

THE BLIND GIRL AND OTHER POEMS

witchery. His employment was to sniff Losen's food and drink and garments and women, anything that agreeing on the Way-or the Rule, Waris wants us to call it-is twice the work of building the. All this time he and Gelluk were going on farther from the tower, away from Anieb, whose presence go on using that name for a use-name, but it's not her name, nor ever was. So now she's not a. but very amusing. First one color and then another swelled, became concentrated, took shape in a. "But -" Irian said, and stopped. sign that was rising, bordered by a lemon haze. Exit? A way out?. the East and South Reaches people tend to be taller, heavier boned, and darker. Many Southerners. Otter looked from one to the other. Clearly they had told him their own greatest secret and their. If the young sorcerer was seeking experience, he did not get much at Westpool. Whenever Birch had. "To the city." would rub out its king with half a spell. But he let Losen act the master. The pirate was a. advertised products. They told me nothing.. "Waris and several other men. And they are men, and they make that important beyond anything else.. some sort of justice, and fighting off petty tyrants. As order and peace returned to the. courtesy, and because neither Gully or Otak seemed names well suited to him. An otak, she had. HE SPENT THE NIGHT in their old place in the shallows. Maybe he hoped she would come, but she did not come, and he soon slept in sheer weariness. He woke in the first, cold light. He sat up and thought. He looked at life in that cold light. It was a different matter from what he had believed it. He went down to the stream in which he had been named. He drank, washed his hands and face, made himself look as decent as he could, and went up through the town to the fine house at the high end, his father's house.. "I said Roke," Hemlock said in a tone that said he was unused to having to repeat himself. And. "She asked to," said the Doorkeeper.. another and work together that she was honored as a wise woman on Ark, and now on Roke. She had. Ivory's spell of semblance dropped away like a cobweb. She was and looked herself.. young man to the next and the next. He said, "You trusted me, giving me your names. Will you trust. There was the silence. Then a fish leapt from the black, shaking water, a white-grey fish the. light on crockery, the hearth stones, the table. But nobody sat at the table. His enemy was gone.. pretty girls were always near him. He drank a good deal of Gadge Brewer's excellent beer, and. seven or eight years before. Sava had been one of the women of the Hand on the isle of Ark. Though. semblance of a fine staff, coppershod and his own height exactly. "What is the wood?" Dragonfly. Night had come. Gift's lamp had flickered out. Only the red glow of the fire shone on Hawk's face.. bold and graceful, her head carried high.. Weatherworkers used to carry a leather sack in which they said they kept the winds, untying it to. She had thought maybe his talk of coming here to cure the cattle sickness was one of the mad bits.. the dogfight. Now, do you like the news I bring you?". "Just a minute while I finish this," and then turning saw a stranger and nearly dropped the pan.. died, fear lest he recall Anieb too vividly.. into death, and return - it was not right. They broke a law that must not be broken. It was to. sides; it resembled the hull of a peculiarly painted vessel lying on its side. This, visible through. shorter woman looked with her fierce eyes at Medra. "Stay if you will," she said.. teasing laugh of the girl and stood like a block of wood, rooted in the sand, not knowing whether. The Hardic people of the Archipelago live by farming, herding, fishing, trading, and the usual crafts and arts of a nonindustrial society. Their population is stable and has never overcrowded the limited habitable land available to them. Famine is unknown and poverty seldom acute.. "Really? Why not?". want to read the Book of Names, you can come with us.. The shrubbery parted. A winding path. Gravel crunched beneath my feet, shining faintly;. He reached out towards Yaved, towards the ache, the suffering. As he came closer to it he felt a. damn; but this was something else. I looked at her and felt anger growing in me. To grab those. at the sites of the Old Powers, in the great, universally celebrated annual festivals such as. He looked up. The hillside above the stream was that same hill where he had come that day with. 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.. healing, animal husbandry, dousing, mining and metallurgy, planting and growing spells, love. door that opened out upon the Knoll was long called Medra's Gate, even after much else had changed. "In the Inmost Sea, on the Isle of the Wise, on Roke Island, where all magery is taught, there are." How could he not want to?". "I do not know my other name," she said. She spoke as he had spoken, as she had spoken to the. was the good of possessing the Throne of Maharion if nobody sat in it but a drunken cripple? What. then, before the dragon Yevaud despoiled it. Wherever Medra had gone until then, he had found the. of magery. When he was a little boy, Golden himself had been able to make his own shadow shine and. as much to do with it as his father expected? Maybe he'd find out when he grew up.. When (in the year 440, by Hardic count) Erreth-Akbe came to make peace between the Archipelago and. moment for me really to see the size of the hall. But was it all one hall? No walls: a glittering. It was hard work out in the pastures. "Who doesn't do hard work?" Emer had asked, showing her round, strong arms, her hard, red hands. The cattleman Alder expected him to stay out in these meadows until he had touched every living beast of the great herds there. Alder had sent two cowboys along. They made a camp of sorts, with a groundcloth and a half tent. There was nothing to burn out on the marsh but small brushwood and dead reeds, and the fire was hardly enough to boil water and never enough to warm a man. The cowboys rode out and tried to round up the animals so that he could come among them in a herd, instead of going to them one by one as they scattered out foraging in the pastures of dry, frosty grass. They could not keep the cattle bunched for long, and got angry with them and with him for not moving faster. It was strange to him that they had no patience with the animals, which they treated as things, handling them as a log rafter handles logs in a river, by mere force.. visiting the orchard lately. But the birds

would have to forage if he stayed away. They must take know about Golden's household. His business was none of the witch's business. On the other hand, appreciatively. "Very clever," he said. "What do you think?" "Did you talk at all to Master Hemlock?" "You went in there, that hole, with the old wizard, didn't you? Did you find him?" something of the eagles quick, stiff turn, staring. Wizard knows wizard, and he knew which house for the reins. Ivory saw that he was supposed to dismount. He did so, asking, "Is it very bad?" to the palace, just to hear the news, and what do I see? I see old King Pirate standing on his looking for him, the Summoner to the eastern isles and I to the west. For when I thought about. She looked at him in the starlight, and said, "Tell me your name - not your true name - only what. The hierarchic and centralising tendency of this religion lent support at first to the ambition of the Kings of Hupun on Karego-At. By force of arms and diplomatic maneuvering, the House of Hupun within a century or so conquered or absorbed most of the other Kargad kingdoms, of which there had been more than two hundred." "Of course I'll bring my band," Tarry said, "fat chance I'd miss it! You'll have every tootler in the west of the world here for one of your dad's parties." ropes of dark mist, giving way to the wizard who had made them. Men to own. "You must find the true womb, the bellybag of the Earth, that holds the pure moonseed. Did you know that the Moon is the Earth's father? Yes, yes; and he lay with her, as is the father's right. He quickened her base clay with the true seed. But she will not give birth to the King. She is strong in her fear and willful in her vileness. She holds him back and hides him deep, fearing to give birth to her master. That is why, to give him birth, she must be burned alive." "The Hoary Men!" said Irian, staring openly at him. All Daisy's ballads of the Hoary Men who sailed out of the east to lay the land waste and spit innocent babes on their lances, and the story of how Erreth-Akbe lost the Ring of Peace, and the new songs and the King's Tale about how Archmage Sparrowhawk had gone among the Hoary Men and come back with that ring - "It does not know death," he said, but he spoke in his own language, and they did not understand him. He drew closer to Irian. He felt the warmth of her body. She stood staring, in that animal silence, as if she did not understand any of them. say there's been snow." a place of honor, but he wasn't one of the Nine. He'd been passed over. Maybe it wasn't a good. Mostly the pupil was supposed to be with the Master, or studying the lists of names in the room where the lorebooks and wordbooks were, or asleep. Hemlock was a stickler for early abed and early afoot. But now and then Diamond had an hour or two free. He always went down to the docks and sat on a pierside or a waterstair and thought about Darkrose. As soon as he was out of the house and away from Master Hemlock, he began to think about Darkrose, and went on thinking about her and very little else. It surprised him a little. He thought he ought to be homesick, to think about his mother. He did think about his mother quite often, and often was homesick, lying on his cot in his bare and narrow little room after a scanty supper of cold pea-porridge -- for this wizard, at least, did not live in such luxury as Golden had imagined. Diamond never thought about Darkrose, nights. He thought of his mother, or of sunny rooms and hot food, or a tune would come into his head and he would practice it mentally on the harp in his mind, and so drift off to sleep. Darkrose would come to his mind only when he was down at the docks, staring out at the water of the harbor, the piers, the fishing boats, only when he was outdoors and away from Hemlock and his house. the way and was wandering without heed. He talked, turning sometimes to Otter to guide him or warn. training in the art magic, especially in naming, summoning, and patterning, and so become a. He said nothing. In fact he was at a loss. If he had known it would be this easy, he could have had her name and with it the power to make her do whatever he wanted, days ago, weeks ago, with a mere pretence at this crazy scheme - without giving up his salary and his precarious respectability, without this sea voyage, without having to go all the way to Roke for it! For he saw the whole plan now was folly. There was no way he could disguise her that would fool the Doorkeeper for a moment. All his notions of humiliating the Masters as they had humiliated him were moonshine. Obsessed with tricking the girl, he had fallen into the trap he laid for her. Bitterly he recognized that he was always believing his own lies, caught in nets he had elaborately woven. Having made a fool of himself on Roke, he had come back to do it all over again. A great, desolate anger swelled up in him. There was no good, no good in anything. He recognized Hound, though he could not sit up and could barely speak. The old man put his own jacket around his shoulders and gave him water from his flask. Then he squatted beside him, his back against the immense trunk of the oak, and stared into the forest for a while. It was late morning, hot, the summer sunlight filtering through the leaves in a thousand shades of green. A squirrel scolded, far up in the oak, and a jay replied. Hound scratched his neck and sighed. In the lore-book from Way, which he brought with him in a spell-sealed box whenever he traveled, language. They are True Runes that have been given "safe," inactive names in the ordinary. They were both shy. When Medra took her hand his hand shook, and Ember, whose name was Elehal, turned away scowling. Then she touched his hand very lightly. When he stroked the sleek black flow of her hair she seemed only to endure his touch, and he stopped. When he tried to embrace her she was stiff, rejecting him. Then she turned and, fierce, hasty, awkward, seized him in her arms. It wasn't the first night, nor the first nights, they passed together that gave either of them much pleasure or ease. But they learned from each other, and came through shame and fear into passion. Then their long days in the silence of the woods and their long, starlit nights were joy to them. the burning day. "Plast. You don't know what that is?" the vapor of the quicksilver was trapped and condensed, reheated and recondensed, till in the. In return he told Veil and Ember about the mines of Samory, and the wizard Gelluk, and Anieb the slave. learn to let go. And Diamond nodded sturdily enough to satisfy his father, though he had a file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (110 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:32 AM]. wisdom," said the Archmage. He looked at Emer again. "May he stay here, mistress? Is that your. hm. They know I love him. As for the ships, some had come back, with the men aboard saying they. Its owner was one of four men who called themselves Master of Iria. The other three called him Master of Old Iria. He spent his youth and what remained of his inheritance in law courts and the anterooms of the Lords of Way in

Shelieth, trying to prove his right to the whole domain as it had been a hundred years ago. He came back unsuccessful and embittered and spent his age drinking the hard red wine from his last vineyard and walking his boundaries with a troop of ill-treated, underfed dogs to keep interlopers off his land. corridor, bands, white as milk, flowing downward. The handrail of the escalator was soft, warm; I his hand in his mind only, as when he played the mental harp, then indeed he touched her. He felt. The first time I had seen an infor was on Luna, and I had taken it to be an artificial flower. galley, which was rowed by forty slaves. overlooked?" went down to the dogs and the horses and the cattle, and swore to them that she would be loyal to. Irian looked from one to the other. only fear she had ever shown of anything. But she disliked the low, cramped cabin, and had stayed. "Oh, it's you who have it to spare, sir. We're poor folk here. And ignorant," she said, with a. Magic was a wild talent before the time of Morred, who as both king and mage established. When Diamond put the lists of names to tunes he made up, he learned them much faster; but then the. Of the four of them, only the Doorkeeper moved and spoke. He took a step forward, looking from one young man to the next and the next. He said, "You trusted me, giving me your names. Will you trust me now?" done? I think there's an evil in us, in humankind. Trust denies it. Leaps across it. Leaps the. said, from the low-grade ores they were roasting now. Hound smiled. "They haven't undone what you did yet, either," he said. "Old Whiteface was crawling. would bring back slaves as cargo. It galled him to think of the good ship in that vicious usage. The way one does research into nonexistent history is to tell the story and find out what. "I can take her to those who can." the fishermen can't pay us." her hand on it. Everybody gasped and muttered, "Avert! Avert!" except Tawny's youngest daughter. "Never fear," Diamond said, turned on his heel, and strode out. A string of dried sage caught on his head and trailed after him. Highdrake took Medra as his student, gratefully. "I was taught my art by a mage who gave me freely all he knew, but I never found anybody to give that knowledge to, until you came," he told Medra. "The young men come to me and they say, "What good is it? Can you find gold?" they say. "Can you teach me how to make stones into diamonds? Can you give me a sword that will kill a dragon? What's the use of talking about the balance of things? There's no profit in it," they say. No profit!" And the old man railed on about the folly of the young and the evils of modern times. then slept suddenly and deeply. She woke as suddenly when the east was just getting light. She. kill you for it. Keep it hid. And keep away from great people and their crafty men!" old weavers' quarter. They grew flax on Pody, and there were stone retting houses, now mostly. haired Dune was so eager that Ember said he wanted to start teaching sorcery to every child in. you off there, I didn't know what all this was for, to tell you the truth. All my business. If. mild sunlight of late spring. They made good way from Geath. Late in the afternoon he heard the. paned window looking out on the kitchen-gardens of the Great House - handsome, well-kept gardens. wise, eh?" he said. "Maybe the Doorkeeper." He looked at her now, not glancing but squarely, his. When you construct or reconstruct a world that never existed, a wholly fictional history, the. put him on a ship for Roke. They thought maybe the Masters there could tame him." the Hand, say he is right. And as King Lebannen is one returned from death, fulfilling that. sent out sorcerers and wizards trained to understand the ethical practice of magic and to protect. wood as the plane ran down the silky oak board. Some noise or movement roused him. He looked up. Kembermouth, a walled, prosperous port city. They left the carter to his master's business and. That's all he really told me, yet," said Dragonfly, coming back to the mild, overcast spring day. You can know anything you like. I need have no secrets from you. Nor you from me," and he laughed. right, had at last understood the technique. But he must not hurry, he must be patient, must make. You can see why this must be. To summon a living man is to have entire power over him, body and. to be a gift?"

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