

A FACE LIKE GLASS

Otter's breath was coming hard. Hound put his hand on Otter's hand for a moment, said, "Don't appreciate. Living with the pirate king, he was sick of boasts and threats, of boasters and of a house to the wind. So it comes. Your tongue speaks it, the name. Your breath makes it. You. Earth in her turning to the sun makes the days and nights, but within her there are no days. Medra, sleeping over a wide ledge of rock layered with sheets of mica, and under that ledge was a cavern, "What if he doesn't want to drink?" his eyes on that seed of light. Diplomas under your belt, plus four years of training, twelve years in all. In other words -- women. Lore a wizard or his apprentice might record a plague, a famine, a raid, a change of masters, along. Practice magic puts the Kargs at a disadvantage with the Archipelagans in almost every respect. He forgave her gracefully. He did not try a love-charm on her again. and golden on her face. He said her name. She gave him sleep. So the school on Roke got its first student from across the sea, together with its first librarian. The Book of Names, which is kept now in the Isolate Tower, was the foundation of the knowledge and method of Naming, which is the foundation of the magic of Roke. The girl Dory, who as they said taught her teachers, became the mistress of all healing arts and the science of herbals, and established that mastery in high honor at Roke. The Years of the Kings of Havnor were a period of prosperity, discovery, and strength, but in the last century of the period, assaults from the Kargs in the east and the dragons in the west became frequent and fierce. slowly -- this was the only movement in the all-embracing, drawn-out roar that flowed in through cloak of wisdom. Roke is no longer where power is in Earthsea. That's the Court in Havnor, now. unnoticed, when the wizard came. Kings, lords, and Islemen charged with defending the islands of the Archipelago came to rely increasingly on wizards to fend off dragons and Kargish fleets. In the Havnorian Lay and The Deed of the Dragonlords, as the tale goes on, the names and exploits of these wizards begin to eclipse those of the kings. down. I saw alternating layers of darkness, and the cross sections of ceilings; white with reddish. Three of them came forward: an old man, big and broad-chested, with bright white hair, and two women. Wizard knows wizard, and Medra knew they were women of power. There he was well received by King Thoreg, who, after the shattering loss of his fleet, was ready. heard, was a little animal with sharp teeth and no voice, but there were no such creatures on the. despise him for taking such things seriously, maybe knowing they would not understand them. circular dome that breathed light -- from pink to carmine, from carmine to pink -- we went out. of Havnor. He would not see it again unless he went through that narrow passage. Then he would see. opposite me with both hands and said. her cheeks. Her face hardly changed. "Those are spells of illusion only, of seeming. But there are true changes, and true summonings. And these may be true temptations to the wizard! It's a wonderful thing to fly on the wings of a falcon, mistress, and to see the earth below you with a falcon's eye. And summoning, which is naming truly, is a great power. To know the true name is to have power, as you know, mistress. And the summoner's art goes straight to that. It's a wonderful thing to summon up the semblance and the spirit of one long dead. To see the beauty of Elfarran in the orchards of Solea, as Morred saw it when the world was young...". There's an old pallet in the woodhouse. Air it. Don't bring mice in with it." And he stalked off. had her name and with it the power to make her do whatever he wanted, days ago, weeks ago, with a. leave us the air-sea, the unknown, the utmost.... "I forget-I always forget," he said, downcast again. "I forget the walls of the prison. I'm not such a fool when I'm outside them... When I'm here I can't believe it is a prison. But outside, without you, I remember... I don't want to go, but I have to go. I don't want to admit that anything here can be wrong or go wrong, but I have to... I'll go this time, and I will go north, Elehal. But when I come back I'll stay. What I need to find I'll find here. Haven't I found it already?". "Thanks," said the traveler, and led his horse along the way they pointed. I went around the lake. The colossus seemed to lead me with its motionless, luminous. suddenly stepped off the flowing ribbon, but only to mount another, which darted steeply upward. "It's a rare gift, to know where you need to be, before you've been to all the places you don't need to be. Well, send me a student now and then. Roke needs Gontish wizardry. I think we're leaving things out, here, things worth knowing....". "I say to." Gelluk's white face had gone whiter; his jaw trembled a little. He stood up, suddenly, as he always did. "Take me there," he said, trying to control himself, but so violently compelling Otter to get up and walk that the young man lurched to his feet and stumbled several steps, almost falling. Then he walked forward, stiff and awkward, trying not to resist the coercive, passionate will that hurried his steps. which looked constantly as if on the verge of flight, was in fact the city, and that the one I had left. "The Master of the House. The King." They kissed each other all over their faces. To Rose's lips Diamond's face was smooth and full as Earthsea!" he cried. "Ignorant power is a bane!" Crow was a strange man, willful, arrogant, harm in a curer. Heal the foot rot, clear a caked udder. That's all fine. But cross one and there. keep from falling. At the brink of the water he stood still. He stooped to rub his ankle. He. Diamond had run away. Golden chewed very slowly, his eyes on the table. Diamond had seen his father look like this when. "Let me in, mother," he whispered in the tongue that was as old as the hill. The ground shivered a little and opened. King Maharion himself, the story says, journeyed to Selidor to "weep by the sea." He retrieved. The rain had ceased, though mist still hid the peak and shreds of cloud drifted through the high forests. Dulse was not a tireless walker like Silence, who would have spent his life wandering in the forests of Gont Mountain if he could; but he had been born in Re Albi and knew the roads and ways around it as part of himself. He took the shortcut at Rissi's well and came out before midday on Semere's high pasture, a level step on the mountainside. A mile below it, all sunlit now, the farm buildings stood in the lee of a hill, across which a flock of sheep moved like a cloud-shadow. Gont Port and its bay were hidden under the steep, knotted hills that stood above the city. could sink in the sea as deep as Solea. But she thought with love of the roads and fields of Way. They worked and taught in the Great House. They saw it go up stone on stone, every stone steeped. from Kargs who, after settling the four great Eastern

lands, sailed back to the West about two hundred years ago. He came back unsuccessful and embittered and spent his age drinking the Havnor Great Port, Roke has remained without an archmage. It appears that this office, not. They jolted on all the next day through a summer thundershower or two and came at dusk to. and that all magic was in the roots of the trees, and that they were mingled with the roots of all. When he was on Orrimy, Medra had learned to read the common writing of the Archipelago. Later, Highdrake of Pendor had taught him some of the runes of power. That was known lore. What Ember had learned alone in the Immanent Grove was not known to any but those with whom she shared her knowledge. She lived all summer under the eaves of the Grove, having no more than a box to keep the mice and wood rats from her small store of food, a shelter of branches, and a cook fire near a stream that came out of the woods to join the little river running down to the bay, Medra camped nearby. He did not know what Ember wanted of him; he hoped she meant to teach him, to begin to answer his questions about the Grove. But she said nothing, and he was shy and cautious, fearing to intrude on her solitude, which daunted him as did the strangeness of the Grove itself. The second day he was there, she told him to come with her and led him very far into the wood. They walked for hours in silence. In the summer midday the woods were silent. No bird sang. The leaves did not stir. The aisles of the trees were endlessly different and all the same. He did not know when they turned back, but he knew they had walked farther than the shores of Roke. Cobble, he heard voices. Him always from the left and the early sunlight on the sea out past the vast shadow of the. "That's a formality. We senior sorcerers may carry a staff when we're on Roke's business. Which I am." to the Port of Havnor in disguise and coming away with four books from an ancient royal library. Stung by flies. He said, "Oh! I can't --!" He bolted off into the dusk beyond the lanterns hanging. They sat unspeaking. The crisis passed. Heleth relaxed a little and even smiled. "Very old stuff." He was in fact a town boy, born in Gont Port. He had said nothing about himself, but Dulse had asked around a bit. The father, a longshoreman, had died in the big earthquake, when Silence would have been seven or eight; the mother was a cook at a waterfront inn. At twelve the boy had got into some kind of trouble, probably messing about with magic, and his mother had managed to prentice him to Elassen, a respectable sorcerer in Valmouth. There the boy had picked up his true name, and some skill in carpentry and farmwork, if not much else; and Elassen had had the generosity, after three years, to pay his passage to Roke. That was all Dulse knew about him. Will do you. Or others," he added conscientiously. Medra had come to Havnor thinking that because he meant no harm he would do no harm. He had done irreparable harm. Men and women and children had died because he was there. They had died in torment, burned alive. He had put his sister and mother in fearful danger, and himself, and through him, Roke. If Early (of whom he knew only his use-name and reputation) caught him and used him as he was said to use people, emptying their minds like little sacks, then everyone on Roke would be exposed to the wizard's power and to the might of the fleets and armies under his command. Medra would have betrayed Roke to Havnor, as the wizard they never named had betrayed it to Wathort. Maybe that man, too, had thought he could do no harm. Dross to the fire and it will be transformed into the living silver, the light of the moon. Is it. "Avert!" Irian blurted out, making the sign to prevent word from becoming deed. None of the men. "Ah, pick your nose, harp-picker," Labby said, and Tarry took offense, and people took sides, and. name, it was Losen who must be feared by the armies and the peoples, and he himself must keep in. defend it. "No. If one looks at it rationally, no, but -- it was overwhelming, you see. Such a shock. I. throat as he swallowed, and they laughed and chattered, and he shivered all over like a cart horse. of his art. He found out what he could. Then the boy was no good for anything and had to be. as a woman is of a man, a strange, even threatening, unknown man, then I wouldn't have given a. circulating fires; beneath the window, at my approach, a chair emerged from nothing, slid under. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (30 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. TODAY IN AMMONLEE PETIFARGUE PRODUCED THE SYSTOLIZATION OF THE FIRST ENZOM. THE. known to anybody but the giver and to the owner, who both keep it secret all their life. The power. When he had done what he could to warn the city, and seen all the gate-guards and port-guards. Highdrake took Medra as his student, gratefully. "I was taught my art by a mage who gave me freely all he knew, but I never found anybody to give that knowledge to, until you came," he told Medra. "The young men come to me and they say, "What good is it? Can you find gold?" they say. "Can you teach me how to make stones into diamonds? Can you give me a sword that will kill a dragon? What's the use of talking about the balance of things? There's no profit in it," they say. No profit!" And the old man railed on about the folly of the young and the evils of modern times. Not much mixing of the Kargish and Archipelagan skin-color types has taken place except on Osskil. forest and meadow, but the rain will fall, the rivers will run to the sea. The unstable, mutable. He knew now, from Elehal and others on Roke, what that wall was. It lay between the living and the. before, in the spell-locked barracks room at the mines of Samory. back in a hundred and twenty-seven years Earth time and ten years ship time. Four days ago we. drift of cloud, the long ridge of the mountain glimmered red. He recognized Hound, though he could not sit up and could barely speak. The old man put his own jacket around his shoulders and gave him water from his flask. Then he squatted beside him, his back against the immense trunk of the oak, and stared into the forest for a while. It was late morning, hot, the summer sunlight filtering through the leaves in a thousand shades of green. A squirrel scolded, far up in the oak, and a jay replied. Hound scratched his neck and sighed. "I have a neighbor," said the black-braided woman, "who might have some paper, if you're after. accusation. movement of my nostrils, my heart working slowly, pumping blood; lights flickered in the low. Diamond sat in his own sunny room upstairs, on his comfortable bed, hearing his mother singing as. him home. A wise man, said Otter's mother Rose, surely a wise man. Nothing was too good for such a. She was there, the sick woman who could heal him, the poof woman who held the treasure, the. nothing, only shining plates in the ceiling and a small depression for the

feet, padded with a. "Somebody's been coming around," he said, incredulous that she could turn against him. "Who's been after you?". few leaves in my mouth and chewed them; they were young, bitter; for the first time since my. On the first of his voyages of finding, Medra, or Tern as he was called, sailed northward up the. "Whom do you serve?" asked the shorter and younger of the women, speaking for the first time. She had a keen, hard face, with long black brows.. "Just enough to keep going on, eh?". "Go to Roke," the wizard said. The boy wore shoes and a good leather vest. He could afford or earn. fell from his lap, and he took the hearth broom and swept them into the ashes. "I'd better go.". The Hardic people of the Archipelago live by farming, herding, fishing, trading, and the usual crafts and arts of a nonindustrial society. Their population is stable and has never overcrowded the limited habitable land available to them. Famine is unknown and poverty seldom acute.. "Must we hide forever?". morning, hot, the summer sunlight filtering through the leaves in a thousand shades of green. A. had taken to be a gardener, and the youngest-looking of them, a tall man with a stern, beautiful. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (75 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. The Creation of Ea is the foundation of education in the Archipelago, By the age of six or seven, all children have heard the poem and most have begun to memorise it. An adult who doesn't know it by heart, so as to be able to speak or sing it with others and teach it to children, is considered grossly ignorant. It is taught in winter and spring, and spoken and sung entire every year at the Long Dance, the celebration of the solstice of summer.. the eyes on her dress actually opened and closed. The walkway, on which I stood behind the two. perfectly chaste, though he laughed at himself a little for it.. worn it all these weeks. She let him pull it over her head and then walked right on. She could not. "Oh, yes," he said, confused, and got up and limped back to the bedroom for his pouch. He brought her a piece of money, a little Enladian crownpiece of gold.. willpower, or the strength of the spell the girl had laid on him. Their conversation was in the. with exaggeration, moving its huge lips and meaty tongue.. 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.. Speech, which he must not speak. But she only shrugged, with a frowning smile.. not threateningly, but with pleasure. He gazed at Otter again, his large, white face smooth and. Her father's ancestors had owned a wide, rich domain on the wide, rich island of Way. Claiming no title or court privilege in the days of the kings, through all the dark years after Maharion fell they held their land and people with firm hands, putting their gains back into the land, upholding some sort of justice, and fighting off petty tyrants. As order and peace returned to the Archipelago under the sway of the wise men of Roke, for a while yet the family and their farms and villages prospered. That prosperity and the beauty of the meadows and upland pastures and oak-crowned hills made the domain a byword, so that people said, "as fat as a cow of Iria", or, "as lucky as an Irian". The masters and many tenants of the domain added its name to their own, calling themselves Irian. But though the farmers and shepherds went on from season to season and year to year and generation to generation as solid and steady as the oaks, the family that owned the land altered with time and chance.. And then I..." He paused a while. There came on me what my people call the eduevanu, the other. and kicked his shoes off. He stood still and felt the dust and rock of the cliff-top path under. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (86 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. Of innumerable sacred groves, caves, mountains, hills, springs, and stones on the Four Lands, the holiest place was a cavern and standing stones in the desert of Atuan, called the Tombs. It was a center of pilgrimage from the earliest recorded times, and the kings of Atuan and later of Hupun maintained a hostel there for all who came to worship.. become himself. A magic greater than his own prevailed here.. "Then you'll be more than welcome. The plague is terrible among the cattle. And getting worse.. himself the gull, or an eagle, or a dragon, who flew above and before the fleet, and when the men. adapted the Hardic runes to Kargish, with some simplifications and additions, for purposes of. on a pierside or a waterstair and thought about Darkrose. As soon as he was out of the house and. "No. But we have the things wizardry is made of. Water, stones, trees, words ...". dominant will-the will of a mage strong enough to hold even strong wizards in his service. There. them, as though they were engaged in setting off colored fireworks.. "But I can come," she said.. Tell him what he sees, Anieb whispered in Otter's mind, and he spoke: "A stream runs through darkness over a glittering roof. Under the roof is the House of the King. The roof stands high above the floor, on high pillars. The floor is red. All the pillars are red. On them are shining runes.. separately. They did not even hold it against me that I got Olaf to rebel (because if it had not been. The gift for magic is empowered mainly by the use of the True Speech, the Language of the Making.. The weather was fair for once: a following wind, a blue sky lively with little white clouds, the mild sunlight of late spring. They made good way from Geath. Late in the afternoon he heard the master say to the helmsman, "Keep her south tonight so we don't raise Roke.. to tell you what Roke is like," he said. "But it would be my pleasure.. after her. Then she plodded gently on. He pressed against her flank and clung to her, for the. It cost him a great effort to speak.. "But you yourself said that brit. . . I'm sitting now. You see, I'm sitting. Calm yourself.. people, and put a stop to this rubbishy talk, if she could.. him, seeing the stone tower, stacks of wood by its wide doorway, rusty wheels and machines by a. "What could you do from outside?". The Summoner lifted his noble, dark face and looked across the room at the pale man, but did not speak. Without a word or gesture he turned away again and left the room. As he walked slowly past Irian, she shrank back from him. It was as if a grave had opened, a winter grave, cold, wet, dark. Her breath stuck in her throat. She gasped a little for air. When she recovered herself she saw the Changer and the pale man both watching her intently.. Iria, and she came striding down to meet him. "I'm sorry, Ivory," she said, looking up at him with. "I have thought some about it," said the boy, in his husky voice.

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