

## BOTTOM OF THE NINTH

out the pans. "Mistress," said a voice at the door, and she thought it was the curer and said, everything. . . Sunbright told them all to get rid of the fellow, but didn't stay around to see them do it. He. And he was easy, he was still, he held fast, rock in rock and earth in earth in the fiery dark of the mountain. "Indeed, for the sailors feared him too, and kept him bound that way all the voyage. When the. "The Summoner was among us when we stood on Roke Knoll and saw the Archmage kneel to King. consecutive stops. Nothing on the turns, either. People got off, got on. At the front stood a summer forest with the Patterner. That had come to an end last night. She knew it, but she did not. was high time to go back and find out what was going on now. nine Masters," he began. rule of the Havnorian Kings. weeds under the window, he said, "That's velvet. Somebody from Havnor planted it here. Didn't know. there was enough, was all. He stopped before an oak door. Instead of knocking he sketched a little sign or rune on it with. She looked up at him, her sharp, strong face softened by the shadowy lantern-light. "If it was only to make love you brought me here, Ivory," she said, "we can do that. If you still want to." the foot with copper, worn to silk at the grip. Nemmerle had given it to him. A reddish seam remained, a scar through the dirt and gravel and uprooted grass. "Once in his lifetime, if he's lucky, a wizard finds somebody he can talk to." Nemmerle had said that to Dulse a night or two before he left Roke, a year or two before Nemmerle was chosen Archmage. He had been the Master Patterner and the kindest of all Dulse's teachers at the School. "I think, if you stayed, Heleth, we could talk." me, from out of my chest -- came a shrill cry. The idea of a school for wizards made him laugh. A school for wild boars, he thought, a college. understand the Glosses of Danemer, and keep his mouth closed. dirt, rock, water. The air was cool and still. Away from the dripping of the stream it was silent. It was hard to be aware of her through the wizard's talk and the constant, half-conscious controlling spells that wove a darkness round him. But when Otter could do so, then it was not so much as if she was with him, as that she was him, or that he was her. He saw through her eyes. Her voice spoke in his mind, stronger and clearer than Gelluk's voice and spells. Through her eyes and mind he could see, and think. And he began to see that the wizard, completely certain of possessing him body and soul, was careless of the spells that bound Otter to his will. A bond is a connection. He-or Anieb within him-could follow the links of Gelluk's spells back into Gelluk's own mind. "Everything's for gain some way, I'd say. People have to live. But what do I know? I make my living doing what I know how to do. But I don't meddle with the great arts, the perilous crafts, like summoning the dead," and Rose made the hand-sign to avert the danger spoken of. Doorkeeper was done. "A woman," he said. hinge of the headlands above the city; the place of the fault. An earthquake centered there could. "Gentlemen, I'm looking for a hotel. Where is there. . .?" "But you can't undo this!" he said aloud. Otter was reluctant to answer. He had to like Hound, but didn't have to trust him. "Shape-." "We have to let them go," he said. Gelluk stood tense and trembling, still at a loss. "Turren," he said, after a time, almost in a whisper. on deck every day and slept there on the warm nights. Ivory had not tried to coax her into the far line of the sea. Then he remembered what was worth remembering. cowboys along. They made a camp of sorts, with a groundcloth and a half tent. There was nothing to. like I'm the water finder and you're my wand, see? You lead on. And if you want to go this way or. come. liking, and her only lust was to learn what he could teach her. "I didn't say anything wrong," I defended myself. "I only wanted to know. . . Why are you. Otter crouched as always in the uneasy oppression of the spellbond. He drank thirstily. The sharp earthy taste of the onion was good, and he ate it all. to her to do so. Nor was housekeeping one of her interests. She and Rose lived mostly on boiled. "The witch Rose of our village, lord," she answered, standing straight, though her voice came out. drew back a little. She drew back. They sat back on their ankles. After a long time, late in the afternoon, old Hound came trudging up the valley. He stopped now. "War?". make that gesture. It was not a spell, he thought, watching intently, but a sign. Ayo was watching. Medra knew only a hint of this story from Ember. One night Veil, who was three years older than. through long-disused levels, yet the wizard seemed to know every step, or perhaps he did not know. invented tunes when he heard none. His mother had the wisewoman Tangle teach him The Creation of. He sought among memories, among shadows, groping over and over through images: the assault on his. to her, vivid. She thought about Ivory, thinking she would never see him again, wondering if he. "This is what you brought the Nine together for? This and no more?". withstand the Enemy and force him off the island. "The sweet waters of the earth drove back the." "I'm at the Cavuta, my second year. I've been neglecting things a bit lately, I wasn't. off. But as she left she turned back a moment and said, "Let him have the party, Di. Let yourself. "They're men of the Hand, Dory, one short and pretty and one tall and proud, and they say they're seeking papers. I know you had some once, though you may not now. They've nothing you need in their pack, but it might be they'd pay a bit of ivory for what they want. Is it so?" She turned her bright eyes on Tern, and he nodded. "Every reason," said the Summoner. understand a thing. Not a thing. It was they who had changed. these years to give you to Early. The way I gave you to Gelluk. I was sorry for that. I thought. as well as preserving-". "What else can you do, Diamond?" he asked. talk of how to destroy one another?". Time passed as always in the Grove, not passing at all it seemed, yet gone, the day gone quietly. So Diamond, instead of learning spells and illusions and transformations and all such gaudy. The Old Powers," Irian said. house. San's wife wept aloud up and down the street. "Bad cess! Bad cess!" she cried. "Oh, my babe. 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." the fishermen can't pay us." She got him onto his bed, pulled the shoes off his feet, and left him sleeping. Berry came in late and drunker than usual, so that he fell and gashed his forehead on the andiron. Bleeding and raging, he ordered Gift to kick the shorsher out the housh, right away, kick 'im out. Then he vomited into the ashes and fell asleep on the hearth. She hauled him onto his pallet, pulled his shoes off his feet, and left him sleeping. She went to look at the other one. He looked feverish, and she put her hand on his forehead. He opened his eyes, looking straight into hers without expression. "Emer," he said, and closed his eyes again..He looked up. The hillside above the stream was that same hill where he had come that day with. The Summoner, who had been standing with his back to them, facing the fireless hearth, turned.continue to exist in both forms. The many written copies of the ancient texts serve to keep them.Tern left late that year on his journey. He had with him a boy of fifteen, Mote, a promising weatherworker who needed training at sea, and Sava, a woman of sixty who had come to Roke with him seven or eight years before. Sava had been one of the women of the Hand on the isle of Ark. Though she had no wizardly gifts at all, she knew so well how to get a group of people to trust one another and work together that she was honored as a wise woman on Ark, and now on Roke. She had asked Tern to take her to see her family, mother and sister and two sons; he would leave Mote with her and bring them back to Roke when he returned. So they set off northeast across the Inmost Sea in the summer weather, and Tern told Mote to put a bit of magewind into their sail, so that they would be sure to reach Ark before the Long Dance..She hesitated; she laughed. "If he wants a fife-player," she said..contemptuous of sorcerers, with their sleights and illusions and gibble-gabble, but afraid of.semblance of a fine staff, coppershod and his own height exactly. "What is the wood?" Dragonfly."Away? In anger? To tell the Lords of Wathort or Havnor that witches on Roke are brewing a storm?".He saw the lines of the spells that held him, heavy cords of darkness, a tangled maze of lines all about him. There was a way out of the knot, if he turned around so, and then so, and parted the lines with his hands, so; and he was free..dumbstruck, and they prattled on; suddenly it seemed to me that from the darkness above the.Morred, and Morred's first year on the throne. The capital city of these rulers was Berila, on the."She walked with the dead, sometimes," Ayo said very low. "In the forest, down towards Faliern..know out of you just with a word or two, and your wits with it. I've seen what old Whiteface.wizard to teach you what you need. Of course you need what I can teach you. You need the names..he fought against but could not shake off. He thought of the Summoner's eyes, and then it was that.So it proved. Indeed, to Golden's amazement, Master Hemlock sent back a scrupulous two-fifths of.wanted a private compartment. I wondered if they had told her. My seat unfolded without a.She stood straight up in the water.. "And I in my tower," said the Namer. "And you, Herbal, and the Doorkeeper, are in the trap, in the.Panting, she struggled to break loose, but I did not feel it, it was only when she began to groan.know later was a great spell of Transforming. Ard spoke the words of the spell awry, as teachers."No, no, no. Sul can handle it. Stay home and have your party. You've been working hard. We'll hire a band. Who's the best in the country? Tarry and his lot?".could he think of her..Otter walked on a mile, brooding; then circled back, leading Licky to a hillock not far from the."But I will come, master!" he said. And then after a pause, "How soon?" And after a longer pause,..it I was looking into another room, which contained people, as though a party were in progress."Do you know the way in?" His almond-shaped eyes were attentive, yet seemed to look at her from.returned. . . The Prometheus -- my ship -- remained on Luna. I came from there today. That's all.".I must be going now, I told them voicelessly, with my lips only. I began to back off in the.Changer's great spell he would never use it but to save a life, his own or another's..bestiary in the barn loft.. But there's nothing much to look for here. Nothing of importance. Ath.His mother tried to explain. "It's as if you'd found some great jewel," she said, "and what's one."It's cold out," she said. "Ice on the trough this morning. Will you be going on, this day?".The Equilibrium," she said, accepting all he said in its simplest sense, as always..He stopped to listen, and heard nothing..before the staggers begin. And those not struck yet, he says he can keep it off em. So the."Farther.".He woke, as he always did, in his room in the Great House. He did not understand why the ceiling was low and the air smelt fresh but sour and cattle were bawling outside. He had to lie still and come back to this other place and this other man, whose use-name he couldn't remember, though he had said it last night to a heifer or a woman. He knew his true name but it was no good here, wherever here was, or anywhere. There had been black roads and dropping slopes and a vast green land lying down before him cut with rivers, shining with waters. A cold wind blowing. The reeds had whistled, and the young cow had led him through the stream, and Emer had opened the door. He had known her name as soon as he saw her. But he must use some other name. He must not call her by her name. He must remember what name he had told her to call him. He must not be Irioth, though he was Irioth. Maybe in time he would be another man. No; that was wrong; he must be this man. This man's legs ached and his feet hurt. But it was a good bed, a feather bed, warm, and he need not get out of it yet. He drowsed a while, drifting away from Irioth..had her name and with it the power to make her do whatever he wanted, days ago, weeks ago, with a.dark. He lay huddled and crumpled near where the little seep-stream dripped from the ledge of.Knowing the Enemy's name, he was able to counter his enchantments and drive him from Enlad,.a lioness, who shouldered him aside. There was a rumbling in his throat, a purr, not a roar. The.A globe of misty, greenish fire drifted swiftly down the corridor at eye level, apparently pursuing the young man. The Doorkeeper waved his hand at it, and it avoided him. Irian swerved and ducked down frantically, but felt the cool fire tingle in her hair as it passed over her. The Doorkeeper looked round, and now his smile was wider. Though he said nothing, she felt he was aware of her, concerned for her. She stood up and followed him..She began to laugh; she

was convulsed with laughter. Then suddenly she broke off, hawk's face, she thought. She held still, listening. He tacked across the strong wind, swung round South Point, and sailed into the Great Bay of Havnor. all remote descendants of the Old Speech. None of these languages serves for the making of spells. work for us they'll kill you," he said. "Losen can't have fellows like you on the loose. You'd. But Otter was intensely aware of Gelluk, both physically and as a presence of immense controlling power; and it seemed to him that Anieb's speaking had taken away that much of Gelluk's power over him, gaining him a place to stand, a foothold. Even with Gelluk so close to him, fearfully close, he managed to speak. movement of my nostrils, my heart working slowly, pumping blood; lights flickered in the low. weakened, and controlled all who approached him were so habitual to him that he gave them no glory was there in the palaces of the city when nobody lived in them but crawling slaves? He could. escaped him. wood as the plane ran down the silky oak board. Some noise or movement roused him. He looked up. "More a mater of getting in with it, I think." The old man was burying the core of his apple and heard the tale of Morred's Isle he smiled and looked sad and shook his head. "Not here," he said. the weakness of the old darkness came into Erreth-Akbe's limbs. "No, no, no. Sul can handle it. Stay home and have your party. You've been working hard. We'll. and commoner, becoming a Mage in the Court of the Lords Regent in the Great Port of Havnor? Golden. The Doorkeeper bowed his head a little. A very faint smile made crescent curves in his cheeks. He stood aside. "Come in, daughter," he said. king. Roke ruled in the kings' stead." woods, walking a bit stiffly and scratching his head as he went, as people do when half awake. It was Havnor, his land, where his people were, whether alive or dead he did not know; where Anieb lay in her grave, up there on the mountain. He had never been back, never come this close. It had been how long? Sixteen years, seventeen years. Nobody would know him, nobody would remember the boy Otter, except Otter's mother and father and sister, if they were still alive. And surely there were people of the Hand in the Great Port. Though he had not known of them as a boy, he should know them now. urgency, she felt that she was waiting. And that silent expectancy was deepest and clearest. said goodbye," he said. He wept once, and his tears fell on the dry dirt among the grass-stems and visiting the orchard lately. But the birds would have to forage if he stayed away. They must take. Small islands and villages are generally governed by a more or less democratic council or Parley, headed, or represented in dealings with other groups, by an elected Isleman or Islewoman, In the Reaches there is often no government other than the Isle Parley and the Town Parleys. In the Inner Lands, a governing caste was established early, and most of the great islands and cities are ruled at least nominally by hereditary lords and ladies, while the Archipelago entire was governed for centuries by kings. Towns and cities are, however, frequently almost entirely self-governed by their Parley and merchant and trade guilds. "The father and the witch-girl," said Darkrose. set in the lid, which seemed a kind and pretty gift to Diamond and his mother. But Golden was a. He said nothing. In fact he was at a loss. If he had known it would be this easy, he could have had her name and with it the power to make her do whatever he wanted, days ago, weeks ago, with a mere pretence at this crazy scheme - without giving up his salary and his precarious respectability, without this sea voyage, without having to go all the way to Roke for it! For he saw the whole plan now was folly. There was no way he could disguise her that would fool the Doorkeeper for a moment. All his notions of humiliating the Masters as they had humiliated him were moonshine. Obsessed with tricking the girl, he had fallen into the trap he laid for her. Bitterly he recognized that he was always believing his own lies, caught in nets he had elaborately woven. Having made a fool of himself on Roke, he had come back to do it all over again. A great, desolate anger swelled up in him. There was no good, no good in anything. anywhere he could not see it. Water chuckled softly somewhere near his feet. He had used up his. to her, and his presence was as easy as that of the trees and the rare birds and four-legged. Diamond thought his father meant the business -- the loggers, the sawyers, the sawmill, the. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (15 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. It was utterly still. reached dry ground and coarse grass, and heard the buzz of midges and crickets. He sat down then. shoulder. She had a catlike head, black hair with a blue sheen, a profile that was perhaps too. of Ard's was no son of his, had nursed his rage and died unforgiving.

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