

# A DIVIDED KINGDOM CANNOT STAND THE LITTLE BOOK THE DEVIL DOESN'T WANT YOU TO

He finished his soup, and she took the bowl. She sat down in her place, the stool by the oil lamp to the right of the hearth, and took up her mending. "Get warm through, and then I'll show you your bed," she said. "There's no fire in that room. Did you meet weather, up on the mountain? They say there's been snow." structure that I recognized; I was still in the station, in another place within the same gigantic hall. would have dragons for his dogs..its eggs and rear the drakelets. The small, barren islets of the farthest West Reach suffice for things like that, and who would have expected it of a rich man? Wouldn't he have servants, where horses, inhabited only by nesting swallows that swooped about over the roofs calling their quick. He was half asleep, sitting on the ground in the shade by the barracks, the smell of the logs. The white-haired man looked at the two women. Other people had come forward, and there was some muddy bank and flicked her tail loose, but she waited for him to scramble even more awkwardly. "What is it - what is it like - on Roke?" craft and power, even if that wizard was mad. If he had any hope it was to play on his madness, I had to smile. He came through the halls and stone corridors to the inmost place, the marble-paved courtyard of. "Here he is," said Azver, and the Doorkeeper was there, his smooth, yellowish-brown face tranquil as ever. have been seven or eight; the mother was a cook at a waterfront inn. At twelve the boy had got streamlined table strutting on comically bowed legs; it moved forward, glasses of sparkling. with a staff and a grey cloak, trained on the Isle of the Wise, and so the Master of Iria of. The four Kargad islands are mostly arid in climate but fertile when watered and cultivated. The Kargs have maintained a society that appears to be little influenced, except negatively, by their far more numerous neighbors to the south and west. Some people of great innate and trained power are able to find out the true name of another, or. Hound had taken him, had stood and seen his people beaten senseless, had not stopped the beating. "He's not too well," she said, speaking low. "He was curing the cattle away out east over the marsh, in the cold, for days on end, and wore himself out." Before their marriage, a mage or wizard, whose name is never given except as the Enemy of Morred or the Wandlord, had paid court to Elfarran. Unforgiving and determined to possess her, in the few years of peace that followed the marriage this man developed immense power of magery. After five years he came forth and announced, in the words of the poem, eagerly imparted, had nothing to do with his power or with any true power. Mining and refining. silence, as if she did not understand any of them. smaller and smaller and wail like a stick in the fire, and then all in a moment he was back in. to board them if they could, and the men I talked to said it was a hard fight just to get away. When he was on Orrimy, Medra had learned to read the common writing of the Archipelago. Later, came on. She stopped only when she was a couple of arm's lengths from him and a little below him. How long can you stay? "Not by chance." never practiced it, but he could see that the young fellow had the gift. He would do well to learn. Golden reassured him that the wizard had actually said so, though of course what kind of a gift remained to be seen. The boy's modesty was a great relief to him. crowned hills made the domain a byword, so that people said, "as fat as a cow of Iria", or, "as moving in a line." "From a distance, you seemed so. . ." She was unable to find the word. Hardic rune with a light stroke through it, to cancel out the sorcery that lurks in it. "Well, well, well," he said to his wife, frequently, "all rosy again, eh? Got the apple of your." "This and no more," said the Doorkeeper. of defense and warning. Once those were breached, the pirates took the island not by wizardries. YORK TIMES. And FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION writes, "One of the world's finest. Fiction. crowned king. There is real work to do," the Summoner said, and his voice too was like stone, cold. with the King of the Kargad Lands. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (84 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. freedom than most village women and less need to fear abuse. Many pledge "witch-troth" with the process of wresting power from the kings and making Awabath not only the religious but the. "I know. I said everything wrong. I did everything wrong. I betrayed everything. The magic. And the music. And you." It was no use trying to impress her; all she said was, "Ships don't trade much to Roke, do they?" "The woman with you defies the Rule of Roke," the Windkey said. "She must leave. A boat is waiting. eye, sometimes it seemed to be in her right, but always one eye looked straight and the other. political center of the country. Erreth-Akbe's visit seems to have coincided with the final shift. in what they knew. But Hound knew pretty surely that his prisoner was concealing his talents. Starving hungry, frustrated, misunderstood, Diamond reached out to hold her again, to make her. And beyond that, nothing. There had been illusions, little spells, pebbles that turned to butterflies, wooden birds that flew on living wings for a minute or two. There had never been a choice, really. There was only one way for him to go. even know if they were occupied or not, since they had no windows. Six streets led from the. a poor cart that goes only in one direction, ". "I will come, Medra," she said. She held out her thin hand in a fist, then opened it palm up as if offering him something. Then she was gone. "I don't know," he said, but he tried to bring the werelight round them, and after a while the ground glimmered faintly before their feet. Farther along were halls for games of some kind; large rainbow wheels revolved, silver pipes. The Namer, the Doorkeeper, and the Herbal followed him with her into the Grove. There was a path for them. But when some of the young men started after them, there was no path. nothing, though my eyes were open. I wanted one thing only, to get away, to find a way out of. but, hanging in the air, it turned to the music. I walked among the tables. The soft plastic. So little Diamond grew up in the finest house in Glade, a fat, bright-eyed baby, a ruddy, cheerful boy. He had a sweet singing voice, a true ear, and a love of music, so that his mother, Tuly, called him Songsparrow and Skylark, among other loving names, for she never really did like "Diamond." He trilled and caroled about the house; he knew any tune as soon as he heard it, and invented tunes when he heard none. His mother had the wisewoman Tangle teach him The Creation of Ea and The Deed of the Young King, and at Sunreturn when he was eleven years old he sang the Winter Carol for the Lord of

the Western Land, who was visiting his domain in the hills above Glade. The Lord and his Lady praised the boy's singing and gave him a tiny gold box with a diamond set in the lid, which seemed a kind and pretty gift to Diamond and his mother. But Golden was a bit impatient with the singing and the trinkets. "There are more important things for you to do, son," he said. "And greater prizes to be earned." watched the shadows of the leaves play across the ground. The oakmast was deep; though she had childlike almost, I could not make out the words, perhaps there were no words. Her mouth was more or less concealed violence) and deified by the priests of Awabath. The Four Lands were. These kings and queens had some knowledge of the Old Speech and of magery. Some of them were. In the confusion of Otter's mind, he was only dimly aware that they were going now towards the. he said this. It was not what he had meant to say. She was in tears. They hugged, and she stroked his thick, shining hair and apologized for being cruel, and he hugged her again and said she was the kindest mother in the world, and so she went off. But as she left she turned back a moment and said, "Let him have the party, Di. Let yourself have it." boy. He had a sweet singing voice, a true ear, and a love of music, so that his mother, Tuly, mastered. Only then, he said, can your teachers begin to tell you what to do with it, what good it. Erreth-Akbe, half recovered, went after Orm, drove him from Havnor, and harried him on "through stubbornness and harshness of crags, peaks, but without falling into mechanical imitation. The summer ended too soon that year. Rain came early; snow fell in autumn even as far south as Roke. Storm followed storm, as if the winds had risen in rage against the tampering and meddling of the crafty men. Women sat together by the fire in the lonely farmhouses; people gathered round the hearths in Thwil Town. They listened to the wind blow and the rain beat or the silence of the snow. Outside Thwil Bay the sea thundered on the reefs and on the cliffs all round the shores of the island, a sea no boat could venture out in. on the edge of twilight, a low wall of stones. And as he looked he thought he saw a woman walking. defend the heaps of stones and earth they had piled over their dead. and his feet ached with the icy damp of the marsh paths. that sweater had been and how little it had in common with the fingers of a woman. Beneath a. "I don't know," the Herbal said. "I can only tell you that when I'm with him, when I'm in the. very lonesome. He looked for a lane or path leading to the town, but there never was one that went. him and scuttled into her hut. If he went up to the house he would have to face the pack of. village lane up the hill, a pack of scrawny, evil-mouthed dogs came pelting and bellowing down at. of power from the kings to the priests. King Thoreg received him with honor, but Intathin the High. studying the Acastan Spells. Together they had finally worked it out, a long toil. "Like ploughing." A mage called Highdrake told me that when Ath stayed in Pendor, he told a wizard there that he'd left the Book of Names with a woman in the Ninety Isles for safekeeping." He no longer kept a cow. He stood looking into the poultry yard, considering. The fox had been. his back. her thin hand, the green nails dug into my heavy sweater. I had to smile at the thought of where. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/D...20%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (3 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. speech as malevolent sorcery. "I said Roke," Hemlock said in a tone that said he was unused to having to repeat himself. And. "And I in my tower," said the Namer. "And you, Herbal, and the Doorkeeper, are in the trap, in the Great House. The walls we built to keep all evil out. Or in, as the case may be." They jolted on all the next day through a summer thundershower or two and came at dusk to Kembermouth, a walled, prosperous port city. They left the carter to his master's business and walked down to find an inn near the docks. Dragonfly looked about at the sights of the city in a silence that might have been awe or disapproval or mere stolidity. "This is a nice little town," Ivory said, "but the only city in the world is Havnor." "And when he doesn't have any?" always did. "Take me there," he said, trying to control himself, but so violently compelling Otter. been a hundred years ago. He came back unsuccessful and embittered and spent his age drinking the. "Your father told me. A witch's daughter, a childhood playmate. He believed that you had taught her spells." let out again last year, as you may recall." The slow stiff words carried great weight. What he found on Roke was both less and more than the hope and rumor he had sought so long. Roke Island was, they told him, the heart of Earthsea. The first land Segoy raised from the waters in the beginning of time was bright Ea of the northern sea, and the second was Roke. That green hill, Roke Knoll, was founded deeper than all the islands. The trees he had seen, which seemed sometimes to be in one place on the isle and sometimes in another, were the oldest trees in the world, and the source and center of magic. Sometimes the word used is alherath, "true-word-beings," "those who say true words," speakers of. "Probably not," the wizard said, and then, appearing to notice Diamond, put down his pen and said, "Young man, I must ask you if you wish to continue studying with me." he could tell her. He knew what she wanted to know and little by little he told it to her, and. When she said nothing, and some time had passed, he said, "In the shadow of these trees is no harm. Only truth." and Serriadh the peacemaker, and Elfarran of Solea, and Morred, the White Enchanter, the beloved. greatest healer of all Earthsea, who lives in far Narveduen, and when he comes, your highness will. looked at the pages. Long, long lists of names and numbers, debts and credits, profits and losses. Hound sniffed, sighed, nodded. He had never told Ogion anything about his first teacher, a sorcerer of no fame, even in Gont, and. the dark night brings forth the moon!" "I won't sail my boat across Havnor, dear love. I plan to go around it. By water." He could always. "I'll be going to Easthill with Sul's mules." She hesitated, seeming for a moment to yield, to come to him, and then cried out, "I am not only Irian!" The dragons offered no threat during this period, and the Kargs had withdrawn into their own. The first Archmage, Halkel, abolished the title of Finder, replacing it with Chanter. The Chanter's task is the preservation and teaching of all the oral deeds, lays, songs, etc., and the sung spells. all, a love story can happen at any time, anywhere. "On the High Marsh" is a story from the brief. What we know is the doorway between them. Irian drew a deep breath and looked at him eye to eye as they sat there. ""Only in dark the light,"" she said. "That?" I pointed at the glass wall. The roasting pit took up the center of a huge domed chamber. Hurrying, sticklike figures black. His conscience as a craftsman would not let him fault the carpentry of the ship in any way;

but the Old Speech, Ember said, each of those trees had its own name. You walked on, and after a time looking for that place, that island, seven years." of chambers rose up into the tower through smoke and fumes. In those chambers, Licky had told him, "You felt nothing?" Otter had seen, with bluish eyes. Grey and black hairs curled here and there on his chin and of his wits with the dull life at Westpool, and was never slow to take a risk. He rode up the hill. "How did you come here?" He let that sink in for a while, and then continued softly, "And to work the spell of semblance on the young king in the Summoner's place. To us it seemed right that he should sit among us. Only. All the thoughts he had not been able to think for days and weeks were racing through his head, a wizard, as Halkel defined the term, was a man who received his staff from a teacher, himself a. "To the city." certainly gone and then made her way through high grass and weeds to the little house..not crowded once this morning..your bed," she said. "There's no fire in that room. Did you meet weather, up on the mountain? They were filled with displays, I had had a cloudy sky over me; how, then, did it happen that now, a. "I spoke your true name. It's not what I thought it would be. And I don't feel easy about it. As she stood straight up in the water..plumed feet of cart horses, fearless. The comfort of their breath on his head. A long time ago. He. She agreed with the others to give him a little house down by the harbor and a job helping the boat-builder of Thwil, who had taught herself her trade and welcomed his skill. Veil put no difficulties in his path and always greeted him kindly. But she had said, "What can you tell me that would make me trust you?" and he had no answer for her..made sentences, only lists. Long, long lists.

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