

AFRICA AND THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA

as they said taught her teachers, became the mistress of all healing arts and the science of it. The Archmage did go into the labyrinth among the Hoary Men and come back with the Ring of. There was a wise man on our Hill, preventing raids and forays, imposing penalties and settlements, enforcing boundaries, and. He went slowly round to the eastern side of the hilltop, bright and warm already with the light of the sun a couple of fingers' width above the horizon. Looking under the sun he saw the roofs of a town at the head of a bay that opened out eastward, and beyond it the high line of the sea's edge across half the world. Turning west he saw fields and pastures and roads. To the north were long green hills. In a fold of land southward a grove of tall trees drew his gaze and held it. He thought it was the beginning of a great forest like Faliern on Havnor, and then did not know why he thought so, since beyond the grove he could see treeless heaths and pastures. He stopped to listen, and heard nothing. It took him six more days to get through the big herds in the eastern marshes. The last two days he spent riding out to scattered groups of cattle that had wandered up towards the feet of the mountain. Many of them were not infected yet, and he could protect them. The hinny carried him bareback and made the going easy. But there was nothing left for him to eat. When he rode back to the village he was light-headed and weak-kneed. He took a long time getting home from Alder's stable, where he left the hinny. Emer greeted him and scolded him and tried to make him eat, but he explained that he could not eat yet. "As I stayed there in the sickness, in the sick fields, I felt sick. After a while I'll be able to eat again," he explained. "I don't see why," she said. "My mother can cure a fever and ease a childbirth and find a lost ring, maybe that's nothing compared to what the wizards and the dragonlords can do, but it's not nothing, all the same. And she didn't give up anything for it. Having me didn't stop her. She had me so that she could learn how to do it! Just because I learned how to play music from you, did I have to give up saying spells? I can bring a fever down now too. Why should you have to stop doing one thing so you can do the other?" wide enough. When she waded a knee-deep stream, he held on to her tail. She scrambled up the low, shake the city down, bring avalanche and tidal wave, close the cliffs of the bay together like the illusion, bringing back the door frame around him, the walls and roof beams, the gleam of. got a girl, a town girl, to come to my room. My cell. My little stone celibate cell. It had a. She shrugged. "No," she said. his cautious foot felt no bottom, and he paused. And the Masters . . . Some hold aloof, following arcane knowledge, seeking ever more patterns, him. Gelluk was powerful, masterful, strange, yet he had set him free. For the first time in weeks. brutal not cruel. He demanded obedience, but nothing else. Otter had seen slaves and their masters. "She is," said Rush. "Like her mother and her mother's mother. Let us in, Dory, or me at least, to speak to her." The girl went back in for a moment, and Rush said to Medra, "It's consumption her mother's dying of. No healer could cure her. But she could heal the scrofula, and touch for pain. A wonder she was, and Dory bade fair to follow her." "Moo," said his guide, softly, and he saw the dim, small square of yellow light just a little to. thunder-squall came pelting on that wind, and Ivory went down to the cabin, but Dragonfly stayed. on, I'll show you. Dog can't track till he's had the scent. "I know. I said everything wrong. I did everything wrong. I betrayed everything. The magic. And on the empty sky. "Magic won't die on Roke," said Veil. "On Roke all spells are strong. So said Ath himself. And you. Was this still architecture, or mountain-building? They must have understood that in. Diamond nodded eagerly. story of how Erreth-Akbe lost the Ring of Peace, and the new songs and the King's Tale about how. "There are. Where are you from?" I had to smile. Bog Lake gathering simples. When Dulse came home there it was, shining like a dark lake itself. The tall woman smiled a little. "My sister has never taught a man before" she said. She glanced at. "If I went away -" She saw him shake his head. "I could go to the Namer -". right time (usually early adolescence) and in the right place (a spring, pool, or running stream). dying, and went on. life. "You're tough," he said. "Here, wake up. Come on. Otter, wake up." streamlined table strutting on comically bowed legs; it moved forward, glasses of sparkling. have walked under the trees... Our job must be to keep that strength. Hide it, yes. Hoard it, as a. "Pretty good, pretty good," his father said. "Keep practicing." And he went on. He was not sure. "No. It isn't the High Art. It isn't the True Speech. A wizard mustn't soil his lips with common. Azver went quickly to where Irian lay beside the stream, and the others followed him. She roused. Irian had waited some hours in the Doorkeeper's chamber, a low, light, bare room with a small-paned window looking out on the kitchen-gardens of the Great House - handsome, well-kept gardens, long rows and beds of vegetables, greens, and herbs, with berry canes and fruit trees beyond. She saw a burly, dark-skinned man and two boys come out and weed one of the vegetable plots. It eased her mind to watch their careful work. She wished she could help them at it. The waiting and the strangeness were very difficult. Once the Doorkeeper came in, bringing her a plate with cold meat and bread and scallions, and she ate because he told her to eat, but chewing and swallowing were hard work. The gardeners went away and there was nothing to watch out the window but the cabbages growing and the sparrows hopping, and now and then a hawk far up in the sky, and the wind moving softly in the tops of tall trees, on beyond the gardens. frightened, and did not know what he was frightened of. The wizard, the power, the spell... It was. for base ends, it becomes weak and noxious.... Of course, even a sorcerer gets paid. And wizards, over all Havnor now for years. "Oh, Darkrose," Diamond said, "I love you." he managed to speak. from an early age; and this was one of the reasons Diamond loved her. With her, he knew what. This will end badly, I thought. I was defenseless, and the lions were as alive, as authentic, driven off or killed, one after another, his rivals for Losen's favor, and had enjoyed sole rule. the boat with better wares than most householders of the Isles were used to seeing, and Tern. mirrors glittered, but everything was deserted. At the very end of the mall, in the darkness, "Did you think I was one of their eunuchs? That I'd castrate myself with spells so I could be holy? Why do you think I don't have a staff? Why do you think I'm not at the School? Did you believe everything I said?" "There's not much worth much in my

life," she said, gazing down at the pavement. "All I know how weatherworking, and even healing, because they held no fear, no challenge to him. He saw no virtue. Time he must waste teaching the boy what he was good for. And after that the ore must still be dug." "No, thank you." for them unless they had a bagman of their own aboard. So they came back up the length of the hearth, skillfully making up the fire. The curer was in his room asleep. She looked in, and closed. witch, sorcerer, or wizard is the power to know the true name of a child and give the child that. "Nais. . . how is it. . . ?" I stammered. "You take a complete stranger and. . ." we would say Semen." He smiled again and patted Otter's hand. "For he is the seed and fructifier." "Well, of course they do," said Rose, "that's what they're there for!" "I don't know. It's why I wanted to come to Roke. To find out." "A woman! For safekeeping! In the Ninety Isles! Was he mad?" "But you have some knowledge." And there are songs, old lays and ballads from small islands and from the quiet uplands of Havnor, the high arts. He could be no more than a common sorcerer. Male wizards thus had come to avoid. It was mere cowardice to keep from Havnor, now-fear for his skin, fear lest he find his people had. "I made the wrong choice." down. I practically fled. It was no window. A television screen. I quickened my pace. I was geographical separation caused a gradual natural divergence, a differentiation of species. The pretty girls were always near him. He drank a good deal of Gadge Brewer's excellent beer, and dragon are one." If human beings originally shared that innate knowledge or identity, they lost it. TARRY'S MALICE had left his nerves raw, and the thought of the party weighed on him till he lost. "No, it's impossible," I insisted. "What about people with dangerous jobs? After all, they. Then that was gone and he stood facing the witch-girl. Her look of accusation slowly changed. She put her face in her hands. Great House, all the mages, many of the students. Leading them was Thorion the Summoner, tall in his eyes on that seed of light. had equipped him with every kind of magic that could be needed in Iria of Westpool on Way. To Enlades. Though it is one of the great isles of the Earthsea Archipelago, there aren't many. The Patterner never came to her much before noon, so she had the mornings free. She was used to what they all wanted, and keeping his eyes from those clear eyes. He was a good teacher, the best. people cheered and clapped them when they finished the dance, sweating and panting. "Beer!" despise him for taking such things seriously, maybe knowing they would not understand them, "This is better, Thorion," he said, but he was weeping. far line of the sea. Then he remembered what was worth remembering. The people of Osskil, Rogma, and Borth are lighter-skinned than others in the Archipelago, and often have brown or even blond hair and light eyes; the men are often bearded. Their language and some of their beliefs are closer to Kargish than to Hardic. These far Northerners probably descend from Kargs who, after settling the four great Eastern lands, sailed back to the West about two thousand years ago. who had looked at him. He saw her eyes. shoes walking round Andanden on the cruel roads of black lava. The soles were worn right through. would, swum as the otter would swim. But only in his own form could he think as a man, hide. The Herbal, and I too, judged the Summoner dead. We thought the breath he breathed was left from. raging, he ordered Gift to kick the shorsher out the housh, right away, kick 'im out. Then he. down in his mind and be hidden and layered over with a thousand useful or beautiful or. and fingers were delicate and elegant, and a necklace of amethysts gleamed under the torn. She held up her first finger; raised the other fingers, and clenched them together into a fist; then slowly turned her wrist and opened her hand palm out, as if in offering. He had seen Anieb make that gesture. It was not a spell, he thought, watching intently, but a sign. Ayo was watching him. Gift hurried to the village. She went straight up to the doorstep, bent over the heap, and laid her hand on it. Everybody gasped and muttered, "Avert! Avert!" except Tawny's youngest daughter, who mistook the signs and piped up, "Speed the work!" irreparable harm. Men and women and children had died because he was there. They had died in. Imagination like all living things lives now, and it lives with, from, on true change. Like all we. Orm, the Great Dragon, who had defeated Ath, led hosts of his kind to harry the western islands of. He stared at her, seeing a round-faced woman, middle-aged, short and strong, with grey in her hair. "I can find it," said Otter. itself felt, assuring complete safety. The platform truly hung in the air, not supported by anything. Rose was muttering a rote spell, but it was her hands and her little short sharp knife that did. "The art begins and ends in naming," he said, which indeed is true, although there may be a good. "Do you?" asked the man in the red tunic, smiling a little. upside down, and soured the beer, and a student who tried to stop him got turned into a pig for a. I did not know where to look. In front of me stood a man in something fluffy like fur. "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." the sorcerers and witches. There's no one to turn to." all but the greatest of them conceal their true names. In the lay Hasa's Voyage, the dragons on Roke!" the hillside with its grass and bushes in the last of the sunlight, but there was no entrance. "Tomorrow," he said, and strode off. fly to Roke. Or swim, or sail, or come in any way at all. So we must ask what brought you here." teachers on Roke had said. But this was his island, his rock, dust, dirt. His wizardry grew out of bareback and made the going easy. But there was nothing left for him to eat. When he rode back to. because of what he did and could do. He was an uncanny brat, as they say. He had powers. He could. Golden did not like the child. She was both outspoken and defensive, both rash and timid. She was. more. Her eyes were closed, but suddenly the whites shone from underneath her lashes; I bent. or urgency, she felt that she was waiting. And that silent expectancy was deepest and clearest. Come home with me." "Then you'll be more than welcome. The plague is terrible among the cattle. And getting worse." cheated him. hollow cavern and the lode of cinnabar. "Why should I do that?" "Is it?" he said. "No, no. I believe you, only. . . no. You can't understand this." would have dragons for his dogs. man of power is celibate." fire-spouting, flying enemies. Paln was "a plain of charcoal," and villages and towns in the west. getting old, when I can't lift the buckets and the molds." She showed him her round, muscular arm, towards the Overfell, angry with the boy for coming and with himself for giving in; but it was not. Golden owned the mill that cut the oak boards for the ships they built in Havnor South Port and. She said,

"Beyond the west." "Sitting with old Ferny. She died this afternoon, Mother will be there all night. But how did you powerless. The Four Lands were governed from Awabath. The high priests of the Twin Gods became. it seemed to me, but no one paid the least attention to the change, and I could not even say when. "How far does the forest go?" Medra asked, and Ember said, "As far as the mind goes." watched and listened and was still, he watched and listened and was still. So they did for several warn the city. Do you tell them down there, every ship that can sail make for the open sea. Clear. "You have-" he said-"you have to go. Back." As he said "Back," his left hand struck down on the. The tune ended. "Darkrose," he said, behind her in the dark. She turned her head and looked at him. Their heads were on a level, she sitting crosslegged up on the dance platform, he kneeling on the grass.." Any brit? How could he not have it?" .file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (91 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. "She came to this place at this time," the Namer said. "And to this place, at this time, no one. and obeying Losen, an old habit now, and well learned. They credited him with the powers he had. youngest of them tortured, and then burned them where Losen could sit at his window and watch. The. "He was here!" she cried. "That foul heart, that Thorion!" She strode to meet the Patterner as he came into the starlight by the house. "I was bathing in the stream, and he stood there watching me!"

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