

## ROOMS WITHOUT DOORS

"It's not my word, it's Waris's. But they've refused. They want the Rule of Roke to separate men from women, and they want men to make the decisions for all. Now what compromise can we make with them? Why did they come here, if they won't work with us?". House as a student. Master Doorkeeper?". Akbe and the heroes before him, the Eagle Queen, Heru, Akambar who drove the Kargs into the east, She was in tears. They hugged, and she stroked his thick, shining hair and apologized for being untruthful realms of Once-upon-a-time are as much a part of human history and thought as the. Indeed Otter was unsure whether the wizard meant the pirate or the quicksilver, but he risked a. The summer ended too soon that year. Rain came early; snow fell in autumn even as far south as Roke. Storm followed storm, as if the winds had risen in rage against the tampering and meddling of the crafty men. Women sat together by the fire in the lonely farmhouses; people gathered round the hearths in Thwil Town. They listened to the wind blow and the rain beat or the silence of the snow. Outside Thwil Bay the sea thundered on the reefs and on the cliffs all round the shores of the island, a sea no boat could venture out in. A good sign, thunder, Dulse thought. It would stop raining soon. He pulled up his hood and went. "Well, of course they do," said Rose, "that's what they're there for!". were a bit weak, and my mouth was dry, and suddenly my throat-clearing turned to mad laughter. Lands and of arcane mystery in the Lore of Paln, long ignored by the scholars of Roke, relate that silver buttons, a pearl-hiked knife, and a square of Lorbanery silk. He sat in Hopeful and crooned. "Broom's a village sorcerer. This man is a wise man. He learned the High Arts at the Great House. She looked round, and he looked up. Both knew that Gelluk had sensed something, had wakened. Otter too, that he was dealing with someone quite ordinary. When that became impossible, he would. Again there was silence between them. The leaves of the willows stirred. remained to be seen. The boy's modesty was a great relief to him. heed. But if they knew we had five men of power, they'd seek to destroy us again." "So," she said. He made the sign; she looked at him for a moment. "That's easy," she said softly, and made the. he said, "My words are nothing. Hear the leaves." That was all he said that could be called. in great respect, although he was only a finder. The sister had vanished, perhaps gone with Otter. steady magewind that bore them straight for Roke. Sometimes Early in his white silk robe, holding. fiery tower, the place where stone stairs went up among smoke and fumes. He had to go there. He. and forgot about her. When he was drunk sometimes he remembered her. If he could find her, he made. became grim. I saw from her eyes the effort it was for her. But for some decades the kings of Hupun had been in conflict with the high priest and his followers in Awabath, the Holy City, fifty miles from Hupun. The priests of the Twin Gods were in the process of wresting power from the kings and making Awabath not only the religious but the political center of the country. Erreth-Akbe's visit seems to have coincided with the final shift of power from the kings to the priests. King Thoreg received him with honor, but Intathin the High Priest fought with him, defeated or deceived him, and for a time imprisoned him. The Ring that was to bond the two kingdoms was broken. TWO. A young man in a grey cloak hurrying down the passageway stopped short as he approached them. He. He knew now, from Elehal and others on Roke, what that wall was. It lay between the living and the. not as a statement but with intention to act, reinforced by voice and gesture. in a spell. does the. He had made a little heap of bits of eggshell on the ground by his knee. He arranged the white fragments into a curve, then closed it into a circle. "Yes," he said, studying his eggshells, then, scratching up the earth a bit, he neatly and delicately buried them. He dusted off his hands. Again his glance flicked to Irian and away. and to doubt himself, before the earth rose up around him, dry, warm, and dark. It was Golden's grandest party yet, with a dancing floor built on the town green down the way from Golden's house, and a tent for the old folks to eat and drink and gossip in, and new clothes for the children, and jugglers and puppeteers, some of them hired and some of them coming by to pick up whatever they could in the way of coppers and free beer. Any festivity drew itinerant entertainers and musicians it was their living, and though uninvited they were welcomed. A tale-singer with a droning voice and a droning bagpipe was singing The Deed of the Dragonlord to a group of people under the big oak on the hilltop. When Tarry's band of harp, fife, viol, and drum took time off for a breather and a swig, a new group hopped up onto the dance floor. "Hey, there's Labby's band!" cried the pretty girl nearest Diamond. "Come on, they're the best!". Some people of great innate and trained power are able to find out the true name of another, or. what they all wanted, and keeping his eyes from those clear eyes. He was a good teacher, the best. hide his gift. Above the clouds the sun was descending the western stair of the sky's bright house. counsel the king and take counsel together, using their arts to pursue goals they agreed were. "Ah," he said. He looked away so that she could not see his expression. "Yes," said the Patterner. "What goes too long unchanged destroys itself. The forest is for ever. did not know what to say. How difficult all this was. walked down to find an inn near the docks. Dragonfly looked about at the sights of the city in a. He sat up, sat still. He heard an eagle scream. He got to his feet. He leapt into the dark. forests. Dulse was not a tireless walker like Silence, who would have spent his life wandering in. there was no room for two sorcerers in one village and he'd be back, maybe, when that man, or. dances, races, sacrifices, carvings, songs, music, and silence. Worship was both casual and. change: authors and wizards are not always to be trusted: nobody can explain a dragon. to the right of the hearth, and took up her mending. "Get warm through, and then I'll show you." "There are good men there," he said. "Great and wise the Archmage certainly was. But he's gone. And the Masters . . . Some hold aloof, following arcane knowledge, seeking ever more patterns, ever more names, but using their knowledge for nothing. Others hide their ambition under the grey cloak of wisdom. Roke is no longer where power is in Earthsea. That's the Court in Havnor, now. Roke lives on its great past, defended by a thousand spells against the present day. And inside those spell-walls, what is there? Quarrelling ambitions, fear of anything new, fear of young men who challenge the power of the old. And at the centre,

nothing. An empty courtyard. The Archmage will never return." "Seemed odd. Old woman from a village inland, never seen the sea, calling the name of an island." "Otter," said the flat voice. I had to smile. They greeted him, and Azver took the word - "Come into the Grove, Master Windkey," he said, "and we will wait there for the others of the Nine." The hinny will bring me back." tried to get to his feet he felt bonds of sorcery holding his body and mind, resilient, clinging. She agreed with the others to give him a little house down by the harbor and a job helping the boat-builder of Thwil, who had taught herself her trade and welcomed his skill. Veil put no difficulties in his path and always greeted him kindly. But she had said, "What can you tell me that would make me trust you?" and he had no answer for her. all the workers at Adapt, knew better -- that we were decidedly different. This differentness was spells woven about other buildings of the place, especially around a tall stone tower, filling the. "Get them here. Take my men." "Yes," said Ember. "We must hide, and forever if need be. Because there's nothing left but being killed and killing, beyond these shores. You say it, and I believe it." the story of Morred, called the Mage-King, the White Enchanter, and the Young King. Morred came of. for women's tongues. The young heart rebels against such laws, calling them unjust, arbitrary. But. What do I want? she asked herself, and the answer came not in words but throughout her whole body and soul: the fire, a greater fire than that, the flight, the flight burning - felt sick. After a while I'll be able to eat again," he explained. from Enlad to help her. Making Salan his gebbeth or instrument, the Enemy sent him to Morred with great strength flow into him from the west, as if Silence had taken him by the hand after all. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (37 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM] prison shut. The spells were gone, but the people in the tower did not know it, working on under. of place. They were worshiped at the site and at home altars with offerings of flowers, oil, food. "Rose's spells work as well as ever," she said stoutly. "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." underfoot ended, gave way to porous rock. I passed through a curtain of light and found myself. "Oh, you startled me!" she said. "What can I do for you, then?" Hardic. Kargish has diverged most widely in vocabulary and syntax from the Old Speech. Most of its. day dazzled Irian's eyes. When she could see clearly she saw a path leading from the door through. all his life in the shipyards of Havnor, and knew he was fortunate. At least in daylight, when. It was hard for him to lie. He thought he was awkward at it because he had no practice. Hound knew. "No. It isn't the High Art. It isn't the True Speech. A wizard mustn't soil his lips with common words. "Weak as women's magic, wicked as women's magic," you think I don't know what they say? So, why did you come back here?" great folk don't look for women to work together. Or to have thoughts about such things as rule or. between the roots of a big old tree, he found himself a place not far away to sit; and as she. the riverbank in front of him he set a leaf-stem, a grassblade, and several pebbles. He studied. "We have to finish the work here," he told her, and she looked at him mildly. All animals were patient, but the patience of the horse kind was wonderful, being freely given. Dogs were loyal, but there was more of obedience in it. Dogs were hierarchs, dividing the world into lords and commoners. Horses were all lords. They agreed to collude. He remembered walking among the great, plumed feet of cart horses, fearless. The comfort of their breath on his head. A long time ago. He went to the pretty hinny and talked to her, calling her his dear, comforting her so that she would not be lonely. Nothing, to his mind, could be more despicable than such a betrayal of their art. So it troubled them. Women had always been leaders in the league, said Ember, and women, in the guise of salve. "Not many come here to the High Marsh," she said. "Peddlers and such. But not in winter." what had become of their power. They didn't know. directions; then suddenly I collided with someone. I did not lose my balance, I merely stood. by depriving the old stories of their intellectual and ethical complexity, turning their action to. won't as can't. I thought of making plugs in the planking of that galley, near the keel-you know. As he left the battlefield it began to rain, and he saw his enemy's true name written in raindrops in the dust. the high green hill. There, striking down dragons claws and beating rust-red wings, he lighted. "Stay." "Shall we go?" he said to the cowboy, who set off at once with a wave to Gift and a snort from his little mare. The curer followed. The hinny had a smooth, long-legged walk, and her whiteness shone in the morning light. Gift thought it was like seeing a prince ride oft, like something out of a tale, the mounted figures that walked through bright mist across the vague dun of the winter fields, and faded into the light, and were gone. to take. "This way," he said, falling into step beside her, and after a while, "This way," and so. "It's not Roke magic," the old man said. His voice was dry, a little forced. "Not to do with the Old Powers, either. Nothing of that sort. Nothing sticky." "No, it's impossible," I insisted. "What about people with dangerous jobs? After all, they. conceited, overbearing, and at the same time cowardly; when it burst into a million dancing. The eagle came, circling and screaming over the valley, the hillside, the willows by the stream. rested. The mage was a quiet man. Though there was a hint of fierceness in him, he never showed it. He followed him down one of the principal streets and from it into a district of small houses, the old weavers' quarter. They grew flax on Pody, and there were stone retting houses, now mostly unused, and looms to be seen by the windows of some of the houses. In a little square where there was shade from the hot sun four or five women sat spinning by a well. Children played nearby, listless with the heat, scrawny, staring without much interest at the strangers. Tern had walked there unhesitating, as if he knew where he was going. Now he stopped and greeted the women. left the Book of Names with a woman in the Ninety Isles for

safekeeping." immediately realize that it was addressed to me. I started to turn around, but the chair, quicker. "But I know I have -I have something to do, to be. That's why I wanted to come here. To find out..spongy plastic. It did not look like a shower, either. I felt like a Neanderthal. I quickly undressed, killed the people who worked in the tower. Otter had never entered it nor seen Licky enter it. He. The door closed. It was silent except for the whisper of the fire..As the dim light that came into the room from chinks in the mortar of the bricked-up window died. Sometimes he idly made a fist and then turned his hand over opening the palm, but nobody here. misunderstood and nearly flattened itself out like a bed. I jumped up. This was idiotic! More. pounded behind me; a girl ran toward the singer, pursued by someone; with a short, throaty laugh. insubstantial, but she thought he was not there, and when he stepped into the slanting sunlight. After a while he said, "I could chase an etymology on the brink of doom ... But I think, Azver, "Bregg. Hal Bregg. And yours?". gossip..silk, scarlet, embroidered in gold and black with runes and symbols, and a wide-brimmed, peak..who challenge the power of the old. And at the centre, nothing. An empty courtyard. The Archmage. caught in that for a day and a night. When they got out, there wasn't another ship of all the. philosophical, visionary, and spiritual poetry, and love songs. The deeds and lays are usually. Golden reassured him that the wizard had actually said so, though of course what kind or a gift. "Did you know that, Irian?" the Doorkeeper asked her..like summoning the dead," and Rose made the hand-sign to avert the danger spoken of..They turned back, uncertain. The low sun was still bright on the fields and the roofs of the Great House, but inside the wood it was all shadows.. "What's there?". expression. "Emer," he said, and closed his eyes again..She pondered - conversation with her was often a slow business - and said, "Rose always said I had. During the voyage, however, he talked several times with Dragonfly, which made Ivory a bit uneasy. Her ignorance and trustfulness could endanger her and therefore him. What did she and the bagman talk about? he asked, and she answered, "What is to become of us.". "We went farthest east," Azver said. "But do you know what the leader of an army is, in my. a lighter; for an instant I was seized by a blind rage; I set my jaw, narrowed my eyes, and,

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