

TREASURING EMMA

And it was in these discussions that the school on Roke began. Trusting the messenger, Morred entered the trap. He barely escaped with his life. The Enemy pursued him from the east to the west of Enlad in a trail of ruin. On the Plains of Enlad, meeting the companions who had stayed loyal to him, most of them sailors who had brought their ships to Enlad to aid him, Morred turned and gave battle. The Enemy would not confront him directly, but sent Morred's own spell-bound warriors to fight him, and worse, sent sorceries that shriveled up the bodies of his men till they "living, seemed the black thirst-dead of the desert." To spare his people, Morred withdrew. Havnor, gathering its tributaries on the way. Eighty ships sailed past Ark and Ilien on a true and. "I can protect you here, and have done so. On Roke, of course, you'll be perfectly safe. The very walls, there... But if you go home, you must be willing to protect yourself. It's a difficult thing for a young man, very difficult -- a test of a will that has not yet been steeled, a mind that has not yet seen its true goal. I very strongly advise that you not take that risk. Write your parents, and go to the Great Port, or to Roke. Half your year's fee, which I'll return to you, will see to your first expenses." There were no wizards serving Losen now except Early and a couple of humble sorcerers. Early had. When she woke, the Master Patterner was sitting nearby, and a basket was on the grass between. The head of the giant rolled its eyes, reeled, looked at me as if it were having great fun. "What is it?" prentice him to Elassen, a respectable sorcerer in Valmouth. There the boy had picked up his true. The trouble rose up in Irioth's mind as it had not done since he came to the High Marsh. He. mouth and her long, lean arms, the words spoken awry then, spoken truly now. only smeared about on his skin. "I hate mud," he whispered. Then he snapped his jaws and stopped. balloon! I stood over him, astounded, unable even to mutter an apology. He picked himself up. learn an art you had no native gift for. In such discussions they worked out the names that ever. There was not much to be got from the people his men brought to him. The same thing again: they. and to talk with him. He was, as far as Otter could see, well-meaning and honest. "If you won't. "Can't be done," sank. All the shouting and screaming of men's voices was suddenly silent. There was no noise but. "But maybe now? When you returned?" What he found on Roke was both less and more than the hope and rumor he had sought so long. Roke. Roke; and the man Otter or Tern came from there, though originally from Havnor; and they held him. insistence and spoke freely at last. "A mage called Highdrake told me that when Ath stayed in Pendor, he told a wizard there that he'd. his face. "And if you're not, you'd better dowse all the same. That way you'll stay above ground. but her anger. Who are you, Irian? he said to her, watching her crouched there like an animal. In about 650, the sisters Elehal and Yahan of Roke, Medra the Finder, and other people of the Hand founded a school on Roke as a center where they might gather and share knowledge, clarify the disciplines, and exert ethical control over the practices of wizardry. With the Hand as its agent on other islands, the school's reputation and influence grew rapidly. The mage Teriel of Havnor, perceiving the school as a threat to the uncontrolled individual power of the mages, came with a great fleet to destroy it. He was destroyed, and his fleet scattered. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (59 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. had found a ship to take him back to Havnor. He had told her he'd never go back to Westpool; the. She began to laugh; she was convulsed with laughter. Then suddenly she broke off. fell from his lap, and he took the hearth broom and swept them into the ashes. "I'd better go." want. She came back into herself, into the still air under the trees. The Hoary Man sat near her, his face bowed down, and she thought how slight and light he looked, how quiet and sorrowful. There was nothing to fear. There was no harm. shadows, trembling with speed and trailing long streaks of flame, their signal lights; then the. change in position, but I kept forgetting. It was not pleasant -- as if someone were following my. and treasures and children. "Tenar of the Ring is there," said Azver. certainty that was like a tiny lamp held in his hands in a maze of caverns underground. He kept. "Forgive me for talking about you before your face, young woman," he said, "but I must. Master. What the commodifiers of fantasy count on and exploit is the insuperable imagination of the. letters: REAL AMMO REAL AMMO. anything much but speed and direction and the sweet taste of river water and the sweet power of. But he said nothing to the boy and nothing to the boy's mother. He was a consciously close-mouthed. she went about the house. He held the wizard's letter and reread the message and the two runes. He had never told Ogion anything about his first teacher, a sorcerer of no fame, even in Gont, and perhaps of ill fame. There was some mystery or shame connected with Ard. Though he was talkative, for a wizard, Heleth was silent as a stone about some things. Ogion, who respected silence, had never asked him about his teacher. "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?" hm. They know I love him. As for the ships, some had come back, with the men aboard saying they. cool. Nearby stood a vacant table. I sat awkwardly, my back to the people, looking out into the. the Old Speech, Ember said, each of those trees had its own name. You walked on, and after a time. it thickened and darkened, creeping out over the slow waves. without end. from the trees with his sunlight-coloured hair shining in the sunlight. Her father's ancestors had owned a wide, rich domain on the wide, rich island of Way. Claiming no title or court privilege in the days of the kings, through all the dark years after Maharion fell they held their land and people with firm hands, putting their gains back into the land, upholding some sort of justice, and fighting off petty tyrants. As order and peace returned to the Archipelago under the sway of the wise men of Roke, for a while yet the family and their farms and villages prospered. That prosperity and the beauty of the meadows and upland pastures and oak-crowned hills made the domain a byword, so that people said, "as fat as a cow of Iria', or, "as lucky as an Irian'. The masters and many tenants of the domain added its name to their own, calling themselves Irian. But

though the farmers and shepherds went on from season to season and year to year and generation to generation as solid and steady as the oaks, the family that owned the land altered with time and chance..to a passage. Here the roof was much lower, just above his head. Water seeped down one wall and the silence by splashing and breathing hard. He slogged back up the path through the reeds till he."We'll have to see," said Alder, the next day, "if my beasts are cured. If they make it through the winter, see, we'll know your cures all took, that they're sound, like. Not that I doubt it, but fair's fair, right? You wouldn't ask me to pay you what I have in mind to pay you, would you now, if the cure didn't take and the beasts died after all. Avert the chance! But I wouldn't ask you to wait all that time unpaid, neither. So here's an advance, like, on what's to come, and all's square between us for now, right?"..mild sunlight of late spring. They made good way from Geath. Late in the afternoon he heard the..in the dust..A globe of misty, greenish fire drifted swiftly down the corridor at eye level, apparently pursuing the young man. The Doorkeeper waved his hand at it, and it avoided him. Irian swerved and ducked down frantically, but felt the cool fire tingle in her hair as it passed over her. The Doorkeeper looked round, and now his smile was wider. Though he said nothing, she felt he was aware of her, concerned for her. She stood up and followed him..He dreamed of clouds passing over the shores of islands, and a high, round, green hill that stood."Maybe I came to destroy Roke..".The ship's weatherworker came aboard just before they sailed, no Roke wizard but a weatherbeaten fellow in a worn sea-cloak. Ivory flourished his staff a little in greeting him. The sorcerer looked him up and down and said, "One man works weather on this ship. If it's not me, I'm off..". "Asleep." Azver nodded towards where she lay, curled up in the grass above the little falls..He pondered. All the time he was with Gelluk, he had tried to learn from him, tried to understand what the wizard was telling him. Yet he was certain, now, that Gelluk's ideas, the teaching he so eagerly imparted, had nothing to do with his power or with any true power. Mining and refining were indeed great crafts with their own mysteries and masteries, but Gelluk seemed to know nothing of those arts. His talk of the Allking and the Red Mother was mere words. And not the right words. But how did Otter know that?."So we must follow her?" the Herbal asked..I practically fled. It was no window. A television screen. I quickened my pace. I was..account..".something she'd always known, while the answers to his questions were things she had never."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..the Kargish forces, who had landed in "a thousand ships" on Waymarsh and were swarming across the..the story will have weight and make sense..".I don't know what to tell you. Is it a custom that you don't go around naked?..".reeking tower at Samory. And he had seen her, years ago, in the vision of the dying healer in..It was absolutely silent..He knew that, knew it absolutely, though still he tried to say spells, and raised his arms in the incantation, and beat the air in fury. Then he looked eastward, straining his eyes for the flashing beat of the galley oars, for the sails of his ships coming to punish these people and save him..those black machines. I was puzzled by this blackout, no doubt intentional, as well as by the..".What do you mean, what of it? Was there. . . no brit?".Rose watched her. She knew she did not know who Man was or what she might be. A big, strong, awkward, ignorant, innocent, angry woman, yes. But ever since she was a child Rose had seen something more in her, something beyond what she was. And when Irian looked away from the world like that, she seemed to enter that place or time or being beyond herself, utterly beyond Rose's knowledge. Then Rose feared her, and feared for her..on, I'll show you. Dog can't track till he's had the scent..". "Tomorrow," he said, and strode off..more quicksilver than he had, therefore he needed a finder. Finding was a base skill. Gelluk had..Next day he had Licky send him the boy. He looked forward to seeing him, to being kind to him..".He won't come here?..".of?..".He went on showing his wares and joking with the women and children. Nobody bought anything. They gazed at the trinkets as if they were treasures. He let them gaze and finger all they would; indeed he let one of the children filch a little mirror of polished brass, seeing it vanish under the ragged shirt and saying nothing. At last he said he must go on, and the children drifted away as he folded up his pack..he came from? But he was no more trouble than the cat. He washed his own clothes, even his..that darkened the air about him for an instant..darkness of the trees a stream ran out, green-banked, with many brown trodden places where cattle..own mind..She stood still, listening towards the west. The mage walked on, turning only when he realized she..They were not far inside the Grove, and still beside the stream, when Irian stopped, turned aside, and crouched down by the enormous, hunching roots of a willow that leaned out over the water. The four mages stood on the path..that would make me trust you?" and he had no answer for her..He had forced them to boil any water they used. Now he said, "If you eat that meat, in a year you'll begin to get dizzy. You'll end with the blind staggers and die as they do..".years went on a larger house was needed for the school than any in Thwil Town..".Books?" said a rush plaiter on North Sudidi. "Like that there?" He pointed to long strips of vellum that had been worked into the thatching of his house. "They good for something else?" Crow, staring up at the words visible here and there between the rushes in the eaves, began to tremble with rage. Tern hurried him back to the boat before he exploded..round. "The names witches give each other are not our concern here," he said. "If you have some..book, and while doing so, happily discovered a very old one in the Archives in Havnor..set in the lid, which seemed a kind and pretty gift to Diamond and his mother. But Golden was

a.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (14 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM].only in dark the light..,silent. I could be very bored by this woman, Ivory thought, if once I'd had her underneath me..".I told them," he said, "that if they went out Medra's Gate this day, they'd never go back through..corridor, bands, white as milk, flowing downward. The handrail of the escalator was soft, warm; I..prentice or a witch? Power like that shouldn't go wandering about unchannelled and unsignalled..HISTORY OF THE ARCHIPELAGO..there, on anything -- you'll see for yourself, it's not the sort of thing you can describe. But I had..playing and delaying. But now that I've come, you serve me, and have nothing to be afraid of. And..".Women of the Hand..".farms across the island to hear the histories read,

listening in silence, intent. "Our souls are." He was only a child, and the wizards of that household can't have been wise men, for they used. "You won't bring her into the Council Room?" the Changer said in disbelief. "Do that," the old mage said. "Go to Roke," the wizard said. The boy wore shoes and a good leather vest. He could afford or earn stubbornness and harshness of crags, peaks, but without falling into mechanical imitation, over me, laughing, chattering, babbling. . . I was delivered by a sleep like death; in it, even time ramp or walkway; I observed that one could pass through the green lines of those lights quite. maybe the pressure of my foot on the threshold was enough. The elevator took a long time going. could see, behind a small glass pane in the center, the glow of its transistorized heart. looking at me like that? What's the matter with you? Nais!" East Fields," the young man said. ground glimmered faintly before their feet. lucky as an Irian'. The masters and many tenants of the domain added its name to their own, are no masters, and the rule of Serriadh is remembered, and the arts are honored. I have been own. This power had been a delight to him as a boy. He had never sought any use for it. It had. Berry went and fetched his sister, after he had heard Sunbright's tale at the tavern, and San's. Roke School was founded by both men and women, and both men and women taught and learned there. Ilien was the first of his house to take the throne in Havnor. His granddaughter was Queen Heru; "It is the lode," the young man said. "Now you," Diamond said to Rose, and she started to do what he had done, but the rock only twitched a little. "Oh," she whispered, "there's your dad." "She saved me but I couldn't save her," he said fiercely to the men and women of the mountain. the butterfly fell to the ground, a fragment of brick. what he ought to have said. He did not want to encourage the boy to spend any more time on music, mage-warlords of Wathort raided Roke, and killed almost all the grown men of the island. But the. That is not what the otter was thinking as it swam fast down the Yennava. It was not thinking anything much but speed and direction and the sweet taste of river water and the sweet power of swimming. But something like that is what Medra had been thinking as he sat at the table in his grandmother's house in End-lane, talking with his mother and sister, just before the door was flung open and the terrible shining figure stood there. going all untuned and hoarse. Golden had hoped that that was the end of his singing, but the boy. you safe. To keep you with the mule-breeders, and the nut-pickers, and these." She struck the. about the Child Taker, as an encouragement to distrust strangers. strong man in his prime, not likely to retire or die. Among the scholars and other teachers he had. "So where is it?" Hound said. "He's angry," Diamond said, "but he won't do anything." far end of the old workings. There he nodded downward and stamped his foot.

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