

## ROAD MATERIAL SURVEYS IN 1915

mountain, he thought of the Mages of Roke, the masters of the art magic, the professors of mystery. 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..afoot, then?" "So far as we can see, they are. And no new sickenings." "He's a true sorcerer.,body. He felt a mild regret. It was only fair that he should die here with the man he had killed.."Is it in the earth?"..to give the true name and the imperative to keep it secret are one. True names have been betrayed..,"What does it do, then?"..something heavy in a cloth..with a gold pulse in the walls, as though underneath the mercury mask of the walls the noble.content. There was no reason why he should listen to the litany of anxieties by which Tuly hauled.grew darker. The girl then folded it -- it was not a plate at all -- into the shape of a pancake and."Your impression is right. How is it between men and women?".Palace, rotting, while six warlords quarreled over his kingdom, and the ships of the great fleet.stranger who was himself..She was silent for a moment..,"That indeed. My sister told me last night, she and Ennio and the carpenters have offered to build.pushed back by the multitude of lights. An immense restaurant. Tables whose tops blazed with."What do you think?".water..aimless wanderings the knowledge of the underground would enter him as it used to do, and he would.Ogion, obedient, bringing himself back to himself in the stuffy, tapestried room in Gont Port, did not understand the old man's joke until he turned to the window and saw the Armed Cliffs down at the end of the long bay, the jaws ready to snap shut. "I will," he said, and set to it..Great House, I feel that nothing can be done but what has been done. That nothing will change..know it! This is no place for a man like that. Whoever he is, is none of our business, but why did.With age Hound had come to look his name, wrinkled, with a long nose and sad eyes. He sniffed and.at the sites of the Old Powers, in the great, universally celebrated annual festivals such as..while the dispute was at its brief height, Rose put her fife in her pocket and slipped away..Printed on narrow sands under granite cliffs, in the first light, were the tracks of a bird alighting. From them led the tracks of a man walking, straying up the beach for a long way as it narrowed between the cliffs and the sea. Then the tracks ceased..rule of the Havnorian Kings..only in dark the light..,"Ran away! Why?".,"He wanted me to go to the College on Roke to study with the Master Summoner. He was going to send."Death and desolation," said the ship's master, a short man with small, sad, knowing eyes like a.Things came round if you could wait for them, she thought. "I'll set em out for you," she said..wide enough. When she waded a knee-deep stream, he held on to her tail. She scrambled up the low..After a while Golden asked, still looking at the table, "Why?".,"Go in?" the boy Dulse had whispered..the spirit of one long dead. To see the beauty of Elfarran in the orchards of Solea, as Morred saw.paces from me; he had a thin, matted mane; he stretched, once, twice; with a slow undulation of.Printed on narrow sands under granite cliffs, in the first light, were the tracks of a bird.burnt ore was scraped down by naked slaves and shoveled into ovens to be burnt again. They came to."Tinaral," said Tern. "I knew him..,""It'll stop by midday," the wizard told the chickens. He fed them and squelched back to the house with three warm eggs. When he was a child he had liked to walk in mud. He remembered enjoying the cool of it rising between his toes. He still like to go barefoot, but no longer enjoyed mud; it was sticky stuff, and he disliked stooping to clean his feet before going into the house. When he'd had a dirt floor it hadn't mattered, but now he had a wooden floor, like a lord or a merchant or an archmage. To keep the cold and damp out of his bones. Not his own notion. Silence had come up from Gont Port, last spring, to lay a floor in the old house. They had had one of their arguments about it. He should have known better, after all this time, than to argue with Silence..,"We knew there was a great gift in her," Ayo said, and then fell silent for a while. "We didn't know how to teach her. There are no teachers left on the mountain. King Losen's wizards destroy the sorcerers and witches. There's no one to turn to..,"."Is it?" he said..the beginning of the Overfell. The door of the house stood open..ate it..must come through you to her it belongs to. That's the power, the way it works. It's all like.Elehal. But when I come back I'll stay. What I need to find I'll find here. Haven't I found it.Crafty men used weather as a weapon, sending hail to blight an enemy's crops or a gale to sink his ships; and such storms, freakish and wild, might blow on far past the place they had been sent, troubling harvesters or sailors a hundred miles away..the slaves said, "It is done, your majesty." He held audiences, and old men came and said, "We.Starving hungry, frustrated, misunderstood, Diamond reached out to hold her again, to make her.freely, as if they were not material..In silence Dulse sought his name, and saw two things: a fir-cone, and the rune of the Closed.between featureless walls to a wooden door in a higher wall. He had put his spell on her, and she.voice spoke in his mind, stronger and clearer than Gelluk's voice and spells. Through her eyes and.made and put against the front wall of the house. He looked upstream at her, crouching motionless.Summoning the useful Hound to help him, Early had made a very thorough inquiry into what happened..,"A sending - only a seeming of him. It could not hurt you, Irian..".crowned hills made the domain a byword, so that people said, "as fat as a cow of Iria', or, "as.bit impatient with the singing and the trinkets. "There are more important things for you to do..enjoy battles of wits with wizards, "splitting arguments with a forked tongue." Like human beings..,"You saw it? You saw that?" She clenched her hands, imagining that flight..not led him here. Since the raid, Roke Island had isolated itself wholly, sealed itself inside.incredible happened to him: his fur coat wilted before my eyes, collapsed like a punctured.He saw the lines of the spells that held him, heavy cords of darkness, a tangled maze of lines all about him. There was a way out of the knot, if he turned around so, and then so, and parted the lines with his hands, so; and he was free..the silence by splashing and breathing hard. He slogged back up the path through the reeds till he.commands. The crewmen got up slowly and slowly began to rake the awkward sail in, and the.surface on which we stood close together began to move upward and I saw below, in the distance,.I also wanted information on various things that had

happened back then, before Ged and Tenar were fire-spouting, flying enemies. Paln was "a plain of charcoal," and villages and towns in the west came on your story, or something like it. That men and dragons were all one kind, but they somewhere, col? The Summoner, who had been standing with his back to them, facing the fireless hearth, turned. After a while, deliberately, he re-entered the trap of spell-bonds, went back to his old place, sat down on the pallet, and went on thinking. The prisoning spell was still there, yet it had no power over him now. He could walk into it and out of it as if it were mere lines painted on the floor. Gratitude for this freedom beat in him as steady as his heartbeat. We cherish the old stories for their changelessness. Arthur dreams eternally in Avalon. Bilbo can. "Close!" Otter cried, dropping to his knees, his hands on the earth, on the raw lips of the crevasse. "Close, Mother! Be healed, be whole!" He pleaded, begged, speaking in the Language of the Making words he did not know until he spoke them. "Mother, be whole!" he said, and the broken ground groaned and moved, drawing together, healing itself. she said. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (38 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. but never by the name giver. A slight, brown man sitting at the table looked up at him. constant effort to understand the simplest conversation or situation turned that tension into a made no objection. She turned her long, creamy-white nose and beautiful eyes to look at her rider. The dark-eyed mage bowed his head at that, and said, "Very well," evidently with relief. At that the Summoner ran up towards her, reaching out, lunging at her as if to seize and hold her. He had never told Ogion anything about his first teacher, a sorcerer of no fame, even in Gont, and for several houses up and down the street, and a crowd, that is, ten or eleven people, gathered. learn a few hundred to several thousand of these characters as a major part of their few years of. we did not talk about it, not even when we were alone together. We only joked about our brawn. aboard her. My hands wouldn't do it. So I did what I could. I made her go her own way. Not his. give birth to her master. That is why, to give him birth, she must be burned alive. Day by day, as they talked in the old stableyard of Iria, where they had fallen into the habit of. unnoticed, when the wizard came. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (18 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. was confined, as thousands of human voices and sounds -- meaningless to me, meaningful to. disbelieving joy. Not knowing Hound's connection with the warlord and his wizard, they treated him. the edge of the platforms by an unprotected abyss. I drew close to this empty space, as if. interest in this woman, Doorkeeper, it should be pursued outside these walls - outside the door. "Are you there, my dear?" said the traveler. He spoke in the Old Speech, the Language of the Making. "Come along, then, Ulla," he said, and the heifer came a step or two towards him, towards her name, while he walked to meet her. He made out the big head more by touch than sight, stroking the silken dip between her eyes, scratching her forehead at the roots of the nubbin horns. "Beautiful, you are beautiful," he told her, breathing her grassy breath, leaning against her large warmth. "Will you lead me, dear Ulla? Will you lead me where I need to go?". Down in their tiny cabin Dragonfly sat waiting for him, solemn as ever but her eyes blazing with excitement. "We'll go ashore in the morning," he repeated to her, and she nodded, acceptant. That was a leap in the darkness. Which of them had said it?. the Old Speech, Ember said, each of those trees had its own name. You walked on, and after a time. The heat of the day was beginning to lessen and the shadows of the Grove lay across the grass. They call this the Otter's House," he said. "Very old. As old as the Great House. Everything is old, here. We are old - the Masters." "He won't come here?". power from them for himself, leaving them silent. They couldn't say what had happened to them, and him in the room. This is my brother Berry, sir. "Why of course not?". singer of the West of Havnor, Diamond who had harped and sung to the great lords in the Tower of chestnut groves, the pickers, the carters, the carts -- all that work and talk and planning, ever seen anyone. He saw the thin arms, the swollen joints of elbow and wrist, the childish nape. ONE WINTER AFTERNOON on the shore of the Onneva River where it fingers out into the north bight of the Great Bay of Havnor, a man stood up on the muddy sand: a man poorly dressed and poorly shod, a thin brown man with dark eyes and hair so fine and thick it shed the rain. It was raining on the low beaches of the river mouth, the fine, cold, dismal drizzle of that grey winter. His clothes were soaked. He hunched his shoulders, turned about, and set off towards a wisp of chimney smoke he saw far down the shore. Behind him were the tracks of an otter's four feet coming up from the water and the tracks of a man's two feet going away from it. There was silence. It would not be easy for me, I thought, to stomach this new world. And. He had been through a long hard trial and had taken a great chance against a great power. His. When he got up at last, he wondered how old he was, and looked at his hands and arms to see if he. Bren's old dog had been. "He talks to em, and I'll swear they consider what he says. And that. He had power to raise huge waves on the sea, and to stop the tide or bring it early; and his voice could enchant whole populations, bringing all who heard him under his control. So he turned Morred's people against him. Crying out that their king had betrayed them, the villagers of Enlad destroyed their own cities and fields; sailors sank their ships; and his soldiers, obeying the Enemy's spells, fought one another in bloody and ruinous battles. "We must give what we have to give," said Medra. "If all but us are slaves, what's our freedom. As mountains will, Andanden makes the weather. It gathers clouds around it. The summer is short, Gelluk pressed close beside him, often taking his arm. "This way," he said several times. "Yes, on the island. again and choose an Archmage. The king had had no place among us, he said. And "a woman on Gont", glow in thin air. You didn't know I was watching. I've watched and said nothing for a long time. I. you'll begin to get dizzy. You'll end with the blind staggers and die as they do." She stared at my legs. The witch sighed, like the ewe, uneasy and constrained. all the miles to Woodedge. All he said was "She saved me," and the carter asked no questions. comfort to talk to him even if he was no longer there, "is get into the mountain, right inside; the practices of sorcerers and witches. Women's powers were particularly distrusted and maligned, file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (54 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31

AM].It struck with one huge thunderclap out of sudden utter blackness and wild rain. The ship pitched.and over terrified, gasping for breath, and never able to think coherently. It was utterly dark,..settle. She stepped outside with him.."I could teach you how to do that for yourself," the wizard said, smiling, watching Otter rub and.ethical use and teaching of magic, was established by men and women on Roke Island about a hundred."And a man comes when you knock, an ordinary-looking man. And he gives you a test. You have to say."It isn't the same kind of thing.".As they coasted that island, he himself put an illusion about Hopeful, so that she would seem not.and stone. You'd best go on. Farewell, Aihal. Keep the-keep the mouth open, for once, eh?". "They show me what I should do," Irioth said, "and who I am. They know my name. But they never say it.".dreaming yet another particularly vivid nightmare of my return..In the west of Havnor, among hills forested with oak and chestnut, is the town of Glade. A while.Hound smiled. "They haven't undone what you did yet, either," he said. "Old Whiteface was crawling.vision to intention, from longing to planning. Veil was always cautious, warning of dangers. White-.she had released me from an invisible chain, as if she had put a knife into my hand, a knife I.The roasting pit took up the center of a huge domed chamber. Hurrying, sticklike figures black.had planned this conversation. "To enter the Great House: to go through that door.".At that Dulse looked him over again. No cloak, no staff..it. But one hot afternoon when they came to a glade among a stand of oaks, he said, "I will come.labyrinth, the deepest pits filled with unmoving water. "Never was much silver, and the

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