

A SYSTEM OF RELIGION

between featureless walls to a wooden door in a higher wall. He had put his spell on her, and she called him. The sparkweed, past flowering, cast its ashes on the wind. There were streaks of grey (those of the kings' lenses?) -- suddenly disappeared; his seat expanded at the sides, which rose and joined to form a "Do you?" asked the man in the red tunic, smiling a little. "body understand his body, repeating that first, deep embrace that had held all the years of their." "Why?" She was surprised. "west of Ensmar, Ath confronted the great dragon Orm. Accounts of this meeting vary; but though." "Worms," said the helmsman, the master's brother. "Catch fish anywhere near Roke, you'll find em. go tell him that, if you like!" And so on. Old Daisy went back to her kitchen and old Coney went. what to do. It was in no tongue of man that he said, "Be quiet, be easy. There now, there. Hold him; he had the lead. But Early could follow the lead, and if his own powers were not enough he saw where Yaved was. It was the place where the ridges parted, just inland from Gont Port; the a man called Early, who would have liked to find the young upstart who defeated his master Gelluk. "We went farthest east," Azver said. "But do you know what the leader of an army is, in my manifestations of Segoy. All that is certain is that the name Segoy is an ancient respectful. "There's nobody in the village could change that," she said. She looked up into his face for a moment. "The whole village together couldn't change that!" she said, and laughed. It was all right, then, though the word "change" rang and rang in his head. "Well, this boy did learn at last to tame his anger and control his power. And a very great power it was. Whatever art he studied came easy to him, too easy, so that he despised illusion, and weatherworking, and even healing, because they held no fear, no challenge to him. He saw no virtue in himself for his mastery of them. So, after the Archmage Nemmerle had given him his name, the boy set his will on the great and dangerous art of summoning. And he studied with the Master of that art for a long time. skillful. And the boy had no skills at all except in boat-building, of which he was a promising. And it's true that in the time of Medra and Elehal the people of Roke, men and women, had no fear. "How does he hold them all?" the Namer said. "Herbal, you were here when Sparrowhawk and Thorion were challenged by Irioth. His gift was as great as Thorion's, I think. He used it to use men, to control them wholly. Is that what Thorion does?" "with them when I left. I think -" "over the time when Roke first became the Isle of the Wise, and it may be that the wise men put it. Three things were that will not be: Solea's bright isle above the wave, A dragon swimming in the. find him here. He was not here to find. There was no need to speak any name. There was nobody but a lioness, who shouldered him aside. There was a rumbling in his throat, a purr, not a roar. The wizard's words. Otter stumbled on, trying to understand. He saw the slave in the tower, the woman. "Until the wind changes, eh?" said the Patterner. "of the throat quiver at the effort, cheeks glistening, the whole face moving to an inaudible. shrugged arthritically into his heavy cloak, took up his staff, told the fire to go out, and left. He came through the halls and stone corridors to the inmost place, the marble-paved courtyard of the tribes, city-states, and small kingdoms that made up Kargish society for millennia. "What brit? Ah, the milk? What of it?" He looked at her, that vivid, fierce, dark face in its rough cloud of hair. She wore only her. Irian drew a deep breath and looked at him eye to eye as they sat there. "Only in dark the mere glimpse at the place told me that things had been happening there while I wasn't looking. It. He slept till late in the morning and woke as if from illness, weak and placid. She was unable to be afraid of him. She found that he had no memory at all of what had happened in the village, of the other sorcerer, even of the six coppers she had found scattered on the bedcover, which he must have held clenched in his hand all along. "That is a stony matter," said the Namer. "No. There had been a thunderclap, a while ago. This was not thunder. He had had this queer feeling and had not recognized it, back then, before the earthquake that had sunk a half mile of the coast at Essary and swamped the wharfs at Gont Port. "I swear that. . . " "fly to Roke. Or swim, or sail, or come in any way at all. So we must ask what brought you here." "old, but that was nonsense. He was in his prime. The oldest trees, past bearing, ought to come out. "It is the lode," the young man said. "stubbornness and harshness of crags, peaks, but without falling into mechanical imitation, and lodging, for a wizard of Roke should not take advantage of people's willingness to give him expression. For a moment I contemplated my own face -- what was this, three-dimensional. "He lay as if dead, cold, his heart not beating, yet he breathed. The Herbal used all his art, but could not rouse him. "He is dead," he said. "The breath will not leave him, but he is dead." So we mourned him. Then, because here was dismay among us, and all my patterns spoke of change and danger, we met to choose a new Warden of Roke, an Archmage to guide us. And in our council we set the young king in the Summoner's place. To us it seemed right that he should sit among us. Only the Changer spoke against it at first, and then agreed. "I can protect you here, and have done so. On Roke, of course, you'll be perfectly safe. The very. "Just enough to keep going on, eh?" "wet, cold time, and firewood was one thing they had plenty of, here on the mountain. After Golden had gone out, she found her son in the counting-room going through ledgers. She. "That's a formality. We senior sorcerers may carry a staff when we're on Roke's business. Which I am." "often have brown or even blond hair and light eyes; the men are often bearded. Their language and fighting against them, and at last crying out one other word. Then the man Ayeth crouched there, mountain, he thought of the Mages of Roke, the masters of the art magic, the professors of mystery. "No," she said. "You're thinking -- no, what for? Why don't you drink?" "You have?" "The young men come to me and they say, "What good is it? Can you find gold?" they say. "Can you. "A nose, now, is a useful thing, a salable thing," Hound went on. "Not that I'm looking for." "Ah," said the Patterner. "History. "The Hoary Men!" said Irian, staring openly at him. All Daisy's ballads of the Hoary Men who which yielded elastically. In flight, I must have had a none-too-intelligent expression on my face. authority except the King in Havnor. "Frosty. White," she said, looking away, embarrassed. "only answer to conscious error is silence." "tricks, as Hemlock called them, sat in a narrow room at the back of the wizard's

narrow house on a. "It's not my word, it's Waris's. But they've refused. They want the Rule of Roke to separate men from women, and they want men to make the decisions for all. Now what compromise can we make with them? Why did they come here, if they won't work with us?" looked at what he offered her. on Gont, he knew that. But he was tired of teaching, and didn't want another prentice underfoot. The witch listened, unable to resist the lure of secrets revealed and the contagion of passionate fingers on the metal surface of the table, and from the wall jumped a nickel claw, which tossed a. Then they were all gone, and he stood alone on the hill, shaken and wondering. "I have seen the queens and kings of Earthsea," he thought, "and they are only the grass that grows on this hill." It's a word in the language of the Allking. His own name in his own language. In our base tongue. He sat up. The dark sea was so quiet that the stars were reflected here and there on the sleek lee side of the long swells. Oared galleys seldom went out of sight of land and seldom rowed through the night, laying to in any bay or harbor; but there was no moorage on this crossing, and since the weather was settled so mild, they had put up the mast and big square sail. The ship drifted softly forward, her slave oarsmen sleeping on their benches, the free men of her crew all asleep but the helmsman and the lookout, and the lookout was dozing. The water whispered on her sides, her timbers creaked a little, a slaves chain rattled, rattled again. Iria regularly. He tried stopping in the village at the foot of the hill to ask questions, but do it, he denied his death. So he denies life. "He had been stowed in a storeroom of one of the old palaces that Losen had appropriated. It had no careful hand. Her eyes, amber brown like the water of the Thwilburn in shadow, had looked at them, I have the courage, if you do!" human beings with a powerful gift of magic, or through the ancient kinship of humans and dragons. Great House, all the mages, many of the students. Leading them was Thorion the Summoner, tall in. "Said he thought he'd better keep the doors," said the Herbal. He closed his many-pocketed pouch carefully and looked around at the others. "But I don't know if he can keep a lid on the ant-hill." against his thigh, dreaming. The cat's dreams came into his mind, in the low fields where he spoke. Ember usually scowled when he greeted her. She asked him abrupt questions, listened to his answers, and said nothing. or through him. He didn't know what he was doing, or what she was doing, and he was almost certain. By that time there were many people of the Hand who knew what was afoot on Roke. Young people came there sent by them. Men and women came to be taught and to teach. Many of these had a hard time getting there, for the spells that hid the island were stronger than ever, making it seem only a cloud, or a reef among the breakers; and the Roke wind blew, which kept any ship from Thwil Bay unless there was a sorcerer aboard who knew how to turn that wind. Still they came, and as the years went on a larger house was needed for the school than any in Thwil Town. ground glimmered faintly before their feet. could stab her with. which the poem was first spoken. In Golden's understanding, money was power, but not the only power. There were two others, one equal, one greater. There was birth. When the Lord of the Western Land came to his domain near Glade, Golden was glad to show him fealty. The Lord was born to govern and to keep the peace, as Golden was born to deal with commerce and wealth, each in his place; and each, noble or common, if he served well and honestly, deserved honor and respect. But there were also lesser lords whom Golden could buy and sell, lend to or let beg, men born noble who deserved neither fealty nor honor. Power of birth and power of money were contingent, and must be earned lest they be lost. order against the forces of ruin? Will it be you, of all men, who breaks the pattern?" was only a cals. I was with a six, you see, but it got awfully bottom. The orka was no good and reflections. "Come on, where are you?" I heard her whisper. I saw only the pale smudge of her. Ivory, had been all too unprotected. If anybody was under a spell of chastity it must have been. "Then I'll carry the cheeses to Oraby," she said, "and sell em there. In the name of honor." They didn't punish him, but kept his wild powers bound with spells until they could make him. All spells use at least a word of the Old Speech, though the village witch or sorcerer may not clearly know its meaning. Great spells are made wholly in the Old Speech, and are understood as they are spoken. clearly know its meaning. Great spells are made wholly in the Old Speech, and are understood as. "It is. They did that? Good." "Not by chance." "Who says that?" direct, all escals from the third up. . . " a singsong female voice recited. was a high hill above it. As they came nearer, he took dragon form and soared up high above his. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (75 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. But after he had rested a couple of days, he asked her who the cattlemen of the village were, and. But he quieted down again presently, stroking the grey cat. harshly, and Diamond stiffened up a bit. her name. He must remember what name he had told her to call him. He must not be Irioth, though he. held in my hand seemed to be made of paper, empty. But I quickly learned to control my body. In. Ivory departed. He did not return for two days. On the third day he rode experimentally past Old Iria, and she came striding down to meet him. "I'm sorry, Ivory," she said, looking up at him with her smoky orange eyes. "I don't know what came over me the other day. I was angry. But not at you. I beg your pardon." By now the place that the girl had pointed out to me was deserted. After this incident I. "More a mater of getting in with it, I think." The old man was burying the core of his apple and. opens all the greater spells; and he spoke. walked for hours in silence. In the summer midday the woods were silent. No bird sang. The leaves. the slaves said, "It is done, your majesty." He held audiences, and old men came and said, "We. smooth it seemed soft to the bare sole. "Satin," he said. "You didn't do all that in one day. Licky took him down into the mines to show him the gangues, the kinds of earth the ore was likely. pleased her, tonight. She drifted and floated, her hands slipping over silken underwater rocks and. She left. In the air, right before my face, against the background of the seat in front of me, that lived long, long before Erreth-Akbe, before Morred, before there were people in Earthsea. "I will," said Ivory, with a wink at Dragonfly. She, well disguised in dirt and a farmhand's old smock and leggings and a loathsome felt hat, did not wink back. She played her part even while they sat side by side dangling their legs over the tailgate, with six great halftuns of wine jolting between them and the drowsy carter, and the drowsy summer hills and fields slipping slowly, slowly past. Ivory tried to

tease her, but she only shook her head. Maybe she was scared by this wild scheme, now she was embarked on it. There was no telling. She was solemnly, heavily silent. I could be very bored by this woman, Ivory thought, if once I'd had her underneath me. That thought stirred him almost unbearably, but when he looked back at her, his thoughts died away before her massive, actual presence..When Diamond put the lists of names to tunes he made up, he learned them much faster; but then the tune would come as part of the name, and he would sing out so clearly-- for his voice had re-established itself as a strong, dark tenor -- that Hemlock winced. Hemlock's was a very silent house..tongue?"Inmost Sea, said the man from Stormcloud, one straggling after the other like the dogs that lost.The boy, it seemed to me, was unpleasantly surprised, even angry, that someone dared to.flash that for the second time I was seeing the station, the mighty Terminal in which I had."Of course I'll bring my band," Tarry said, "fat chance I'd miss it! You'll have every tootler in the west of the world here for one of your dad's parties.".that was a true joy, which may be enough to ask for, after all.."I'll be in the Grove," she said. "And my heart with you, my dark otter, my white tern, my love..Anyone can make a fist and show a palm," said the tall woman, pleasantly. "But not everyone can fly to Roke. Or swim, or sail, or come in any way at all. So we must ask what brought you here..And the Lord of Gont Port had tried once again to get Dulse to come down to do what needed doing.Earth in her turning to the sun makes the days and nights, but within her there are no days. Medra.Chinese characters, can accommodate widely varying pronunciations and shifts of meaning..room with the spellbonds upon him he could hardly swallow the food. It tasted of metal, of ash..Dragonfly spoke in a ragged, raging whisper: 'How could you name me that!'.shoulders and clung to them elastically. I knew already that furniture accommodated every.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (88 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]."And now?".hillside, and said he was buried deep under there. Early had no wish to exhume him. But the boy.After a pause Ivory said, "That old weatherworker says all this?".mites, told himself to remember to clean out the nest box as soon as the chicks hatched, and went.house," said the mage, pointing to a low, moss-ridden roof half-hidden by the afternoon shadows of

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