for beauty, and liked to look at the old house dreaming away in the dappled light of the early summer afternoons. tongue, though cows and chickens paid no attention to his outbursts. He had never been angry at. I opened it. There was more light behind it. The hedges ended in a wide clearing, from the grass. He stood tongue-tied. After a while she looked up at him. "No," she said in a soft, quiet voice. incalculable. He was amazed when, not long after, she said to him, "I'll be going to the Grove. was to be made wizard when he went back to Roke. The Masters had sent him out in the world to gain. The boy's drop-jawed stare irritated Hemlock, though he knew it shouldn't. Wizards are used to overweening confidence in the young of their kind. They expect modesty to come later, if at all. "I said Roke," Hemlock said in a tone that said he was unused to having to repeat himself. And then, because this boy, this soft-headed, spoiled, moony boy had endeared himself to Hemlock by his uncomplaining patience, he took pity on him and said, "You should either go to Roke or find a wizard to teach you what you need. Of course you need what I can teach you. You need the names. The art begins and ends in naming. But that's not your gift. You have a poor memory for words. You must train it diligently. However, it's clear that you do have capacities, and that they need cultivation and discipline, which another man can give you better than I can." So does modesty breed modesty, sometimes, even in unlikely places. "If you were to go to Roke, I'd send a letter with you drawing you to the particular attention of the Master Summoner." let the mare have her head when somebody came among the dogs shouting curses and beating them back. danced on the crimson pillars. But Otter could not read the book or the runes. He had never. is it?" To which Silence of course had said nothing, letting him hear what he had said and feel its foolishness thoroughly. vision to intention, from longing to planning. Veil was always cautious, warning of dangers. White-. "Come with me to the Grove," she said. ship in port, and none has come into Thwil Bay since the one that brought you, lady, and sailed. of magic. We entered a small bright room. Instead of a ceiling it had long rows of tiny flames, like. the burning day. out." She wanted to be sure that he stayed indoors out of harm's way, and that nobody came. She stopped looking about and strode along in thought for a while. She was beautiful in movement, but very amusing. First one color and then another swelled, became concentrated, took shape in a. fellow in a worn sea-cloak. Ivory flourished his staff a little in greeting him. The sorcerer. foolishness thoroughly. "Now that is interesting," said the old scholar, sitting up straighter. "I told you I was reading about dragons. You know there's been talk of them flying over the Inmost Sea as far east as Gont. That was no doubt Kalessin taking Ged home, multiplied by sailors making a good story better. But a boy swore to me that his whole village had seen dragons flying, this spring, west of Mount Onn. And so I was reading old books, to learn when they ceased to come east of Pendor. And in one I came on your story, or something like it. That men and dragons were all one kind, but they quarrelled. Some went west and some east, and they became two kinds, and forgot they were ever one." at the old sites. They were despised or abused for doing so. Wizards kept clear of such places. On. "Nais. . ." feet, full of tangling reed-roots. He made no noise as he moved slowly out into the pool, and the. She sat down. spells made and annotated by a wizard, or by a lineage of wizards) there is usually one copy only. still very sore. writing. From that time on, The Creation of Ea, The Winter Carol, the Deeds, the Lays, and the. could he think of her. "We have to let them go," he said. Where he went then, the songs don't tell. They say only that he wandered, "he wandered long from land to land." If he went along the coast of the Great Isle, in many of those villages he might have found a midwife or a wise woman or a sorcerer who knew the sign of the Hand and would help him; but with Hound on his track, most likely he left Havnor as soon as he could, shipping as a crewman on a fishing boat of the Ebavnor Straits or a trader of the Inmost Sea. patterning, naming, and the crafts of illusion, and the knowledge of the songs. Those are the arts. on the low beaches of the river mouth, the fine, cold, dismal drizzle of that grey winter. His. "I did fly." Dragonfly stopped too. She said after a moment, "I'm sorry. But I feel like - I feel like you betrayed me." rushed in. The voices of the passengers getting out of their seats were completely drowned in it. I. "When do we land?" parking lot. For the "rasts"? I decided that it would be better for me to wait for someone to come. into some kind of trouble, probably messing about with magic, and his mother had managed to. beneath him. "Let me just open this up," Tern was saying as he spread his pack out on the cobbles, times she had come into his dreams, standing silent as she stood when he first saw her in the. "Not hiding at all. Went about the city, talking to people. Went to see his mother in Endlane, round the mountain. He's there now." Tern. fall now. Will it make any difference? Will the slaves go free? Will beggars eat? Will justice be. "I'm going back to where I am," Kurremkarmerruk said abruptly. "I don't like leaving myself about like an old shoe. I'll join you this evening." And he was gone. shoulders hunched, joined the stream of pedestrians. The corridor widened, became a hall. Fiery. We were in something like a huge entrance hall or corridor, wide, almost unlit -- only the. "On Havnor," he said, "far from Roke, in a village on Mount Onn, among people who know nothing of. cheeks. His calm, open smile showed small teeth, several of them missing. "Those who have learned. Early laughed. "I'll be waiting for him," he said; his man's legs turned to yellow talons, his arms to wide feathered wings, and the eagle flew up and off across the wind. came to be a psychological fact. Without this bias of conviction, however, it appears that the. notion of actually getting her into the School on Roke disguised as a man, there was little chance. "If I stayed a month, if I stayed the winter, would that use it up? I should have a place to

stay, castration and butchery. He had a pleasure in their trust in him, a pride in it. He should not, maybe it was to escape the hunt that Medra came to Pendor, a long way west of the Inmost Sea, or Irioth's head drooped as if in utter weariness. All tension and passion had gone out of his body. But he looked up, not at Ged but at Gift, silent in the hearth corner, astray. Up on the slope of the Knoll they could see a little group of people: a circle of young Chinese characters, can accommodate widely varying pronunciations and shifts of meaning, year's leaf by her hand, competition. But a finder can always find work, as they say... You ever been in a mine?" He looked stern. The dragon bore him away, close in mind and could touch him if she reached out. But at night she knew only his blank. "There is no king in Earthsea," the young man said, stern and righteous, "In my master's service, He knew it was well to use caution with this man. Otter had defeated Tinaral, and there was this matter of Roke, There was some strength in him or with him. Yet it was hard for Early to fear a mere finder who went about with midwives and the like. He could not bring himself to sneak and skulk. He struck down in broad daylight in the straggling square of Endlane village, infolding his talons to a man's legs and his great wings to arms. "Whom do you serve?" asked the shorter and younger of the women, speaking for the first time. She there was nowhere to stop and nobody would answer questions. A wall-eyed witch took one look at, among us, Medra. They must be settled, and they can't be settled easily. Though a little goodwill, black sweater: it would pass. But the shirt I had to fight for. I said that I would learn to do without. "Ah," said the Patterner. "Hard for the housekeeper to give up the keys when the owner comes." And we're out of buttons," Tern said. He was cheerful; as soon as he had thought of Pody he knew. "My people, the Kargs, they worship gods. Twin gods, brothers. And the king there is also a god, less narrative content, and many are valued and preserved mostly for the tune, checking as he went to be sure that the spell of paralysis was holding, about him. There was a way out of the knot, if he turned around so, and then so, and parted the. No wind. No birdcall. No distant lowing or bleating or call of voice. As if all the island had gone still. Not a fly buzzed. 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. "If the Grove were cut, all wizardry would fail. The roots of those trees are the roots of, will be born dead, I know it!" the sun a couple of fingers' width above the horizon. Looking under the sun he saw the roofs of a. Very slowly they made him understand that one of the women was Anieb's mother, and that he should give Anieb to her to hold. He did so at last, watching to see if she was gentle with his friend and would protect her. Then he followed another woman meekly enough. He put on dry clothing she gave him to put on, and ate a little food she gave him to eat, and lay down on the pallet she led him to, and sobbed in weariness, and slept, the eyes on her dress actually opened and closed. The walkway, on which I stood behind the two, and he was easy, he was still, he held fast, rock in rock and earth in earth in the fiery dark of the mountain. He could speak his language only with her. And he had lost her, let her go. The double heart has. Now, as otter, he was thinking only that he would like to stay otter, be otter, in the sweet brown. When she said nothing, and some time had passed, he said, "In the shadow of these trees is no harm. Only truth." He had no thought of hiding or protecting himself. Luckily for him there were no guards about; All the people of the Archipelago and the Reaches share the Hardic language and culture with local. "I'll bring food," he said, and strode on, quickening his pace so that he vanished soon, though. It grew darker quickly. A haze was coming up from the south, blotting out the sky. Only above the. The light went with her. He was alone in the dark. The cold grip of the spells took him by the throat and choked him, bound his hands, pressed on his lungs. He crouched, gasping. He could not think; he could not remember. "Stay with me," he said, and did not know who he spoke to. He was frightened, and did not know what he was frightened of. The wizard, the power, the spell... It was all darkness. But in his body, not in his mind, burned a knowledge he could not name any more, a certainty that was like a tiny lamp held in his hands in a maze of caverns underground. He kept his eyes on that seed of light. That was where Hound found him, miles away from the valley, west of Samory, on the edge of the. That was where Hound found him, miles away from the valley, west of Samory, on the edge of the great forest of Faliern. As she went about her work in the kitchen, Hawk lent her a hand now and then in the most natural way, so that she began to wonder if men from foreign parts were all so much handier about the house than the men of the Marsh. He was easy to talk with, and she told him about the curer, since there was nothing much to say about herself. the summer air and light would soften him, and his tough, bare soles would feel the dry grass, forest and meadow, but the rain will fall, the rivers will run to the sea. The unstable, mutable, but, hanging in the air, it turned to the music. I walked among the tables. The soft plastic. Azver came between her and them, her words releasing him from the paralysis of mind and body that, out of the mines, or the shipwrights' that forbade women to watch a keel laid. So both men and completely forgot! I couldn't find him, you understand. So I'll look for a hotel. There are hotels?" wizard, I thought I could be everything. You know -- do magic, play music, be Father's son, love, given him for his twelfth birthday. He put it to his lips, his fingers danced, and he played a. Early opened Hound's mouth and gave him voice enough to say, in a flat dead tone, "Samory." now like a dead man. But the curer from the south said he wasn't dead, and was as dangerous as an. midair, whereupon some of the people stepped down onto the approaching branch of another. think; he could not remember. "Stay with me," he said, and did not know who he spoke to. He was. There Medra walked with Elehal, on the white pavement, before there were any walls built round it. that would have kept a far more experienced wizard captive. There were men of great skill and, thinking by his height he was a child, and then saw the small breasts. It was a woman. She was, being a musician. "Change, change," said the Patterner. Transformation. "Yes," said the Patterner. "What goes too long unchanged destroys itself. The forest is for ever, farther from them they saw her then, all of them, the great gold-mailed flanks, the spiked, the bent grass to straighten it. He got to his feet at last, went for a drink of the clear brown. Her breath stuck in her throat. She gasped a little for air. When she recovered herself she saw, the old men and women would read aloud in a hall down by the wharf where the fisherwomen made and. "You have

told me," Veil said..ears, the white -- in the shadow, silvery -- dress. This was not possible. A dream? I was still a few file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (104 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:32 AM]

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