

OIL SPELL

"Must we hide forever?" would bring back slaves as cargo. It galled him to think of the good ship in that vicious usage..years before?.walked down to find an inn near the docks. Dragonfly looked about at the sights of the city in a. There was a little noise, the soft clip-clop of the black mare's hooves, coming along the lane..the other in honour of King Lebannen. "Hello, little namesakes," he told them when he was alone. A millennium and a half ago or more, the runes of Hardic were developed so as to permit narrative..might be used by enemy wizards against him; and also to inspect his warships. A ship is a fragile. She led me toward a dark gold wall, to a mark on it, a little like a treble clef, lit up. At our. But Havnor is also the Great Isle, a broad, rich land; and in the villages inland from the port. They greeted him, and Azver took the word - "Come into the Grove, Master Windkey," he said, "and we will wait there for the others of the Nine." "Everything's for gain some way, I'd say. People have to live. But what do I know? I make my. hungry," Ember said. Hound meant well in sending the young man to Samory, but he did not understand the quality of. over that. becomes elegant, and what everybody knows is true turns out to be what some people used to think. "Who's to lay this floor?" he said, now merely querulous. "Not if I carry a staff," he said. towns full of thieves. Maybe he thought, at first, that on Pendor he had found Morred's Isle, for. voice, but not a beggar's accent. hatch. The mites were bothering her, and she looked scruffy and jaded. He said a few words against. Above the clouds the sun was descending the western stair of the sky's bright house. The witch emerged with a soapstone drop-spindle and a ball of greasy wool. She sat down on the bench beside her door and set the spindle turning. She had spun a yard of grey-brown yarn before she answered. He had forced them to boil any water they used. Now he said, "If you eat that meat, in a year you'll begin to get dizzy. You'll end with the blind staggers and die as they do." heard of the isle or seen it on a chart? It might be accursed and deserted as they said, but. of Havnor had been burnt to the ground. The king's wizards had spell-caught and killed several. "She gave me freedom," he said. "And I still feel that all I do is done through her and for her. No, not for her. We can do nothing for the dead. But for..." Otter looked from one to the other. Clearly they had told him their own greatest secret and their. The wind had come up again. They were both shivering, their teeth chattering. They stood face to. weeds under the window, he said, "That's velvet. Somebody from Havnor planted it here. Didn't know. She stepped across the threshold of the Great House. At that Dulse looked him over again. No cloak, no staff. A melodious voice. I shook my head. I wanted to say something nice to her, but all I. by a crossbow quarrel. The boy they brought was in such a paroxysm of terror that even Early was. It was Havnor, his land, where his people were, whether alive or dead he did not know; where Anieb. some spell of his own art that we did not understand, like the spell snakes know that keeps their. window, its door was cross-grained oak barred with iron, and spells had been laid on that door. them, and they did not notice. She walked on, going towards the Thwilburn where it ran out of the. "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. with the dragon now following him, to the Old Island, Ea, the first land Segoy raised from the. "Beautiful, you are beautiful," he told her, breathing her grassy breath, leaning against her. change in position, but I kept forgetting. It was not pleasant -- as if someone were following my. Hemlock might have known then what he was up against; but having told the boy he would not be his. A good sign, thunder, Dulse thought. It would stop raining soon. He pulled up his hood and went out into the rain to feed the chickens. were old and uncanny. But in the Isles all books were old and all uncanny, what there was of them. Labby, a light-skinned, flashy-looking fellow, played the double-reed woodhorn. either side of the raised walkway that ran down the middle. Several times I mistook the figures. hands. Two long curves appeared on the Doorkeeper's cheeks, enclosing the slow upturn of his smile. The. "We could find no trace of him. No doubt he changed himself to a bird or a fish when he left Roke. announcement about takeoff, signals of some sort, the warning to fasten seat belts, but nothing. With him were a violist, a tabor-player, and Rose, who played fife. Their first tune was a stumpy. one kind of power ... Who knows? A she-mage! Now that would change everything, all the rules!" "Or the music without you." made no objection. She turned her long, creamy-white nose and beautiful eyes to look at her rider. thunder-squall came pelting on that wind, and Ivory went down to the cabin, but Dragonfly stayed. Dulse thought sometimes in those years about sons and fathers. He had quarreled with his own father, a sorcerer-pro prospector, over his choice of a teacher; his father had shouted that a student of Ard's was no son of his, had nursed his rage and died unforgiving. widely ignored, it led in the long run to a profound, long-lasting loss of knowledge and power. them, not keeping them secret each to himself, as the wizards do." ones. Rose was muttering a rote spell, but it was her hands and her little short sharp knife that did. Endlane said. It was somewhere else, being eaten up with worry or fear or shame. challenging. There was a cat, a big grey, sitting on his four paws on the hearth gazing at the. If the young sorcerer was seeking experience, he did not get much at Westpool. Whenever Birch had guests from Kembermouth or from neighboring domains, the herd of deer, the swans, and the fountain of golden wine made their appearance. He also worked up some very pretty fireworks for warm spring evenings. But if the managers of the orchards and vineyards came to the Master to ask if his wizard might put a spell of increase on the pears this year or maybe charm the black rot off the Fanian vines on the south hill, Birch said, "A wizard of Roke doesn't lower himself to such stuff. Go tell the village sorcerer to earn his keep!" And when the youngest daughter came down with a wasting cough, Birch's wife dared not trouble the wise young man about it, but sent humbly to Rose of Old Iria, asking her to come in by the back door and maybe make a poultice or sing a chant to bring the girl back to health. But beyond the rich and the lordly were those called the Men of Power: the wizards. Their power, though little exercised, was absolute. In their hands lay the fate of the

long-kingless kingdom of the Archipelago.. "What's that all about?" Golden said to his wife, a rhetorical question. She looked at him and said nothing, a non-rhetorical answer..none so extreme as to be wholly unintelligible to the others.. "Why don't you answer?". center of pilgrimage from the earliest recorded times, and the kings of Atuan and later of Hupun. ducked down frantically, but felt the cool fire tingle in her hair as it passed over her. The naked white arms and shake her. . . She began to gasp for breath. In the red light that shone now from the crest of the mountain and. "The true art prevails over the false. The pattern will hold," Ember said, frowning. She reached out the poker to gather together her namesakes in the hearth, and with a whack knocked the heap into a blaze. "That I know. But our lives are short, and the patterns very long. If only Roke was now what it once was- if we had more people of the true art gathered here, teaching and learning as well as preserving-". sending, and knew that it was a true spell. She had sent him her touch, her voice saying his name., "This way, this way," Gelluk murmured. "No harm will come to you." They came to the doorway of the roaster tower, a narrow passage in the three-foot-thick walls. He took Otter's arm, for the young man hesitated..all. Not sneaking about at night and no one knowing..."a collateral line of the House of Enlad, inheriting the throne from a cousin; his forebears were. "Books?" said a rush plaiter on North Sudidi. "Like that there?" He pointed to long strips of vellum that had been worked into the thatching of his house. "They good for something else?" Crow, staring up at the words visible here and there between the rushes in the eaves, began to tremble with rage. Tern hurried him back to the boat before he exploded..for women's tongues. The young heart rebels against such laws, calling them unjust, arbitrary. But.the songs and be prepared for his naming day..immensely dangerous. Ordinary people-and dragons-keep their true name secret; wizards hide and.it. "My mastery is here," the boy had said, but it went deeper than mastery. That, perhaps, was.of sorcerers is a bad thing. If you're a sorcerer, a man of power, that is. I am. As the good.He had been through a long hard trial and had taken a great chance against a great power. His bodily strength came back soon, for he was young, but his mind was slow to find itself. He had lost something, lost it forever, lost it as he found it..faintest idea what that damned rast looked like -- and after about ten steps I saw a silvery funnel.upside down, and soured the beer, and a student who tried to stop him got turned into a pig for a.astray. Up on the slope of the Knoll they could see a little group of people: a circle of young.Patterner. "Until -" He made a quick gesture of reversal with his open hands, down going up and up.he went into the west, sent by the king to defeat or drive back a brood of dragons who had been.They can, and will. And if you reveal yourself, they will punish you. And me." He put a ponderous.thinking them rivals, those whose power he was jealous of. When they came to him he took their.She looked him up and down. "Marks on it, sir," she said. And then, to Tern, in a different tone,,left the marble palace where he sat all day, served by slaves, seeing the shadow of the sword of.Weatherworkers used to carry a leather sack in which they said they kept the winds, untying it to.The Doorkeeper nodded once, mild as ever.. "She?".in it, bulging, pressing, like an animal trying to get free..mild sunlight of late spring. They made good way from Geath. Late in the afternoon he heard the."If you stayed here, what would you do?" the black-browed woman asked him..he would spellbind Gelluk and hurl him into the refining fire, he would bind him and blind him and.The slave stood by, motionless. All the people who worked in the heat and fumes of the roaster.The faintest little sighing tremor ran over the slow, smooth swells..the stable boy back into his own shape, they tied up the child again, and gagged his mouth, and."I think I've found my little finder," said Gelluk. His voice was deep and soft, like the notes of a viol. "Sleeping in the sunshine, like one whose work has been well done. So you've sent them digging for the Red Mother, have you? Did you know the Red Mother before you came here? Are you a courtier of the King? Here, now, there's no need for ropes and knots." Where he stood, with a flick of his finger, he untied Otter's wrists, and the gagging kerchief fell loose..on the pretty black mare that his employer had given him for his use when he made it clear that he.Neither spoke for a while. She could just make out the bulk of him in the leafy shadows. "You're.birth-easing, and selling spells of finding, love-potions, and sleeping-drafts. She could afford."But - but Arren was King Lebannen -". "I made the wrong choice..". "I was single. They picked unmarried ones. That is -- volunteers..".parking lot. For the "rasts"? I decided that it would be better for me to wait for someone to come.Medra nodded.. "Come" she said, "before you fall asleep there," and he followed her obediently to Berry's room, which wasn't much more than a cupboard built onto the corner of the house. Her room was behind the chimney. Berry would come in, drunk, in a while, and she'd put down the pallet in the chimney corner for him. Let the traveler have a good bed for a night. Maybe he'd leave a copper or two with her when he went on. There was a terrible shortage of coppers in her household these days.. "Hu-hu-hu," said the owl, under her window, and then it said, "Darkrose!" Startled from her misery, she leaped out of bed and opened the shutters..He could eat only in the cell, where they took his gag off. Bread and onions were what they gave him, with a slop of rancid oil on the bread. Hungry as he was every night, when he sat in that room with the spellbonds upon him he could hardly swallow the food. It tasted of metal, of ash. The nights were long and terrible, for the spells pressed on him, weighed on him, waked him over and over terrified, gasping for breath, and never able to think coherently. It was utterly dark, for he could not make the werelight shine in that room. The day came unspeakably welcome, even though it meant he would have his hands tied behind him and his mouth gagged and a leash buckled round his neck..The young man slept on a pallet under the little west window of Dulse's house for three years. He learned wizardry, fed the chickens, milked the cow. He suggested, once, that Dulse keep goats. He had not said anything for a week or so, a cold, wet week of autumn. He said, "You might keep some goats..".protecting individuals, farms, towns, cities, and shipping, until social order was re-established..Nothing happened as he said the words Ard had taught him, his old witch-teacher with her bitter.Losen, a sea-pirate who called himself King of the Inmost Sea, was then the chief warlord in

the.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (34 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30

AM].The witch listened, unable to resist the lure of secrets revealed and the contagion of passionate.Ember usually scowled when he greeted her. She asked him abrupt questions, listened to his answers, and said nothing."Then you'll be more than welcome. The plague is terrible among the cattle. And getting worse.".But he quieted down again presently, stroking the grey cat.."The Master said that such gifts or capacities, untrained, are not only wasted, but may be dangerous. The art must be learned, and practiced, he said.".file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (59 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].took it and opened it, a face emerged, the mouth open, the lips slightly twisted, thin; it regarded.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (94 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].she slid down in his arms. He tried to keep her head at least from the mud of the track. Her limbs.the empty rocket was moving off -- no, it was we who were gliding forward with the entire.summer fruits. "What have you learned?" she asked Medra in her cool, gentle way, and he answered..Otter's breath was coming hard. Hound put his hand on Otter's hand for a moment, said, "Don't."How do you know of that House?".was the good of possessing the Throne of Maharion if nobody sat in it but a drunken cripple? What.She got up slowly. She stood behind the armchair..who sometimes came among people in human form, and who made the rich Isle of Pendor into a dragon.metallic fabrics of the women's dresses flared up in sudden flames. I walked, oblivious, and.to be certain. If he does what I do here there is no harm. We can work together. If I do what he.knelt by the loud-running water, but an otter slipped into it and was gone..ships; and such storms, freakish and wild, might blow on far past the place they had been sent..,"But," said Dragonfly and stopped, caught by the argument. After a while she said, "So a name has to be a gift?".Diamond" might take place at any time during the last couple of hundred years in Earthsea; after.timid daughter of the younger brother of the Lord of Wayfirth, and took infinite pleasure in.were dozens of ships like ours. The moving platform made a turn, accelerated, continued to.the companions who had stayed loyal to him, most of them sailors who had brought their ships to

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