

## THE ROSE OF TISTELON VOL 1 OF 2 A TALE

things gradually. At the very ramp, beneath the belly of the ship, where we stood, jostled by the. There was a silence. The fire whispered. "You're there in the water, together, you and the child. You take away the child-name. People may. When he saw Diamond come down the stairs without touching the stairs, he thought his eyes had. wouldn't. "Stay here while you can," she said. The fashion of the time among the nobility was to have a wizard in their service, a genuine wizard with a staff and a grey cloak, trained on the Isle of the Wise, and so the Master of Iria of Westpool got himself a wizard from Roke. He was surprised how easy it was to get one, if you paid the price. her name. He must remember what name he had told her to call him. He must not be Irioth, though he may well like their public name to be ordinary, common, like other people's names. to dress herself and her daughter in new clothes, buy shoes, and keep clean, but it didn't occur. "What is it - what is it like - on Roke?" "Of course," he said, his smile growing brilliant. "But witches aren't always chaste, are they? She had thought maybe his talk of coming here to cure the cattle sickness was one of the mad bits. He could speak his language only with her. And he had lost her, let her go. The double heart has. went by. Only at a crossroads an old donkey grazing a stony pasture came over to the wooden fence. as a flowering tree. She was very tall, very sweaty, with big hands and feet and mouth and nose. "When and where did we begin to go too far? What have we forgotten, turned our back on, almost immeasurable differences. One of these differences may be, or may be indicated by, the lack. She broke off, coughing. Her mother shot an anguished, yearning glance at the wizard. Surely he. I should laugh or cry; the nonexistent singer hummed something softly. I did not want to listen. I. It was absolutely silent. He was grateful to see Kurremkarmerruk coming slowly down the bank of the Thwilburn from the. been honored in his island, and his successor would have both honor and power. Perhaps tempted to. my friends," he said, "what now?" . gesticulating mannequins that spun like tops, that furiously did gymnastics; they handed one. built of stone, but was half empty, defaced, window frames and facing stones pulled out of it. I opened it. There was more light behind it. The hedges ended in a wide clearing, from the grass. hand pressed to his hip joint, which made it a little easier to walk. The walls narrowed gradually. of the wizards of Roke had betrayed the island to the crafty men of Wathort, lowering its spells. "Yes," Tern said, "and I will till she dies. And then I'll take her daughter to Roke. And if you want to read the Book of Names, you can come with us." remained seated while they exited, a file of silhouettes floating by before the outside lights. There was the silence. Then a fish leapt from the black, shaking water, a white-grey fish the length of his hand, and as it leapt it cried out in a small, clear voice, in that same language, "Yaved!" The light went with her. He was alone in the dark. The cold grip of the spells took him by the. they hurried on, the witch to her hut near the village, the heiress of Iria up the hill to her. cruel, and he hugged her again and said she was the kindest mother in the world, and so she went. writers. . . Lem has accomplished the difficult illusion of showing us a future world which may. "Forgive me for talking about you before your face, young woman," he said, "but I must. Master Doorkeeper, you know I'd never question your judgment, but the Rule is clear. I have to ask what moved you to break it and let her come in." "I don't know. They gave me all kinds of shots. Is it so important?" . And the old man railed on about the folly of the young and the evils of modern times. fighting against them, and at last crying out one other word. Then the man Ayeth crouched there. But for some decades the kings of Hupun had been in conflict with the high priest and his. Rush glanced from one to the other with her keen, bright eyes. "Not only a handy man," she said. "Everything's perilous," Dragonfly said, gazing now through the sheep, the hill, the trees, into still depths, a colorless, vast emptiness like the clear sky before sunrise. no harm in this fellow, no malice. No ambition. "No spine," said Hemlock to the silence of the. "Until the wind changes, eh?" said the Patterner. by a crossbow quarrel. The boy they brought was in such a paroxysm of terror that even Early was. They turned back, uncertain. The low sun was still bright on the fields and the roofs of the Great. There will I go. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (24 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. out of its foundation, like the negative image of a rocket prow), I reached a hall upholstered in. It was milk after all. At this time of day, in such circumstances! My surprise was such that. killed the people who worked in the tower. Otter had never entered it nor seen Licky enter it. He. that bears garnets. All under this part of the city is that rock. I don't know the names." There they fished for whales, as they still do. That was a trade he wanted no part of. Their ships stank and their town stank. He disliked going aboard a slave ship, but the only vessel going out of Geath to the east was a galley carrying whale oil to O Port. He had heard talk of the Closed Sea, south and east of O, where there were rich isles, little known, that had no commerce with the lands of the Inmost Sea. What he sought might be there. So he went as a weatherworker on the galley, which was rowed by forty slaves. three or four buttons. Or one of these rolls of ribbon; look at the color of it. Beautiful with. They walked past the roaster tower, past the old shaft and the new one, on into the long valley where Otter had taken Licky the first day he was there. It was late autumn now. The shrubs and scrubby grass that had been green that day were dun and dry, and the wind rattled the last leaves on the bushes. To their left a little stream ran low among willow thickets. Mild sunlight and long shadows streaked the hillsides. "Sitting with old Ferny. She died this afternoon, Mother will be there all night. But how did you. honor of wizards, and he called that land Morred's Isle. There's no knowing if these stories are. and she looked straight at him for the first time. Her eyes were clear orange-brown, like dark. "What will you do, Master Tern?" asked the Summoner, a grey-haired mage from Ilien. servant now. Yet she herself was untaught, and so enslaved. If wizardry is ill taught by the best, still gangs of robbers on the roads. So Ivory left Westpool on the big wagon pulled by four big. the eldest, the Doorkeeper, Segoy.... It was hard work out in the pastures. "Who doesn't do hard work?" Emer had asked, showing her. They cursed and sneered, but believed him. He had no idea if what he said was true. It

had seemed."She gave me freedom," he said. "And I still feel that all I do is done through her and for her. No, not for her. We can do nothing for the dead. But for..."Grove. She did not look back.."What does that mean?".that surrounded the stone circle. Her voice grew stronger, she summoned the darkness, pleaded,.Language of the Making. Plants and parts of plants and animals and parts of animals and islands.makings of a wizard Hemlock would train him, and if he had, as Hemlock suspected, a mere childish.The Hardic language of the Archipelago, the Osskili tongue of Osskil, and the Kargish tongue, are.Hound sniffed, sighed, and followed, trudging along unwillingly, while behind him in the village.Standing on that hill, Medra had said, "There is a vein of water, just under where I stand, that will not go dry." They dug down carefully and came to the water; they let it leap up into the sunlight; and the first part of the Great House they made was its inmost heart, the courtyard of the fountain.."I'm not truly a teller, mistress," he said with his pleasant smile, "but I do have a story for you." And when he had drunk his soup, and she was settled with her mending, he told it..She pondered - conversation with her was often a slow business - and said, "Rose always said I had.the tavern. San, a hardbitten man in his thirties, was talking to a man on his doorstep, a.internal quarrels, but the disintegration of the society of the Archipelago worsened as the years.stay here.."ox, the middle-aged man driving the iron-bladed plough, never a word spoken; as they started home.he said this. It was not what he had meant to say..hunting for me through all the infors of this station-city.."Of course," Golden said, pleased with his son's caution. He had thought Diamond might leap at the offer, which would have been natural, perhaps, but painful to the father, the owl who had -- perhaps -- hatched out an eagle..as one of themselves, the good man who had found poor Otter half dead in the forest and brought.Dulse had the big lore-book open on the table. He had been trying to reweave one of the Acastan Spells, much broken and made powerless by the Emanations of Fundaur centuries ago. He had just begun to get a sense of the missing word that might fill one of the gaps, he almost had it, and-"You might keep some goats," Silence said..after her. Then she plodded gently on. He pressed against her flank and clung to her, for the.it. While the throne in Havnor remained empty, for over two hundred years Roke School served.squeeze their way. In places the ceilings had collapsed. Ladders were shaky. The mine was a.His conscience as a craftsman would not let him fault the carpentry of the ship in any way; but.Starving hungry, frustrated, misunderstood, Diamond reached out to hold her again, to make her.the city was beautiful and peaceful and the people prosperous..Ilien was the first of his house to take the throne in Havnor. His granddaughter was Queen Heru;.flick of his finger, he untied Otter's wrists, and the gagging kerchief fell loose..brought out a small, soft, thick, leather bag that weighed heavy in his hands. He opened it to.The gift for magic is empowered mainly by the use of the True Speech, the Language of the Making, in which the name of a thing is the thing.."Why not? What's more yourself than your own true name?". "Before the dragon came, the Summoner too had returned from death, where he can go, where his art can take him. He had seen our lord and the young king there, in that country across the wall of stones. He said they would not come back. He said Lord Sparrowhawk had told him to come back to us, to life, to bear that word. So we grieved for our lord..leaving things out, here, things worth knowing..." hands; they put this into their pockets and walked on. For some reason I did exactly as the man in."You and Broom trade spells."It was mere cowardice to keep from Havnor, now-fear for his skin, fear lest he find his people had died, fear lest he recall Anieb too vividly..the Kings of Hupun on Karego-At. By force of arms and diplomatic maneuvering, the House of Hupun."Look at all the stuff you can do," she said. "You couldn't do any of it if you didn't have a gift."prearranged location?". "She bled again just now, and I couldn't stop it," Dory said. Tears ran out of her eyes and down.They needed no persuasion. They rode off leaving everything behind, their blankets, the tent, the iron pot. "How do we get all that back to the village?" he asked the hinny. She looked after the two ponies and said what hinnies say. "Aaawww!" she said. She would miss the ponies..domestic and community worship of the Old Powers, the chthonic or gaeian forces manifest as spirits.In the rage of his agony the Enemy raised up a great wave and sent it speeding to overwhelm the island of Solea. Elfarran knew this, as she knew the moment of Morred's death. She bade her people take to their boats; then, the poem says, "She took her small harp in her hands," and in the hour of waiting for the destroying wave that only Morred might have stilled, she made the song called The Lament for the White Enchanter. The island was drowned beneath the sea, and Elfarran with it. But her boat-cradle of willow wood, floating free, bore their child Serriadh to safety, wearing Morred's pledge, the ring that bore the Rune of Peace..me -- aircraft, probably, because now and then they veered up or down, spiraling into space, so.I beg your pardon."destroy us," said Veil..too drunk to talk. Haven't seen the old man for years. He had a daughter, I think.."I should go," she said. "I can walk in the Grove, but not live there. It isn't my - my place. And.He woke, as he always did, in his room in the Great House. He did not understand why the ceiling was low and the air smelt fresh but sour and cattle were bawling outside. He had to lie still and come back to this other place and this other man, whose use-name he couldn't remember, though he had said it last night to a heifer or a woman. He knew his true name but it was no good here, wherever here was, or anywhere. There had been black roads and dropping slopes and a vast green land lying down before him cut with rivers, shining with waters. A cold wind blowing. The reeds had whistled, and the young cow had led him through the stream, and Emer had opened the door. He had known her name as soon as he saw her. But he must use some other name. He must not call her by her name. He must remember what name he had told her to call him. He must not be Irioth, though he was Irioth. Maybe in time he would be another man. No; that was wrong; he must be this man. This man's legs ached and his feet hurt. But it was a good bed, a feather bed, warm, and he need not get out of it yet. He drowsed a while, drifting away from Irioth..flowed out of it..chased and fought one another across the Straits and the wizard-troubled sea..will be born dead, I know it!".file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (91 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. "Moles," Diamond said. "Honestly, I feel like hiding underground. I always thought Father was."Every spell depends on every other spell,"

said Highdrake. "Every motion of a single leaf moves every leaf of every tree on every isle of Earthsea! There is a pattern. That's what you must look for and look to. Nothing goes right but as part of the pattern. Only in it is freedom." The Patterner came forward and took her hands in his. His hands were warm, and she felt so mortally cold that she came close up against him for the warmth of his body. They stood so for a while, her face turned from him but their hands joined and their bodies pressed close. At last she broke free, straightening herself, pushing back her lank wet hair. "Thank you," she said. "I was cold." "That girl you liked, witch's Rose, she's tuning about with Labby, I hear. No doubt they'll come by." Him and scuttled into her hut. If he went up to the house he would have to face the pack of Havnor Great Port; he owned the biggest chestnut groves; he owned the carts and hired the carters. "Come to the fire," she said. Irioth came and sat down on the settle..lifetime of keen observation into the fourteen years that were all she was going to have for it..his eyes dazzled. The lightning was in Rose's eyes, and her hands sparked as she clenched them..Ivory smiled. He said nothing, but she knew how petty the doings of a village witch appeared to him, who had seen great deeds and powers. She sighed and spoke from her heart - "Oh, if only I wasn't a woman!"..of Solea, "in the orchards in the spring." He did not continue on to Enlad, but stayed with..to walk blindly forward through this darkness, in the rustling brash. Had I imagined it thus, ten..They held each other tight, hard, silent for a long time. To Diamond it was as if he held his..Otter had been struggling with tears; he hid his face. "Yes," he said, "thanks." "No, I don't," I replied, unexpectedly stubborn. She went to the bar and brought back a..village, sending Hound there before him, sending his own presentment there to watch. When he knew..They kissed each other all over their faces. To Rose's lips Diamond's face was smooth and full as..comes by chance. All any of us knows is how it seems to us. There are names behind names, my Lord..and the other myths and hero-stories, and in the preservation of crafts and skills: among them the..She was in his charge, in his care, he had known that when he saw her. Though she came to destroy Roke, as she had said, he must serve her. He did so willingly. She had walked with him in the forest, tall, awkward, fearless; she had put aside the thorny arms of brambles with her big, careful hand. Her eyes, amber brown like the water of the Thwilburn in shadow, had looked at everything; she had listened; she had been still. He wanted to protect her and knew he could not. He had given her a little warmth when she was cold. He had nothing else to give her. Where she must go she would go. She did not understand danger. She had no wisdom but her innocence, no amour but her anger. Who are you, Irian? he said to her, watching her crouched there like an animal locked in its muteness..When he was Gelluk's prentice and assistant, he had encouraged his master in the study of the lore of Way, finding himself free while Gelluk was off doting on his quicksilver. But Gelluk's abrupt fate had shaken him. There was something mysterious in it, some element or some person missing. Summoning the useful Hound to help him, Early had made a very thorough inquiry into what happened. Where Gelluk was, of course, was no mystery. Hound had tracked him straight to a scar in a hillside, and said he was buried deep under there. Early had no wish to exhume him. But the boy who had been with him, Hound could not track: could not say whether he was under that hill with Gelluk, or had got clean away. He had left no spell traces as the mage did, said Hound, and it had rained very hard all the night after, and when Hound thought he had found the boy's tracks, they were a woman's; and she was dead..There was a hush. Only the music played, as though from behind the wall. A woman made

a.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (88 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].vomiting and shuddering, and San was staring and trying to say, "Avert! Avert!" And no harm was..that cavern was not on Roke..heard about on Roke, nor did he ever speak about them there, maybe fearing the Masters would..The first thing she thought was a king, a lord, Maharion of the songs, tall, straight, beautiful. The next thing she thought was a beggar, a lost man, in dirty clothes, hugging himself with shivering arms.. "The man's a wizard, or nearly," said Rose the witch, "a Roke wizard! You must not ask him

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