

## **SPIRITUAL LIFE STUDIES A MANUAL FOR PERSONAL EDIFICATION**

her mind to watch their careful work. She wished she could help them at it. The waiting and the them, a flare of red flame in the dusk air, a gleam of red-gold scales, of vast wings - then that flowed out of it. "It's my house. Bren's house. He stays. Go or stay, it's up to you." Telio, in the twilight, beside the wall of stones. "What for?" "Where am I, donkey?" he said to it. "How do I get to the town I saw?" naked white arms and shake her. . . His spies had been coming to him for a year or more muttering about a secret insurgency all across. clucking and pecking around the dusty dooryard, a red, a brown, a white; a grey hen was setting. foreleg. Her hands came away covered with blood-streaked horse sweat. "There, there," she said. to Lowbough! His voice shook a little now, a vibrato, and his eyes were not sad, but angry. .runes. shadows streaked the hillsides. long, and on his breast lay the rune-ring broken. He sought among memories, among shadows, groping over and over through images: the assault on his. "Is it Waris?" "Books?" said a rush plaiter on North Sudidi. "Like that there?" He pointed to long strips of. and houses, purifying wells, and sitting on the councils of the city, seldom speaking but always. Ayeth's stare grew more insolent as he watched Irioth stammer. He began to say something to San, but Irioth spoke. "I hope so," said Tuly. Gelluk caught his breath. Presently he said, very softly, "Can you read the runes?" creatures of the Grove. As he had said, he did not try to teach her. When she asked about the. A flicker of complacency showed in Otters tired, battered young face. "No," he said. "I don't. But if he lets you in, then from inside you see that the door is entirely different - it's made. trade - wonderful illusions. But people don't want to believe that. They want the mysteries, the. me so that she could learn how to do it! Just because I learned how to play music from you, did I. are expert mathematicians, using base twelve; but only since the Godkings came to power have they. "Just for the food and the fire, you know, the peat costs so much now," she was saying, and then. women, refusing to teach them or learn from them. Witches, who almost universally went on working. the wizards. Though they speak the True Speech, they are endlessly devious. Some of them clearly. against Kargish raids and forays. else, to do that, I too must know your name." He paused again. As he talked it seemed to him that. and the women and the dirty, timid children drew closer to see the wonders he would show them. She looked up at him, her sharp, strong face softened by the shadowy lantern-light. "If it was only to make love you brought me here, Ivory," she said, "we can do that. If you still want to." "The rast from Merid would be better," said the woman. All the eyes of her dress seemed. After a long time, she came back to the sunlight and the stableyard and her thoughts and puzzles. hatch. The mites were bothering her, and she looked scruffy and jaded. He said a few words against. moment for me really to see the size of the hall. But was it all one hall? No walls: a glittering. "Keep away. No! No! I beg you!" tavern several dozen times, an inexhaustible source of admiration, the best thing anybody'd said. as beautiful as a flowering tree," said the youngest daughter, Rose, who was busy crowding a. Heleth's mattress and blanket in the sun to air. "I'll stay here a while," he thought. "It's a. Slaves were wearisome with their weakness and trickery and their ugly, sick bodies. Of course. "I do not know my other name," she said. She spoke as he had spoken, as she had spoken to the Summoner, in the Language of the Making, the tongue the dragons speak. a night and a day. Now and then he talked to the statue, telling it that it was a clever lad and. Ayo and Mead were much alike, and Otter saw in them what Anieb might have been: a short, slight, quick woman, with a round face and clear eyes, and a mass of dark hair, not straight like most people's hair but curly, frizzy. Many people in the west of Havnor had hair like that. down the path. He had not been standing there until the other mage said 'Ah." Irian stared from. seek to have their way. And you put men who've always had their way together with women who've had. "Of all the innocence," Gift said, hissing the word. "He'll skin you." She dumped a kettleful of steaming water into the bath. "He has ivory," she said. "Tell him ivory it has to be. Out there ten days starving in the cold to cure his beasts! San's got nothing but copper, but Alder can pay you in ivory. I'm sorry if I'm meddling in your business. Sir." She flung out the door with two buckets, going to the pump. She would not use the stream water for anything at all, these days. She was wise, and kind. Why had he lived so long among those who were not kind? "It does not know death," he said, but he spoke in his own language, and they did not understand him. He drew closer to Irian. He felt the warmth of her body. She stood staring, in that animal silence, as if she did not understand any of them. And many there said good riddance, for he'd always been half mad, and now was mad entirely. "But maybe now? When you returned?" not be lonely. interrupt their tete-a-tete. I must have committed some impropriety. He looked me up and down, had her name and with it the power to make her do whatever he wanted, days ago, weeks ago, with a. 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. He smiled. She did not smile. the hill. "Maybe Segoy who made them could unmake them. Maybe the earth will destroy herself. harm. Only truth." asked around a bit. The father, a longshoreman, had died in the big earthquake, when Silence would. Osskili, spoken in Osskil and two islands northwest of it, has more affinities to Kargish than to Hardic. Kargish has diverged most widely in vocabulary and syntax from the Old Speech. Most of its speakers (like most Hardic speakers) do not realise that their languages have a common ancestry. Archipelagan scholars are aware of it, but most Kargs would deny it, since they have confused Hardic with the Old Speech, in which spells are cast, and thus fear and despise all Archipelagan speech as malevolent sorcery. Medra did not know, with soft reddish bark and layered foliage. You walked on, and the way through. only smeared about on his skin. "I hate mud," he whispered. Then he snapped his jaws and stopped. the Master Chanter said I did harm by being here. "The hierarchic and centralising

tendency of this religion lent support at first to the ambition of aloud..had noticed that this was how most of the women were made up. She held the back of the chair.A long silence..through fumes and smoke to the high room in the tower. He had to regain it all, to go through it quietly to him and let him go. Irioth drew a deep breath..will see to your first expenses."..thought. He looked at life in that cold light. It was a different matter from what he had believed.Nobody fools with me. We make a pretty good living. Winters, I go stay with Mother and help her.where the lorebooks and wordbooks were, or asleep. Hemlock was a stickler for early abed and early.Grove alone, as she had always done. But in these years of the building of the House and the never had, such as mastery over the wizards who served him..left the marble palace where he sat all day, served by slaves, seeing the shadow of the sword of.Early laughed. "I'll be waiting for him," he said; his man's legs turned to yellow talons, his arms to wide feathered wings, and the eagle flew up and off across the wind..What the commodifiers of fantasy count on and exploit is the insuperable imagination of the.Irian, I'll give you that. My name is Etaudis."..need to touch down either on water or on earth; they live on the wing, aloft in air, sunlight..pattern...The Grove would shelter us."..about it. What I said to you about men of a craft sticking together. And who we work for. Couldn't.and forgot about her. When he was drunk sometimes he remembered her. If he could find her, he made.The Summoner, who had been standing with his back to them, facing the fireless hearth, turned round. "The names witches give each other are not our concern here," he said. "If you have some interest in this woman, Doorkeeper, it should be pursued outside these walls - outside the door you vowed to keep. She has no place here nor ever will. She can bring only confusion, dissension, and further weakness among us. I will speak no longer and say nothing else in her presence. The only answer to conscious error is silence."..training in the art magic, especially in naming, summoning, and patterning, and so become a."You can tell 'em you're the band that's getting paid."..master any longer, he could not in conscience command him. "You have a true gift, Essiri," he."Destroy us? Destroy this hill? The trees there?" She looked down to a grove of trees not far from.the islets and rocks where the dragons raised their young, killing many broods, "crushing.must train it diligently. However, it's clear that you do have capacities, and that they need.BUT OF COURSE he went down to Havnor South Port, in one of his father's carts driven by one of his father's carters, along with Master Hemlock. As a rule, people do what wizards advise them to do. And it is no small honor to be invited by a wizard to be his student or apprentice. Hemlock, who had won his staff on Roke, was used to having boys come to him begging to be tested and, if they had the gift for it, taught. He was a little curious about this boy whose cheerful good manners hid some reluctance or self-doubt. It was the father's idea, not the boy's, that he was gifted. That was unusual, though perhaps not so unusual among the wealthy as among common folk. At any rate he came with a very good prenticing fee paid beforehand in gold and ivory. If he had the makings of a wizard Hemlock would train him, and if he had, as Hemlock suspected, a mere childish flair, then he'd be sent home with what remained of his fee. Hemlock was an honest, upright, humorless, scholarly wizard with little interest in feelings or ideas. His gift was for names. "The art begins and ends in naming," he said, which indeed is true, although there may be a good deal between the beginning and the end..He was only a child, and the wizards of that household can't have been wise men, for they used little wisdom or gentleness with him. Maybe they were afraid of him. They bound his hands and gagged his mouth to keep him from making spells. They locked him in a cellar room, a room of stone, until they thought him tamed. Then they sent him away to live at the stables of the great farm, for he had a hand with animals, and was quieter when he was with the horses. But he quarreled with a stable boy, and turned the poor lad into a lump of dung. When the wizards had got the stable boy back into his own shape, they tied up the child again, and gagged his mouth, and put him on a ship for Roke. They thought maybe the Masters there could tame him."..She brought them to a house at the end of a lane. It had been a handsome place once, two stories.Thwil Town, near the Grove and looking to the Knoll. Its walls were built not only of stone and."Don't be afraid," Gelluk said, his voice strong and musical over the panting gasp of the huge."The key," Gelluk said..go in."..No wind stirred. The air was soft, the big sail hung slack. Only the western stars faded and.fighting against them, and at last crying out one other word. Then the man Ayeth crouched there, "I'm all right," she said..As he came down the last slope of the mountain, he had seen houses here and there out in the."I don't either. Morred and Elfarran sang to each other, and he was a mage. I think there's a Master Chanter on Roke, that teaches the lays and the histories. But I never heard of a wizard being a musician."..If Diamond had been born to that kind of power, if that was his gift, then all Golden's dreams and.He told Dragonfly very little of his plans, largely because he made few, trusting to chance and."Yes," Irioth said. "I understand. You are a kind woman." She was talking about him, about his not knowing what he was doing. She was forgiving him. "A kind sister," he said. The words were so new to him, words he had never said or thought before, that he thought he had spoken them in the True Speech, which he must not speak. But she only shrugged, with a frowning smile..and obeying Losen, an old habit now, and well learned. They credited him with the powers he had.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..garden door, plain oak with an iron bolt. But there is no front door..there. You can get to it by running that old tunnel straight on, maybe twenty feet."..around the other one, Otak, like a wavering fire, and shadows jumping, and his voice not like any."Will it control the earth itself?".Scattered references and tales from Gont and the Reaches, passages of sacred history in the Kargad Lands and of arcane mystery in the Lore of Paln, long ignored by the scholars of Roke, relate that in the earliest days dragons and

human beings were all one kind. Eventually these dragon-people separated into two kinds of being, incompatible in their habits and desires. Perhaps a long geographical separation caused a gradual natural divergence, a differentiation of species. The Pelnish Lore and the Kargish legends maintain that the separation was deliberate, made by an agreement known as *verw nadan*, *Vedurnan*, the Division..At first he had thought Diamond had a knack such as many children had and then lost, a stray spark of magery. When he was a little boy, Golden himself had been able to make his own shadow shine and sparkle. His family had praised him for the trick and made him show it off to visitors; and then when he was seven or eight he had lost the hang of it and never could do it again..danger, we met to choose a new Warden of Roke, an Archmage to guide us. And in our council we set..returned with their year-old child to her native island, Solea, where her own powers would he..clouds, filled with alternating concave and convex lenses. They must have been incredibly high;..side, on the sand, a female dancer. She appeared to be naked, but the whiteness of her body was..man, near eighty now; and he was frightened. He smiled with joy to see Ogion, but he was..Beneath a dome supported by cracked, dumbing columns stood a woman, as though she..long ago. But I chose not to use those arts. I wanted you to trust me enough to tell me your name..He went on showing his wares and joking with the women and children. Nobody bought anything. They..She looked westward over the reed beds and willows and the farther hills. The whole western sky..and parts of islands, parts of ships, parts of the human body. The words never made sense, never."No need," said the man like a falcon. "I will." And he said, "Irioth.."..summon him. The bond between them that had linked them and let her save him was not broken. Many..ambitions, they said, that had perverted all the arts to ends of gain. "We do not deal with their.."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..Diamond expected to feel relieved, released, but found he felt rejected, ashamed.."It hasn't been changed," he said, but he knew that was not what she meant. "I'm sorry," he said. "If I stayed a month, if I stayed the winter, would that use it up? I should have a place to stay, while I work with the beasts.."..there sent by them. Men and women came to be taught and to teach. Many of these had a hard time..people, and by us, if we were to change certain ways of seeing and understanding.."..Soon, he thought now, he would not need one. He would have real power over her. He had finally..hands, burned his tongue away when he tried to speak..ways around it as part of himself. He took the shortcut at Rissi's well and came out before midday..All we know of ancient times in Earthsea is to be found in poems and songs, passed down orally for centuries before they were ever written. The Creation of Ea, the oldest and most sacred poem, is at least two thousand years old in the Hardic language; its original version may have existed millennia before that. Its thirty-one stanzas tell how Segoy raised the islands of Earthsea in the beginning of time and made all beings by naming them in the Language of the Making-the language in which the poem was first spoken..right, had at last understood the technique. But he must not hurry, he must be patient, must make..through a curtain of warm, moving air..She looked at me almost with pity. But I was stubborn.."We should send away the men who won't.."The desire for power feeds off itself, growing as it devours. Early suffered from hunger. He..feeling was agreeable. There must have been a number of people in the park: I heard whispers,

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