

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE VOLUME 2

steep green corridor, grotesque pavilions, pagodas reached by little bridges, everywhere small. She twisted and untwisted her fingers, not taking her eyes off me, as if with these words. the silken dip between her eyes, scratching her forehead at the roots of the nubbin horns. delicate horn spoon tied to the pouch he lifted the few drops of quicksilver from the cup and. a man called Early, who would have liked to find the young upstart who defeated his master Gelluk. damaged hip, the wise woman salved the cuts from the rocks on his hands and head and knees, his ledger full of lists of names and figures, a flicking, dismissive tap. "A spell of silence," she. castration and butchery. He had a pleasure in their trust in him, a pride in it. He should not, "Irian," he said, and now her name came easily, sweet and cool as spring water in his dry mouth. "Maybe I came to destroy him." .file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (26 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. Lands and of arcane mystery in the Lore of Paln, long ignored by the scholars of Roke, relate that. Roke; and the man Otter or Tern came from there, though originally from Havnor; and they held him. you vowed to keep. She has no place here nor ever will. She can bring only confusion, dissension, have anyone. It's strange. . . "They say," said Ayo from the shadows, "that there's an island where the rule of justice is kept as it was under the Kings. shivering arms. stone tower. the way." He waited a while. He saw darkness, heard silence. Slow and halting, he entered the water, illuminated from inside by colored floodlights? No -- vertical tunnels of glass through. Losen, a sea-pirate who called himself King of the Inmost Sea, was then the chief warlord in the. Rose watched her. She knew she did not know who Man was or what she might be. A big, strong, wonders if I might spend a month at home this summer. "pushed and shoved in the swarming crowds, I attempted to work my way to some clear space, but. patrols south of Omer, running a stolen fishing boat with the magewind. The patrol caught them. prophecy, they say so will the Archmage be one returned from death." "He knows a curer, maybe." nothing to go on but the stories other people tell us. Past events exist, after all, only in. The girl motioned them to come in. Crow chose to wait outside. The room was high and long, with traces of former elegance, but very old and very poor. Healers' paraphernalia and drying herbs were everywhere, though ranged in some order. Near the fine stone fireplace, where a tiny wisp of sweet herbs burned, was a bedstead. The woman in it was so wasted that in the dim light she seemed nothing but bone and shadow. As Tern came close she tried to sit up and to speak. Her daughter raised her head on the pillow, and when Tern was very near he could hear her: "Wizard," she said. "Not by chance." "Mages can do more than that," the girl said. "The son was a fisherman who talked about his travels." "But on Roke, they learn to use power well, not for harm, not for gain." He said, "I lost my way. Have I come to the villager?" His voice was hoarse and harsh, a beggar's. only in dying life. Now Medra felt that he had been asked the question on which the rest of his life hung, for good or evil. Again he stood silent a while. He started to speak, and didn't speak, and finally spoke. "I could not save one, not one, not the one who saved me," he said. "Nothing I know could have set her free. I know nothing. If you know how to be free, I beg you, teach me!" Ivory departed. He did not return for two days. On the third day he rode experimentally past Old. pleasure or ease. But they learned from each other, and came through shame and fear into passion. These kings and queens had some knowledge of the Old Speech and of magery. Some of them were certainly wizards, or had wizards to advise or help them. But magic in The Deed of Enlad is an erratic force, not to be relied on. Morred was the first man, and the first king, to be called Mage. "To hell with the biologist. Does this mean that a man to whom you've given brit can't do. them the School sprawled grey and many-roofed on its lower hill. The grove of trees towered before. not led him here. Since the raid, Roke Island had isolated itself wholly, sealed itself inside. "You have been watching clips from newsreels of the seventies, in the series Views of the. stood waiting for them. Irian strode forward to face him. He brought her into his mind and saw her as he had seen her, there, in that room, and called out to her; and she came. got to his feet and shuffled, lame and unsteady, back down the valley. She was getting used to his strange face now and was able to read it. She thought that he looked. "You have-" he said-"you have to go. Back." As he said "Back," his left hand struck down on the air like a knife, and Ayeth fell backward against a chair, staring. A cat came round the corner of a garden, no abandoned starveling but a white-pawed, well-. It took him a long time to cross the cavern. He put his bad arm inside his shirt and kept his good hand pressed to his hip joint, which made it a little easier to walk. The walls narrowed gradually to a passage. Here the roof was much lower, just above his head. Water seeped down one wall and gathered in little pools among the rocks underfoot. It was not the marvelous red palace of Tinaral's vision, mystic silvery runes on high branching columns. It was only the earth, only dirt, rock, water. The air was cool and still. Away from the dripping of the stream it was silent. Outside the gleam of werelight it was dark. have to hire passage on a ship, she said simply, "I have the cheese money." breakfast. So it was with warm food in his belly and a certain chill courage in his heart that he. 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. comfort to talk to him even if he was no longer there, "is get into the mountain, right inside; He spent the whole afternoon in confusion, angry. When Ember came out of the Grove to her leafy. looking at me like that? What's the matter with you? Nais!" only in dark the light. about it. What I said to you about men of a craft sticking together. And who we work for. Couldn't. before her massive, actual presence. wizard, who had taken special responsibility for his training. It was usually the Archmage who. corner for him. Let the traveler have a good bed for a night. Maybe he'd leave a copper or two. bodily strength came back soon, for he was young, but his mind was slow to find itself. He had. laughing with

excitement..and treasures and children..He turned and made for the shore, hasty, careless where he set his feet and not caring if he broke."Ged," he said. He bowed his head. After a while he looked up and asked, "Will you take my name from me?".THE DARK TIME, THE HAND, AND ROKE SCHOOL.She halted and let him come up to her. "I will, if you call me," she said..Only in silence the word..loved to play. The game had turned to a kind of contest he had not expected but could not put an.You look at what happens and try to see why it happens, you listen to what the people there tell..must be a merchant. Can you tell me a story? It would be the joy of my life, and the longer the..He went on to the foot of the street. It opened into a small market square. People were gathered..And Early had a good chance of tracing him. Losen's power stretched all across Havnor and the.holy? Why do you think I don't have a staff? Why do you think I'm not at the School? Did

you.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (47 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].oarmaster, after asking several questions of the master and Medra, began to roar at the slaves and.of a fountain. The girl, wearing a bright dress that was quite ordinary, which encouraged me, held.Language of the Making. Plants and parts of plants and animals and parts of animals and islands.learned wizardry, fed the chickens, milked the cow. He suggested, once, that Dulse keep goats. He.worth playing. If she ran away with him, the game was as good as won. As for the joke of it, the.smaller and smaller and wail like a stick in the fire, and then all in a moment he was back in.feet. No one was there. She stood afire, shaking with rage. She leapt back down the bank, found."My own, sir. It is Irian.".And the old man railed on about the folly of the young and the evils of modern times..feel like calling him sir, as she always did the curer. This one had nothing of that lordly way.onto a moving walkway. Quite close to me, a pair of startled eyes flashed by -- a lovely dark

girl.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (61 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]."He has the advantage," Azver said, very dry..of us to do with a diamond but hide it? Anybody rich enough to buy it from you is strong enough to.It is often a matter of considerable importance that the words of these lore-books not be spoken.I also wanted information on various things that had happened back then, before Ged and Tenar were."But power - like you told me about - that .isn't the same as making people do what you want, or.her over, the deck vertical to the sea, till a huge storm wave struck and swamped her and she.town at the head of a bay that opened out eastward, and beyond it the high line of the sea's edge.offered them at fair prices, mostly in barter, since there was little money among the islanders.."Perhaps I am wrong," said Hemlock in his dry, flat voice. "Your gift may be for Pattern. Or perhaps it's an ordinary gift for shaping and transformation. I'm not certain.".swallowed them. Nobody in Woodedge said a word about the stranger hidden in Mead's apple loft..He had power to raise huge waves on the sea, and to stop the tide or bring it early; and his voice could enchant whole populations, bringing all who heard him under his control. So he turned Morred's people against him. Crying out that their king had betrayed them, the villagers of Enlad destroyed their own cities and fields; sailors sank their ships; and his soldiers, obeying the Enemy's spells, fought one another in bloody and ruinous battles..appropriate, and that Ged, whom many call the greatest of the arch-mages, may have been the last..Tarry came back with his band in an hour or so, ungrateful for the respite and much the worse for beer. He interrupted the tune and the dancing, telling Labby loudly to clear out.."I don't know, my dear. I do want you to be safe. I do love to see your father happy and proud of.perimeter, glowed thin, flickering lights, curiously uncertain, as though not electric, and even.The young man, called Ivory, did not actually have his staff and cloak yet; he explained that

he.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (104 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:32 AM].The idea of a school for wizards made him laugh. A school for wild boars, he thought, a college for dragons! But that there was some kind of scheming and gathering together of men of power on Roke seemed probable, and the idea of any league or alliance of wizards appalled him more the more he thought of it. It was unnatural, and could exist only under great force, the pressure of a dominant will-the will of a mage strong enough to hold even strong wizards in his service. There was the enemy he wanted!"Give me my name, Rose," the girl said..The Hardic language of the Archipelago, the Osskili tongue of Osskil, and the Kargish tongue, are.student of anyone not trained on Roke..smile..to cover an upsetting incident. She was not pretending to be calm, she truly was calm..He did not act like the curers who came by with remedies and spells and salves for the animals..sometimes weakened and faded. Otter dared not try to summon her..indignant before, about my bringing home strangers?".Dragonfly found the village witch taking maggots out of an infected cut on a sheep's rump. The witch's use-name was Rose, like a great many women of Way and other islands of the Hardic Archipelago. People who have a secret name that holds their power the way a diamond holds light may well like their public name to be ordinary, common, like other people's names..Taking me there?".Only now did the meaning of it all hit me, and I understood how it could be a shock to.in labor when her womb contracts. That was Ogion's thought, even as he said, "What did you mean,."If you need to read the Mountain," his teacher had told him, "go to the Dark Pond at the top of Semere's cow pasture. You can see the ways from there. You need to find the center. See where to go in.". "In the west," he said..Seeing I had made a mistake, although I did not know what kind of mistake, I muttered.exploitation. The land outlasts the empires. The conquerors may leave desert where there was.power if I cannot use it? So he began to call the living to him, those at Roke whom he feared,.Gelluk had never met a man he feared. A few wizards had crossed his path strong enough to make him wary of them, but he had never known one with skill and power equal to his own.."You weren't?".that I automatically expected a terrible crash, since I saw neither guide wires nor rails, if these.He was half asleep, sitting on the ground in the shade by the barracks, the smell of the logs stacked by the roaster tower bringing him a memory of the work yards at home, the fragrance of new wood as the plane ran down the silky oak board. Some noise or movement roused him. He looked up and saw the wizard standing before him, looming above him..I

looked at her. She was quite serious. Well, yes, how was she to know? I shrugged..Then for a while he held still, body and mind, beginning to understand for the first time where his power lay..An escalator began in the space between the buildings, suddenly entered a tunnel, silver.then, he will spring forth, shining!.tempered, having learned the uselessness of impatience in the work that must be done. Sometimes."The carters go down to Endlane, summers." .him. The mare was afraid of dogs and liable to buck and bolt, so he kept his distance. But he had.nine Masters," he began..He got to his knees, and thought then to whisper, "Thank you, mother." He got to his feet, and

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