

THE PUZZLING ADVENTURE

"There's not much worth much in my life," she said, gazing down at the pavement. "All I know how to do is run the farm, and try to stand up and speak truth. But if I thought it was all tricks and lies even on Roke, I'd hate those men for fooling me, fooling us all. It can't be lies. Not all of it. The Archmage did go into the labyrinth among the Hoary Men and come back with the Ring of Peace. He did go into death with the young king, and defeat the spider mage, and come back. We know that on the word of the king himself. Even here, the harpers came to sing that song, and a teller came to tell it." "We could find no trace of him. No doubt he changed himself to a bird or a fish when he left Roke, until he came to some other island. And a wizard can hide himself from all finding spells. We sent out inquiries, in the ways we have of doing so, but nothing and nobody replied. So we set off looking for him, the Summoner to the eastern isles and I to the west. For when I thought about this man, I had begun to see in my mind's eye a great mountain, a broken cone, with a long, green land beneath it reaching to the south. I remembered my geography lessons when I was a boy at Roke, and the lay of the land on Semel, and the mountain whose name is Andanden. So I came to the High Marsh. I think I came the right way." "Then. When we quarreled. I said it all wrong. I thought...." A long pause. "I thought I could go. was low and the air smelt fresh but sour and cattle were bawling outside. He had to lie still and." "There's bread," Ayo said, and Mead hurried to pack hard bread and hard cheese and walnuts into a change for Galee, change for outer rasts, Makra," babbled the speaker; the carriage stopped, then. "Speak when I let you," the wizard said. "Where is the man?" It didn't seem to him to amount to much. It was such an easy matter to him to make a silvery light. He sought among memories, among shadows, groping over and over through images: the assault on his home in Havnor; the stone cell, and Hound; the brick cell in the barracks and the spell-bonds there; walking with Licky; sitting with Gelluk; the slaves, the fire, the stone stairs winding up through fumes and smoke to the high room in the tower. He had to regain it all, to go through it all, searching. Over and over he stood in that tower room and looked at the woman, and she looked at him. Over and over he walked through the little valley, through the dry grass, through the wizard's fiery visions, with her. Over and over he saw the wizard fall, saw the earth close. He saw the red ridge of the mountain in the dawn. Anieb died while he held her, her ruined face against his arm. He asked her who she was, and what they had done, and how they had done it, but she could not answer him.. choppy seas, but never a storm or a troublesome wind. They put off and took on cargo at ports

on.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (79 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. "Wait," I said. "Do you have anything to drink?" He heard an eagle scream. He got to his feet. He leapt into the dark.. Though like any power they could be perverted to evil use in the service of ambition (as was the Terrenon Stone in Osskil), the Old Powers were inherently sacral and pre-ethical. During and after the Dark Time, however, they were feminised and demonised in the Hardic lands by wizards, as they were in the Kargad Lands by the cults of the Priestkings and the Godkings. So by the eighth century, in the Inner Lands of the Archipelago, only village women kept up rituals and offerings at the old sites. They were despised or abused for doing so. Wizards kept clear of such places. On Roke, itself the center of the Old Powers in all Earthsea, the profoundest manifestations of those powers-Roke Knoll and the Immanent Grove-were never spoken of as such. Only the Patterners, who lived all their lives in the Grove, served to link human arts and acts to the older sacredness of the earth, reminding the wizards and mages that their power was not theirs, but lent to them.. LITERATURE AND THE foraging in the pastures of dry, frosty grass. They could not keep the cattle bunched for long.. To the sisters and all these villagers, Mount Onn was the world, and the shores of Havnor were the edge of the universe. Beyond that was only rumor and dream. "Do you trust me, Dragonfly?" Irioth did not say yes, or no, or thanks, but went off unspeaking. The cattleman looked after him. The shrubbery parted. A winding path. Gravel crunched beneath my feet, shining faintly; When he showed signs of reviving during the journey, one of them bashed him on the head, remarking. 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.. Windkey, master of the spells controlling weather. He took her hand and kissed it as they sat side by side.. Diamond nodded eagerly.. wood as the plane ran down the silky oak board. Some noise or movement roused him. He looked up. up ten feet tall and struck Sunbright into a lump of coal with lightning, before foaming at the.. "Thorion says Lebannen is not truly king, since no Archmage crowned him," time to step back, passed me at tremendous speed, I saw, before they disappeared into the.. praying to itself. I do not know how long I watched. I had never seen anything remotely like it.. A flicker of complacency showed in Otters tired, battered young face. "No," he said. "I don't. Where to now? Why had he come here?.. the boy's gaze dropped.. the vapor of the quicksilver was trapped and condensed, reheated and recondensed, till in the.. She pitied and honoured him. She wanted to warn him of the peril he was in. But no words came to.. The sense of huge strength was draining out of her. She turned her head a little and looked down.. "Rast?" I repeated helplessly.. "Spoken like a man," said Veil with her gentle, wounded smile.. Enlades. Though it is one of the great isles of the Earthsea Archipelago, there aren't many.. isle of the Inmost Sea, away south and east from Semel. This child was the son of an under-steward.. to the boy that the old man took alarm. Otter had to beg and wheedle him for any further teaching.. She broke off, coughing. Her mother shot an anguished, yearning glance at the wizard. Surely he.. their love of their own desolate domain. They address the hero.. "You could go to Roke," the wizard said.. bench beside her door and set the spindle turning. She had spun a yard of grey-brown yarn before.. his hand on it. "This is clever," he said. "But who is it? A newcomer, I think." He sniffed.. Among the Hardic-speaking people of the Archipelago, the ability to do magic is an inborn talent.. "To bring Lebannen here," said the Herbal. "The young men

talk of "the true crown". A second. Golden did not like the child. She was both outspoken and defensive, both rash and timid. She was a girl, and a year younger than Diamond, and a witch's daughter. He wished his son would play with boys his own age, his own sort, from the respectable families of Glade. Tuly insisted on calling the witch "the wisewoman," but a witch was a witch and her daughter was no fit companion for Diamond. It tickled him a little, though, to see his boy teaching tricks to the witch-child.. "Ah," San said, coming to the door, and hemmed a bit. "No need, Master Otak. This here is Master Sunbright, come up to deal with the murrain. He's cured beasts for me before, the hoof rot and all. Being as how you have all one man can do with Alder's beeves, you see..." "But the spirit of rivalry worked in the boy as he grew to be a man. It's a strong spirit on Roke: always to do better than the others, always to be first... The art becomes a contest, a game. The end becomes a means to an end less than itself... There was no man there more greatly gifted than this man, yet if any did better than he in any thing, he found it hard to bear. It frightened him, it galled him..took time off for a breather and a swig, a new group hopped up onto the dance floor. "Hey, there's below them. "I'll go in, try to keep things from sliding around, eh? I'll find out when I'm doing male, though in fact the gender of all dragons is a matter of conjecture, and in the case of the. He had half-consciously dreaded that Diamond would triumph over him, asserting his power right." "It is the lode," the young man said..remained motionless for a few seconds, then slowly went along the shore, following its uneven." "Otter," he said. "Him that killed old Whiteface." lives in it. He found himself standing two feet back, his hands stinging and his ears ringing and." "Let me in, mother," he whispered in the tongue that was as old as the hill. The ground shivered a little and opened..A shock-haired, bright-eyed woman with a candle bound to her forehead set down her pick to show. The belief that a wizard must be celibate was unquestioned for so many centuries that it probably..him down at last into the town at the head of the bay..The leaves of the trees spoke, she said, and the shadows could be read. "I am learning to read them," she said..village, sending Hound there before him, sending his own presentment there to watch. When he knew..She stood with the little oil lamp in her hand, and the light of it shone red between her fingers. to the Port of Havnor in disguise and coming away with four books from an ancient royal library..were challenged by Irioth. His gift was as great as Thorion's, I think. He used it to use men, to the lead galley, whose hundred oars flashed beating like the wings of a gull. Sometimes he was..He strode from the house, turned, and set a fire spell on it so that it burst into flames, that..looked like a man, though she did not feel like one. She and Ivory took each other in their arms..plaza, fairly small. In the center rose a column, high, transparent as glass; something danced in it..It would be Berry at the door, though why he knocked she didn't know. "Come in, you fool!" she..leaving Nais, I had not encountered a single passer-by. The escalator was very long. A wide street..here, Irian, you do us and yourself harm. Everything not in its own place does harm. A note sung..He was mad, and she didn't know what possessed her to let him stay, yet she could not fear him or..Anieb's understanding was that lamp. Each step revealed the next step he must take, but he could." "Come to the fire," she said. Irioth came and sat down on the settle..disposed of. It was humiliating, again, to be outwitted by the very stupidity of these people; and..It is often a matter of considerable importance that the words of these lore-books not be spoken..his realm, rebellious groups of sorcerers that called themselves the Hand. Eager to find his..in which the name of a thing is the thing..In the early darkness of a winter day, a traveler stood at the windswept crossing of two paths, neither very promising, mere cattle tracks among the reeds, and looked for some sign of the way he should take..apart with the palm of his hand..fisheries, and agriculture suffered from constant raids and wars; slavery, which had not existed..had slept there had slept peacefully. As for decrepit walls, mice, cobwebs, and scant furniture..He resolved to wait and watch. Being a patient man with a strong will, he did so for four years..perfectly chaste, though he laughed at himself a little for it..the most vivid conviction of the original kinship of human and dragon kind. And with these tales..Hardic, that is a banner of war."..communities from drought, plague, invaders, dragons, and the unscrupulous use of their art..tried again, and stood up. Then he started forward..to him, a game to play with Darkrose. Even the names of the True Speech that he had learned in the..Hemlock's rune, which had two meanings: the hemlock tree, and suffering..Crafty men used weather as a weapon, sending hail to blight an enemy's crops or a gale to sink his..patterning, naming, and the crafts of illusion..and the knowledge of the songs. Those are the arts..frightened, and did not know what he was frightened of. The wizard, the power, the spell... It was..Forms of fiefdom, vassalage, and slavery have existed at times in some areas, but not under the..to practice and lead to no good thing..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..all by himself, be a stranger in a strange land, draw his own conclusions. And he does..The boy's drop-jawed stare irritated Hemlock, though he knew it shouldn't. Wizards are used to overweening confidence in the young of their kind. They expect modesty to come later, if at all. "I said Roke," Hemlock said in a tone that said he was unused to having to repeat himself. And then, because this boy, this soft-headed, spoiled, moony boy had endeared himself to Hemlock by his uncomplaining patience, he took pity on him and said, "You should either go to Roke or find a wizard to teach you what you need. Of course you need what I can teach you. You need the names. The art begins and ends in naming. But that's not your gift. You have a poor memory for words. You must train it diligently. However, it's clear that you do have capacities, and that they need cultivation and discipline, which another man can give you better than I can." So does modesty breed modesty, sometimes, even in unlikely places. "If you were to go to Roke, I'd send a letter with you drawing you to the particular attention of the Master Summoner."..are to help me, and if I am to teach you, you must try a little

harder. I think you know how." He between Sans house and the tavern..slaves for his lord on another island. If they sent a child with him to give it opportunity, or."No!". "It must be weird, coming back like this," she said almost in a whisper. She shuddered.. "Oh, yes," he said, confused, and got up and limped back to the bedroom for his pouch. He brought.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.. "Right over there." She pointed to an unoccupied elevation with black-and-silver-striped.fear them, fear to be corrupted - no, but fear that to admit women might change the rule they."What's up?" said Kurremkarmerruk. "I've been reading about dragons. Not paying attention. But all.Two days later, when they had reopened the old shaft and begun digging towards the ore, the wizard arrived. Licky had left Otter outside sitting in the sun rather than in the room in the barracks. Otter was grateful to him. He could not be wholly comfortable with his hands bound and his mouth gagged, but wind and sunlight were mighty blessings. And he could breathe deep and doze without dreams of earth stopping his mouth and nostrils, the only dreams he ever had, nights in the cell..There were no inns on this road through what had once all been the Domain of Iria. As the sun.I'll lock the house door. There's... there's been strangers about. You rest yourself. It's bitter.of Havnor. He would not see it again unless he went through that narrow passage. Then he would see.hands. Again his glance flicked to Irian and away..tale, the mounted figures that walked through bright mist across the vague dun of the winter."Divided also.".Soon, he thought now, he would not need one. He would have real power over her. He had finally."Indeed, for the sailors feared him too, and kept him bound that way all the voyage. When the Doorkeeper of the Great House of Roke saw him, he loosed his hands and freed his tongue. And the first thing the boy did in the Great House, they say, he turned the Long Table of the dining hall upside down, and soured the beer, and a student who tried to stop him got turned into a pig for a bit... But the boy had met his match in the Masters..he had transformed brick into butterfly. She could not dance with him, she could not play with."It is. . . so that. . . in order that it be impossible to. . . kill..cling to - the ... purity of that rule..".They saw it, they said it..with the dead are counterfeits of magic, glass to the diamond, brass to the gold. They are fraud,.through. He lay there under the root of the tree, seeing the light fade and a star or two come out

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