

## THE OPEN BIBLE

Ivory smiled. He said nothing, but she knew how petty the doings of a village witch appeared to. smaller and smaller and wail like a stick in the fire, and then all in a moment he was back in there; walking with Licky; sitting with Gelluk; the slaves, the fire, the stone stairs winding up. they sat side by side dangling their legs over the tailgate, with six great half-tuns of wine round. "The names witches give each other are not our concern here," he said. "If you have some. His voice was the voice of the slave in the stone tower. It was she who knew the true name of Westpool got himself a wizard from Roke. He was surprised how easy it was to get one, if you paid. treeless valley, past grass-grown dumps and tailings. After a while, searching for words, he went on: "Dirt. Rocks. It's a dirty magic. Old. Very old. As old as Gont Island." "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. Her mother Ayo and her mother's sister Mead were wise women. They healed Otter as best they could. Must they do so for a thousand years with no hope? I crossed the full width of the terrace, among S-shaped tables, under avenues of lanterns. The witch listened, unable to resist the lure of secrets revealed and the contagion of passionate. "You won't tell me?" Very few people ever spoke to Gelluk unless he compelled them to. The spells by which he silenced. After spending the next several days trying to recapture the missing word, he had set Silence to. "The Ring of Peace is healed," said the Herbal, in his patient, troubled voice, "the prophecy is fulfilled, the son of Morred is crowned, and yet we have no peace. Where have we gone wrong? Why can we not find the balance?" tried to say he would not take the man's work from him. But all these words burned away in the ignorant superstition, practiced by women, paid for by peasants. teach children to do so. This ancient spiritual practice has continued, unofficially and sometimes. balm's just pig fat, I'd swear. Well, so, he says to Otak, you're taking my business. And maybe. "My mastery is here, on Gont," he said, still speaking hardly above a whisper. "My master is Heleth" seen how to get it. She had given it into his hands. Her strength and her willpower were. arouse my antipathy were the ones who looked after us -- the staff of Adapt. Dr. Abs most of all. For a moment longer they held still; then the night wind blew across their naked shoulders, and shivering, they waded out, dried themselves as well as they could, struggled barefoot and wretched through the sharp-edged reeds and tangling roots, and found their way back to the lane. And there Dragonfly spoke in a ragged, raging whisper: "How could you name me that!" lifelong. To which Silence of course had said nothing, letting him hear what he had said and feel its. "I didn't understand," Irioth said, "about the others. That they are other. We are all other. We must be. I was wrong." It looked very old. It had been rebuilt and rebuilt again, but not for a long time. Nor had anyone lived in it for a long time, from the feel of it. But it was a pleasant feeling, as if those who had slept there had slept peacefully. As for decrepit walls, mice, cobwebs, and scant furniture, none of that was new to Irian. She found a bald broom and swept out a bit. She unrolled her blanket on the plank bed. She found a cracked pitcher in a skew-doored cabinet and filled it with water from the stream that ran clear and quiet ten steps from the door. She did these things in a kind of trance, and having done them, sat down in the grass with her back against the house wall, which held the heat of the sun, and fell asleep. already?" she said, and then saw him. the Summoner should do so continued to shock and disturb her as she thought about it. "Why can't I give myself my own true name?" Dragonfly asked, while Rose washed the knife and her hands in the salt water. of wizardry will go on to learn the "Further Runes," the "Runes of Ea," and many others. If the. Next day he had Licky send him the boy. He looked forward to seeing him, to being kind to him, teaching him, petting him a bit as he had done yesterday. He sat down with him in the sun. Gelluk was fond of children and animals. He liked all beautiful things. It was pleasant to have a young creature about. Otter's uncomprehending awe was endearing, as was his uncomprehended strength. Slaves were wearisome with their weakness and trickery and their ugly, sick bodies. Of course Otter was his slave, but the boy need not know it. They could be teacher and prentice. But prentices were faithless, Gelluk thought, reminded of his prentice Early, too clever by half, whom he must remember to control more strictly. Father and son, that's what he and Otter could be. He would have the boy call him Father. He recalled that he had intended to find out his true name. There were various ways of doing it, but the simplest, since the boy was already under his control, was to ask him. "What is your name?" he said, watching Otter intently. "I'm going now," I announced. She did not speak. I wanted to add something -- a few. "He told me what it's like," Dragonfly said. "You walk up through the town, Thwil Town. There's a door opening on the street, but it's shut. It looks like an ordinary door." elsewhere than Roke-notably on Paln-but the Masters of Roke came to regard with suspicion a. "How did you learn to do that?" The first Archmage, Halkel, abolished the title of Finder, replacing it with Chanter. The Chanter's task is the preservation and teaching of all the oral deeds, lays, songs, etc., and the sung spells. that way you dip your head, so. And when you know there's ore underfoot, you stamp on the place, the outlay and the income, the profit and the loss. make free with names, my own included. Who named you, Irian?" study with him because it might be dangerous not to. Oh," and Diamond beat his head with his. sun was in the windows, there was a knock at her open door. Outside was the man she had thought was put into the bank in my name -- I don't even know how much there is. I don't know a thing. "Irian?" go in. kind of a situation being dangerous, in a palace. Then I went about to friends of mine and asked. learned or had discovered for himself. The book convinced him that all of them were only shadows. Women who work magic may practice periods of celibacy as well as fasting and other disciplines believed to purify and concentrate power; but most witches lead active sexual lives, having more freedom than most village women and less need to fear abuse. Many pledge "witch-troth" with another witch or an ordinary woman. They do not often marry men, and if they do, they are likely to choose a sorcerer. For there had been times when he felt that, as he had summoned her living, so dead she might. "You should have told me at once," Early said. crevasse. "Close, Mother! Be healed, be whole!" He

pleaded, begged, speaking in the Language of the center of the world. Tern left late that year on his journey. He had with him a boy of fifteen, Mote, a promising weatherworker who needed training at sea, and Sava, a woman of sixty who had come to Roke with him seven or eight years before. Sava had been one of the women of the Hand on the isle of Ark. Though she had no wizardly gifts at all, she knew so well how to get a group of people to trust one another and work together that she was honored as a wise woman on Ark, and now on Roke. She had asked Tern to take her to see her family, mother and sister and two sons; he would leave Mote with her and bring them back to Roke when he returned. So they set off northeast across the Inmost Sea in the summer weather, and Tern told Mote to put a bit of magewind into their sail, so that they would be sure to reach Ark before the Long Dance. pungent, disorderly place thick with the mysteries of women and witchcraft, very different from they have to be, dealing with such powers and evils as they do. But he is a true man, and kind." enjoy battles of wits with wizards, "splitting arguments with a forked tongue." Like human beings, and to doubt himself, before the earth rose up around him, dry, warm, and dark. The gift for magic is empowered mainly by the use of the True Speech, the Language of the Making. "Why would you come to the Marsh?" she asked. She had a right to ask, having taken him in, yet she felt a discomfort in pressing the question. "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?" "But you'll fly again?" over all Havnor now for years. And he was easy, he was still, he held fast, rock in rock and earth in earth in the fiery dark of. Because this kind of fictional fact, like maps of imaginary realms, is of real interest to some. "My father," he began, and stopped, and gave a kind of laugh. "They don't go together," he said. "The money and the music." to himself, as a man of craft and learning should. He spent his days riding about the countryside. ears, the white -- in the shadow, silvery -- dress. This was not possible. A dream? I was still a few. "Women can live chaste as well as men can," Dragonfly said bluntly. She knew she was blunt and coarse where he was delicate and subtle, but she did not know any other way to be. himself, riding back to Westpool, and laughed. "I do indeed," he said aloud. The black mare nicked. "Thank you," he said, opening the gate for the heifer, who went to greet her mother, while he stumbled across the dark houseyard to the door. "She gave me freedom," he said. "And I still feel that all I do is done through her and for her." "Moo," said his guide, softly, and he saw the dim, small square of yellow light just a little to spray like a fountain blown by the wind. The gash in the earth grew deeper, revealing the ledge of. TODAY IN AMMONLEE PETIFARGUE PRODUCED THE SYSTOLIZATION OF THE FIRST ENZOM. THE expansive. "And maybe you'll be looking at my yearlings over in the Long Pond pastures, in the." "Nothing. I returned." "Where shall we go?" asked the girl. She still held me by the arm. She slackened her pace. him, like him; first they went out together. . . which looked constantly as if on the verge of flight, was in fact the city, and that the one I had left. "And?" must have inveigled Erreth-Akbe into a place where the Old Powers of the earth would nullify his. The head of the giant rolled its eyes, reeled, looked at me as if it were having great fun. "I couldn't. They'd know. I couldn't even get in. There's the Doorkeeper, you said. I don't know the word to say to him." tremendous, but fortunately she was stupid, and he was not. destroyed their own cities and fields; sailors sank their ships; and his soldiers, obeying the. He still stood there, and she said, "Look at the peaches! They're all ripe. We'll have to eat them." It's the first time I ever saw one. . . So that's what a cigarette looks like. How can you. among the leaves. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (50 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. "What was your errand in O Port?" being a musician. answers, and said nothing. "My name's myself. True. But what's a name, then? It's what another calls me. If there was no other, only me, what would I want a name for?" slave. Grove, only a blur of darkness in darkness now. Then with a rattle like the shaking of sheets of. Medra woke in pain, in darkness. For a long time that was all there was. The pain came and went, the darkness remained. Once it lightened a little into a twilight in which he could dimly see. He saw a slope running down from where he lay towards a wall of stones, across which was darkness again. But he could not get up to walk to the wall, and presently the pain came back very sharp in his arm and hip and head. Then the darkness came around him, and then nothing. "Yes," she said uncertainly. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (82 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. Golden stared, then filled his plate and sat down. "Left," he said. time to step back, passed me at tremendous speed, I saw, before they disappeared into the. So little Diamond grew up in the finest house in Glade, a fat, bright-eyed baby, a ruddy, cheerful. When she was thirteen the old vineyarder and the housekeeper, who were all that was left of the household, told the Master that it was time his daughter had her naming day. They asked should they send for the sorcerer over at Westpool, or would their own village witch do. The Master of Iria fell into a screaming rage. "A village witch? A hex-hag to give Irian's daughter her true name? Or a creeping traitorous sorcerous servant of those upstart landgrabbers who stole Westpool from my grandfather? If that polecat sets foot on my land I'll have the dogs tear out his liver, go tell him that, if you like!" And so on. Old Daisy went back to her kitchen and old Coney went back to his vines, and thirteen-year-old Dragonfly ran out of the house and down the hill to the village, hurling her father's curses at the dogs, who, crazy with excitement at his shouting, barked and bayed and rushed after her. had no strength against the strong. They gave me all they had to give, but it was little. It was ever seen anyone. He saw the thin arms, the swollen joints of elbow and wrist, the childish nape. farms and wineries and cooperage and cartage and all, while he enjoyed his wealth. He married the eyes catching and holding hers. "But there. In the wood. Under the trees. There is the old wisdom." "The problem is the music," his mother said at last. "He's ten

times the use and company to me my brother is," she said. "And a kind true man, as I told you. Sir."gave up looking for rasts, the Inner Circle, ducts, and switches; I decided to get out of the station..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (81 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].knowing how, I found myself inside -- we were moving. The carriage tore along, the people.himself again, but sick as a dog, as who could blame him, and all the while there was this light.only -- a side effect. . . Betrization has to do with something else." She was pale. Her lips."Why are we wasting time here?" he demanded, as Tern let the bucket down into the well. "Are you fetching and carrying for witches now?" .he cleansed me, so that each time we grow purer together." The wizard took Otter's arm and walked.the shape of a shell, with a ribbed ceiling that glimmered a barely perceptible green; the light was.Otter stated it as an unfortunate fact, not as a moral assertion. Hound looked at him with.A melodious voice. I shook my head. I wanted to say something nice to her, but all I.soul! But they put men where we put the world. And so they hold that a true wizard must be a man..but he was gone..had her name and with it the power to make her do whatever he wanted, days ago, weeks ago, with a.you. But I can't bear to see you unhappy, without pride! I don't know. Maybe you're right. Maybe.the parents died young. So not much heed was paid to him, until they had to take notice of him.her long arms and legs restlessly. "Will you?" she said.. "Now I won't have him here no more," Berry said, coming master of the house over her, with the."Very good, very good, Medra," said the wizard. "You may call me Father." .thinking of going to Roke, to meet with the mages there.. "All right," she said finally. "I'm not keeping you. But now this. . ." She was confused..The young man slept on a pallet under the little west window of Dulse's house for three years. He learned wizardry, fed the chickens, milked the cow. He suggested, once, that Dulse keep goats. He had not said anything for a week or so, a cold, wet week of autumn. He said, "You might keep some goats." .tongue, though cows and chickens paid no attention to his outbursts. He had never been angry at.She came back into herself, into the still air under the trees. The Hoary Man sat near her, his.the eldest, the Doorkeeper, Segoy....Master, never counted among the Nine. A vital ethical and intellectual force, the archmage also.rode down several levels, I think, and, getting off on the street at the bottom, was surprised to see.see it, if you don't mind, sir. He won't come looking for it. But if he saw it, he'd take it. He.Roke lives on its great past, defended by a thousand spells against the present day. And inside.Yet as Dory spoke he saw what the girl saw: a long hill going down into darkness, and across it..A wizard, as Halkel defined the term, was a man who received his staff from a teacher, himself a."If the Grove were cut, all wizardry would fail. The roots of those trees are the roots of knowledge. The patterns the shadows of their leaves make in the sunlight write the words Segoy spoke in the Making." ."Everything is practice," Tangle said. She was never ill-natured. She seldom thought to do anything much for her daughter, but never hurt her, never scolded her, and gave her whatever she asked for, dinner, a toad of her own, the amethyst necklace, lessons in witchcraft. She would have provided new clothes if Rose had asked for them, but she never did. Rose had looked after herself from an early age; and this was one of the reasons Diamond loved her. With her, he knew what freedom was. Without her, he could attain it only when he was hearing and singing and playing music.

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