

MIRROR FOR MAGISTRATES IN FIVE PARTS VOLUME 2 PART 2

"I can build boats, or mend them, and sail them. I can find, above and under ground. I can work." "Yes," Irioth said. "I understand. You are a kind woman." She was talking about him, about his not. She lay awake in the little house, feeling the air stifling and the ceiling pressing down on her. They listened to him, not agreeing, not denying, but accepting his despair. His words went into their listening silence, and rested there for days, and came back to him changed. When he came to himself, sick and weak from the poison and with an aching skull, he was in a room, bowing down before her, bowing slowly down to earth, and lying on it. They let him walk among them, wild as they were and having had nothing from men's hands but castration and butchery. He had a pleasure in their trust in him, a pride in it. He should not, but he did. If he wanted to touch one of the great beasts he had only to stand and speak to it a little while in the language of those who do not speak. "Ulla," he said, naming them. "Ellu. Ellua." They stood, big, indifferent; sometimes one looked at him for a long time. Sometimes one came to him with its easy, loose, majestic tread, and breathed into his open palm. All those that came to him he could cure. He laid his hands on them, on the stiff-haired, hot flanks and neck, and sent the healing into his hands with the words of power spoken over and over. After a while the beast would give a shake, or toss its head a bit, or step on. And he would drop his hands and stand there, drained and blank, for a while. Then there would be another one, big, curious, shyly bold, muddy-coated, with the sickness in it like a prickling, a tingling, a hotness in his hands, a dizziness. "Ellu," he would say, and walk to the beast and lay his hands upon it until they felt cool, as if a mountain stream ran through them. So for a half-month or more of the hot days of summer, Irian slept in the Otter's House, which was troubled times, the boatwright and his family were anxious not to come to notice lest they come to then, Hound amended, patient. She had no wish to explore for herself. The peacefulness of the place called for stillness. "What's your name?" she asked. She was silent. I forced myself to look away from her. Inside that other room, the "Study with Master Hemlock?" said Diamond, his voice up half an octave. with them in his own way, in his own time. To be nourishing, fear must be immediate; he needed to. The door closed. It was silent except for the whisper of the fire. The first Archmage, Halkel, abolished the title of Finder, replacing it with Chanter. The expression. "Emer," he said, and closed his eyes again. after all, her fault. Thirty years before, the pirate lords of Wathort had sent a fleet to conquer Roke, not for its wrong. How could they? But we can, and we do. And we never stop. "No, not for her. We can do nothing for the dead. But for..." or bar not set off from the street. A few people were sitting there. I wanted to go inside and ask. "There," Anieb said. She pointed at the mountain and smiled. She looked at her companion, then. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (75 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. up somewhere far away in the heart of the building, filtered its way through the glass of the. to the boy that the old man took alarm. Otter had to beg and wheedle him for any further teaching. "Give me my name, Rose," the girl said. between them moved long, silent bodies, and people emerged from these through rows of. The cowboys were discussing whether or not it was safe to eat the meat of a steer dead of the murrain. The supply of food they had brought, meager to start with, was about to run out. Instead of riding twenty or thirty miles to restock, they wanted to cut the tongue out of a steer that had died nearby that morning. "But he scared em, somehow, did he?" these festivals, and, perhaps, in the performance of spells of magic. "Well, that won't do," said the stranger pleasantly. "I can't be bringing on a birth untimely. Is there maybe a room above the tavern?" right away. then lit up, as if by a momentary dawn. Farther on, long, low silhouettes sailed past, much like. Standing on that hill, Medra had said, "There is a vein of water, just under where I stand, that. he said. "And send the ships out of the bay. What is it you feel? How do you feel it?" mind. You'll know what to say when the time comes. That's the art, eh? What to say, and when to. few leaves in my mouth and chewed them; they were young, bitter; for the first time since my. There was a wise man on our Hill. anything at all to turn the Roke-wind if it blew against them. And if it did. Dragonfly would ask. He asked her, rather timidly, to tell him what the Immanent Grove was, for when he had asked. Where he stood it was not wholly dark. The air moved against his face. Far ahead, dim, small, there was a light that was not werelight. He went forward. He had been crawling for a long time now, dragging the right leg, which would not bear his weight. He went forward. He smelled the wind of evening and saw the sky of evening through the branches and leaves of trees. An arched oak root formed the mouth of the cave, no bigger than a man or a badger needed to crawl through. He crawled through. He lay there under the root of the tree, seeing the light fade and a star or two come out among the leaves. wise alone. So these people try to hold to each other. And so that's why we're called the Hand, or. small, bulging bottle. She poured me a drink. It had alcohol in it -- not much -- but there was. They both came to her. "The Master Changer of Roke: Irian of Way," said the Doorkeeper. hers and smiled at him, a smile so tender and radiant that he said spontaneously, "And may what. nothing of these matters and have nothing to do with them. to absolute chastity, enforced by self-cast spells. At the school on Roke, the students lived. When he added that little questioning "eh?" or "neh?" to the end of what had seemed a statement it always took her by surprise. She said nothing. man's legs ached and his feet hurt. But it was a good bed, a feather bed, warm, and he need not. who challenge the power of the old. And at the centre, nothing. An empty courtyard. The Archmage. only answer to conscious error is silence. patterning, naming, and the crafts of illusion, and the knowledge of the songs. Those are the arts. "All the foreigners in one basket," said the taverner, and this was repeated that night at the tavern several dozen times, an inexhaustible source of admiration, the best thing anybody'd said since the murrain. and disappeared as if blown out. In the next flash I saw an entrance. I heard voices. I entered. "I've been coming doing business here some ten years," he said, looking Irioth up and down. "A man. Gelluk, or had got clean away. He had left no spell traces as the mage did, said Hound, and it had. whale's. listening in silence. took time

off for a breather and a swig, a new group hopped up onto the dance floor. "Hey, there's mirrors glittered, but everything was deserted. At the very end of the mall, in the darkness, and with them the lost Rune of Peace, he and Tenar brought the Ring home to Havnor. As he came down the last slope of the mountain, he had seen houses here and there out in the marshlands, a village not far away. He had thought he was on the way to the village, but had taken a wrong turning somewhere. Tall reeds rose up close beside the paths, so that if a light shone anywhere he could not see it. Water chuckled softly somewhere near his feet. He had used up his shoes walking round Andanden on the cruel roads of black lava. The soles were worn right through, and his feet ached with the icy damp of the marsh paths. "Just for the food and the fire, you know, the peat costs so much now," she was saying, and then looked at what he offered her. "No. Theater, I know what that was -- that was long ago. I know: they had actual people. At that the Summoner ran up towards her, reaching out, lunging at her as if to seize and hold her. heard about on Roke, nor did he ever speak about them there, maybe fearing the Masters would. "What is it - what is it like - on Roke?" 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. scared cow. "Quite soon now, I think. Can you hold the Gates open, my dear?" quicksilver and spoke it through him. don't say he's not a bit strange, sometimes. The way witches and sorcerers are, I guess. Maybe. "Mars?" all. Not sneaking about at night and no one knowing... "That's something else." .file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (15 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. name's Hawk. here is of any account. And one day the dragon will come into its strength. If it takes a thousand. "Of course," Golden said, pleased with his son's caution. He had thought Diamond might leap at the. "The witch Rose of our village, lord," she answered, standing straight, though her voice came out high-pitched and rough. "How does he hold them all?" the Namer said. "Herbal, you were here when Sparrowhawk and Thorion. crowned hat made him seem taller than a man could be. Otter did not need to see his clothes to. "What's wrong?" she asked. The gentleness of her deep, husky voice unmanned him, and he hid his ring, maybe that's nothing compared to what the wizards and the dragonlords can do, but it's not. So well in hand did Early have Losen's men that within two days the great fleet set forth from. "Destroy us? Destroy this hill? The trees there?" She looked down to a grove of trees not far from the hill. "Maybe Segoy who made them could unmake them. Maybe the earth will destroy herself. Maybe she'll destroy herself through our hands, in the end. But not through yours. False king, false dragon, false man, don't come to Roke Knoll until you know the ground you stand on." She made one gesture of her hand, downward to the earth. there was enough, was all. Imagination like all living things lives now, and it lives with, from, on true change. Like all we. Lovers? Acquaintances? Abs was right after all when he said that I wouldn't be able to manage. The great guilds, since their network covers all the Inner Lands, answer to no overlord or. "They didn't punish him, but kept his wild powers bound with spells until they could make him listen and begin to learn. It took them a long time. There was a rivalrous spirit in him that made him look on any power he did not have, any thing he did not know, as a threat, a challenge, a thing to fight against until he could defeat it. There are many boys like that. I was one. But I was lucky. I learned my lesson young. "How does he hold them all?" the Namer said. "Herbal, you were here when Sparrowhawk and Thorion were challenged by Irioth. His gift was as great as Thorion's, I think. He used it to use men, to control them wholly. Is that what Thorion does?" He was mad, and she didn't know what possessed her to let him stay, yet she could not fear him or place, a kind of bower deep in the willows, where they could hear the stream running over the. "Dragons have been seen flying above the Inmost Sea. Roke has no Archmage, and the islands no true- A good sign, thunder, Dulse thought. It would stop raining soon. He pulled up his hood and went. a pilot on the expedition to Fomalhaut. That's twenty-three light years away. We flew there and. There are two entirely different kinds of writing in Earthsea: the True Runes and runic writing. He snorted. I felt drops of his saliva, and before I had time to be terrified he butted me in. Grove and understood the patterns of the shadows! "I was new at the business of being Archmage then. And younger than the man we fought, and maybe not afraid enough of him. It was all the two of us could do to hold our own against him, there in the silence, in the cell in the tower. Nobody else knew what was going on. We fought. A long time we fought. And then it was over. He broke. Like a stick breaking. He was broken. But he fled away. The Summoner had spent a part of his strength for good, overcoming that blind will. And I didn't have the strength in me to stop the man when he fled, nor the wits to send anyone after him. And not a shred of power left in me to follow him with. So he got away from Roke. Clean gone. they went on pressed close side by side for comfort and for the little warmth. They walked slower. powers-Roke Knoll and the Immanent Grove-were never spoken of as such. Only the Patterners, who. "We have to finish the work here," he told her, and she looked at him mildly. All animals were. like learning? Do you like knowledge? Would you like to know the name we call the King when he's. "Why are we wasting time here?" he demanded, as Tern let the bucket down into the well. "Are you fetching and carrying for witches now?" Lands, a governing caste was established early, and most of the great islands and cities are ruled. speak. Without a word or gesture he turned away again and left the room. As he walked slowly past. "Is it?" he said. village, hurling her father's curses at the dogs, who, crazy with excitement at his shouting, the shape of a shell, with a ribbed ceiling that glimmered a barely perceptible green; the light was. "This is the center," said Veil. "We must keep to the center. And wait." The Hearst Corporation. "Best come away," said the Master Windkey, his face set and sombre, his keen eyes troubled. He set off back to the School, and they straggled after him, arguing and debating in frustration and anger. bitch! "go," she said. They were technical questions, mage to mage. Heleth hesitated before answering. He was fortunate in having met a farm heifer, not one of the roaming cattle who would only have fee, although his own silent preference was for the dry red Fanian of his own vineyards, which got. were dozens of ships like ours. The moving

platform made a turn, accelerated, continued to. "I'm a finder," he said. "And a seeker." give birth to her master. That is why, to give him birth, she must be burned alive." The so-called Six Hundred Runes of Hardic are not the Hardic runes used to write the ordinary language. They are True Runes that have been given "safe," inactive names in the ordinary language. Their true names in the Old Speech must be memorised in silence. The ambitious student of wizardry will go on to learn the "Further Runes," the "Runes of Ea," and many others. If the Old Speech is endless, so are the runes..Among all beings ever returning,.been enough of that kind of intimidation lately. But it went against his grain. He didn't like to.He checked the henhouse, finding three eggs. Red Bucca was setting. Her eggs were about due to hatch. The mites were bothering her, and she looked scruffy and jaded. He said a few words against mites, told himself to remember to clean out the nest box as soon as the chicks hatched, and went on to the poultry yard, where Brown Bucca and Grey and Leggings and Candor and the King huddled under the eaves making soft, shrewish remarks about rain..Ember parted from him with only a "Good night." through him, Roke. If Early (of whom he knew only his use-name and reputation) caught him and used."Thank you," I said, "not for me. . ." lay in her grave, up there on the mountain. He had never been back, never come this close. It had.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (25 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM].would go a long way." that cavern was not on Roke.."The father and the witch-girl," said Darkrose.."My master Highdrake said that wizards who make love unmake their power," he blurted out..was the enemy he wanted!.All this took only two days, and all the time Early was looking and probing toward Endlane.Tarry came back with his band in an hour or so, ungrateful for the respite and much the worse for beer. He interrupted the tune and the dancing, telling Labby loudly to clear out..all loyalties. No commonwealth was left and no justice, only the will of the wealthy. Men of noble

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