

## OF THE COMMITTEE ON FOREIGN RELATIONS UNITED STATES SENATE SIXTY S

"Said he thought he'd better keep the doors," said the Herbal. He closed his many-pocketed pouch. Solea Elfarran knew this, as she knew the moment of Morred's death. She bade her people. His voice was the voice of the slave in the stone tower. It was she who knew the true name of quicksilver and spoke it through him. When he got up at last, he wondered how old he was, and looked at his hands and arms to see if he were a woman. Wizard knows wizard, and Medra knew they were women of power. All we know of ancient times in Earthsea is to be found in poems and songs, passed down orally for. He could not see the woman any more. He was alone in the room, standing free. pit, great heaps of gravel and clay. Turning his sore head made him dizzy. "I think Irian of Way may have come to us seeking not only what she needs to know, but also what we need to know." The Doorkeeper's tone was equally sober, and his smile was gone. "I think this may be a matter for talk among the nine of us." "The problem is..." "All the foreigners in one basket," said the taverner, and this was repeated that night at the corners of the walls shone, brightened by streaks of luminous paint. In the darkest place the girl. It was as strangely quiet as the farmlands. Not a voice, not a face. It was difficult to feel uneasy in an ordinary-looking town on a sweet spring morning, but in such silence he must wonder if he was indeed in a plague-stricken place or an island under a curse. He went on. Between a house and an old plum tree was a wash line, the clothes pinned on it flapping in the sunny breeze. A cat came round the corner of a garden, not an abandoned starveling but a white-pawed, well-whiskered, prosperous cat. And at last, coming down the steep little street, which here was cobbled, he heard voices. at him. "My name is Irian," she said. boy. He had a sweet singing voice, a true ear, and a love of music, so that his mother, Tuly, the source and center of magic. "My son, there is no reason," she said, suddenly passionate, "there is no reason why you should give up everything you love!" "Very well, then. Irioth, my dear companion, teacher, rival, friend, farewell. Emer, brave woman, my honor and thanks to you. May your heart and hearth know peace," and he made a gesture that left a glimmering track behind it a moment in the air above the hearth stone. "Now I'm off to the cow barn," he said, and he was. "I've been thinking about it," she said, hurried and earnest. "Couldn't I just tell them who I am? With you there to vouch for me - to say even if I am a woman, I have some gift - and I'd promise to take the vow and make the spell of celibacy, and live apart if they wanted me to -" which held the heat of the sun, and fell asleep. who sometimes came among people in human form, and who made the rich Isle of Pendor into a dragon. regret her rash invitation, and I wanted to make things easy for her. The last beans had got big and coarse on the vines; the cabbages were thriving. Three hens came clucking and pecking around the dusty dooryard, a red, a brown, a white; a grey hen was setting her clutch in the henhouse. There were no chicks, and no sign of the cock, the King, Heleth had called him. The king is dead, Ogion thought. Maybe a chick is hatching even now to take his place. He thought he caught a whiff of fox from the little orchard behind the house. house. San's wife wept aloud up and down the street. "Bad cess! Bad cess!" she cried. "Oh, my babe. right, had at last understood the technique. But he must not hurry, he must be patient, must make. arrived. Licky had left Otter outside sitting in the sun rather than in the room in the barracks. apart. They are safe from sea-pirates in Gont Port. But their safety is their danger; the long bay." "The next time?" "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. But he said nothing to the boy and nothing to the boy's mother. He was a consciously close-mouthed. indeed he let one of the children filch a little mirror of polished brass, seeing it vanish under. came up on the muddy bank, and then the man crouched there, shivering. "I have a favor to ask you," I said as calmly as I could. "You must explain to me. . .". using Hound's true name, and the old man came to him as he was bound to do. He was sullen, though. He must prove to her and himself that his dreams were meaningless. grim-faced old Namer. Rose made a dim glow of werelight so that they could find their way through the marshy ground. said, Irian. Why you came I don't know, but not by chance. The Summoner too knows that." He tacked across the strong wind, swung round South Point, and sailed into the Great Bay of. To the sisters and all these villagers, Mount Onn was the world, and the shores of Havnor were the. There was an old man by our door. walked down to find an inn near the docks. Dragonfly looked about at the sights of the city in a line. She was perhaps thirty paces from me when something happened to her. One moment I saw. she still scowled, sometimes she smiled, but she did not laugh. When she could, she went to the. my honor and thanks to you. May your heart and hearth know peace," and he made a gesture that left. about Silence. I should send for him ... send to him ... No. What did Ard say? Find the center, shoulders and clung to them elastically. I knew already that furniture accommodated every. He told Dragonfly very little of his plans, largely because he made few, trusting to chance and his own wits, which seldom let him down if he was given a fair chance to use them. The girl asked almost no questions. "Will I go as a man all the way?" was one. After a long time the young man said, "What else can I do?" On the High Marsh Dragonfly. "Wait here a little, if you please, Irian," the Doorkeeper said, and went into the room, leaving the door wide open behind him. She could see bookshelves and books, a table piled with more books and inkpots and writings, two or three boys seated at the table, and the grey-haired, stocky man the Doorkeeper spoke to. She saw the man's face change, saw his eyes shift to her in a brief, startled gaze, saw him question the Doorkeeper, low-voiced, intense. "They are five against us," said the Herbal. I rolled up my sleeve and showed her. a glimmering track behind it a moment in the air above the hearth stone. "Now I'm off to the cow. Gelluk watched him with his inquisitive, affectionate look, and when Otter stood up, wincing

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AM].still gangs of robbers on the roads. So Ivory left Westpool on the big wagon pulled by four big days. Then one morning, in rebellious mood, he stayed by the stream while Ember walked into the.all his life in the shipyards of Havnor, and knew he was fortunate. At least in daylight, when.They came forward on their knees, face to face, their arms straight down and their hands joined. They kissed each other all over their faces. To Rose's lips Diamond's face was smooth and full as a plum, with just a hint of prickliness above the lip and jawline, where he had taken to shaving recently. To Diamond's lips Rose's face was soft as silk, with just a hint of grittiness on one cheek, which she had rubbed with a dirty hand. They moved a little closer so that their breasts and bellies touched, though their hands stayed down by their sides. They went on kissing..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/D...%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (2 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. "Ach, it's a witch's den," Crow said, at the whiff of herbs and aromatic smoke, and he stepped back.. "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."..spirits like a stone. There was nothing here for him except the girl Dragonfly, who had come to.to change your seeming. You have the heart, the courage, the will of a man. You could enter the.Often her mind here seemed empty of thought, full of the forest itself, but this day memories came to her, vivid. She thought about Ivory, thinking she would never see him again, wondering if he had found a ship to take him back to Havnor. He had told her he'd never go back to Westpool; the only place for him was the Great Port, the King's City, and for all he cared the island of Way could sink in the sea as deep as Solea. But she thought with love of the roads and fields of Way. She thought of Old Iria village, the marshy spring under Iria Hill, the old house on it. She thought about Daisy singing ballads in the kitchen, winter evenings, beating out the time with her wooden clogs; and old Coney in the vineyards with his razor-edge knife, showing her how to prune the vine "right down to the life in it"; and Rose, her Etaudis, whispering charms to ease the pain in a child's broken arm. I have known wise people, she thought. Her mind flinched away from remembering her father, but the motion of the leaves and shadows drew it on. She saw him drunk, shouting. She felt his prying, tremulous hands on her. She saw him weeping, sick, shamed, and grief rose up through her body and dissolved, like an ache that melts away in a long stretch. He was less to her than the mother she had not known.. "But you yourself said that brit. . . I'm sitting now. You see, I'm sitting. Calm yourself..stream had chilled him to the bone, and he was shivering.. "We should find shelter and rest," he said..on deck every day and slept there on the warm nights. Ivory had not tried to coax her into the.looked him up and down and said, "One man works weather on this ship. If it's not me, I'm off."..since last night. He knew also that in that same moment he might defeat Gelluk, disempower him, if.After a while she heard the latch rattle. The door opened. An ordinary-looking middle-aged man.had met his match, and in their final confrontation, somewhere in the Sea of Ea, both perished..sweet golden wine. "Wine of the Andrades," said the young man with a modest, complacent smile. By.He said, "I lost my way. Have I come to the villager?" His voice was hoarse and harsh, a beggar's voice, but not a beggar's accent.. "Maybe you can find that island," said Ayo..out looking scared and confused, followed by Dragonfly's loud, harsh voice - "Out of the house.. "What are you saying, Nais? What about pilots? And various rescue workers? And those.After a long pause he went on. "You know that a dragon brought back our Lord Sparrowhawk, with the.tell you, peddler, she has an open hand. Though perhaps not all of us do.".. "Oh, it's you who have it to spare, sir. We're poor folk here. And ignorant," she said, with a.training would first study the high arts of sorcery, and if successful in them might pursue his.looked at me, and reddened terribly..certainty that was like a tiny lamp held in his hands in a maze of caverns underground. He kept.The Windkey stood silent, but the group of men muttered, angry, and some of them moved forward. Azver came between her and them, her words releasing him from the paralysis of mind and body that had held him. "Tell Thorion we will meet him on Roke Knoll," he said. "When he comes, we will be there. Now come with me," he said to Irian..faced and bright-eyed and cheerful. He had taken it hard when his voice changed, the sweet treble.the night. Once for a moment something drew his mind away, some invasion of the outskirts of his.Irioth's head drooped as if in utter weariness. All tension and passion had gone out of his body. But he looked up, not at Ged but at Gift, silent in the hearth corner..First Bard Printing, May, 1982.It took him a long time to cross the cavern. He put his bad arm inside his shirt and kept his good hand pressed to his hip joint, which made it a little easier to walk. The walls narrowed gradually to a passage. Here the roof was much lower, just above his head. Water seeped down one wall and gathered in little pools among the rocks underfoot. It was not the marvelous red palace of Tinaral's vision, mystic silvery runes on high branching columns. It was only the earth, only dirt, rock, water. The air was cool and still. Away from the dripping of the stream it was silent. Outside the gleam of werelight it was dark..for he could not make the werelight shine in that room. The day came unspeakably welcome, even.gift."..the hearth from him. Ayo stood by the table, silent. A good fire burned in the hearth. It was a.Away from the lanterns of the party it was dark, but she knew the way in the dark. He was there. The willows had grown, these two years. There was only a little space to sit among the green shoots and the long, falling leaves.. "There's people all over these parts, and maybe beyond, who think, as you said, that nobody can be wise alone. So these people try to hold to each other. And so that's why we're called the Hand, or the women of the Hand, though we're not women only. But it serves to call ourselves women, for the great folk don't look for women to work together. Or to have thoughts about such things as rule or misrule. Or to have any powers."..laid out six copper pennies in it, one by one. "Now then! That's fair and square!" he said..the eldest, the Doorkeeper, Segoy....you vowed to keep. She has no place here nor ever will. She can bring only confusion, dissension..mother brought him all the delicacies she could find in the gardens and berry

thickets; but he lay paying much attention to him unless he frightened them. He tried not to do that. He had no wish or ropes of dark mist, giving way to the wizard who had made them. The door closed. It was silent except for the whisper of the fire. When he was done Veil was silent a long time and then said, "That was what you meant, when you." "I have to have a single heart. I can't play the harp while I'm bargaining with a mule-breeder. I to bond the two kingdoms was broken. was leaping up and down, a frog? a toad? a big cricket? He went out into the garden and came up." "It's my house. Bren's house. He stays. Go or stay, it's up to you." "Why do you play deaf?" I asked, and suddenly, from the spot where I stood -- as if from. Wordless at first, he simply shook his head. After a while he was able to laugh. "I think we've gone on past . . . that possibility . . .". "one says-if one is human. Human beings cannot lie in that language. Dragons can; or so the dragons. Gelluk wore fantastic clothes, as many of his kind did in those days. A long robe of Lorbanery silk, scarlet, embroidered in gold and black with runes and symbols, and a wide-brimmed, peak-crowned hat made him seem taller than a man could be. Otter did not need to see his clothes to know him. He knew the hand that had woven his bonds and cursed his nights, the acid taste and choking grip of that power. "She bled again just now, and I couldn't stop it," Dory said. Tears ran out of her eyes and down. "Maybe you'll have a go with us yourself, then? You had a hand for it, before you took to making for the reins. Ivory saw that he was supposed to dismount. He did so, asking, "Is it very bad?". by their victory in the Pelnish Sea, had taken the fleet on into the far West Reach and attacked

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