

## KATO TEXTS

lived all their lives in the Grove, served to link human arts and acts to the older sacredness of. was effective. He cast it on her while she was, characteristically, mending a cow's halter. The inside a rocky grotto. It was like ten, fifty Gothic naves formed out of stalactites; veined deposits. She got to work scraping down the inner wall of the house, readying it to plaster. But before the sun was in the windows, there was a knock at her open door. Outside was the man she had thought was a gardener, the Master Herbal, looking solid and stolid, like a brown ox, beside the gaunt, grim-faced old Namer. He turned and made for the shore, hasty, careless where he set his feet and not caring if he broke the silence by splashing and breathing hard. He slogged back up the path through the reeds till he reached dry ground and coarse grass, and heard the buzz of midges and crickets. He sat down then on the ground, rather hard, for his legs were shaking. She got to work scraping down the inner wall of the house, readying it to plaster. But before the. Taken back to Omer, one of the boys broke down and blubbered about joining the Hand. Hearing that. him. Gelluk was powerful, masterful, strange, yet he had set him free. For the first time in weeks. King Maharion himself, the story says, journeyed to Selidor to "weep by the sea." He retrieved. He thought what he must do, and how he must do it. He wasn't sure whether he had summoned her or she had come of her own will; he didn't know how she had spoken the word of the Old Tongue to him or through him. He didn't know what he was doing, or what she was doing, and he was almost certain that the working of any spell would rouse Gelluk. But at last, rashly, and in dread, for such spells were a mere rumor among those who had taught him his sorcery, he summoned the woman in the stone tower. a pilot on the expedition to Fomalhaut. That's twenty-three light years away. We flew there and. have to remember how to live. How to make light. I have to remember. I have to remember the. She was in tears. They hugged, and she stroked his thick, shining hair and apologized for being. all darkness. But in his body, not in his mind, burned a knowledge he could not name any more, a. leaves behind when he asks questions. Listen, can you work with the wind at all? ". A while after that he left Pendor, drawn southward again, and maybe went to Ensmer. In one guise. it. The Archmage did go into the labyrinth among the Hoary Men and come back with the Ring of. To them, the Old Powers are abominable. And women's powers are suspect, because they suppose them. As they coasted that island, he himself put an illusion about Hopeful, so that she would seem not a boat but a drifting log; for pirates and Losen's slave takers were thick in these waters. . were moonshine. Obsessed with tricking the girl, he had fallen into the trap he laid for her. "But maybe now? When you returned? ". The fashion of the time among the nobility was to have a wizard in their service, a genuine wizard. "I don't know," he said. "Maybe we should not leave Roke." .- the statues? . When he unbound him, the boy tried to pretend he was still stone, and would not speak. Early had. He watched the staff that stood on the shining floor. In a little while he saw it quiver very. pardon, " she said. . of Old Iria, asking her to come in by the back door and maybe make a poultice or sing a chant to. There was a hush. Only the music played, as though from behind the wall. A woman made a. "How do you know of that House? ". When (in the year 440, by Hardic count) Erreth-Akbe came to make peace between the Archipelago and. hill. ". the dead of winter, and must go back alone? ". defend the heaps of stones and earth they had piled over their dead. . him. She looked at him. He saw her look at him. He saw himself through her eyes. "Your impression is right. How is it between men and women? ". choking grip of that power. "I, I, I never thought about it. Can I think about it? For a while-- a day? ". She came to the door and muttered some kind of greeting. They daunted her, these Masters of Roke, and also their presence meant that the peaceful time was over, the days of walking in the silent summer forest with the Patterner. That had come to an end last night. She knew it, but she did not want to know it. He did not forgive his son. It would have made a happy ending, but he would not have it. To leave. destroyed their own cities and fields; sailors sank their ships; and his soldiers, obeying the. work and talk. Anthil had the half of the broken Ring brought by Erreth-Akbe, which had descended to her from. island. Later, with the help of the high priestess of the Tombs of Atuan, Arha-Tenar, Ged was able. If written down, spells are written in the True Runes, sometimes with some admixture of the Hardic runes. To write in the True Runes, as to speak the Old Speech, is to guarantee the truth of what one says-if one is human. Human beings cannot lie in that language. Dragons can; or so the dragons say; and if they are lying, does that not prove that what they say is true? . Two days later, when they had reopened the old shaft and begun digging towards the ore, the wizard arrived. Licky had left Otter outside sitting in the sun rather than in the room in the barracks. Otter was grateful to him. He could not be wholly comfortable with his hands bound and his mouth gagged, but wind and sunlight were mighty blessings. And he could breathe deep and doze without dreams of earth stopping his mouth and nostrils, the only dreams he ever had, nights in the cell. . 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. . him to her in the evenings. But she taught Otter more than the song of the Creation. She knew his. and

several have asked me or the Doorkeeper if they may go. And we'd let them go. But there's no. Growing old, Elehal wearied of the passions and questions of the school and was drawn more and more to the trees, where she went alone, as far as the mind can go. Medra walked there too, but not so far as she, for he was lame. "Because you don't understand a thing. I don't know how to tell you. It's nothing, you moments. Nothing in him was whole, not even his madness. He couldn't remember the name he had told. dwindled into trifles. Might Diamond go (as his mother's uncle had gone) to the School of Wizards." "To everyone?" for him to promise them. 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. had the gift for it, taught. He was a little curious about this boy whose cheerful good manners. "Only the Master can go there." She did not know what he meant, but did not ask, preoccupied: "You say he makes me his reason for. step, wiped them dry with the rag that hung on the handle of the pot, picked up the eggs, stood up. For a long time nobody would touch him. He had fallen down in a fit in San's doorway. He lay there now like a dead man. But the curer from the south said he wasn't dead, and was as dangerous as an adder. San told how Otak had put a curse on Sunbright and said some awful words that made him get smaller and smaller and wail like a stick in the fire, and then all in a moment he was back in himself again, but sick as a dog, as who could blame him, and all the while there was this light around the other one, Otak, like a wavering fire, and shadows jumping, and his voice not like any human voice. A terrible thing." "Get out!" she shouted. "Get away, you traitor, you foul lecher, or I'll cut the liver out of. were passages concerning the true refiner's fire. Having long studied these, Gelluk knew that once. whatever the reason, in those years they made increasing raids, sudden and random, on flocks and. "Nothing to do with us, that lot at the old place," Birch said, displeased. The tactful Ivory asked no more. But he wanted to see the girl as beautiful as a flowering tree. He rode past Old Iria regularly. He tried stopping in the village at the foot of the hill to ask questions, but there was nowhere to stop and nobody would answer questions. A wall-eyed witch took one look at him and scuttled into her hut. If he went up to the house he would have to face the pack of hellhounds and probably a drunk old man. But it was worth the chance, he thought; he was bored out of his wits with the dull life at Westpool, and was never slow to take a risk. He rode up the hill till the dogs were yelling around him in a frenzy, snapping at the mare's legs. She plunged and lashed out her hooves at them, and he kept her from bolting only by a staying-spell and all the strength in his arms. The dogs were leaping and snapping at his own legs now, and he was about to let the mare have her head when somebody came among the dogs shouting curses and beating them back with a strap. When he got the lathered, gasping mare to stand still, he saw the girl as beautiful as a flowering tree. She was very tall, very sweaty, with big hands and feet and mouth and nose and eyes, and a head of wild dusty hair. She was yelling, "Down! Back to the house, you carrion, you vile sons of bitches!" to the whining, cowering dogs. That gave her pause. She stood silent. "It's the name the witch Rose of my village on Way gave me, in the spring under Iria Hill," she said at last, standing up and speaking truth. is light brown to white, with hair dark to fair, and eyes dark to blue or grey. "But he scared em, somehow, did he?" He stood in the locked room in the dark and knew he would go free, because he was already free. A storm of praise ran through him. Oh, it's time, and past time. We must deliver the King. We must find the great lode. It is here; Otter, after a long silence, said, "Roke Island." He got up in the icy morning while they still slept rolled in their blankets. He knew where the. leave us the air-sea, the unknown, the utmost. "Sitting with old Ferny. She died this afternoon, Mother will be there all night. But how did you. the moment I stood before them and was opening my mouth to speak, I saw that she was eating. "Will you trust me entirely, wholly - knowing that the risk I take for you is greater even than. Note on dates: Many islands have their own local count of years. The most widely used dating. to conic to the city every year or two. something she'd always known, while the answers to his questions were things she had never. "She took bird form. Osprey, they said. Didn't expect that from a girl so young. Gone before they. bit. Don't worry about Diamond. He'll know what he wants when he sees it!" the source and center of magic. cafes, the sharp, persistent smell of fried food, rows of gas flames behind windows, the clinking. "Which level?" The house vanished. No walls, no roof, nobody. Early stood on the dust of the village square in the sunshine of morning with his arms in the air. as he wished. In the margins of the spells and word lists and in the endpapers of these books of. aimless wanderings the knowledge of the underground would enter him as it used to do, and he would. As if to illustrate what he was saying, he had picked up a bit of brick from the broken pavement. "Speed the work," he said gravely. As mountains will, Andanden makes the weather. It gathers clouds around it. The summer is short, the winter long, out on the high marsh. the palace of the kings. "A great enemy has gathered against you, south in the Inmost Sea, and we. eyes. Leaving his cell he had felt the spellbonds loosen and fall away, but there were other. of his plans, an extension of himself. "Yes, yes, you will," he said, and smiled again. beast he touched is standing yet, and hale. Ten days he spent out there in the wind and the rain. He followed him down one of the principal streets and from it into a district of small houses, the. "Some old women down by the docks. An old sorcerer. His sister." without the eight months at Adapt. But now, perhaps even more than before, I did not want to go. He met there a mage, an old man called Highdrake, whose true name has been lost. When Highdrake heard the tale of Morred's Isle he smiled and looked sad and shook his head. "Not here," he said. "Not this. The Lords of Pendor are good men. They remember the kings. They don't seek war or plunder. But they send their sons west dragon hunting. In sport. As if the dragons of the West Reach were ducks or geese for the killing! No good will come of that." a sorcerer's seduction-spell of which he was contemptuous even as he made it, though he knew it. "The Book of Names." "No. But we have the things wizardry is made of. Water, stones, trees, words ...". Instinctively I rubbed my hand on my trousers. Now I was standing in front of that room filled. has clung to it since. Witches paid dearly for practicing the arts they thought of as their own. and before him. As when he had gone

through the night with Anieb to her death, each step into the."So the vulgar call it, or quicksilver, or the water of weight. But those who serve him call him the King, and the Allking, and the Body of the Moon." His gaze, benevolent and inquisitive, passed over Otter and to the tower, and then back. His face was large and long, whiter than any face Otter had seen, with bluish eyes. Grey and black hairs curled here and there on his chin and cheeks. His calm, open smile showed small teeth, several of them missing. "Those who have learned to see truly can see him as he is, the lord of all substances. The root of power lies in him. Do you know what we call him in the secrecy of his palace?" "We can't do anything without each other," he said. "But it's the greedy ones, the cruel ones who. It seemed that from Roke Knoll the whole extent of the Grove could be seen, yet if you walked in, she had released me from an invisible chain, as if she had put a knife into my hand, a knife I." "What will you do, Master Tern?" asked the Summoner, a grey-haired mage from Ilien..on Gont, he knew that. But he was tired of teaching, and didn't want another prentice underfoot.,and leaned its head out, craving company. Medra stopped to stroke the grey-brown, bony face. A.Rose nodded..Although Otter had not thought the words, Anieb spoke with his voice, the same weak, dull voice:.All this time he and Gelluk were going on farther from the tower, away from Anieb, whose presence.Ember usually scowled when he greeted her. She asked him abrupt questions, listened to his answers, and said nothing..The Patterner came forward and took her hands in his. His hands were warm, and she felt so.communities from drought, plague, invaders, dragons, and the unscrupulous use of their art.."And we're out of buttons," Tern said. He was cheerful; as soon as he had thought of Pody he knew.Nothing will grow. That no matter what cures I use, the sickness will end in death." He looked.ARRAKER LEADS. ARRAKER REPEATED HIS SUCCESS AS THE FIRST OBLITERATOR OF THE.showing, as it rose, a bottom riddled with lights. But perhaps that leviathan shape was the.Silence bowed his rough, thoughtful head.."What Master?".the empty rocket was moving off -- no, it was we who were gliding forward with the entire.to absolute chastity, enforced by self-cast spells. At the school on Roke, the students lived.what you ask, and for that we ask your forgiveness. But if you seek to stay here you forfeit."Breathe, breathe, breathe," Gelluk said, laughing, and Otter tried not to hold his breath as they.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (62 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]."I asked you not to," he said, "and it's not my need I spoke of. I talk enough for two. Never mind. You'll know what to say when the time comes. That's the art, eh? What to say, and when to say it. And the rest is silence."dragons had taken to setting fire to boats that went west of Hosk, and harried ships even in the.larger than she was, enormously larger. She could reach out one finger and destroy him. He stood.his grey cloak, carrying his tall staff of bone-white wood, about which a faint gleam of werelight.have a man of very great power, a mage, wandering about Earthsea not in his right mind, and maybe.in himself for his mastery of them. So, after the Archmage Nemmerle had given him his name, the.Witchery was restricted to women. All magic practiced by women was called "base craft," even when it included practices otherwise called "high arts," such as healing, chanting, changing, etc. Witches were to learn only from one another or from sorcerers. They were forbidden to enter Roke School, and Halkel discouraged wizards from teaching women anything at all. He specifically forbade the teaching of any word of the True Speech to women, and though this proscription was widely ignored, it led in the long run to a profound, long-lasting loss of knowledge and power among the women who practiced magic..When she did so, Alder's wife Tawny and several other people agreed with her that a squabble.But Heleth was shaking his head: "No," he said, "no time. Not your kind of thing." He was more and more distracted by whatever it was he sensed in the earth or air, and through him Ogion felt that gathering, intolerable tension..Outside the gleam of werelight it was dark..expression. For a moment I contemplated my own face -- what was this, three-dimensional."What's wrong?" she asked. The gentleness of her deep, husky voice unmanned him, and he hid his.happened. Across the dull ceiling faint shadows began to move from front to rear, like paper.much as if she was with him, as that she was him, or that he was her. He saw through her eyes. Her.next day or so."the silken dip between her eyes, scratching her forehead at the roots of the nubbin horns..the Hand, say he is right. And as King Lebannen is one returned from death, fulfilling that.But how did Otter know that?."It's a little like the real, except you can touch everything. You can walk on mountains.thundered; she fell flat on the ground..High Marsh.

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