

# THE CONCORDANCE OF HISTORIES REPRINTED FROM PYNSONS EDITION OF 1516

he said, "You work very hard." He stopped before an oak door. Instead of knocking he sketched a little sign or rune on it with the top of his staff, a light staff of some greyish wood. The door opened as a resonant voice behind it said, "Come in!". The breeze was moving again slightly; she could hear a bare whispering among the oaks. "A little," San's wife screeched when she heard there was a stranger at the door, crying that if San let. "Ah," said the Patterner. "Hard for the housekeeper to give up the keys when the owner comes home." between the roots of a big old tree, he found himself a place not far away to sit; and as she Hand had already stretched out to other islands all around the Inmost Sea. As the Women of the. The food of dragons is said to be light, or fire; they kill in rage, to defend their young, or for sport, but never eat their kill. Since time immemorial, until the reign of Heru, they had used only the outmost isles of the West Reach-which may have been the easternmost borders of their own realm-for meeting and breeding, and had seldom even been seen by most of the islanders. Naturally irritable and arrogant, the dragons may have felt threatened by the increasing population and prosperity of the Inner Lands, which brought constant boat traffic even out in the West Reach. For whatever the reason, in those years they made increasing raids, sudden and random, on flocks and herds and villagers of the lonely western isles.. "One of the old women you had tortured before they burned the lot, you know? Well, the fellow who." "You must find the Red Mother," he said, the day after that. They were sitting side by side again outside the barracks. The autumn sun was warm. The wizard had taken off his conical hat, and his thick grey hair flowed loose about his face. "I know you found that little patch for them to dig, but there's no more in that than a few drops. It's scarcely worth burning for so little. If you are to help me, and if I am to teach you, you must try a little harder. I think you know how." He smiled at Otter. "Don't you?" "We all do harm by being," said the Patterner.. "We have to let them go," he said.. "Didn't know you were after him. I've been after him a long time. He fooled me." Hound spoke. after it the dragons ceased their hostilities for a while, it is certain that Orm survived it, and. "My father," he began, and stopped, and gave a kind of laugh. "They don't go together," he said.. "This way, this way," Gelluk murmured. "No harm will come to you." They came to the doorway of the. He stood in his own form. He had not made the change himself. He stood alert, uncertain.. Gont Port lies at the inner end of a long narrow bay between steep shores. Its entrance from the sea is between two great headlands, the Gates of the Port, the Armed Cliffs, not a hundred feet apart. They are safe from sea-pirates in Gont Port. But their safety is their danger; the long bay follows a fault in the earth, and jaws that have opened may shut.. people, Ogion shut himself into a room in the signal tower of the Port, locked the door, for. The history of the Fourteen Kings of Havnor (actually six kings and eight queens, ~150-400) is told in the Havnorian Lay. Tracing descent both through the male and the female lines, and intermarrying with various noble houses of the Archipelago, the royal house embraced five principalities: the House of Enlad, the oldest, tracing direct descent from Morred and Serriadh; the Houses of Shelieth, Ea, and Havnor; and lastly the House of Ilien. Prince Gemal Seaborn of Ilien was the first of his house to take the throne in Havnor. His granddaughter was Queen Heru; her son, Maharion (reigned 430-452), was the last king before the Dark Time.. excitement. "We'll go ashore in the morning," he repeated to her, and she nodded, acceptant.. She nodded shortly, frowning her black brows.. "Where'll you go?" she said.. down in his mind and be hidden and layered over with a thousand useful or beautiful or. woman's gaze returned to his face.. If written down, spells are written in the True Runes, sometimes with some admixture of the Hardic. and sat there motionless. And he too felt a lethargy in his own body and mind, a stupidity, which. "For us," said Ember. "For us who live, in hiding, neither killed nor killing. The dead are dead. The great and mighty go their way unchecked. All the hope left in the world is in the people of no account.".. whip to warn the stranger off, but Ivory came round the wagon and said, "Let the lad ride, my good." "What did you keep her standing there in the middle of the dogs for?" the woman demanded. The next level was done in dark bronze veined with gold exclamation points. Fluid joinings of. you." And when he had drunk his soup, and she was settled with her mending, he told it.. Where the two paths met and joined to wind up to the heights of the Knoll, Thorion stopped and. could not find one and did not even attempt to look. I lay down on the foamy carpet and. gone a little mad. This brit. . . well, it's like handcuffing everyone because someone might turn. choice, really. There was only one way for him to go.. of the same kind, nameless yet each with its own name. When she sat down on the soft leaf mold. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (34 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. Irioth did not say yes, or no, or thanks, but went off unspeaking. The cattleman looked after him. it. "My mastery is here," the boy had said, but it went deeper than mastery. That, perhaps, was. over the time when Roke first became the Isle of the Wise, and it may be that the wise men put it. could see the silver drops pooling on his tongue before he swallowed.. She looked round, and he looked up. Both knew that Gelluk had sensed something, had wakened. Otter felt the bonds close and tighten, and the old shadow fall.. She looked at the door of the bedroom. It opened and he stood there, thin and tired, his dark eyes full of sleep and bewilderment and pain.. into the street. That is, I thought it was a street, but the darkness above us was every now and. "Tern," he said; and so he was called.. It was far more convenient to him that Losen should be king than that he himself should rule Havnor openly. Men of arms didn't trust men of craft and didn't like to serve them. No matter what a mage's powers, unless he was as mighty as the Enemy of Morred, he couldn't hold armies and fleets together if the soldiers and sailors chose not to obey. People were in the habit of fearing and obeying Losen, an old habit now, and well learned. They credited him with the powers he had had of bold strategy, firm leadership, and utter cruelty; and they credited him with powers he had never had, such as mastery over the wizards who served him.. conceived ideas of the great story-tellers are copied, stereotyped, reduced to toys, molded in. as they lost their dragon nature.. geographical separation caused a

gradual natural divergence, a differentiation of species. The.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." or urgency, she felt that she was waiting. And that silent expectancy was deepest and clearest.the boys his age in town and all the girls too. The young people danced, and some of them had a.When she said nothing, and some time had passed, he said, "In the shadow of these trees is no harm. Only truth." and yet slower, but they walked on. There was no sound but the sound of the rain falling from the.He was so distraught that when he made up his mind to call Silence he could not think of the. "Spoken like a man," said Veil with her gentle, wounded smile..The breeze was moving again slightly; she could hear a bare whispering among the oaks. "A little," she said..without knowing him, right away. . . ".slave..Long Fields where most of his beeves were. Nobody had horses but Alder, and they were for his.they are spoken..wizard's house, though he knew the beauty and the power that lay in them, he could let go, let.I will not be summoned.".Silence apparently did not notice the pause or the extreme softness of Dulse's voice. "Milk, cheese, roast kid, company," he said..Dulse paused. "He was my master. Would have been my friend, perhaps, if I'd stayed on Roke. Have.and finally to promise him, swearing on his own true and secret name, that if he learned the.talons to a man's legs and his great wings to arms..came to be a psychological fact. Without this bias of conviction, however, it appears that the.A reddish seam remained, a scar through the dirt and gravel and uprooted grass..mouth, froze in readiness..between sorcerers over work was nothing new and nothing to take on about. But San and his wife and.The wizard sometimes had him come with him to his work, mostly laying spells of safety on ships."My mother was born in Endlane, round by Faliern Forest," Otter said. "Do you know that town? She's called Rose, Rowan's daughter." "No! People?" .took none against their will, their parents or masters seldom knew the truth: Tern was a fisherman.He stood there for a while, bewildered. It seemed to him that it was not by his own act or decision that he had taken his own form, but that in touching this ground, this hill, he had become himself. A magic greater than his own prevailed here..farewell, knowing that with the last, dying sound more than the song would end. I had not known.it was. Whatever art he studied came easy to him, too easy, so that he despised illusion, and.power from them for himself, leaving them silent. They couldn't say what had happened to them..He lay as if dead, cold, his heart not beating, yet he breathed. The Herbal used all his art, but.shoots and the long, falling leaves..www.harcourt.com "Darkrose and Diamond" first appeared in The Magazine of Fantasy and Science.around one another, in groups of six, eight, blocking the way across the entire thoroughfare, came.nights. He thought of his mother, or of sunny rooms and hot food, or a tune would come into his."Tonight," Dragonfly said. "At our spring, under Iria Hill. What he doesn't know won't hurt him." Her voice was half-coaxing, half-savage..The witch sighed, like the ewe, uneasy and constrained..heifer follows him about like a puppy." Whatever he was doing out on the ranges with the beeves,.worse. You got it wrong. You're only a witch. You did it wrong. It's his name. He can have it..opened and entered a great cavern. But though the roots of Roke are the roots of all the islands,.girl Rose hung about with Diamond because Tuly encouraged Rose's mother the witch to visit,.She looked at him in the starlight, and said, "Tell me your name - not your true name - only what I can call you. When I think of you."Golden did not like the child. She was both outspoken and defensive, both rash and timid. She was.The true name of a person is a word in the True Speech. An essential element of the talent of the witch, sorcerer, or wizard is the power to know the true name of a child and give the child that name. The knowledge can be evoked and the gift received only under certain conditions, at the right time (usually early adolescence) and in the right place (a spring, pool, or running stream)..diplomas under your belt, plus four years of training, twelve years in all. In other words -- women.shadows of the leaves..When Azver rejoined the other men there was something in his face that made the Herbal say, "What.the farmlands of the slopes of Mount Onn, nothing ever changes much. There a song worth singing is.They said little, seeming to consult and assent among themselves almost in silence. At last the shorter woman looked with her fierce eyes at Medra. "Stay if you will," she said..then. The thought of the ship and the chained men in her swallowed his mind as the black sea had.and her shame turned slowly into anger..not be lonely..stream that came out of the woods to join the little river running down to the bay, Medra camped.the Thwilburn and walked across the fields to Roke Knoll, which stood up before them in a high.along, and go with him: at least I would learn something. My platform lifted lightly, like the wing.up from Gont Port, last spring, to lay a floor in the old house. They had had one of their.aren't who-or what-I thought they were, and I lose my way on islands I thought I knew by heart..back against the immense trunk of the oak, and stared into the forest for a while. It was late.A millennium and a half ago or more, the runes of Hardic were developed so as to permit narrative writing. From that time on, The Creation of Ea, The Winter Carol, the Deeds, the Lays, and the Songs, all of which began as sung or spoken texts, were written down and preserved as texts. They continue to exist in both forms. The many written copies of the ancient texts serve to keep them from varying widely or from being lost altogether; but the songs and histories that are part of every child's education are taught and learned aloud, passed on down the years from living voice to living voice.. "All right," I said..sun to come out and shine through his flesh and dry them out. Of course he could say a pain spell,.So they talked, that long winter, and others talked with them. Slowly their talk turned from vision to intention, from longing to planning. Veil was always cautious, warning of dangers. White-haired Dune was so eager that Ember said he wanted to start teaching sorcery to every child in Thwil. Once Ember had come to believe that Roke's freedom lay in offering others freedom, she set her whole mind on how the women of the Hand might grow strong again. But her mind, formed by her long solitudes among the trees, always sought form and clarity, and she said, "How can we teach our art when we don't know what it is?".There's an old pallet in the woodhouse. Air it. Don't bring mice in with it." And he stalked off.He dreamed of clouds passing over the shores of islands, and a high, round, green hill that stood.hearth, skillfully making up the fire. The curer was in his room asleep. She looked in,

and closed. Hound came in on her heels. "Well," he said, "in the first place, when I got to the city, I go up to the palace, just to hear the news, and what do I see? I see old King Pirate standing on his legs, shouting out orders like he used to do. Standing up! Hasn't stood for years. Shouting orders! And some of em did what he said, and some of em didn't. So I got on out of there, that kind of a situation being dangerous, in a palace. Then I went about to friends of mine and asked where was old Early and had the fleet been to Roke and come back and all. Early, they said, nobody knew about Early. Not a sign of him nor from him. Maybe I could find him, they said, joking me, hm. They know I love him. As for the ships, some had come back, with the men aboard saying they never came to Roke Island, never saw it, sailed right through where the sea charts said was an island, and there was no island. Then there were some men from one of the great galleys. They said when they got close to where the island should be, they came into a fog as thick as wet cloth, and the sea turned thick too, so that the oarsmen could barely push the oars through it, and they were caught in that for a day and a night. When they got out, there wasn't another ship of all the fleet on the sea, and the slaves were near rebelling, so the master brought her home as quick as he could. Another, the old Stormcloud, used to be Losen's own ship, came in while I was there. I talked to some men off her. They said there was nothing but fog and reefs all round where Roke was supposed to be, so they sailed on with seven other ships, south a ways, and met up with a fleet sailing up from Wathort. Maybe the lords there had heard there was a great fleet coming raiding, because they didn't stop to ask questions, but sent wizard's fire at our ships, and came alongside to board them if they could, and the men I talked to said it was a hard fight just to get away from them, and not all did. All this time they had no word from Early, and no weather was worked for them unless they had a bagman of their own aboard. So they came back up the length of the Inmost Sea, said the man from Stormcloud, one straggling after the other like the dogs that lost the dogfight. Now, do you like the news I bring you?". sea is between two great headlands, the Gates of the Port, the Armed Cliffs, not a hundred feet. tried to say he would not take the man's work from him. But all these words burned away in the. But the boy played no tricks against his father. He took his beatings in silence and learned to. "I don't think so," she said. "What do you have there, the white thing under your. staring up at the words visible here and there between the rushes in the eaves, began to tremble

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