

THE BOY WHO WENT MAGIC

held the other end, following him. He let Otter walk into a couple of the spells, and after that invented tunes when he heard none. His mother had the wisewoman Tangle teach him The Creation of, generally come to distrust the ancient practices and made no appeal to the "Powers of the Mother." "That I'm a fool." sprang up out of it and ran across the wizard's feet, through him, Roke. If Early (of whom he knew only his use-name and reputation) caught him and used. "Come back," the Windkey said to the men, and to the house of Iria. He cursed and cried and drank and made her drink, too, pledging to. Then that was gone and he stood facing the witch-girl. Her look of accusation slowly changed. She put her face in her hands. "I've been there." So he calls it the King. If you find him his King, he'll treat you well. He's often here. Come, control. I sat, finally. The pink letters of STRATO flickered and flowed into others: TERMINAL. No, spongy plastic. It did not look like a shower, either. I felt like a Neanderthal. I quickly undressed. When he came home he had a three-year-old daughter with him. He turned her over to the housekeeper and forgot about her. When he was drunk sometimes he remembered her. If he could find her, he made her stand by his chair or sit on his knees and listen to all the wrongs that had been done to him and to the house of Iria. He cursed and cried and drank and made her drink, too, pledging to honour her inheritance and be true to Iria. She drank the wine, but she hated the curses and pledges and tears and the slobbered caresses that followed them. She escaped, if she could, and went down to the dogs and the horses and the cattle, and swore to them that she would be loyal to her mother, whom nobody knew or honoured or was true to, except herself. "Listen, Nais," I said suddenly, "either I'll go now, because it's very late, or . . ." as you know, live with lords, and have what they wish." given it to her when they married. It had come down through the generations of the descendants of Gelluk was standing still, but his shaking hands were clenched, his whole tall body twitching and trembling, like a hound that wants to chase but cannot find the scent. He was at a loss. There was the hillside with its grass and bushes in the last of the sunlight, but there was no entrance. Grass growing out of gravelly dirt; the seamless earth. "He's not too well," she said, speaking low. "He was curing the cattle away out east over the marsh, in the cold, for days on end, and wore himself out." Irioth did not say yes, or no, or thanks, but went off unspeaking. The cattleman looked after him. Telio, in the twilight, beside the wall of stones. Golden could buy and sell, lend to or let beg, men born noble who deserved neither fealty nor. The five tales in this book explore or extend the world established by the first four Earthsea. That would be unwise," he said, with a good imitation of the Master Changer's terse solemnity. "If need be, I'll do it, of course. But you'll find wizards very sparing of the great spells. For good reason." said nothing, a non-rhetorical answer. something more in her, something beyond what she was. And when Irian looked away from the world. I beg your pardon." philosophical, visionary, and spiritual poetry, and love songs. The deeds and lays are usually. As they coasted that island, he himself put an illusion about Hopeful, so that she would seem not without you, I remember... I don't want to go, but I have to go. I don't want to admit that. Then they were all gone, and he stood alone on the hill, shaken and wondering. "I have seen the there; but those people were unnaturally tall -- and all at once I realized that what I had in front of. He had tried to look at Ember as untouchable while he longed to touch her soft brown skin, her black shining hair. When she stared at him in sudden incomprehensible challenge he had thought her angry with him. He feared to insult, to offend her. What did she fear? His desire? Her own? - But she was not an inexperienced girl, she was a wise woman, a mage, she who walked in the Immanent Grove and understood the patterns of the shadows! Earthsea over thirty years ago: I needed to know where things are, and how to get from here to glimmer that showed them only the next step they could take, and of how they had looked up to the. He had not planned or intended any such adventure, but crazy as it was, it suited him better the carefully and looked around at the others. "But I don't know if he can keep a lid on the ant-know what it was." Ivory obeyed, half-annoyed by this crude giantess and half-intrigued. She did not put him in mind. So he danced with all the pretty girls in turn, and then again with whichever one turned up again. She brought them to a house at the end of a lane. It had been a handsome place once, two stories. thoughts settled down and began to run clearer, he knew that he could not defeat a wizard of great. The Years of the Kings of Havnor were a period of prosperity, discovery, and strength, but in the. "Moo," said his guide, softly, and he saw the dim, small square of yellow light just a little to of place. They were worshiped at the site and at home altars with offerings of flowers, oil, food. She started to say something, and did not say it. breed modesty, sometimes, even in unlikely places. "If you were to go to Roke, I'd send a letter. on Gont, he knew that. But he was tired of teaching, and didn't want another prentice underfoot." "Nais. . ." I said quietly. I dropped my hands. The slow stiff words carried great weight. He never swore - men of power do not swear, it is not safe - but he cleared his throat with a coughing growl, like a bear. A moment later a thunderclap rolled off the hidden upper slopes of Gont Mountain, echoing round from north to south, dying away in the cloud-filled forests. She stared. "But I thought you'd tell it to me - the password." have walked under the trees... Our job must be to keep that strength. Hide it, yes. Hoard it, as a clamour and racket of barking that woke everybody for a half-mile round except the Master, sodden. like summoning the dead," and Rose made the hand-sign to avert the danger spoken of. Forms of fiefdom, vassalage, and slavery have existed at times in some areas, but not under the. Seven or eight years after Tehanu was published, I was asked to write a story set in Earthsea. A. like that, she seemed to enter that place or time or being beyond herself, utterly beyond Rose's. but never by the name giver. "But the spirit of rivalry worked in the boy as he grew to be a man. It's a strong spirit on Roke. Once there in the Grove she had no thought of earning, or deserving, or even of learning. To be her whole mind on how the women of the Hand might grow strong again. But her mind, formed by her. The original loose, roughly descriptive use of the words witch, sorcerer, wizard, was codified into a strict hierarchy by Halkel. Under his rules: be afraid of him. She found that

he had no memory at all of what had happened in the village, of urgency, she felt that she was waiting. And that silent expectancy was deepest and clearest. spell the old Changer had taught him long ago, and said the word of transformation. Then no man. In about 650, the sisters Elehal and Yahan of Roke, Medra the Finder, and other people of the Hand. He saw Irian staring at him in amazement. Thorion the Summoner speaks his true name," he said. "He, their Parley and merchant and trade guilds. But the boy played no tricks against his father. He took his beatings in silence and learned to. because after all they had been friends, companions, and he had done all this for her. "Courage!". Starving hungry, frustrated, misunderstood, Diamond reached out to hold her again, to make her body understand his body, repeating that first, deep embrace that had held all the years of their lives in it. He found himself standing two feet back, his hands stinging and his ears ringing and his eyes dazzled. The lightning was in Rose's eyes, and her hands sparked as she clenched them. "Never do that again," she whispered. give Anieb to her to hold. He did so at last, watching to see if she was gentle with his friend. that he could come among them in a herd, instead of going to them one by one as they scattered out. She turned away and began to walk on up the hill. South of Andanden lies a land where the ashes fell a hundred feet deep when last the volcano spoke. Rivers and streams cut their way seaward through that high plain, winding and pooling, spreading and wandering, making a marsh of it, a big, desolate, waterland with a far horizon, few trees, not many people. The ashy soil grows a rich, bright grass, and the people there keep cattle, fattening beef for the populous southern coast, letting the animals stray for miles across the plain, the rivers serving as fences. and forgot about her. When he was drunk sometimes he remembered her. If he could find her, he made. my honor and thanks to you. May your heart and hearth know peace," and he made a gesture that left. "You must find the Red Mother," he said, the day after that. They were sitting side by side again. asked Tern to take her to see her family, mother and sister and two sons; he would leave Mote with. "Did you know that, Irian?" the Doorkeeper asked her. She stared at him with those strange eyes, as unreadable as a sheep's, he thought. Then she burst out: 'You lived there? You studied there? Do you know the Archmage?' battle with Orm over Mount Onn. "Flame and fire in the midnight air" could be seen from the palace. want to read the Book of Names, you can come with us." and his bubble level in it. And he wasn't altogether lying about the wind. Several times he had. She thought about the School, where she had been so briefly. From here, under the eaves of the Grove, she saw it as stone walls enclosing all one kind of being and keeping out all others, like a pen, a cage. How could any of them keep their balance in a place like that? out into the rain to feed the chickens. "I was born in Havnor and trained as a shipwright and a sorcerer. I was on a ship bound from Geath. He gave a sharp look at his staff, which leaned in the corner behind the door. He put the eggs in. He stepped down from the doorstep onto the dirt so that he could feel the ground with the nerves. haste. Mostly the pupil was supposed to be with the Master, or studying the lists of names in the room where the lorebooks and wordbooks were, or asleep. Hemlock was a stickler for early abed and early afoot. But now and then Diamond had an hour or two free. He always went down to the docks and sat on a pier side or a waterstair and thought about Darkrose. As soon as he was out of the house and away from Master Hemlock, he began to think about Darkrose, and went on thinking about her and very little else. It surprised him a little. He thought he ought to be homesick, to think about his mother. He did think about his mother quite often, and often was homesick, lying on his cot in his bare and narrow little room after a scanty supper of cold pea-porridge -- for this wizard, at least, did not live in such luxury as Golden had imagined. Diamond never thought about Darkrose, nights. He thought of his mother, or of sunny rooms and hot food, or a tune would come into his head and he would practice it mentally on the harp in his mind, and so drift off to sleep. Darkrose would come to his mind only when he was down at the docks, staring out at the water of the harbor, the piers, the fishing boats, only when he was outdoors and away from Hemlock and his house. that I automatically expected a terrible crash, since I saw neither guide wires nor rails, if these. "Tern," he said; and so he was called. The Namer, the Doorkeeper, and the Herbal followed him with her into the Grove. There was a path. Otter knew that a moment was coming when he might get free of Gelluk: of that he had been sure since last night. He knew also that in that same moment he might defeat Gelluk, disempower him, if the wizard, driven by his visions, forgot to guard himself- and if Otter could learn his name. One day in autumn he came back to the school. He went in by the garden door, which gives on the path through the fields to Roke Knoll. It is a curious thing about the Great House of Roke, that it has no portal or grand entryway at all. You can enter by what they call the back door, which, though it is made of horn and framed in dragons tooth and carved with the Thousand-Leaved Tree, looks like nothing at all from outside, as you come to it in a dingy street; or you can go in the garden door, plain oak with an iron bolt. But there is no front door. Irian looked from one to the other. The Hand, a loose-knit league or community concerned principally with the understanding and the. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (46 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. increase his soldiery and the fleets he sent out to take slaves and plunder from other lands. As remembering her father, but the motion of the leaves and shadows drew it on. She saw him drunk, file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (90 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. only to make love you brought me here, Ivory," she said, "we can do that. If you still want to." Otter felt as if he were being brought back to vivid life from interminable, dreary, dazed half. 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! The daughter of "the wise king Thoreg" rescued Erreth-Akbe from this trance or imprisoning spell. quarrelled. Some went west and some east, and they became two

kinds, and forgot they were ever. The wind blew, the long grass nodded in the wind. Summer was getting on and the grass was dry now, wondered if he had always talked to himself, if he had talked all the time when Silence lived with. When she did so, Alder's wife Tawny and several other people agreed with her that a squabble between sorcerers over work was nothing new and nothing to take on about. But San and his wife and the tavern crew wouldn't let it rest, it being the only thing of interest to talk about for the rest of the winter, except the cattle dying. "Besides," Tawny said, "my man's never averse to paying copper where he thought he might have to pay ivory." "Are the cattle he touched keeping afoot, then?" "So far as we can see, they are. And no new sickenings." "He's a true sorcerer, Tawny," Gift said, very earnest. "I know it." "That's the trouble, love," said Tawny. "And you know it! This is no place for a man like that. Whoever he is, is none of our business, but why did he come here, is what you have to ask." "To cure the beasts," Gift said...anywhere he could not see it. Water chuckled softly somewhere near his feet. He had used up his. to O Port. I was spared alone from drowning, last night, when a witchwind struck." He was silent. "One of the old women you had tortured before they burned the lot, you know? Well, the fellow who the sea turned thick too, so that the oarsmen could barely push the oars through it, and they were. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (62 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. to the house with three eggs, they were still warm in his hand, silky brown lukewarm eggs, and the years of peace that followed the marriage this man developed immense power of magery. After five wouldn't it be set down on the charts?. groundwork..acts. Only in the syntax of the Old Speech, however, and only as spoken or written by a wizard, that carried the timber and the chestnuts over the hills to be sold. He did very well from trees, He looked at her and said nothing..spend some time in the Archives of the Archipelago..Songs and stories indicate that dragons existed before any other living creature. The Old Hardic beast he touched is standing yet, and hale. Ten days he spent out there in the wind and the rain, They were not far inside the Grove, and still beside the stream, when Irian stopped, turned aside, and crouched down by the enormous, hunching roots of a willow that leaned out over the water. The four mages stood on the path..But how did Otter know that?. As he left the battlefield it began to rain, and he saw his enemy's true name written in raindrops. "That wall is not as deep-rooted as my trees," said the Patterner..Look, Medra. Look!. powerless..writing. From that time on, The Creation of Ea, The Winter Carol, the Deeds, the Lays, and the at least two thousand years old in the Hardic language; its original version may have existed. "I couldn't. They'd know. I couldn't even get in. There's the Doorkeeper, you said. I don't know the word to say to him." fate had shaken him. There was something mysterious in it, some element or some person missing.. "Oh, it's you who have it to spare, sir. We're poor folk here. And ignorant," she said, with a. He was so distraught that when he made up his mind to call Silence he could not think of the opening of the spell, which he had known for sixty years; then when he thought he had it, he began to speak a Summoning instead, and the spell had begun to work before he realised what he was doing and stopped and undid it word by word.. Ogon, obedient, bringing himself back to himself in the stuffy, tapestried room in Gont Port, did not understand the old man's joke until he turned to the window and saw the Armed Cliffs down at the end of the long bay, the jaws ready to snap shut. "I will," he said, and set to it.. "Where will you go?" he said.. "They don't need a weatherworker on a night like this, and they haven't paid me yet," Medra said. and warm in the late dusk, only the largest stars burning through a milky overcast. She slipped. which rotated slowly, like a record. It was not supported by anything, did not even have an axis, TWO. "Because there are more of us! Gather twenty or thirty people of power in a room, they'll each. too, that he was dealing with someone quite ordinary. When that became impossible, he would. were moonshine. Obsessed with tricking the girl, he had fallen into the trap he laid for her.

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