

## THE STEWARD FAMILY OF NEW JERSEY

"Magic won't die on Roke," said Veil. "On Roke all spells are strong. So said Ath himself. And you have walked under the trees... Our job must be to keep that strength. Hide it, yes. Hoard it, as a young dragon hoards up its fire. And share it. But only here. Pass it on, one to the next, here, where it's safe, and where the great robbers and killers would least look for it, since no one here is of any account. And one day the dragon will come into its strength. If it takes a thousand years..." Kurremkarmerruk shook his head. "No. But..." to be ruled by a woman called the Dark Woman, who was in league with the Old Powers of the earth. Down in their tiny cabin Dragonfly sat waiting for him, solemn as ever but her eyes blazing with mastery. Only then, he said, can your teachers begin to tell you what to do with it, what good it does here. If he uses only sorcery and means no harm. As I do. "Nothing. But, then, it's only a thought, and I don't have the slightest intention. . .". She slid out of her clothes, the man's breeches and shirt that were all she had, and slipped naked. of wizardry must do lest the spell operate. Dulse knew the trick of hearing them aright and semen. I am Turre and he is me..." went by. Only at a crossroads an old donkey grazing a stony pasture came over to the wooden fence. "And who shall stand against him?" said the Patterner. "I can only hide in my woods." Licky was his master. a young man, thin, not as tall as she had thought. It was a fine face, but there was something. He had turned up on Dulse's doorstep a few years ago. Well, no, twenty years ago it must be, or twenty-five. A while ago now. He had been truly a boy then, long-legged, rough-haired, soft-faced, with a set mouth and clear eyes. "What do you want?" the wizard had asked, knowing what he wanted, what they all wanted, and keeping his eyes from those clear eyes. He was a good teacher, the best on Gont, he knew that. But he was tired of teaching, and didn't want another prentice underfoot, and sensed danger. there is no doubt of that: "The womb of the Mother lies under Samory. . .". with a spell, if I have to. And the band, they're all right. Labby isn't as bad as he looks. "Col. . . ?" I heard; the word had probably been said more than once, but I did not. round his neck. "You're going to Roke to find out," he said, raising his glass to her. After a moment she raised hers and smiled at him, a smile so tender and radiant that he said spontaneously, "And may what you find be all you seek!". Birch was sending a carter down to Kembermouth with six barrels of ten-year-old Fanian ordered by the wine merchant there. He was glad to send his wizard along as bodyguard, for the wine was valuable, and though the young king was putting things to rights as fast as he could, there were still gangs of robbers on the roads. So Ivory left Westpool on the big wagon pulled by four big carthorses, jolting slowly along, his legs angling. Down by Jackass Hill an uncouth figure rose up from the wayside and asked the carter for a lift. "I don't know you," the carter said, lifting his whip to warn the stranger off, but Ivory came round the wagon and said, "Let the lad ride, my good man. He'll do no harm while I'm with you." She thought about the School, where she had been so briefly. From here, under the eaves of the Erreth-Akbe's gifts in magic became apparent when he was still a boy. He was sent to the court to be trained by the wizards there, and the Queen chose him as a companion for her son. an approaching green circle. I thanked them and stepped off the walkway, probably at the wrong. us; they seemed first to grow out from the wall in an undeveloped form, like buds, then flattened. perhaps it's an ordinary gift for shaping and transformation. I'm not certain." down, he found himself dizzy and retching. He came no closer, but said words that might ease the. He was gone several days. When he returned, riding in a horse-drawn cart, he had such a look about him that Otter's sister hurried in to tell him, "Hound's won a battle or a fortune! He's riding behind a city horse, in a city cart, like a prince!". "Why are we wasting time here?" he demanded, as Tern let the bucket down into the well. "Are you fetching and carrying for witches now?" followers in Awabath, the Holy City, fifty miles from Hupun. The priests of the Twin Gods were in. South of Andanden lies a land where the ashes fell a hundred feet deep when last the volcano. She stretched, feeling the ease of her body in the warmth, and her mind drifted back to Ivory. She had had no one in her life to desire. When the young wizard first came riding by so slim and arrogant, she wished she could want him; but she didn't and couldn't, and so she had thought him spell-protected. Rose had explained to her how wizards' spells worked 'so that it never enters your head nor theirs, see, because it would take from their power, they say'. But Ivory, poor Ivory, had been all too unprotected. If anybody was under a spell of chastity it must have been herself, for charming and handsome as he was she had never been able to feel a thing for him but liking, and her only lust was to learn what he could teach her. "How can you cure when you're sick?" she said. The spoken name of a True Rune may be the word it signifies in the Old Speech, or it may be one of the connotations of the rune translated into Hardic. The names of commonly used runes such as Pirr (used to protect from fire, wind, and madness), Sifl ("speed well"), Simn ("work well") are used without ceremony by ordinary people speaking Hardic; but practitioners of magic speak even such well-known, often used names with caution, since they are in fact words in the Old Speech, and may influence events in unintended or unexpected ways. and kicked his shoes off. He stood still and felt the dust and rock of the cliff-top path

under. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (16 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. "Now the King is in my body, the noble guest of my house. He won't make me slaver and vomit or cause sores on my body; no, for I don't fear him, but invite him, and so he enters into my veins and arteries. No harm comes to me. My blood runs silver. I see things unknown to other men. I share the secrets of the King. And when he leaves me, he hides in the place of ordure, in foulness itself, and yet again in the vile place he waits for me to come and take him up and cleanse him as he cleansed me, so that each time we grow purer together." The wizard took Otter's arm and walked along with him. He said, smiling and confidential, "I am one who shits moonlight. You will not know another such. And more than that, more than that, the King enters into my seed. He is my semen. I am Turre and he is me..." of. If you had any of horn or bone, maybe? I'd

trade one of these little velvet caps here for.happened. Across the dull ceiling faint shadows began to move from front to rear, like paper.IN THE ORATORIU TO THE MEMORY OF RAPPER KERX POLITR. TERMINAL NEWS BULLETIN:.digging for the Red Mother, have you? Did you know the Red Mother before you came here? Are you a.Come home with me.".paned window looking out on the kitchen-gardens of the Great House - handsome, well-kept gardens,.The Changer and a thin, keen-faced old man standing beside him nodded in agreement. The Master.Terminal, pale against the black sky, still showed through the branches, then finally disappeared.. "I don't know exactly. But everyone is betrizated. At birth." "I don't know, my dear. I do want you to be safe. I do love to see your father happy and proud of.underfed dogs to keep interlopers off his land..violence. Everyone gets it "betrizated" out of them in childhood. And that's just the beginning. . ." "Double-hearted? You? You gave up wizardry because you knew that if you didn't, you'd betray it." "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.." "I think Irian of Way may have come to us seeking not only what she needs to know, but also what we need to know." The Doorkeeper's tone was equally sober, and his smile was gone. "I think this may be a matter for talk among the nine of us." .guests from Kembermouth or from neighboring domains, the herd of deer, the swans, and the fountain." "Another?" I asked, when she had finished hers. She smiled, shaking her head. On the.farther from them they saw her then, all of them, the great gold-mailed flanks, the spiked,.to occur in. A few miners were working at the end of a long level..cigarette from my pocket and lit it. She opened her eyes..wizard to teach you what you need. Of course you need what I can teach you. You need the names.." "Very well," said the Herbal, with his patient, troubled look; and he went aside a little, and.hanging loosely from the ceiling struck one another with the sound of sleigh bells, prismatic.Of late, entering always deeper into the mysteries of a certain lore-book brought back from the Isle of Way by one of Losen's raiders, Gelluk had become indifferent to most of the arts he had learned or had discovered for himself. The book convinced him that all of them were only shadows or hints of a greater mastery. As one true element controlled all substances, one true knowledge contained all others. Approaching ever closer to that mastery, he understood that the crafts of wizards were as crude and false as Losen's title and rule. When he was one with the true element, he would be the one true king. Alone among men he would speak the words of making and unmaking. He would have dragons for his dogs..curious promenade went on; in the dark passages, the headless silhouettes of women: the fluff.on deck every day and slept there on the warm nights. Ivory had not tried to coax her into the.up on deck. She was afraid of the water, she had told him. She could not swim; she said, "Drowning.He said nothing. In fact he was at a loss. If he had known it would be this easy, he could have.At that the Changer looked at him, and after pondering said soberly, "Doorkeeper, what have you in mind?".The eagle came, circling and screaming over the valley, the hillside, the willows by the stream. It circled, searching and searching, and flew back as it had come.." "You went in there, that hole, with the old wizard, didn't you? Did you find him?" "It was only a beast healer's manual," Crow admitted, when they were sailing on and he had calmed down. "Spavined," I saw, and something about ewes' udders. But the ignorance! the brute ignorance! To roof his house with it!" .though the Otter's House was still in sunlight. Kurremkarmerruk sat on the bench with his back.he must remember to control more strictly. Father and son, that's what he and Otter could be. He. "Shall we go?" he said to the cowboy, who set off at once with a wave to Gift and a snort from his little mare. The curer followed. The hinny had a smooth, long-legged walk, and her whiteness shone in the morning light. Gift thought it was like seeing a prince ride oft, like something out of a tale, the mounted figures that walked through bright mist across the vague dun of the winter fields, and faded into the light, and were gone.." "Written on?" said Crow, who had been sitting on the well coping, bored. "Marks on it?" .asked about boat-building, and he told her and showed her what he could. It was a peaceful.came cooler air. I turned. The stewardess was standing by the partition wall, not touching it with.words. "Weak as women's magic, wicked as women's magic," you think I don't know what they say? So, "What will you have us call you?".gift." .a lighter; for an instant I was seized by a blind rage; I set my jaw, narrowed my eyes, and, "Later? It varies. To some. . . you always give brit." .movement of my nostrils, my heart working slowly, pumping blood; lights flickered in the low." "What brit? Ah, the milk? What of it?" .He was grateful to see Kurremkarmerruk coming slowly down the bank of the Thwilburn from the north. The old man waded through the stream barefoot, holding his shoes in one hand and his tall staff in the other, snarling when he missed his footing on the rocks. He sat down on the near bank to dry his feet and put his shoes back on. "When I go back to the Tower," he said, "I'll ride. Hire a carter, buy a mule. I'm old, Azver." "One can do a heap of things," she said. "One can travel, actually or by moot. One can.talk about? he asked, and she answered, "What is to become of us." .ribbon up to her black braid. "And I wish I had something for you!" "Never fear," Diamond said, turned on his heel, and strode out. A string of dried sage caught on.All the people of the Archipelago and the Reaches share the Hardic language and culture with local variations. The Raft People of the far South West Reach retain the great annual celebrations, but little else of Archipelagan culture, having no commerce, no agriculture, and no knowledge of other peoples..seven or eight years before. Sava had been one of the women of the Hand on the isle of Ark. Though.appreciation. Living with the pirate king, he was sick of boasts and threats, of boasters and.knowledge. The patterns the shadows of their leaves make in the sunlight write the words Segoy.And it is no small honor to be invited by a wizard to be his student or apprentice. Hemlock, who." "Set a price?" he flashed out. Then he remembered who he was not, and spoke humbly. "No. I.sides; it resembled the hull of a peculiarly painted vessel lying on its side. This, visible through.seemed to be approaching living quarters of some kind, as the area took on the quality of a.of

her hair she seemed only to endure his touch, and he stopped. When he tried to embrace her she. "Listen, Nais. . . I think I'll go now. Really. It will be better that way." Otter passed the domed chamber of the roaster pit and its hurrying slaves, and climbed slowly up the circling, darkening, reeking stairs till he came to the topmost room. He had been walking almost asleep. The pallor of the werelight had faded, drowned in a fainter, vaster clarity. Sky and earth were all one grey, but before them and above them, very high, over a drift of cloud, the long ridge of the mountain glimmered red. . . and regular speaking and hearing of the classics keeps the archaic language meaningful (and toward me; they had to separate to let me through. I was buffeted. Without realizing it, I stepped. "Got you," the old man said, looking down at the muddy, lax body. He added, "Too late," Ellua. They stood, big, indifferent; sometimes one looked at him for a long time. Sometimes one. "Sit down," said Hemlock. After a moment Diamond took the stiff, high-backed chair facing him. They greeted him, and Azver took the word - "Come into the Grove, Master Windkey," he said, "and. "Where? Near here?" It took him six more days to get through the big herds in the eastern marshes. The last two days he spent riding out to scattered groups of cattle that had wandered up towards the feet of the mountain. Many of them were not infected yet, and he could protect them. The hinny carried him bareback and made the going easy. But there was nothing left for him to eat. When he rode back to the village he was light-headed and weak-kneed. He took a long time getting home from Alder's stable, where he left the hinny. Emer greeted him and scolded him and tried to make him eat, but he explained that he could not eat yet. "As I stayed there in the sickness, in the sick fields, I felt sick. After a while I'll be able to eat again," he explained. . . while others brought fresh logs and worked the bellows sleeves. From the apex of the dome a spiral. "And we're out of buttons," Tern said. He was cheerful; as soon as he had thought of Pody he knew he was going in the right direction. "Perhaps I can find some along the way," he said. "It's my gift, you know." . . pit, great heaps of gravel and clay. Turning his sore head made him dizzy. . . miserable men dispossessed of their living, driven by hunger to raid and rob. . . saw that his companion was in distress, and said, "I'll get you out of here. Fetch a carter from. . . and talked to her for a minute, saying something in her big, delicate ear and rubbing her topknot. . . nursery, until driven back into the west by Ged. But the marauding dragons of the Lay and the. "Don't be afraid," Gelluk said, his voice strong and musical over the panting gasp of the huge bellows and the steady roar of the fire. "Come, come see how he flies in the air, making himself pure, making his subjects pure!" He drew Otter to the edge of the roasting pit. His eyes shone in the flare and dazzle of the flames. "Evil spirits that work for the King become clean," he said, his lips close to Otter's ear. "As they slaver, the dross and stains flow out of them. Illness and impurities fester and run free from their sores. And then when they're burned clean at last they can fly up, fly up into the Courts of the King. Come along, come along, up into his tower, where the dark night brings forth the moon!" . . For there had been times when he felt that, as he had summoned her living, so dead she might summon him. The bond between them that had linked them and let her save him was not broken. Many times she had come into his dreams, standing silent as she stood when he first saw her in the reeking tower at Samory. And he had seen her, years ago, in the vision of the dying healer in Telio, in the twilight, beside the wall of stones. . . out looking scared and confused, followed by Dragonfly's loud, harsh voice - "Out of the house. . . The Patterner pushed four pebbles into a little curve on the sand and said, "I wish the. The wizard's eyes narrowed and his smile broadened. . . would have dragons for his dogs. . . "Why can't I give myself my own true name?" Dragonfly asked, while Rose washed the knife and her. Slavery was common to many of these states, and a stricter social caste system and gender. "Now, what is forbidden to the summoner, or any wizard, is to call a living spirit. We can call to. His father had named him Banner of War. He had come west, leaving all he knew behind him, and had. "They're men of the Hand, Dory, one short and pretty and one tall and proud, and they say they're. which the poem was first spoken. . . but though she hugged him she drew away again, frowning. . . "Are you hurt too?" . . rock hovered in the air, and when he flipped his fingers downward it fell to earth. . . butterfly in midair. He flicked a butterfly back at her, and the two flitted and flickered a. "What I have to do, you see," the old wizard said, still talking to Silence because it was a. "Look," she said, halting. "Medra, look. . . riddle song of which the last line has to do, maybe, with the man who was Medra, and Otter, and. Hemlock might have known then what he was up against; but having told the boy he would not be his master any longer, he could not in conscience command him. "You have a true gift, Essiri," he said, using the name he had given the boy in the springs of the Amia, a word that in the Old Speech means Willow. "I don't entirely understand it. I think you don't understand it at all. Take care! To misuse a gift, or to refuse to use it, may cause great loss, great harm. . . "Some old women down by the docks. An old sorcerer. His sister. . . understood. "A wizard can't have anything to do with women. With witches. With all that. . . Otter, sitting by the fire shelling walnuts, held still. Mead thanked the messenger and brought. Dulse knew no transformation that was irrevocable, no spell that could not be unsaid, except the Word of Unbinding, which is spoken only once. . . Next morning he picked a sprig of herb from the kitchen-garden of the inn and spelled it into the semblance of a fine staff, coppershod and his own height exactly. "What is the wood?" Dragonfly asked, fascinated, when she saw it, and when he answered with a laugh, "Rosemary," she laughed too. . . years: ten ivory counters carved with the Otter of Shelieth on one side and the Rune of Peace on. Hound meant well in sending the young man to Samory, but he did not understand the quality of. long, and on his breast lay the rune-ring broken.

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