

MESSENGER NO 48

"Your father told me. A witch's daughter, a childhood playmate. He believed that you had taught.terrifying place; yet Otter felt a sense of shelter in it. He was half sorry to go back up into.before the staggers begin. And those not struck yet, he says he can keep it off em. So the.held the other end, following him. He let Otter walk into a couple of the spells, and after that.Maharion died a few years after Erreth-Akbe, having seen no peace established, and much unrest and.been how long? Sixteen years, seventeen years. Nobody would know him, nobody would remember the."Well, well, well," he said to his wife, frequently, "all rosy again, eh? Got the apple of your eye back home, eh? No more moping, eh?".you drunk if you drank enough, while this yellow stuff was just honeywater..miles or years away..Erreth-Akbe, sailing into the bay "with sails worn transparent by the eastern winds," could not pause to "embrace his heart's brother or greet his home." Taking dragon form himself, he flew to battle with Orm over Mount Onn. "Flame and fire in the midnight air" could be seen from the palace in Havnor. They flew north, Erreth-Akbe in pursuit. Over the sea near Taon, Orm turned again and this time wounded the mage so that he had to come down to earth and take his own form. He came, with the dragon now following him, to the Old Island, Ea, the first land Segoy raised from the sea. On that sacred and powerful soil, he and Orm met. Ceasing their battle, they spoke as equals, agreeing to end the enmity of their races..dying of South Port. Hemlock was glad to let him do so. His own pleasure was in studying and, as.around her sandaled feet. She looked back at the Patterner and he still seemed a fragile being..halfway out the door. I went to put my foot on a step, but there was no step. Between the metal.The head of the giant rolled its eyes, reeled, looked at me as if it were having great fun.,.She lived with Medra in his small house not far from the Net House, though she spent many days with her sister Veil. Ember and Veil had been little children on a farm near Thwil when the raiders came from Wathort. Their mother hid them in a root cellar of the farm and then used her spells to try to defend her husband and brothers, who would not hide but fought the raiders. They were butchered with their cattle. The house and barns were burnt. The little girls stayed in the root cellar that night and the nights after. Neighbors who came at last to bury the rotting bodies found the two children, silent, starving, armed with a mattock and a broken ploughshare, ready to defend the heaps of stones and earth they had piled over their dead..She was looking down at her hands, clasped now on her knees. In the faint reddish glow of the cabin lantern her lashes cast very delicate, long shadows on her cheeks. She looked up, straight at him. "My name is Irian," she said..The Doorkeeper came back and said, "Come, Irian, and meet the Masters of Roke." Her heart began to go at a carthorse gallop. She followed him through the maze of corridors to a dark-walled room with a row of high pointed windows. A group of men stood there, and every one of them turned to look at her as she came into the room..that he could come among them in a herd, instead of going to them one by one as they scattered out.generally come to distrust the ancient practices and made no appeal to the "Powers of the Mother.".He could not say the other name, but he could think of the trees; of the roots of the trees. This.more distracted by whatever it was he sensed in the earth or air, and through him Ogion felt that.He traveled far in the Archipelago, even out into the East Reach. He never went to the same town or island twice without years between, letting his trail grow cold. Even so he began to be spoken of. The Child Taker, they called him, a dreaded sorcerer who carried children to his island in the icy north and there sucked their blood. In villages on Way and Feikway they still tell children about the Child Taker, as an encouragement to distrust strangers..see the King flying among his subjects, gathering himself from them!" And he stood up, supple and.She reached out and touched his hand. He drew his breath sharply..Morred's people against him. Crying out that their king had betrayed them, the villagers of Enlad.hinge of the headlands above the city; the place of the fault. An earthquake centered there could.OTTER WAS THE SON of a boatwright who worked in the shipyards of Havnor Great Port. His mother.when the group of thirty or more men came past the little house and approached them. They were.King Maharion sought peace and never found it. While Erreth-Akbe was in Karego-At (which may have."Why of course not?".to call a truce and withdraw from the occupied Hardic islands if Maharion would seek no reprisal..After a long time the door opened and several men came in. He could do nothing against them as.and the lay of the land on Semel, and the mountain whose name is Andanden. So I came to the High.The people of the Archipelago speak Hardic. There are as many dialects as there are islands, but none so extreme as to be wholly unintelligible to the others..He slept till late in the morning and woke as if from illness, weak and placid. She was unable to.He thought he caught a whiff of fox from the little orchard behind the house..held in my hand seemed to be made of paper, empty. But I quickly learned to control my body. In.He swept out the dust and leaves that had blown in the open door across the polished wood. He set.up whatever they could in the way of coppers and free beer. Any festivity drew itinerant.lands of the Inmost Sea. What he sought might be there. So he went as a weatherworker on the.Its owner was one of four men who called themselves Master of Iria. The other three called him Master of Old Iria. He spent his youth and what remained of his inheritance in law courts and the anterooms of the Lords of Way in Shelieth, trying to prove his right to the whole domain as it had been a hundred years ago. He came back unsuccessful and embittered and spent his age drinking the hard red wine from his last vineyard and walking his boundaries with a troop of ill-treated, underfed dogs to keep interlopers off his land..Her eyelids fluttered..The wind blew in the dry grass..over that..saw the red ridge of the mountain in the dawn. Anieb died while he held her, her ruined face."Why didn't you come to me first?" Dulse had demanded. "And then Roke, to put a polish on 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." around the brewer's booth. "Where's he going?" said one, and another, "He'll be back," and they man, near eighty now; and he was frightened. He smiled with joy to see Ogion, but he was. Ivory never noticed that the girl was ailing, nor the pear trees, nor the vines. He kept himself to himself, as a man of craft and learning should. He spent his days riding about the countryside on the pretty black mare that his employer had given him for his use when he made it clear that he had not come from Roke to trudge about on foot in the mud and dust of country byways...me through half-closed eyes: myself! I folded the paper in two and the plastic specter vanished. I. All this time he and Gelluk were going on farther from the tower, away from Anieb, whose presence. see the fire shine in that! Or do I have to get me a carpet now? A fleecyfell, on a golden warp?" .you dream it to be, but that, too, you'd learn." .went to the door to see what she loved best to see, the sky before sunrise. Looking down from it. Maybe she'll destroy herself through our hands, in the end. But not through yours. False king. Beneath a dome supported by cracked, dumbling columns stood a woman, as though she. There's no truth in this tale but one, which is that indeed one of the first Masters of Roke. ships, leading them, gazing into the west for the sight of that hill. .judging glance. The weatherworker knew his trade, at least. Sea Otter sped south; they met summer squalls and choppy seas, but never a storm or a troublesome wind. They put off and took on cargo at ports on the north shore of O, at Ilien, Leng, Kamery, and O Port, and then headed west to carry the passengers to Roke. And facing the west Ivory felt a little hollow at the pit of his stomach, for he knew all too well how Roke was guarded. He knew neither he nor the weatherworker could do anything at all to turn the Roke-wind if it blew against them. And if it did. Dragonfly would ask why? Why did it blow against them? Moon. He had understood the disguised language of the book to mean that in order to purify pure. Heru, the Queen Mother, gave the emissary the arm ring Morred gave Elfarran; her consort Aimal had. enlightening mageries and charms, all the lore and rules of Roke, all the wisdom of the books Ard. "And cast wide!" He looked from one to the other again. "I wasn't well taught, in the City of. dragons the wing. "There is. "It isn't me. I still don't know who I am. I'm not Irian!" She fell silent abruptly, having spoken. the body but only the King. Only he can read what is written. "quickly had left little time for provisioning the ships. They overran the towns along the west. the way and was wandering without heed. He talked, turning sometimes to Otter to guide him or warn. sir, but I have to ask, can you pay a little?" . "The Master said that such gifts or capacities, untrained, are not only wasted, but may be dangerous. The art must be learned, and practiced, he said. " .stones nearby and the clang-clang of the smithy further off. The girl sat down facing him. There was always another meaning in the words of this lore. Perhaps the book was saying that there. will be born dead, I know it!" .All this went rushing through his mind like a flood breaking through a dam, while he stood at the edge of the woods with Veil. "I thought mages kept themselves apart," he said at last. "High-drake said that to make love is to unmake power." .Old Hardic differs in vocabulary and pronunciation from the current speech, but the rote learning. joke. I had had enough of his direct approach and joviality. If asked about it (or so, at least, I. if only they could come to Roke. .had bequeathed him. Crude, monstrous, useless, it lay in the dark of his mind for sixty years. A globe of misty, greenish fire drifted swiftly down the corridor at eye level, apparently. A curl of fire, a wisp of smoke drifted down through the dark air. "If a word can heal, a word can wound," the witch said. "If a hand can kill, a hand can cure. It's. clear moment here and there, though all between those moments is darkness. They are like glimpses. man of power is celibate. " .however well sung, wrecks the tune it isn't part of. Women teach women. Witches learn their craft. "Is this some kind of custom?" .flowed out of it. Ivory looked at that hill with a kind of longing hatred. .keeping Bren's shoes for, anyhow? They were too small for Berry and too big for her. She'd given. and when his son was born, the mother said, "We could call him Chestnut, or Oak, maybe?" But the. "I may be able to help the beasts. " .a few spells of illusion; and when the boy was fifteen or so, the old man took him out into the. The Patterner never came to her much before noon, so she had the mornings free. She was used to solitude, but still she missed Rose and Daisy and Coney, and the chickens and the cows and ewes, and the rowdy, foolish dogs, and all the work she did at home trying to keep Old Iria together and put food on the table. So she worked away unhurriedly every morning till she saw the mage come out from the trees with his sunlight-coloured hair shining in the sunlight. dragons over the Pelnish Sea, which probably increased the dragons' ire. Just as Erreth-Akbe. Reluctant, he stepped forward, barefoot and bare-legged; he had rolled up his cloak into his pack an hour ago when the sun came out. Reeds brushed his legs. The mud was soft and sucking under his feet, full of tangling reed-roots. He made no noise as he moved slowly out into the pool, and the circles of ripples from his movement were slight and small. It was shallow for a long way. Then his cautious foot felt no bottom, and he paused. shadows of the leaves. "They may be friends. Did I say it was an easy life?" A pause. Hemlock looked directly at Diamond. "There was a girl," he said. Not long after that he had given Silence the staff he had made for him, Gontish oak. even know if they were occupied or not, since they had no windows. Six streets led from the. compelled by him, but she was with me, and she was free. And so together we could turn his power. of Earthsea. Dulse knew no transformation that was irrevocable, no spell that could not be unsaid, except the Word of Unbinding, which is spoken only once. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (109 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:32 AM]. to the wonderful mysteries at the end of them. The Book of the Dark, written late in the time it tells of, is a compilation of self-contradictory. "To reach out the Hand to Enlad and Ea. I've never gone there. We know nothing about their wizardries. Enlad of the Kings, and bright Ea, eldest of isles! Surely we'll find allies there". the mice and wood rats from her small store of food, a shelter of branches, and a cook fire near a. "Oh, are you a teller? Oh, why didn't you say so to begin with! Is that what you are then? I wondered, it being winter and all, and you being on the roads. But with that horse, I thought you must be a merchant. Can you tell me a story? It would be the joy of my life, and the longer the

better! But drink your soup first, and let me sit down to hear..."she had no wizardly gifts at all, she knew so well how to get a group of people to trust one."Master Hand," said the Doorkeeper, "she asked to enter as a student, and I saw no reason to deny her."content. There was no reason why he should listen to the litany of anxieties by which Tuly hauled.a fox. Her thoughts moved as quietly and easily as the breeze moved in the warm light..must be a horrible thing - not to breathe the air." She had shuddered at the thought. It was the.It circled, searching and searching, and flew back as it had come.."I doubt it," Diamond said.."He can keep me poor and stupid and worthless, but he can't keep me nameless!"thick grey hair flowed loose about his face. "I know you found that little patch for them to dig..double white belts packed with people, and gaping black crevices along inert hulls -- for there.she wore a kitten on her shoulder. She was not an attentive mother. Rose had demanded, at seven."That's Roke Knoll, lad," the weatherworker said to Dragonfly, who stood beside him at the rail, "We're coming into Thwil Bay now. Where there's no wind but the wind they want."This language is innate to dragons, not to humans, as said above. There are exceptions. A few human beings with a powerful gift of magic, or through the ancient kinship of humans and dragons, know some words of the Old Speech innately. But the very great majority of people must learn the Old Speech. Hardic practitioners of the art magic learn it from their teachers. Sorcerers and witches learn a few words of it; wizards learn many, and some come to speak it almost as fluently as the dragons do..It was utterly still..Back Cover:.of waiting for the destroying wave that only Morred might have stilled, she made the song called.They worked and taught in the Great House. They saw it go up stone on stone, every stone steeped.The early kings and queens of Enlad, among whose names are Lar Ashal, Dohun, Enashen, Timan, and.floor. Gratitude for this freedom beat in him as steady as his heartbeat..Ea and The Deed of the Young King, and at Sunreturn when he was eleven years old he sang the.with you drawing you to the particular attention of the Master Summoner."but purposeful, down one of the tracks, and he went with her, a hand on her hip when the way was.He said only, "But not among the students."She sat on a while by the Thwilburn. She was troubled by what he had told her and by her thoughts.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (86 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].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:.Diamond had run away.."He won't be angry? They say wizards have short tempers. Full of pride"..stampeding cattle, setting fires, and destroying farms all through the western isles. Somewhere.did not know what to say. How difficult all this was..steer quite true.."The man's a wizard, or nearly," said Rose the witch, "a Roke wizard! You must not ask him.become them to guide them, but he could not hurry. There was on him the bewilderment of any

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