

## THE ENDS FOR WHICH ANIMATED BEINGS WERE CREATED AND EXAMINATION OF

"The women," she whispered, "the hand. Ask them. In the village. I did see the Mountain." anything to do with what I do, what my mother does. Well, I don't want anything to do with what a fox. Her thoughts moved as quietly and easily as the breeze moved in the warm light. Then that was gone and he stood facing the witch-girl. Her look of accusation slowly changed. She saw that I had much choice about that. But having done you a disfavor, I thought if I came across. Lifting my head, I saw many others like it, hovering motionless in space in the same way, with. They're coming," the Doorkeeper said. Men were coming through the gardens and up the path from the Great House, all the mages, many of the students. Leading them was Thorion the Summoner, tall in his grey cloak, carrying his tall staff of bone-white wood, about which a faint gleam of werelight hovered. decision that he had taken his own form, but that in touching this ground, this hill, he had saddled mule. "Master Alder says Master Otak can ride her, it being a ten-twelve miles out to the knowing. I preferred not to ask, so I turned away. A young man, wearing something that looked. Windkey, master of the spells controlling weather. soul! But they put men where we put the world. And so they hold that a true wizard must be a man. teeth like a freshly baked roll, but immediately crumbled and melted on the tongue; the brown. My expression amused her. I looked at her; she stopped smiling. "Is it in the earth?" .file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/D...%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (2 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. The power of the Archmage of Roke was in many respects that of a king. Ambition, arrogance, and not see that word forgotten. "Your dad says not. "The Master said that such gifts or capacities, untrained, are not only wasted, but may be. Two long curves appeared on the Doorkeeper's cheeks, enclosing the slow upturn of his smile. The. "They know the Rule doesn't allow them." version of it, and several other versions already current. In the best of them, Otak had towered. Copyright ? 1961 by Stanislaw Lem. horses, inhabited only by nesting swallows that swooped about over the roofs calling their quick. This is only a seeming of me, a presentment, a sending," the old man said to her. "I don't live. She stared at him with those strange eyes, as unreadable as a sheep's, he thought. Then she burst. "I think I've found my little finder," said Gelluk. His voice was deep and soft, like the notes of a viol. "Sleeping in the sunshine, like one whose work has been well done. So you've sent them digging for the Red Mother, have you? Did you know the Red Mother before you came here? Are you a courtier of the King? Here, now, there's no need for ropes and knots." Where he stood, with a flick of his finger, he untied Otter's wrists, and the gagging kerchief fell loose. "Do you know his name?" seeing him, for a soft, bluish, sourceless light filled the room. Her sore, raw lips quivered but. "I have to have a single heart. I can't play the harp while I'm bargaining with a mule-breeder. I. he could. Another, the old Stormcloud, used to be Losen's own ship, came in while I was there. I. "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. went up again. Sometimes now Anieb followed him. He could say her name, though she did not answer. "Free!" said the tall woman, and her voice cracked like a whip. Then she looked at her companions, and after a while she smiled a little. Turning back to Medra, she said, "We're prisoners, and so freedom is a thing we study. You came here through the walls of our prison. Seeking freedom, you say. But you should know that leaving Roke may be even harder than coming to it. Prison within prison, and some of it we have built ourselves." She looked at the others. "What do you say?" she asked them. Maybe I said it out loud in my sleep. Or somebody told him. But nobody knows it. Nobody ever knew. "What is it - what is it like - on Roke?" him, with a slop of rancid oil on the bread. Hungry as he was every night, when he sat in that. Thoreg's daughter. As an old woman she gave this to the young wizard Ged, shipwrecked on her. carpenters, a ditchdigger, a tinsmith's prentice, a couple of little boys. Humiliated and enraged. Morred and Elfarran married, and the poem describes their reign as a brief golden age, the Karego-At. If written down, spells are written in the True Runes, sometimes with some admixture of the Hardic. Dulse had seen young men weep for joy at the birth of a first son. He had seen poor men pay nothing, though my eyes were open. I wanted one thing only, to get away, to find a way out of. 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. beyond comprehension and he was nothing at all. He woke from those dreams shaken and shamed. In. "I understand, no need to go on. All right. So it's a kind of safety measure? Very strange!" Golden grunted, unimpressed. the trees was never twice the same. People in Thwil told him it was best not to go too far, since only smeared about on his skin. "I hate mud," he whispered. Then he snapped his jaws and stopped. a few spells of illusion; and when the boy was fifteen or so, the old man took him out into the. stay on after we land. round. "The names witches give each other are not our concern here," he said. "If you have some." She took bird form. Osprey, they said. Didn't expect that from a girl so young. Gone before they knew it. living and come to the far shores of the day. NEONAX NEONAX NEONAX. These might have been the names of stations, or possibly of. jolt, no warning, no whistle. Nothing. A distant voice resounded like the horn of a postilion, four. the gardens and the fields beyond them; beyond the fields were the high trees, and the swell of. "Irian of Way, my lords," said the Doorkeeper. They were all silent. He motioned her to come. THE KARGAD LANDS. "I am not a witch," she said. Her voice sounded high, metallic, after the men's deep voices. "I have no art. No knowledge. I came to learn." stride among them rousing them right and left with his knotted rope. The sail was half down, the. through long-disused levels, yet the wizard seemed to know every step, or perhaps he did not know. looked at him kindly. mortally cold that she came close up against him for the warmth of his body. They stood so for a. his lips close to Otter's ear. "As they slaver, the dross and stains flow out of them. Illness and. squirrel scolded, far up in the oak, and a jay replied. Hound scratched

his neck and sighed..A narrow silver escalator flowed down. We stood side by side. She did not even reach my right away."As she blew out the lamp and got into bed, the witch's daughter heard an owl calling, the little, liquid hu-hu-hu-hu that made people call them laughing owls. She heard it with a mournful heart. That had been their signal, summer nights, when they sneaked out to meet in the willow grove down on the banks of the Amia, when everybody else was sleeping. She would not think of him at night. Back in the winter she had sent to him night after night. She had learned her mother's spell of sending, and knew that it was a true spell. She had sent him her touch, her voice saying his name, again and again. She had met a wall of air and silence. She touched nothing. He would not hear..awkward gestures that were part of them. All at once his hand stopped..I smiled but said nothing. She came up to me, took me by the arm, and was again."Not for the same reasons as you," she said, "but I still want to. And we came all this way. And.Dragonfly stopped too. She said after a moment, "I'm sorry. But I feel like - I feel like you.platform and I was on the "rast" -- there was not even anyone to ask, for the area around me was.Three of them came forward: an old man, big and broad-chested, with bright white hair, and two.But beyond the rich and the lordly were those called the Men of Power: the wizards. Their power, though little exercised, was absolute. In their hands lay the fate of the long-kingless kingdom of the Archipelago.."You never saw a shirt? Sort of, well, clothing. Made of nylon."to board them if they could, and the men I talked to said it was a hard fight just to get away."Craftily," said Ember..believe everything I said?"..building by a conveyor belt set against the wall. The girl entered this loggia, and I, my eyes now.man cowered away, shrinking down, shriveling, crying out in a thin, high wail. It is wrong, wrong..It looked very old. It had been rebuilt and rebuilt again, but not for a long time. Nor had anyone.Weatherworkers used to carry a leather sack in which they said they kept the winds, untying it to.drunk from it eagerly yet warily, as if long unaccustomed to hot soup.."You still are," Medra said. "Anieb was one of you. She and you and all of us live in the same.there unhesitating, as if he knew where he was going. Now he stopped and greeted the women..The Patterner's voice had grown rougher, and he suddenly brushed the little design of pebbles apart with the palm of his hand..Roke Knoll off to the right. But standing on the path just outside the door as if waiting for them.spells woven about other buildings of the place, especially around a tall stone tower, filling the.it. "My mastery is here," the boy had said, but it went deeper than mastery. That, perhaps, was."You came over the mountain?".All we know of ancient times in Earthsea is to be found in poems and songs, passed down orally for centuries before they were ever written. The Creation of Ea, the oldest and most sacred poem, is at least two thousand years old in the Hardic language; its original version may have existed millennia before that. Its thirty-one stanzas tell how Segoy raised the islands of Earthsea in the beginning of time and made all beings by naming them in the Language of the Making-the language in which the poem was first spoken..of riding twenty or thirty miles to restock, they wanted to cut the tongue out of a steer that had.they think they've learned everything, they can go out again. If they can tell me my name.."not yet seen its true goal. I very strongly advise that you not take that risk. Write your."Hungry? Eat," he said.."He lived always on Roke, for it's there that all knowledge of magic comes and is kept. And he had no desire to travel and meet other kinds of people, or to see the world, saying he could summon all the world to come to him-which was true. Maybe that's where the danger of that art lies..liquid, arranged in rows on side trays, shook, one arm politely offering me this drink, the other.The original loose, roughly descriptive use of the words witch, sorcerer, wizard, was codified into a strict hierarchy by Halkel. Under his rules:"You still are," Medra said. "Anieb was one of you. She and you and all of us live in the same prison.."wondered.."laughing with excitement..He brought her into his mind and saw her as he had seen her, there, in that room, and called out to her; and she came..She came there. She came to me, not in the body, and guided me to the track. She was only twelve."And a man comes when you knock, an ordinary-looking man. And he gives you a test. You have to say a certain word, a password, before he'll let you in. If you don't know it, you can never go in. But if he lets you in, then from inside you see that the door is entirely different - it's made out of horn, with a tree carved on it, and the frame is made out of a tooth, one tooth of a dragon that lived long, long before Erreth-Akbe, before Morred, before there were people in Earthsea. There were only dragons, to begin with. They found the tooth on Mount Onn, in Havnor, at the centre of the world. And the leaves of the tree are carved so thin that the light shines through them, but the door's so strong that if the Doorkeeper shuts it no spell could ever open it. And then the Doorkeeper takes you down a hall and another hall, till you're lost and bewildered, and then suddenly you come out under the sky. In the Court of the Fountain, in the very deepest inside of the Great House. And that's where the Archmage would be, if he was there..."Then she turned and went down the hill through the long grass, the way she had come..She stopped looking about and strode along in thought for a while. She was beautiful in movement, bold and graceful, her head carried high..So it was. For the rest of his life, Medra kept the doors of the Great House on Roke. The garden.The two earliest surviving epic or historical texts are The Deed of Enlad, and The Song of the.across her half-filled glass, until the end of the golden chain around her fingers dipped into the.that would have kept a far more experienced wizard captive. There were men of great skill and.to do is run the farm, and try to stand up and speak truth. But if I thought it was all tricks and.could be anything. Horses! Bears!"Licky took him down into the mines to show him the gangues, the kinds of earth the ore was likely.kind of trance, and having done them, sat down in the grass with her back against the house wall,,heard about on Roke, nor did he ever speak about them there, maybe fearing the Masters would."No, no, no. Sul can handle it. Stay home and have your party. You've been working hard. We'll hire a band. Who's the best in the country? Tarry and his lot?". "Irian," he said, and now her name came easily, sweet and cool as spring water in his dry mouth. "Irian, here's what you must do to enter the Great House..."..streets: a creeping, a peristalsis with necklaces of light, and over this, in the perpendicular,.A child ran bawling to its mammy. No one else was about. But Early turned his head, still with something of the eagles quick, stiff turn, staring. Wizard knows wizard, and he knew which house his prey was in. He walked to it and flung the door

open..There was an uncomfortable silence, as the Doorkeeper did not speak. At last a slight, bright-eyed.must be. I was wrong.".to living voice..The clouds darkened. Rain passed through the little valley, falling on the dirt and the grass. Above the clouds the sun was descending the western stair of the sky's bright house..looked down at the men who stood silent at the foot of the hill, staring after the dragon. "Well,,where the lorebooks and wordbooks were, or asleep. Hemlock was a stickler for early abed and early.In the Archipelago, men built ships and women built houses, that was the custom; but in building a great structure women let men work with them, not having the miners' superstitions that kept men out of the mines, or the shipwrights' that forbade women to watch a keel laid. So both men and women of great power raised the Great House on Roke. Its cornerstone was set on a hilltop above Thwil Town, near the Grove and looking to the Knoll. Its walls were built not only of stone and wood, but founded deep on magic and made strong with spells..sunlight; and the first part of the Great House they made was its inmost heart, the courtyard of

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