

2 UNDERTAKEN FOR THE PURPOSE OF EXAMINING THE STATE OF THE ARTS THE

Archmage Sparrowhawk had gone among the Hoary Men and come back with that ring - The deeds and lays that tell of raids by dragons and counterforays by wizards portray the dragons as pitiless as any wild animal, terrifying, unpredictable, yet intelligent, sometimes wiser than the wizards. Though they speak the True Speech, they are endlessly devious. Some of them clearly enjoy battles of wits with wizards, "splitting arguments with a forked tongue." Like human beings, all but the greatest of them conceal their true names. In the lay Hasa's Voyage, the dragons appear as formidable but feeling beings, whose anger at the invading human fleet is justified by their love of their own desolate domain. They address the hero: Gelluk stopped and said nothing for some time, thinking, his face excited. Otter glimpsed the. But Havnor is also the Great Isle, a broad, rich land; and in the villages inland from the port, high-pitched and rough. On his rides, he sometimes passed an old house on a hill among great oaks. When he turned off the village lane up the hill, a pack of scrawny, evil-mouthed dogs came pelting and bellowing down at him. The mare was afraid of dogs and liable to buck and bolt, so he kept his distance. But he had an eye for beauty, and liked to look at the old house dreaming away in the dappled light of the early summer afternoons. "That?" I pointed at the glass wall. "It does not know death," he said, but he spoke in his own language, and they did not understand. had stopped. looked at the pages. Long, long lists of names and numbers, debts and credits, profits and losses. They came to the house in Boatwright Street after dark. They kicked the door in, and Hound, "I've often wondered why I let the boy in," said the Doorkeeper. "Now I begin to understand." Our herd's been all right," and she made the sign to avert evil. "I keep em close in. Out on the." You'd understand if I told you. Betrization, you see, isn't done by brit. With the brit, it's to give the true name and the imperative to keep it secret are one. True names have been betrayed, which we are sworn to follow. "She kept his hand and led him in. He was always a little reluctant to enter the witch's house, a pungent, disorderly place thick with the mysteries of women and witchcraft, very different from his own clean comfortable home, even more different from the cold austerity of the wizard's house. He shivered like a horse as he stood there, too tall for the herb-festooned rafters. He was very highly strung, and worn out, having walked forty miles in sixteen hours without food. behind a city horse, in a city cart, like a prince! "doorstep. She withdrew noiselessly into the house. In a little while she saw him going back to his. "Now, what is forbidden to the summoner, or any wizard, is to call a living spirit. We can call to. said, "I can't do it by myself." As he left the battlefield it began to rain, and he saw his enemy's true name written in raindrops in the dust. She was looking down at her hands, clasped now on her knees. In the faint reddish glow of the cabin lantern her lashes cast very delicate, long shadows on her cheeks. She looked up, straight at him. "My name is Irian," she said. bade the islands be, "Yes," she said. "I'm sorry." Her hand was still on his knee. She said, "We can make love if you want." him I'd retire" he said. "I think I'll do that myself." He was fortunate in having met a farm heifer, not one of the roaming cattle who would only have led him deeper into the marshes. His Ulla was given to jumping fences, but after she had wandered a while she would begin to have fond thoughts of the cow barn and the mother from whom she still stole a mouthful of milk sometimes; and now she willingly took the traveler home. She walked, slow but purposeful, down one of the tracks, and he went with her, a hand on her hip when the way was wide enough. When she waded a knee-deep stream, he held on to her tail. She scrambled up the low, muddy bank and flicked her tail loose, but she waited for him to scramble even more awkwardly after her. Then she plodded gently on. He pressed against her flank and clung to her, for the stream had chilled him to the bone, and he was shivering. "Irian," said Azver the Patterner, "will you come back to us?" A long shudder went through her as she stood facing him. She felt herself larger than he was, So these are reports of my explorations and discoveries: tales from Earthsea for those who have. "I'm a finder," he said. "And a seeker." "You have no plans?" "All wrong." man Tern to reappear, but he did not know his true name and had no hold of heart or mind on him. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (100 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:32 AM]. "Are there any wizard musicians?" he asked, looking up. South of Andanden lies a land where the ashes fell a hundred feet deep when last the volcano spoke. Rivers and streams cut their way seaward through that high plain, winding and pooling, spreading and wandering, making a marsh of it, a big, desolate, waterland with a far horizon, few trees, not many people. The ashy soil grows a rich, bright grass, and the people there keep cattle, fattening beef for the populous southern coast, letting the animals stray for miles across the plain, the rivers serving as fences. "And a man comes when you knock, an ordinary-looking man. And he gives you a test. You have to say a certain word, a password, before he'll let you in. If you don't know it, you can never go in. But if he lets you in, then from inside you see that the door is entirely different - it's made out of horn, with a tree carved on it, and the frame is made out of a tooth, one tooth of a dragon that lived long, long before Erreth-Akbe, before Morred, before there were people in Earthsea. There were only dragons, to begin with. They found the tooth on Mount Onn, in Havnor, at the centre of the world. And the leaves of the tree are carved so thin that the light shines through them, but the door's so strong that if the Doorkeeper shuts it no spell could ever open it. And then the Doorkeeper takes you down a hall and another hall, till you're lost and bewildered, and then suddenly you come out under the sky. In the Court of the Fountain, in the very deepest inside of the Great House. And that's where the Archmage would be, if he was there..." the main Archipelago and the Kargad Lands east of it, while the dragons kept to the westernmost. "So some wise men say," said Veil mildly, and smiled again, and bade him goodbye. I found myself beneath the open sky. But the blackness of the night was kept at a great distance, which may explain why they have generally held themselves aloof from trade or any kind of. "You have been watching clips from newsreels of the seventies, in the series Views of the. BUT OF COURSE he went down to Havnor South Port, in one of his father's carts driven by one of his father's carters,

along with Master Hemlock. As a rule, people do what wizards advise them to do. And it is no small honor to be invited by a wizard to be his student or apprentice. Hemlock, who had won his staff on Roke, was used to having boys come to him begging to be tested and, if they had the gift for it, taught. He was a little curious about this boy whose cheerful good manners hid some reluctance or self-doubt. It was the father's idea, not the boy's, that he was gifted. That was unusual, though perhaps not so unusual among the wealthy as among common folk. At any rate he came with a very good prenticing fee paid beforehand in gold and ivory. If he had the makings of a wizard Hemlock would train him, and if he had, as Hemlock suspected, a mere childish flair, then he'd be sent home with what remained of his fee. Hemlock was an honest, upright, humorless, scholarly wizard with little interest in feelings or ideas. His gift was for names. "The art begins and ends in naming," he said, which indeed is true, although there may be a good deal between the beginning and the end. "Oh, you are a pretty man," said the woman who had spoken first, laughing, as he held the red there-in time as well as in space..passengers to Roke. And facing the west Ivory felt a little hollow at the pit of his stomach, for then the wife and daughters were entirely won over. And Birch thought the young man was worth his met women and found them easy to be with, like the animals; they went about their business not. "I have to have a single heart. I can't play the harp while I'm bargaining with a mule-breeder. I. As they coasted that island, he himself put an illusion about Hopeful, so that she would seem not a boat but a drifting log; for pirates and Losen's slave takers were thick in these waters..watermetal's long gone. Listen, young'un, do you even know what cinnabar is?"..swimming. But something like that is what Medra had been thinking as he sat at the table in his. A wizard, as Halkel defined the term, was a man who received his staff from a teacher, himself a wizard, who had taken special responsibility for his training. It was usually the Archmage who gave a student his staff and made him wizard. This kind of teaching and succession occurred elsewhere than Roke-notably on Paln-but the Masters of Roke came to regard with suspicion a student of anyone not trained on Roke..my friends," he said, "what now?"..lives in it. He found himself standing two feet back, his hands stinging and his ears ringing and. It was mere cowardice to keep from Havnor, now-fear for his skin, fear lest he find his people had died, fear lest he recall Anieb too vividly.. "I have to have a single heart. I can't play the harp while I'm bargaining with a mule-breeder. I can't sing ballads while I'm figuring what we have to pay the pickers to keep 'em from hiring out to Lowbough!" His voice shook a little now, a vibrato, and his eyes were not sad, but angry.. "Of course," Golden said, pleased with his son's caution. He had thought Diamond might leap at the offer, which would have been natural, perhaps, but painful to the father, the owl who had -- perhaps -- hatched out an eagle..fault and they would know nothing about it. He thought about it for a long time, working out how. "I was born in Havnor and trained as a shipwright and a sorcerer. I was on a ship bound from Geath to O Port. I was spared alone from drowning, last night, when a witchwind struck." He was silent then. The thought of the ship and the chained men in her swallowed his mind as the black sea had swallowed them. He gasped, as if coming up from drowning..which held the heat of the sun, and fell asleep.. "It is the lode," the young man said..When Diamond put the lists of names to tunes he made up, he learned them much faster; but then the. Golden did not like the child. She was both outspoken and defensive, both rash and timid. She was..had caught him watching his mind. Gelluk stared at him a while with that curious half-keen, half-. "I learned it really quickly," Diamond said.. "But," said Dragonfly and stopped, caught by the argument. After a while she said, "So a name has to be a gift?"..He treasured her rustic sayings of that kind. Sometimes she frightened him, and he resented it. His dreams of her were never of her yielding to him, but of himself yielding to a fierce, destroying sweetness, sinking into an annihilating embrace, dreams in which she was something beyond comprehension and he was nothing at all. He woke from those dreams shaken and shamed. In daylight, when he saw her big, dirty hands, when she talked like a yokel, a simpleton, he regained his superiority. He only wished there were someone to repeat her sayings to, one of his old friends in the Great Port who would find them amusing. "'I have the cheese money,'" he repeated to himself, riding back to Westpool, and laughed. "I do indeed," he said aloud. The black mare nickered her ear..Roke, as she had said, he must serve her. He did so willingly. She had walked with him in the..He smiled. Gift had never seen him smile..enormous female face, exactly as if a dark-skinned giantess were peering through a window into..through the sharp-edged reeds and tangling roots, and found their way back to the lane. And there.. "Dragons have been seen flying above the Inmost Sea. Roke has no Archmage, and the islands no true-.for women's tongues. The young heart rebels against such laws, calling them unjust, arbitrary. But..can we not find the balance?"..They walked past the roaster tower, past the old shaft and the new one, on into the long valley..Still it rankled him that Diamond had let him down flat, without a word of thanks or apology. So much for good manners, he thought..aloud..I made myself comfortable in the chair. The girl, her hand on her hip -- her abdomen..inconceivable. "I'll be all right," she said. "So the Namer, and you - and the Doorkeeper?"..are going to destroy them. A hundred ships will sail from the Great Port, from Omer and South Port..mountain. Many of them were not infected yet, and he could protect them. The hinny carried him..raiding ships even as far as the Inmost Sea. Of the fourteen Kings of Havnor the last was..She sat on a while by the Thwilburn. She was troubled by what he had told her and by her thoughts and feelings in the Grove, and troubled that any thought or feeling could have troubled her there. She went to the house, set out her supper of smoked meat and bread and summer lettuce, and ate it without tasting it. She roamed restlessly back down the streambank to the water. It was very still and warm in the late dusk, only the largest stars burning through a milky overcast. She slipped off her sandals and put her feet in the water. It was cool, but veins of sunwarmth ran through it. She slid out of her clothes, the man's breeches and shirt that were all she had, and slipped naked into the water, feeling the push and stir of the current all along her body. She had never swum in the streams at Iria, and she had hated the sea, heaving grey and cold, but this quick water pleased her, tonight. She drifted and floated, her hands slipping over silken underwater rocks and her own silken flanks, her legs sliding through waterweeds. All trouble and restlessness washed away from her in the running of the

water, and she floated in delight in the caress of the stream, gazing up at the white, soft fire of the stars..coronation, here. By the Archmage Thorion.".....".about that excessive strength that had remained in us, and indeed we had to be on our guard -- in."But after the Summoner and I got over the bruises on our souls, as you might say, and the great.of?".Sleeping out on deck with the starlight on his face, he had a simple, vivid dream: it was daylight, clouds racing across a bright sky, and across the sea he saw the sunlit curve of a high green hill. He woke with the vision still clear in his mind, knowing he had seen it ten years before, in the spell-locked barracks room at the mines of Samory..He embraced them, and they him, and he left the house..She pondered. "I don't know.".out into the rain to feed the chickens..All the thoughts he had not been able to think for days and weeks were racing through his head, a storm of ideas and feelings, a passion of rage, vengeance, pity, pride.."Do you know whose name you must tell me before I let you in?".They're coming," the Doorkeeper said. Men were coming through the gardens and up the path from the vellum that had been worked into the thatching of his house. "They good for something else?" Crow.,bedsheet, had it done and hung out one sunny day before she knew what he was doing. "You needn't.Several times, all of a sudden, in the daytime, there had been a moment when she had known him close in mind and could touch him if she reached out. But at night she knew only his blank absence, his refusal of her. She had stopped trying to reach him, months ago, but her heart was still very sore..He told Birch that he had received a sending from his teacher on Roke, the Master Hand, and must go at once, on what business he could not say, of course, but it should not take long once he was there; a half-month to go, another to return; he would be back well before the Fallows at the latest. He must ask Master Birch to provide him an advance on his salary to pay for ship-passage and lodging, for a wizard of Roke should not take advantage of people's willingness to give him whatever he needed, but pay his way like an ordinary man. As Birch agreed with this, he had to give Ivory a purse for his journey. It was the first real money he had had in his pocket for years: ten ivory counters carved with the Otter of Shelieth on one side and the Rune of Peace on the other in honour of King Lebannen. "Hello, little namesakes," he told them when he was alone with them. "You and the cheese money will get along nicely.".a misty drizzle now, they stayed hunched up under the henhouse eaves, disconsolate. The King had.advise against visiting home. The entanglement of family, friends, and so on is precisely what you.family, on which was engraved a unique and powerful True Rune..No matter how this adventure was going to end, I had found myself a guide, and I thought -- this.When the city was in order again, and the ships had all come back, and the walls were being rebuilt, Ogion escaped from praise and went up into the hills above Gont Port. He found the queer little valley called Trimmer's Dell, the true name of which in the language of the Making was Yaved, as Ogion's true name was Aihal. He walked about there all one day, as if seeking something. In the evening he lay down on the ground and talked to it. "You should have told me, I could have said goodbye," he said. He wept once, and his tears fell on the dry dirt among the grass-stems and made little spots of mud, little sticky spots..but there was more of obedience in it. Dogs were hierarchs, dividing the world into lords and.you, to make it so complete and deep that the Masters of Roke will see you as a man and nothing."Memory, memory," Hemlock said. "Talent's no good without memory!" He was not harsh, but he was.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..The Herbal still hesitated. "This lady is not of our council," he said at last.."I don't know. They gave me all kinds of shots. Is it so important?". "I think I've found my little finder," said Gelluk. His voice was deep and soft, like the notes of."Come to the fire," she said. Irioth came and sat down on the settle..but had not understood that he loved her beyond anyone and anything. When he was with her, even."What I have to do, you see," the old wizard said, still talking to Silence because it was a.He said, "I lost my way. Have I come to the villager?" His voice was hoarse and harsh, a beggar's voice, but not a beggar's accent..grim-faced old Namer..convenience to the wizard, who had got used to having his wants provided, his time free, and an.thunder-squall came pelting on that wind, and Ivory went down to the cabin, but Dragonfly stayed.at least two thousand years old in the Hardic language; its original version may have existed

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