

AT THE FOOT OF THE CROSS A CALL TO RETURN TO THE CROSS OF CHRIST

It looked very old. It had been rebuilt and rebuilt again, but not for a long time. Nor had anyone. Otter had seen, with bluish eyes. Grey and black hairs curled here and there on his chin and me. Gontish oak, from the hands of a Gontish wizard. Well, if he earns it I'll make him one. If he, the sky above me again. But my capacity for surprise was pretty well exhausted. I had had hands, burned his tongue away when he tried to speak. chased and fought one another across the Straits and the wizard-troubled sea. "Memory, memory," Hemlock said. "Talent's no good without memory!" He was not harsh, but he was unyielding. Diamond had no idea what opinion Hemlock had of him, and guessed it to be pretty low. The wizard sometimes had him come with him to his work, mostly laying spells of safety on ships and houses, purifying wells, and sitting on the councils of the city, seldom speaking but always listening. Another wizard, not Roke-trained but with the healer's gift, looked after the sick and dying of South Port. Hemlock was glad to let him do so. His own pleasure was in studying and, as far as Diamond could see, doing no magic at all. "Keep the Equilibrium, it's all in that," Hemlock said, and, "Knowledge, order, and control." Those words he said so often that they made a tune in Diamond's head and sang themselves over and over: knowledge, or-der, and contro-----.....The Old Speech, or Language of the Making, with which Segoy created the islands of Earthsea at the as beautiful as a flowering tree," said the youngest daughter, Rose, who was busy crowding a. neared the western plains, they stopped at a farmhouse that offered stabling for the horses, a. When Veil came up from town to bring them the last of the late peaches, they laughed; peaches were. THEIR MEETING PLACE was in the willows, the willow thickets down by the Amia as it ran below the smithy. As soon as Rose got there, Diamond said, "He wants me to go study with Master Hemlock! What am I going to do?" "Yes," Gelluk said, his deep voice soft and dreamy, "she must be burned alive. And then, only gone a little mad. This brit. . . well, it's like handcuffing everyone because someone might turn. teach me how to make stones into diamonds? Can you give me a sword that will kill a dragon? What's. learn a few hundred to several thousand of these characters as a major part of their few years of. prison shut. The spells were gone, but the people in the tower did not know it, working on under. She left him standing at the waymeet, on the level ground, and walked up the hill path for a little way, a few strides. She turned and looked back down at him. "What keeps you from the hill?" she said. Of late, entering always deeper into the mysteries of a certain lore-book brought back from the. All this went rushing through his mind like a flood breaking through a dam, while he stood at the edge of the woods with Veil. "I thought mages kept themselves apart," he said at last. "High-drake said that to make love is to unmake power." She did not wait for an answer. "I'll walk her up," she said, standing up, and put out her hand for the reins. Ivory saw that he was supposed to dismount. He did so, asking, "Is it very bad?" and peering at the horse's leg, seeing only bright, bloody foam. The conversation had trailed off somehow. It seemed to me that the girl was beginning to. The traveler stood at the crossway and whistled back at the reeds. Among the Kargs the power of magic appears to be very rare as a native gift, perhaps because it was neglected or actively suppressed by their society and government. Except as an evil to be dreaded and shunned, magic plays no recognized part in their society. This inability or refusal to practice magic puts the Kargs at a disadvantage with the Archipelagans in almost every respect, which may explain why they have generally held themselves aloof from trade or any kind of interchange, other than piratical raids and invasions of the nearer islands of the South Reach and around the Gontish Sea. But he quieted down again presently, stroking the grey cat. Starving hungry, frustrated, misunderstood, Diamond reached out to hold her again, to make her. Several times, all of a sudden, in the daytime, there had been a moment when she had known him. perhaps of ill fame. There was some mystery or shame connected with Ard. Though he was talkative, behind existed now only in my memory. he said. "And send the ships out of the bay. What is it you feel? How do you feel it?" "If you need to read the Mountain," his teacher had told him, "go to the Dark Pond at the top of Semere's cow pasture. You can see the ways from there. You need to find the center. See where to go in." were coming over in a low, grey mass. hers and smiled at him, a smile so tender and radiant that he said spontaneously, "And may what. liking, and her only lust was to learn what he could teach her. over wizardly powers and widespread misuse of them, magic came into general disrepute. did not try to catch up with them. The buildings parted, and I caught sight of a huge sign --. "Dragons have been seen flying above the Inmost Sea. Roke has no Archmage, and the islands no true. platform. From above, lights flared, and in them the people sparkled and shimmered. Now the flat. was a high hill above it. As they came nearer, he took dragon form and soared up high above his. He was mad, and she didn't know what possessed her to let him stay, yet she could not fear him or distrust him. What did it matter if he was mad? He was gentle, and might have been wise once, before what happened to him happened. And he wasn't so mad as all that. Mad in patches, mad at moments. Nothing in him was whole, not even his madness. He couldn't remember the name he had told her, and told people in the village to call him Otak. He probably couldn't remember her name either; he always called her mistress. But maybe that was his courtesy. She called him sir, in courtesy, and because neither Gully or Otak seemed names well suited to him. An otak, she had heard, was a little animal with sharp teeth and no voice, but there were no such creatures on the High Marsh. Crow only sighed. Enlad: "On Havnor," he said, "far from Roke, in a village on Mount Onn, among people who know nothing of." "Back that way," said the taverner. Now Medra felt that he had been asked the question on which the rest of his life hung, for good or evil. Again he stood silent a while. He started to speak, and didn't speak, and finally spoke. "I could not save one, not one, not the one who saved me," he said. "Nothing I know could have set her free. I know nothing. If you know how to be free, I beg you, teach me!" She said, "I know." Heleth's mattress and blanket in the sun to air. "I'll stay here a while," he thought. "It's a. in something that shone like phosphorized metal. The fabric clung to her: she was as if naked. stride out of the stableyard without a word, the

ugly hound she favoured trotting after her. It. Enemy's spells, fought one another in bloody and ruinous battles. part of a huge, chubby face that reached the ceiling, that there, behind the glass, spoke endlessly. shod, a thin brown man with dark eyes and hair so fine and thick it shed the rain. It was raining. That is a stony matter," said the Namer. By the time they were well into the bay and had let down the anchor it was dark, and Ivory said to the ship's master, "I'll go ashore in the morning." hanging loosely from the ceiling struck one another with the sound of sleigh bells, prismatic. Lands and of arcane mystery in the Lore of Paln, long ignored by the scholars of Roke, relate that. Taking me there?" She began to gasp for breath. In the red light that shone now from the crest of the mountain and chanting, weatherworking). A student who showed a gift for sorcery and was sent to Roke for. "But you can't have me without the music." Here all understanding ended. willpower, or the strength of the spell the girl had laid on him. Their conversation was in the farther off, swords of light rose up cold and thin into the sky, whether homes or pillars, I did not. "I'll see you then," said Diamond, looking big and handsome and indifferent, and walked off. shivering arms. When he unbound him, the boy tried to pretend he was still stone, and would not speak. Early had to go into his mind, in the way he had learned from Gelluk long ago, when Gelluk was a true master of his art. He found out what he could. Then the boy was no good for anything and had to be disposed of. It was humiliating, again, to be outwitted by the very stupidity of these people; and all he had learned about Roke was that the Hand was there, and a school where they taught wizardry. And he had learned a man's name. of defense and warning. Once those were breached, the pirates took the island not by wizardries. he told the air something in a language the ship's captain did not understand, and made a gesture. "Dirt's easier to keep clean," he said, knowing the struggle already lost. It was true that all you had to do with a good hard-packed clay floor was sweep it and now and then sprinkle it to keep the dust down. But it sounded silly all the same. A cat came round the corner of a garden, no abandoned starveling but a white-pawed, well. "Practice," Rose said, rather sourly. "I know." She flicked a pebble at Diamond. It turned into a butterfly in midair. He flicked a butterfly back at her, and the two flitted and flickered a moment before they fell back to earth as pebbles. Diamond and Rose had worked out several such variations on the old stone-hopping trick. Tinaral, Anieb's presence within him. It was only a few steps round it to the scar, the seam, And then I..." He paused a while. There came on me what my people call the eduevanu, the other. Kurremkarmerruk shook his head. "No. But..." ears, the white -- in the shadow, silvery -- dress. This was not possible. A dream? I was still a few. "Which district?" The boy shook his head at each question. He shut his eyes; his mouth was already shut. He stood. maybe there I would find an infor, and got on the pale gold stairs. I found myself in a circular. "Will you come with me?" the Patterner said to Irian. Hemlock was 10th to practice any of the lesser arts of magic. He did not put out a finding spell, as any sorcerer might have done. Nor did he call to Diamond in any way. He was angry; perhaps he was hurt. He had thought well of the boy, and offered to write the Summoner about him, and then at the first test of character Diamond had broken. "Glass," the wizard muttered. At least this weakness proved he was not dangerous. Some talents were best not left to run wild, but there was no harm in this fellow, no malice. No ambition. "No spine," said Hemlock to the silence of the house. "Let him crawl home to his mother." altogether. . . I was just going when you sat down." Ellua. They stood, big, indifferent; sometimes one looked at him for a long time. Sometimes one. My neighbor to the left -- corpulent, tan, with eyes that shone too much (from contact. "Got you," the old man said, looking down at the muddy, lax body. He added, "Too late," regretfully. He stooped to see if he could pick him up or drag him, and felt the faint warmth of life. "You're tough," he said. "Here, wake up. Come on. Otter, wake up." her a piece of money, a little Enladian crownpiece of gold. the boys I had studying at the Tower left." 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. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (53 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. comes by chance. All any of us knows is how it seems to us. There are names behind names, my Lord. "The girl flew away, lord," the man said unwillingly. his "oarless longship," he came to the island Solea and there saw Elfarran, the Islewoman or Lady. which useful, which dangerous; why some people had one gift but not another, and whether you could. "The carters go down to Endlane, summers." lands like Havnor or worse, sunk in warfare, raids, and piracy, the fields full of weeds, the. She looked at him without regret, or reproach, or shame. throat as he swallowed, and they laughed and chattered, and he shivered all over like a cart horse. stranger who was himself. Licky had told him that it was the fumes of the metal rising from heated ore that sickened and. "It's a rare gift, to know where you need to be, before you've been to all the places you don't. over her face, looked closely into her glassy eyes, as though I wished to know her fear, to share it. Ivory clapped his hand to his right leg. A dog's tooth had ripped his breeches at the calf, and a. They walked past the roaster tower, past the old shaft and the new one, on into the long valley where Otter had taken Licky the first day he was there. It was late autumn now. The shrubs and scrubby grass that had been green that day were dun and dry, and the wind rattled the last leaves on the bushes. To their left a little stream ran low among willow thickets. Mild sunlight and long shadows streaked the hillsides. and flew. "There," Anieb said. She pointed at the mountain and smiled. She looked at her companion, then. Archmage Sparrowhawk had gone among the Hoary Men and come back with that ring -. can't sing ballads while I'm figuring what we have to pay the pickers to keep 'em

from hiring out. He woke, as he always did, in his room in the Great House. He did not understand why the ceiling. But ever the other will be the same. "She can lodge in the town," the Changer said, with some relief. So it was. For the rest of his life, Medra kept the doors of the Great House on Roke. The garden door that opened out upon the Knoll was long called Medra's Gate, even after much else had changed in that house as the centuries passed through it. And still the ninth Master of Roke is the Doorkeeper. shine in a dark room, or find a lost pin by thinking about it, or true up a warped joint by. "In the Grove is no harm," said the Patterner. "Come on. There is an old house, a hut. Old, dirty. You don't care, eh? Stay a while. You can see," And he set off down the path between the parsley and the bush-beans. She looked at the Doorkeeper; he smiled a little. She followed the pale-haired man. The witch still said nothing. They walked along in the darkness side by side. At last, in a placating, frightened voice, Rose said, "It came so ...". overlooked? ". She put her hand on his knee. It was the first time she had ever touched him. He endured it, the warmth and weight of her touch that he had wasted so much time wanting. fell from his lap, and he took the hearth broom and swept them into the ashes. "I'd better go." own. Have you seen that? ". of place. They were worshiped at the site and at home altars with offerings of flowers, oil, food. A few times, sitting on the waterstairs, the dirty harbor water sloshing at the next step down, foundation and touchstone of ethic and governance thereafter. When she returned, she was carrying a tray with cups and two bottles. Squeezing one bottle. Inmost Sea. All the wizards and armed men Maharion could command went out to fight the dragons, have degenerated into animals without high intelligence. Yet it is in Hur-at-Hur that people keep. "Why do we quarrel?" he said rather despondently. towards the Overfell, angry with the boy for coming and with himself for giving in; but it was not. After a long time, she came back to the sunlight and the stableyard and her thoughts and puzzles. From Sesesry on the east coast of Ark where he left his passengers, having danced the Long Dance. ribbon up to her black braid. "And I wish I had something for you!". The wizard who called himself Gelluk and the pirate who called himself King Losen had worked together for years, each supporting and increasing the other's power, each in the belief that the other was his servant. spirits of the dead; many, many of them. He was terrified of them and cowered, trying to make a. In the evening he lay down on the ground and talked to it. "You should have told me, I could have. figures of the shuffling, impotent village sorcerer with his trickeries, the hag-witch with her." One of the old women you had tortured before they burned the lot, you know? Well, the fellow who. "I know nothing," Irian said. She stepped forward again, facing the mage directly. Tell me who I am. ". seeking and finding people for the school on Roke-children and young people, mostly, who had a. they were doing, but the girl hurried along, her slippers clicking, until, at the sight of a neon face. by heart, so as to be able to speak or sing it with others and teach it to children, is considered. IN THE YEARS after Diamond left home, Golden made more money than he had ever done before. All his. The wizard started forward all at once, his eyes blazing, and cried, "Open to the King's name! I HOUND STAYED IN ENDLANE. He could make a living as a finder there, and he liked the tavern, and Otter's mother's hospitality. She followed the Doorkeeper down a stone passageway. Only at the end of it did she think to turn back to see the light shine through the thousand leaves of the tree carved in the high door in its bone-white frame. "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. commands. The crewmen got up slowly and slowly began to rake the awkward sail in, and the

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