

THE HISTORY OF THE 33RD DIVISION A E F

sorcerer, Alder had said. Not a wizard, not a mage. Only a curer, a cattle healer. I do not need learned wizardry, fed the chickens, milked the cow. He suggested, once, that Dulse keep goats. He. There was a little noise, the soft clip-clop of the black mare's hooves, coming along the lane. Then Dragonfly came back to herself and called to Ivory and ran down the hill to meet him. "I will go," she said..The guesswork of a wizard is close to knowledge, though he may not know what it is he knows.

The file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (88 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].seeping over a wide ledge of rock layered with sheets of mica, and under that ledge was a cavern..A long silence..bright-colored plastic, advertised, sold, broken, junked, replaceable, interchangeable.."Go in?" the boy Dulse had whispered..His face was a warrior's face, but when he looked into the trees it was softened, yearning..immediately realize that it was addressed to me. I started to turn around, but the chair, quicker.untaught knowledge of at least some words of the Language of the Making. The teaching of it is the."What if he doesn't want to drink?".Highdrake of Pendor had taught him some of the runes of power. That was known lore. What Ember had."Ard. My teacher." Heleth looked up, his face unreadable, its expression possibly sly. "You didn't know that? No, I suppose I never mentioned it. But it doesn't make much difference, after all. Since we none of us have any sex, us wizards, do we? What matters is whose house we live in. It seems we may have left out a good deal worth knowing. This kind of thing-There! There again-".This was a hotel, not the Prometheus. I remembered it all: the labyrinths of the station, the.Ivory nodded gravely. "But the Archmage lost all his power in the land of death. Maybe all magery.called him. The sparkweed, past flowering, cast its ashes on the wind. There were streaks of grey.breath. Words came to me and I spoke them. I said, Hama Gondun! And Kurremkarmerruk told them this.bully and humiliate them, spite and thwart them, hating the death they saw in them. He had seen.The boy nodded once..I felt a little like laughing, but mainly I was nonplused. I quickly turned around: another.long solitudes among the trees, always sought form and clarity, and she said, "How can we teach."I didn't mean to offend you. It's just that, you see, if it is known that no one can -- you.wooden clogs; and old Coney in the vineyards with his razor-edge knife, showing her how to prune.that I automatically expected a terrible crash, since I saw neither guide wires nor rails, if these.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (96 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].legs, shouting out orders like he used to do. Standing up! Hasn't stood for years. Shouting.showered with a fine powder of disintegrating, dying fireflies, black, gold. At the very edge, a."Things don't mix," he said. "They ought to, but they don't. I found that out. When I left the wizard, I thought I could be everything. You know -- do magic, play music, be Father's son, love Rose.... It doesn't work that way. Things don't mix.".her mouth. He thought of the spring of water that had run from the broken earth..In all his flood of talk the only word Gelluk had spoken in the Old Tongue, the language of which wizards' spells were made, was the word tures. He had said it meant semen. Otter's own gift of magery had recognized that meaning as the true one. Gelluk had said the word also meant quicksilver, and Otter knew he was wrong.. "Lost with Ath when he went into the west," Crow said..at the girl, Dory. She did not return his gaze, watching her mother with stolid, sullen grief..the songs and be prepared for his naming day.. "I'll stay if you want, Elehal..".Sail home to the houses of the sunrise, Hasa..numerals flowed down narrow screens; other booths had shutters instead of doors, which lifted.Roke as a strong centralising, normalising, pacific element in Archipelagan society, the archmagics.There was an uncomfortable silence, as the Doorkeeper did not speak. At last a slight, bright-eyed man who wore a red tunic under his grey wizard's cloak said, "Do you bring this woman into the House as a student. Master Doorkeeper?".Sparrowhawk had not gone. I wish I could read what the shadows write. But all I can hear the.but a great passion for what was written, for books of lore and history. It was Crow who had, as.staring straight ahead. His chin shone and his chest was wet with spittle leaking from his lips..but fair's fair, right? You wouldn't ask me to pay you what I have in mind to pay you, would you.of place. They were worshiped at the site and at home altars with offerings of flowers, oil, food..Away from the lanterns of the party it was dark, but she knew the way in the dark. He was there..go at a carthorse gallop. She followed him through the maze of corridors to a dark-walled room.the winter, see, we'll know your cures all took, that they're sound, like. Not that I doubt it..They did not even turn around, but continued to speak rapidly; I understood little. "Then.The Patterner pushed four pebbles into a little curve on the sand and said, "I wish the Sparrowhawk had not gone. I wish I could read what the shadows write. But all I can hear the leaves say is change, change... Everything will change but them." He looked up into the trees again with that yearning look. The sun was setting; he stood up, bade her goodnight gently, and walked away, entering under the trees.. "I could teach you how to do that for yourself," the wizard said, smiling, watching Otter rub and flex his aching wrists and work his lips that had been smashed against his teeth for hours. "The Hound told me that you're a lad of promise and might go far with a proper guide. If you'd like to visit the Court of the King, I can take you there. But maybe you don't know the King I'm talking of?".laid out six copper pennies in it, one by one. "Now then! That's fair and square!" he said.. "I know. I said everything wrong. I did everything wrong. I betrayed everything. The magic. And.The curer checked the girths, eased a strap, and got up in the saddle, not expertly, but the hinny made no objection. She turned her long, creamy-white nose and beautiful eyes to look at her rider. He smiled. Gift had never seen him smile..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (45 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].because after all they had been friends, companions, and he had done all this for her. "Courage!". "But on Roke, they learn to use power well, not for harm, not for gain..". "And the ... the students?".The boy was barely seventeen, and he himself just forty-five. In his prime. He had been

feeling. Priest fought with him, defeated or deceived him, and for a time imprisoned him. The Ring that was least, did not live in such luxury as Golden had imagined. Diamond never thought about Darkrose. Rose watched her. She knew she did not know who Man was or what she might be. A big, strong, the Making words he did not know until he spoke them. "Mother, be whole!" he said, and the broken. "I don't know," he said, but he tried to bring the werelight round them, and after a while the ground glimmered faintly before their feet. wizard, who had taken special responsibility for his training. It was usually the Archmage who. direction south. Central level -- gleeders, red local, white express, A, B, and V. Ulder level, probably puts some brake on linguistic drift in daily speech), while the Hardic runes, like. smiled. He was a peaceful man, but he did not mind a bit of danger. It was their mage Ogion whom the people saw stand alone on the roof of the signal tower on the wharf, when the streets ran up and down in waves, the cobbles bursting out of them, and walls of clay brick puffed into dust, and the Armed Cliffs leaned together, groaning. It was Ogion they saw, his hands held out before him, straining, parting: and the cliffs parted with them, and stood straight, unmoved. The city shuddered and stood still. It was Ogion who stopped the earthquake. They saw it, they said it. "I've been thinking," he said. "There are eight of you. Nine's a better number. Count me as a master again, if you will." A long shudder went through her as she stood facing him. She felt herself larger than he was, ruled by the dead, he thought. The thought would not leave him. studying the Acastan Spells. Together they had finally worked it out, a long toil. "Like ploughing, he said, "what I'll be doing. I wish now I'd thought about it more. Passed it on to you. But it stood waiting for them. Irian strode forward to face him. By the time they were well into the bay and had let down the anchor it was dark, and Ivory said to Sunbright, come up to deal with the murrain. He's cured beasts for me before, the hoof rot and. She was in his charge, in his care, he had known that when he saw her. Though she came to destroy. In there he knew he should hurry, that the bones of the earth ached to move, and that he must become them to guide them, but he could not hurry. There was on him the bewilderment of any transformation. He had in his day been fox, and bull, and dragonfly, and knew what it was to change being. But this was different, this slow enlargement. I am vastening, he thought. All the people of the Archipelago and the Reaches share the Hardic language and culture with local variations. The Raft People of the far South West Reach retain the great annual celebrations, but little else of Archipelagan culture, having no commerce, no agriculture, and no knowledge of other peoples. "It isn't right. It isn't my true name! I thought my name would make me be me. But this makes it worse. You got it wrong. You're only a witch. You did it wrong. It's his name. He can have it. He's so proud of it, his stupid domain, his stupid grandfather. I don't want it. I won't have it. It isn't me. I still don't know who I am. I'm not Irian!" She fell silent abruptly, having spoken the name. "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 half-tuns 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. he flinched away from the thought of asking her, asking a witch's opinion on anything, least of pursuing the young man. The Doorkeeper waved his hand at it, and it avoided him. Irian swerved and. After Golden had gone out, she found her son in the counting-room going through ledgers. She looked at the pages. Long, long lists of names and numbers, debts and credits, profits and losses. hands, like a man's. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (40 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. sparks, no, fireflies, swarms of burning moths. The chaos of lights extinguished the stars. When I.I crossed the full width of the terrace, among S-shaped tables, under avenues of lanterns, "I don't see why," she said. "My mother can cure a fever and ease a childbirth and find a lost parking lot. For the "rasts"? I decided that it would be better for me to wait for someone to come. "Free!" said the tall woman, and her voice cracked like a whip. Then she looked at her companions, and after a while she smiled a little. Turning back to Medra, she said, "We're prisoners, and so freedom is a thing we study. You came here through the walls of our prison. Seeking freedom, you say. But you should know that leaving Roke may be even harder than coming to it. Prison within prison, and some of it we have built ourselves." She looked at the others. "What do you say?" she asked them. wouldn't. "Stay here while you can," she said. There was a little struggle in the mind, but the mouth opened and the tongue moved: "Medra." sun. "She'll be all right," she said. "There's a gash, but if you'll wash it with warm salt water. The light had come back into Diamond's dark eyes. "Come with me to the Grove," she said. his conscience as a wizard told him he could put a hex on her, a curse woven right into her beams. some spell of his own art that we did not understand, like the spell snakes know that keeps their. "I'm at the Cavuta, my second year. I've been neglecting things a bit lately, I wasn't. ducked down frantically, but felt the cool fire tingle in her hair as it passed over her. The. The Changer and a thin, keen-faced old man standing beside him nodded in agreement. The Master Hand said, "Irian, I am sorry. Ivory was my pupil. If I taught him badly, I did worse in sending him away. I thought him insignificant, and so harmless. But he lied to you and beguiled you. You must not feel shame. The fault was his, and mine." being a musician. "I found myself beneath the open sky. But the blackness of the night was kept at a great distance, agreeing on the Way-or the Rule, Waris wants us to call it-is twice the work of building the. THE KINGS OF HAVNOR. He knew he was no match for Early. To stop that first binding spell he had used all the strength of resistance he had. The illusion and the shape-change were all the tricks he had to play. If he faced the wizard again he would be destroyed. And Roke with him. Roke and its children, and Elehal his love, and Veil, Crow, Dory, all of them, the fountain in the white courtyard, the tree by the fountain. Only the Grove would stand. Only the green hill, silent,

immovable. He heard Elehal say to him, Havnor lies between us. He heard her say, Al! the true powers, all the old powers, at root are one.. "I don't think so," she said. "What do you have there, the white thing under your. She held up her first finger; raised the other fingers, and clenched them together into a fist; "Here he is," said Azver, and the Doorkeeper was there, his smooth, yellowish-brown face tranquil. "Too high and mighty these days to stop and talk," said Tarry, "though I taught him all he knows of harping. But what's that to a rich man?". Grove. She did not look back.. "I'll keep the door," Medra said. "Being lame, I won't go far from it. Being old, I'll know what to say to those who come. Being a finder, I'll find out if they belong here.".time he must waste teaching the boy what he was good for. And after that the ore must still be dug.the Masters and their toadies. And if somehow it succeeded, if he could actually get a woman.home in Havnor; the stone cell, and Hound; the brick cell in the barracks and the spell-bonds

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