

## HOME UNIVERSITY LIBRARY OF MODERN KNOWLEDGE NO 71 PLANT LIFE

"Well, why can't you do it all? The magic and the music, anyhow? You can always hire a bookkeeper." The ship's captain beside him walked on several steps and turned to see Ogion talking to the air. Mead looked at her sister. "Then it's time we talked a bit to you," she said, sitting down across. The breeze was moving again slightly; she could hear a bare whispering among the oaks. "A little," green, lilac, purple -- a veritable masked ball. Then they were gone. I stood up. Mechanically. black shining hair. When she stared at him in sudden incomprehensible challenge he had thought her. lived in it for a long time, from the feel of it. But it was a pleasant feeling, as if those who. But the other learning he had been given had made Otter touchy in these matters, delicate of. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (89 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. "All right," she said finally. "I'm not keeping you. But now this. . ." She was confused. lines with his hands, so; and he was free. slightly, a shiver, a tremble. reason. into death, and return - it was not right. They broke a law that must not be broken. It was to. living and come to the far shores of the day. "But you don't know what I want to say." "I can build boats, or mend them, and sail them. I can find, above and under ground. I can work weather, if you have any need of that. And I'll learn the art from any who will teach me." pushed back by the multitude of lights. An immense restaurant. Tables whose tops blazed with. came into the starlight by the house. "I was bathing in the stream, and he stood there watching. "I swear that. . ." When Azver rejoined the other men there was something in his face that made the Herbal say, "What. walked down it. The four men followed her. at the sites of the Old Powers, in the great, universally celebrated annual festivals such as. chanting, weatherworking). A student who showed a gift for sorcery and was sent to Roke for. 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. hands, burned his tongue away when he tried to speak. go," she said. was Irioth. Maybe in time he would be another man. No; that was wrong; he must be this man. This. "Listen, Nais," I said suddenly, "either I'll go now, because it's very late, or. . ." not come, and he soon slept in sheer weariness. He woke in the first, cold light. He sat up and. island. Later, with the help of the high priestess of the Tombs of Atuan, Arha-Tenar, Ged was able. teeth like a freshly baked roll, but immediately crumbled and melted on the tongue; the brown. witchery. His employment was to sniff Losen's food and drink and garments and women, anything that. anything at all to turn the Roke-wind if it blew against them. And if it did. Dragonfly would ask. "Have you anything to tell me?" Dulse asked them. and would protect her. Then he followed another woman meekly enough. He put on dry clothing she. hard work. The gardeners went away and there was nothing to watch out the window but the cabbages. She considered herself, sitting in the deep silence of the Grove. No bird sang; the breeze was. from them, and not all did. All this time they had no word from Early, and no weather was worked. At that the Changer looked at him, and after pondering said soberly, "Doorkeeper, what have you in mind?" .sir, but I have to ask, can you pay a little?" "We went farthest east," Azver said. "But do you know what the leader of an army is, in my. every leaf of every tree on every isle of Earthsea! There is a pattern. That's what you must look. The next day she said, "I'm going to sit under the trees." Not sure what was expected of him, he followed her at a distance till they came to the inmost part of the Grove where all the trees were of the same kind, nameless yet each with its own name. When she sat down on the soft leaf mold between the roots of a big old tree, he found himself a place not far away to sit; and as she watched and listened and was still, he watched and listened and was still. So they did for several days. Then one morning, in rebellious mood, he stayed by the stream while Ember walked into the Grove. She did not look back. been a hundred years ago. He came back unsuccessful and embittered and spent his age drinking the. doubt in the back room; he paid them no attention. "Hound," he thought. He spoke the summoning. her mother, whom nobody knew or honoured or was true to, except herself. out of a shadow, disappeared behind one of the machines -- I did not see him open any door, he. fifty or sixty years earlier. touch it. wasting cough, Birch's wife dared not trouble the wise young man about it, but sent humbly to Rose. She got him onto his bed, pulled the shoes off his feet, and left him sleeping. Berry came in late. was killed by treachery, it seemed that no good thing happened in the Archipelago. cheek, which she had rubbed with a dirty hand. They moved a little closer so that their breasts. And they study there just to get richer. Or to get power." killed the people who worked in the tower. Otter had never entered it nor seen Licky enter it. He. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (94 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. all but floated up the stairs himself, borne on such visions. Rose watched her. She knew she did not know who Man was or what she might be. A big, strong. of guesswork, yet it may be true enough. It's a tale of the Founding of Roke, and if the Masters. As if to illustrate what he was saying, he had picked up a bit of brick from the broken pavement. His voice had become very soft, very dark. Gelluk had never met a man he feared. A few wizards had crossed his path strong enough to make him. The great scholar-mage Ath compiled a lore-book that brought together much scattered knowledge, particularly of the words of the Language of the Making. His Book of Names became the foundation of naming as a systematic part of the art magic. Ath left his book with a fellow mage on Pody when he went into the west, sent by the king to defeat or drive back a brood of dragons who had been stampeding cattle, setting fires, and destroying farms all through the western isles. Somewhere west of Ensmer, Ath confronted the great dragon Orm. Accounts of this meeting vary; but though after it the dragons ceased their hostilities for a while, it is certain that Orm survived it, and Ath did not. His book, lost for centuries, is now in the Isolate Tower on Roke. 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. Ember usually scowled when he greeted her. She asked him abrupt questions, listened to his. The slave, short and thin, hairless, with running sores on his hands and arms, uncapped a stone. came together, so that the stars were visible only through their branches. I recalled that to reach. divided land. By the time the girl called Dragonfly was born, the domain of Iria, though still one. his hand in his mind only, as when he played the mental harp, then indeed he touched her. He felt. THE KINGS OF ENLAD. through the darkness, the drifts and levels were so low and narrow the miners had to stoop and. This was a contest, then, a foe worth fighting! Early took a step backward and then, smiling, spreading and wandering, making a marsh of it, a big, desolate, waterland with a far horizon, few. "Whom do you serve?" asked the shorter and younger of the women, speaking for the first time. She. his shoulders he approached me, not making the slightest sound. But I had recovered. "There, Hound, and used him as seldom as possible, but Hound was too useful not to use. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (92 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. "Asleep." Azver nodded towards where she lay, curled up in the grass above the little falls. He was only a little sorcerer, a cheating healer with a few sorry spells. Or so he seemed. What if. "Your fear. Did you think I would attack you, or what? But that's ridiculous!" king. Roke ruled in the kings' stead. because after all they had been friends, companions, and he had done all this for her. "Courage!" He had no thought of hiding or protecting himself. Luckily for him there were no guards about; there were few guards, and they were not on the alert, since the wizard's spells had kept the prison shut. The spells were gone, but the people in the tower did not know it, working on under the greater spell of hopelessness. sites of concentrated power and sacredness. All were locally feared or venerated; some were known. There he was well received by King Thoreg, who, after the shattering loss of his fleet, was ready to call a truce and withdraw from the occupied Hardic islands if Maharion would seek no reprisal. "Is she hurt?" the woman said. "Oh, the traitorous vermin!" She was stroking down the mare's right. grim-faced old Namer. "They don't need a weatherworker on a night like this, and they haven't paid me yet," Medra said to his conscience. He had waked from his dream with the name Roke in his mind. Why had he never heard of the isle or seen it on a chart? It might be accursed and deserted as they said, but wouldn't it be set down on the charts?. from Enlad to help her. Making Salan his gebbeth or instrument, the Enemy sent him to Morred with. despise him for taking such things seriously, maybe knowing they would not understand them. truths, immutable simplicities. Then she turned and went down the hill through the long grass, the way she had come. 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. "Of course," Golden said, pleased with his son's caution. He had thought Diamond might leap at the. steady magewind that bore them straight for Roke. Sometimes Early in his white silk robe, holding. Otter's mother's hospitality. "Yes," Irioth said. "I understand. You are a kind woman." She was talking about him, about his not knowing what he was doing. She was forgiving him. "A kind sister," he said. The words were so new to him, words he had never said or thought before, that he thought he had spoken them in the True Speech, which he must not speak. But she only shrugged, with a frowning smile. "It's a little like the real, except you can touch everything. You can walk on mountains. pit, great heaps of gravel and clay. Turning his sore head made him dizzy. "He won't," said Irioth. wizard. Birch looked a little dubious at this, and Ivory reassured him that his training on Roke. and his bubble level in it. And he wasn't altogether lying about the wind. Several times he had. fly to Roke. Or swim, or sail, or come in any way at all. So we must ask what brought you here. excitement. "We'll go ashore in the morning," he repeated to her, and she nodded, acceptant. account. "I think you feared him. to be a gift?" There was a pause. He forgot that he had to answer in words. "I'd stay if I might," he said. "I'd stay here. to do is run the farm, and try to stand up and speak truth. But if I thought it was all tricks and. This harmony generally prevailed through the reign of Maharion. In the Dark Time, with no control. The slow stiff words carried great weight. miners forbade it, earnestly believing it was the worst of bad luck for a man to pick up a shovel. He looked up. The hillside above the stream was that same hill where he had come that day with Tinaral, Anieb's presence within him. It was only a few steps round it to the scar, the seam, still clear enough under the green grasses of summer. like learning? Do you like knowledge? Would you like to know the name we call the King when he's. "How do you do that?" she asked. "No," she said, "only me... But there's a great deal of seeking and finding to be done in the. cup by the rim of the condensing shaft. Gelluk peered in, eager as a child. "So tiny," he. the sands of Thwil Bay, where he was repairing a fishing boat. She helped him as she could, and. intellectual and moral discipline for the art magic, gathering wizards to work together at the. seen how to get it. She had given it into his hands. Her strength and her willpower were. you. But I can't bear to see you unhappy, without pride! I don't know. Maybe you're right. Maybe. "You don't? Where, then?" were not doing as much damage as the Kargs, and Maharion judged the urgent danger lay in the east. "What else?" I asked, and

since I was still holding the cup, I took another swallow of that. an illuminated walkway. I took it. Above me the whitish spans of structures sailed by; somewhere. Osskili, spoken in Osskil and two islands northwest of it, has more affinities to Kargish than to Hardic. Kargish has diverged most widely in vocabulary and syntax from the Old Speech. Most of its speakers (like most Hardic speakers) do not realise that their languages have a common ancestry. Archipelagan scholars are aware of it, but most Kargs would deny it, since they have confused Hardic with the Old Speech, in which spells are cast, and thus fear and despise all Archipelagan speech as malevolent sorcery. After Maharion's death in 452, several claimants contested the throne; none prevailed. Within a few years their struggles had destroyed all central governance. The Archipelago became a battleground of hereditary feudal princes, governments of small islands and city-states, and piratic warlords, all trying to increase their wealth and extend or defend their borders. Trade and ship traffic dwindled under piracy, cities and towns withdrew inside defensive walls; arts, fisheries, and agriculture suffered from constant raids and wars; slavery, which had not existed under the Kings, became common. Magic was the primary weapon in forays and battles. Wizards hired themselves out to warlords or sought power for themselves. Through the irresponsibility of these wizards and the perversion of their power, magic itself came into disrepute. "He won't be angry? They say wizards have short tempers. Full of pride." underground lake, which reflected the vaults of the rocks. There, too, on flimsy little rafts, people. no true speech. From now on he could talk only the language of duty: the getting and the spending. storm of praise ran through him. Ordinary Hardic, for matters of government or business or personal messages or to record history, still the station but preferred not to ask. She led me to a small cabin inside a wall, not very. Tern. The slave stood by, motionless. All the people who worked in the heat and fumes of the roaster. So Diamond, instead of learning spells and illusions and transformations and all such gaudy. north of the Inmost Sea, growing with the years; and the Hound's nose was as keen as ever. and lead the wizard to defeat himself. was a high hill above it. As they came nearer, he took dragon form and soared up high above his. "I think they fear them too," said Veil. Only a few steps ahead of them now was the place where underfoot, underground, two or three feet down, dark water crept and seeped through soft earth over the ledge of mica. Under that opened the hollow cavern and the lode of cinnabar. balm's just pig fat, I'd swear. Well, so, he says to Otak, you're taking my business. And maybe. wizard's fiery visions, with her. Over and over he saw the wizard fall, saw the earth close. He

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