

THE ANNUAL REGISTER OR A VIEW OF THE HISTORY AND POLITICS OF THE YEAR 1839

all but the greatest of them conceal their true names. In the lay Hasa's Voyage, the dragons. He told Birch that he had received a sending from his teacher on Roke, the Master Hand, and must. "Very well, then. Irioth, my dear companion, teacher, rival, friend, farewell. Emer, brave woman, greens, fruit, smoked mutton - and went with him every afternoon into the grove of high trees, the Sword, her heart grew lighter. And once, when Golden was down 'at South Port, she and Tangle had books, the Chronicles of Enlad and the History of the Wise Heroes. From these precious books. "No. Nor dragons," Writing is said to have been invented by the Rune Masters, the first great wizards of the. This will end badly, I thought. I was defenseless, and the lions were as alive, as authentic, He gave a sharp look at his staff, which leaned in the corner behind the door. He put the eggs in. He slept there, on the ground. At sunrise he got up and walked by the high road over to Re Albi. "Thus." And Ard's long arms had stretched out and upward in the invocation of what Dulse would. A good sign, thunder, Dulse thought. It would stop raining soon. He pulled up his hood and went. that maybe the map of the earth underfoot that was forming in his mind could be put to some good. She did not know what he meant, but did not ask, preoccupied: "You say he makes me his reason for." Lord Thorion has returned from death to save us all," the Windkey said, fiercely and clearly. "He will be Archmage. Under his rule Roke will be as it was. The king will receive the true crown from his hand, and rule with his guidance, as Morred ruled. No witches will defile sacred ground. No dragons will threaten the Inmost Sea. There will be order, safety, and peace." And the old man railed on about the folly of the young and the evils of modern times. The rain had ceased, though mist still hid the peak and shreds of cloud drifted through the high. said, "Let us have the witch." and waft them over the sea in a magic boat flying before the magewind. But when he told her they'd. "By the grace of water, that carries no scent," Otter said, standing up. A litter of walnut shells fell from his lap, and he took the hearth broom and swept them into the ashes. "I'd better go." Grove. She did not look back. have been seven or eight; the mother was a cook at a waterfront inn. At twelve the boy had got. Slavery was common to many of these states, and a stricter social caste system and gender. fighting against them, and at last crying out one other word. Then the man Ayeth crouched there, nations in our kaleidoscopic atlases, and some are more enduring. the gardens and the fields beyond them; beyond the fields were the high trees, and the swell of. Dulse knew better than to ask for explanation. The need to speak such a spell could not come often; the chance of his ever having to use it was very slight. He let the terrible spell sink down in his mind and be hidden and layered over with a thousand useful or beautiful or enlightening mageries and charms, all the lore and rules of Roke, all the wisdom of the books Ard had bequeathed him. Crude, monstrous, useless, it lay in the dark of his mind for sixty years, like the cornerstone of an earlier, forgotten house down in the cellar of a mansion full of lights and treasures and children. In return he told Veil and Ember about the mines of Samory, and the wizard Gelluk, and Anieb the slave. "Years back. Plague, black sorcery. The waters all round it are cursed." been enough of that kind of intimidation lately. But it went against his grain. He didn't like to. the Dark Time, however, they were feminised and demonised in the Hardic lands by wizards, as they. Still it rankled him that Diamond had let him down flat, without a word of thanks or apology. So much for good manners, he thought. She had never seen where he lived. He slept wherever he chose to, she imagined, in these warm summer nights, She asked him where the food they ate came from; what the School did not supply for itself, he said, the farmers round about provided, considering themselves well recompensed by the protections the Masters set on their flocks and fields and orchards. That made sense to her. On Way, "a wizard without his porridge" meant something unprecedented, unheard-of. But she was no wizard, and so, thinking to earn her porridge, she did her best to repair the Otter's House, borrowing tools from a farmer and buying nails and plaster in Thwil Town, for she still had half the cheese money. He did not ask if Otter was picking up any sign of the ore; he did not ask whether he was seeking the ore or pretending to seek it. Otter himself could not have answered the question. In these aimless wanderings the knowledge of the underground would enter him as it used to do, and he would try to close himself off to it. "I will not work in the service of evil!" he told himself. Then the summer air and light would soften him, and his tough, bare soles would feel the dry grass under them, and he would know that under the roots of the grass a stream crept through dark earth, seeping over a wide ledge of rock layered with sheets of mica, and under that ledge was a cavern, and in its walls were thin, crimson, crumbling beds of cinnabar... He made no sign. He thought that maybe the map of the earth underfoot that was forming in his mind could be put to some good use, if he could find how to do it. writing. From that time on, The Creation of Ea, The Winter Carol, the Deeds, the Lays, and the voice and lost herself in it, as if she had cast off everything, relinquished it, and was saying. islands. He says that when King Lebannen was to be crowned, last autumn, he sent to Gont for the. think of using magic to free himself or stop the men's brutality. He flung himself at them and. Labby's band!" cried the pretty girl nearest Diamond. "Come on, they're the best!" "I don't know what to tell you. Is it a custom that you don't go around naked?" then suddenly you come out under the sky. In the Court of the Fountain, in the very deepest inside. "Just a minute while I finish this," and then turning saw a stranger and nearly dropped the pan. longer. "Weary, evil dreams of suffocation came to him, but took no hold on him. He breathed deep. He slept at last. He dreamed of long mountainsides veiled by rain, and the light shining through the rain. He dreamed of clouds passing over the shores of islands, and a high, round, green hill that stood in mist and sunlight at the end of the sea. I beg your pardon." usually in a mixture of Hardic runic writing and True Runes. Of a lore-book (a compilation of. "But surely you can't tell?" So they talked, that long winter, and others talked with them. Slowly their talk turned from. "To Roke?" She stared. "To Roke, Di? Then you really do have the gift --you could be a sorcerer?" Mage Ath. Long ago. Before he went into the west. All my foremothers were wise women. He stayed. The Creation of Ea is the

foundation of education in the Archipelago, By the age of six or seven, all children have heard the poem and most have begun to memorise it. An adult who doesn't know it by heart, so as to be able to speak or sing it with others and teach it to children, is considered grossly ignorant. It is taught in winter and spring, and spoken and sung entire every year at the Long Dance, the celebration of the solstice of summer.. "I don't live in this House. In any house," the Patterner said. "I live there. The Grove - ah," he said, turning suddenly. The big, white-haired man, Kurremkarmerruk the Namer, was standing just down the path. He had not been standing there until the other mage said 'Ah.' Irian stared from one to the other in blank bewilderment..to living voice..looked up at her face. No thought was clear in her mind, but words repeated themselves: I could go..still clear enough under the green grasses of summer..As she went about her work in the kitchen, Hawk lent her a hand now and then in the most natural way, so that she began to wonder if men from foreign parts were all so much handier about the house than the men of the Marsh. He was easy to talk with, and she told him about the curer, since there was nothing much to say about herself..Dragons are born knowing the True Speech, or, as Ged put it, "the dragon and the speech of the." "The Old Powers?" Ogon murmured..The slave, short and thin, hairless, with running sores on his hands and arms, uncapped a stone..Her father's ancestors had owned a wide, rich domain on the wide, rich island of Way. Claiming no.. "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."..home.. "Animals, too?".. "I'm called Gift," she said. "My brother's Berry."..Roke Knoll off to the right. But standing on the path just outside the door as if waiting for them..So it was. For the rest of his life, Medra kept the doors of the Great House on Roke. The garden..think that he had come as near to Morred's Isle as he would ever come, Medra stayed a while longer..aimless wanderings the knowledge of the underground would enter him as it used to do, and he would.. "Wait. . . then what exactly do you do?"..However the Division came about, from the beginning of historical time human beings have lived in the main Archipelago and the Kargad Lands east of it, while the dragons kept to the westernmost isles-and beyond. People have puzzled at their choosing the empty sea for their domain, since dragons are "creatures of wind and fire," who drown if plunged under the sea. But they have no need to touch down either on water or on earth; they live on the wing, aloft in air, sunlight, starlight. The only use a dragon has for the ground is some kind of rocky place where it can lay its eggs and rear the drakelets. The small, barren islets of the farthest West Reach suffice for this..them, yes. We can send to them a voice or a presentment, a seeming, of ourself. But we do not..the flare of candles among jagged shadows. He touched the earth of the tunnel's end, took clods of..destroyed. And if a wizard let down his guard among the common folk, they too might destroy him if..house," said the mage, pointing to a low, moss-ridden roof half-hidden by the afternoon shadows of..done? I think there's an evil in us, in humankind. Trust denies it. Leaps across it. Leaps the..spell-protected. Rose had explained to her how wizards' spells worked 'so that it never enters..held the other end, following him. He let Otter walk into a couple of the spells, and after that..few years their struggles had destroyed all central governance. The Archipelago became a..No matter how this adventure was going to end, I had found myself a guide, and I thought -- this..his realm, rebellious groups of sorcerers that called themselves the Hand. Eager to find his..ship in port, and none has come into Thwil Bay since the one that brought you, lady, and sailed..stared at Irian; then with a brief nod he went on. She looked back at him. He was looking back at..was put into the bank in my name -- I don't even know how much there is. I don't know a thing..They needed no persuasion. They rode off leaving everything behind, their blankets, the tent, the..The people of Osskil, Rogma, and Borth are lighter-skinned than others in the Archipelago, and often have brown or even blond hair and light eyes; the men are often bearded. Their language and some of their beliefs are closer to Kargish than to Hardic. These far Northerners probably descend from Kargs who, after settling the four great Eastern lands, sailed back to the West about two thousand years ago..They met in the lane under Iria Hill in the dark of night, long after sunset, long before dawn..eyes. Leaving his cell he had felt the spellbonds loosen and fall away, but there were other..years old, "Why did you have me if you didn't want me?"..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (56 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]..If the young sorcerer was seeking experience, he did not get much at Westpool. Whenever Birch had..The breeze was moving again slightly; she could hear a bare whispering among the oaks. "A little," she said.. "I'll stay here if I may," he said in that princely way, with his teeth chattering, holding on to.. "And you feel nothing?".. "Acknowledged."..the beginning, intending to get up, I would go shooting toward the ceiling, and any object that I arms and breasts were submerged in a fluffy cloud; she entered his embrace; they danced. They..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (75 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]..He never swore-men of power do not swear, it is not safe-but he cleared his throat with a coughing growl, like a bear. A moment later a thunderclap rolled off the hidden upper slopes of Gont Mountain, echoing round from north to south, dying away in the cloud-filled forests..mines at Samory, round the mountain. There you'd be out of his way. Work for him you must, if you..long, and on his breast lay the rune-ring broken..But he made no spell. He had no magic left in him. It was gone, run out of him into this terrible.. "I don't know," Dragonfly said. "To hear about the Great House is wonderful, but I thought the..He knew he was no match for Early. To stop that first binding spell he had used all the strength..of me a woman pushed away the stewardess, who, with a slow, automatic motion, as if from the..again next day for Wathort. The Windkey keeps the Roke-wind against all. If the king himself.. "Do what?".. "Why don't you sit down?"..Diamond glanced at Rose. The girl turned her head away, looking down..lands like Havnor or worse, sunk in warfare, raids, and piracy, the fields full of weeds, the..why he tried to weaken her faith in

wizardry; perhaps because any weakening of her strength, her. When in 730 the first Archmage of Roke, Halkel of Way, excluded women from the school, among his. "And were you. . . bettrizated?" "Avert!" Irian blurted out, making the sign to prevent word from becoming deed. None of the men smiled, and the Herbal belatedly made the same gesture. Nine Masters only the Patterner and the Doorkeeper protested; they were overruled. For more than continuously by hundreds of feet on the floor above; the all-embracing roar now swelled, now the sun a couple of fingers' width above the horizon. Looking under the sun he saw the roofs of a destroyed their own cities and fields; sailors sank their ships; and his soldiers, obeying the. for and look to. Nothing goes right but as part of the pattern. Only in it is freedom. "underfoot ended, gave way to porous rock. I passed through a curtain of light and found myself. Ember was on the dock to meet him. Lame and very thin, he came to her and took her hands, but he could not lift his face to hers. He said, "I have too many deaths on my heart, Elehal." "Until the wind changes, eh?" said the Patterner. wizard. looked at her as he spoke. "I am Kurremkarmerruk," he said to her. "As the Master Namer here, I. The man, whom the others called Licky, led him out into a hot, bright morning that dazzled his. He met there a mage, an old man called Highdrake, whose true name has been lost. When Highdrake heard the tale of Morred's Isle he smiled and looked sad and shook his head. "Not here," he said. "Not this. The Lords of Pendor are good men. They remember the kings. They don't seek war or plunder. But they send their sons west dragon hunting. In sport. As if the dragons of the West Reach were ducks or geese for the killing! No good will come of that." Early did not punish Hound for his failure, but he remembered it. He was not used to failures and did not like them. He did not like what Hound told him about this boy, Otter, and he remembered it. there were few guards, and they were not on the alert, since the wizard's spells had kept the. asked them. Translated by Barbara Marszal and Frank Simpson. driven off or killed, one after another, his rivals for Losen's favor, and had enjoyed sole rule. When Diamond put the lists of names to tunes he made up, he learned them much faster; but then the tune would come as part of the name, and he would sing out so clearly-- for his voice had re-established itself as a strong, dark tenor -- that Hemlock winced. Hemlock's was a very silent house. "Some flurries," he said. She got a good look at him now in the light of lamp and fire. He was not a young man, thin, not as tall as she had thought. It was a fine face, but there was something wrong, something amiss. He looks ruined, she thought, a ruined man. "Yaved!" He had not planned or intended any such adventure, but crazy as it was, it suited him better the. suddenly came a reflection, surprising in that I myself would never have expected it if someone. "And no friends?" tried to get to his feet he felt bonds of sorcery holding his body and mind, resilient, clinging. "That would spare us much trouble and some danger," said the young Finder. aggrandize himself. vapor chambers with red-hot ovens whose vents led up to refining rooms where the soot from the. "I am not ashamed," Irian said. She looked at them all. She felt that she should thank them for. All day he stayed near the Otter's House, keeping watch on Irian, making her eat a little with him. She came to the house, but when they had eaten she went back to her place on the streambank and sat there motionless. And he too felt a lethargy in his own body and mind, a stupidity, which he fought against but could not shake off. He thought of the Summoner's eyes, and then it was that he felt cold, cold through, though he was sitting in the full heat of the summer's day. We are ruled by the dead, he thought. The thought would not leave him.

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