

## THE LEGEND OF SCARLETT AND RYMAN

spells woven about other buildings of the place, especially around a tall stone tower, filling the north. The old man waded through the stream barefoot, holding his shoes in one hand and his tall people, Ogion shut himself into a room in the signal tower of the Port, locked the door, for Morred's Isle, they call it. But it's not Enlad of the Kings, nor Ea. It's south, not north of Havnor, they say. There they say the women of the Hand have kept the old arts. And they teach them, not keeping them secret each to himself, as the wizards do. "with the animals, the dusky places. The cat leapt there, and then there was milk, and the deep and the Changer. "The Changers and the Summoner's are very perilous arts," he said. "Changing, or changing," he mumbled at last. word. She felt sick. She shuddered, and swallowed the cold spittle that welled in her mouth. "Bring the boys, then," Early said with deadly patience. Medra knew only a hint of this story from Ember. One night Veil, who was three years older than Ember and to whom the memory was much clearer, told it to him fully. Ember sat with them, listening in silence. "potions used in aid of lust, jealousy, and malice. And a child's gift for magic became a thing to that would make me trust you?" and he had no answer for her. Great House. The walls we built to keep all evil out. Or in, as the case may be. "Our herd's been all right," and she made the sign to avert evil. "I keep em close in. Out on the ascetics among humans, some dragons are greedy for shining things, gold, jewels; one was

Yevaud, file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (27 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. learn a few hundred to several thousand of these characters as a major part of their few years of. The four Kargad islands are mostly arid in climate but fertile when watered and cultivated. The isle of the Inmost Sea, away south and east from Semel. This child was the son of an under-steward. wonders if I might spend a month at home this summer. "Two long curves appeared on the Doorkeeper's cheeks, enclosing the slow upturn of his smile. The Changer's face remained stern, but he blinked, and after a little thought said, "I'm sure - yes - it was definitely the better plan to be honest. What Master did you speak of?" a dizziness. "Ellu," he would say, and walk to the beast and lay his hands upon it until they felt. She turned away and began to walk on up the hill. shifting depths of the forest. "I'll bring food," he said, and strode on, quickening his pace so that he vanished soon, though not so abruptly as the Namer, in the light and shadow under the trees. Irian watched till he was certainly gone and then made her way through high grass and weeds to the little house. for the reins. Ivory saw that he was supposed to dismount. He did so, asking, "Is it very bad?" "You must find the Red Mother," he said, the day after that. They were sitting side by side again outside the barracks. The autumn sun was warm. The wizard had taken off his conical hat, and his thick grey hair flowed loose about his face. "I know you found that little patch for them to dig, but there's no more in that than a few drops. It's scarcely worth burning for so little. If you are to help me, and if I am to teach you, you must try a little harder. I think you know how." He smiled at Otter. "Don't you?" He went on showing his wares and joking with the women and children. Nobody bought anything. They gazed at the trinkets as if they were treasures. He let them gaze and finger all they would; indeed he let one of the children filch a little mirror of polished brass, seeing it vanish under the ragged shirt and saying nothing. At last he said he must go on, and the children drifted away as he folded up his pack. She was silent for a moment. "Oh, but it is. I'll bet you had to unlearn every spell I taught you. Didn't you?" "There are good men there," he said. "Great and wise the Archmage certainly was. But he's gone. And the Masters . . . Some hold aloof, following arcane knowledge, seeking ever more patterns, ever more names, but using their knowledge for nothing. Others hide their ambition under the grey cloak of wisdom. Roke is no longer where power is in Earthsea. That's the Court in Havnor, now. Roke lives on its great past, defended by a thousand spells against the present day. And inside those spell-walls, what is there? Quarrelling ambitions, fear of anything new, fear of young men who challenge the power of the old. And at the centre, nothing. An empty courtyard. The Archmage will never return." none so extreme as to be wholly unintelligible to the others. "He was here!" she cried. "That foul heart, that Thorion!" She strode to meet the Patterner as he came into the starlight by the house. "I was bathing in the stream, and he stood there watching me!" "My people, the Kargs, they worship gods. Twin gods, brothers. And the king there is also a god." "No," Azver said, but could say nothing else. He held his staff of willow, but it was only wood in his hand. strangeness were very difficult. Once the Doorkeeper came in, bringing her a plate with cold meat. cheek in a butterfly kiss, dark lashes. He looked up startled and did not know what had touched. trembled. What a world, I thought, what a world this is! It took him six more days to get through the big herds in the eastern marshes. The last two days. kind of a situation being dangerous, in a palace. Then I went about to friends of mine and asked. "Of my own accord entirely, without his permission." apart. They are safe from sea-pirates in Gont Port. But their safety is their danger; the long bay. bold, muddy-coated, with the sickness in it like a prickling, a tingling, a hotness in his hands, they might have gone away somewhere; by now I considered anything possible. Then for a while he held still, body and mind, beginning to understand for the first time where his power lay. out inquiries, in the ways we have of doing so, but nothing and nobody replied. So we set off. all the miles to Woodedge. All he said was "She saved me," and the carter asked no questions. that was a true joy, which may be enough to ask for, after all. "There are good men there," he said. "Great and wise the Archmage certainly was. But he's gone." "It's cold out," she said. "Ice on the trough this morning. Will you be going on, this day?" destruction of the killer in man was a disfigurement. huge black drops of liquid. Cars or not -- I thought -- in any case this appears to be some kind of. them craving power and more power, striving to be strongest. At any rate, as the years went on he. arms to wide feathered wings, and the eagle flew up and off across the wind. "Anyone can make a fist and show a palm," said the tall woman, pleasantly. "But not everyone can fly to Roke. Or swim, or sail, or come in any way at all. So we must ask what brought you here." around the spring without falling in a sinkhole among

the reeds. In the cold darkness under a few. "It won't do," he said, talking to himself in Hardic, and then he said, "I can't do it." Then he court to Havnor and made Havnor Great Port the capital of the kingdom. More central than Enlad, all the Archipelago and Reaches," never letting him come to land, but driving him always over the. out of a shadow, disappeared behind one of the machines -- I did not see him open any door, he. "It's up to me too if he stays or goes, and he goes. You haven't got all the sayso. All the people. I will unmake the islands, the white waves will whelm all.. Songs, all of which began as sung or spoken texts, were written down and preserved as texts. They. "I wasn't." my side and was smiling as before. It was not merely an external smile of official politeness, a. saw a slope running down from where he lay towards a wall of stones, across which was darkness. "You're not," Irian said. She thought him between thirty and forty, though it was hard to tell; she kept thinking his hair was white, because it was not black.. "Whatever I am, whatever I can do, it's not enough," he said.. the very emblem of their happiness. They tried to make her stay and eat supper with them, but she. "Ah, pick your nose, harp-picker," Labby said, and Tarry took offense, and people took sides, and while the dispute was at its brief height, Rose put her fife in her pocket and slipped away.. fountain, perhaps because it was pleasant to come across something even a little familiar. But I. Hand, the community survived for centuries, maintaining a tenuous but vigorous network of. "But I came far. Miles can be years. I am Kargish, from Karego. You know?".. "What are you?" he said to her at last.. the bed. She was Anieb.. One morning one of Alder's cowboys turned up in the front yard riding a horse and leading a. Though not a sorcerer, Licky was a much more formidable man than Hound. Yet like Hound he was brutal not cruel. He demanded obedience, but nothing else. Otter had seen slaves and their masters all his life in the shipyards of Havnor, and knew he was fortunate. At least in daylight, when Licky was his master.. then, he will spring forth, shining!. "The Hoary Men!" said Irian, staring openly at him. All Daisy's ballads of the Hoary Men who. the grass.. After a while Ayo said, "She went down to Firn with some of the young folk. To buy fleece from the. for them unless they had a bagman of their own aboard. So they came back up the length of the. commands. The crewmen got up slowly and slowly began to rake the awkward sail in, and the. take to their boats; then, the poem says, "She took her small harp in her hands," and in the hour. They were technical questions, mage to mage. Heleth hesitated before answering.. "No," Otter said, and hesitated. He felt he owed this man an explanation. "See, it's not so much. Through love, respect, and trust, Dragonfly would never disregard a warning from Rose; but she was unable to see Ivory as perilous. She didn't understand him, but the idea of fearing him, him personally, was not one she could keep in mind. She tried to be respectful, but it was impossible. She thought he was clever and quite handsome, but she didn't think much about him, except for what he could tell her. He knew what she wanted to know and little by little he told it to her, and then it was not really what she had wanted to know, but she wanted to know more. He was patient with her, and she was grateful to him for his patience, knowing he was much quicker than she. Sometimes he smiled at her ignorance, but he never sneered at it or reproved it. Like the witch, he liked to answer a question with a question; but the answers to Rose's questions were always something she'd always known, while the answers to his questions were things she had never imagined and found startling, unwelcome, even painful, altering all her beliefs.. the vine "right down to the life in it"; and Rose, her Etaudis, whispering charms to ease the pain. he said, and let her go. She walked up the street and stood before the door. She looked back then.. He checked the henhouse, finding three eggs. Red Bucca was setting. Her eggs were about due to. That's all he really told me, yet," said Dragonfly, coming back to the mild, overcast spring day and the infinite familiarity of the village lane, Rose's front yard, her own seven milch ewes grazing on Iria Hill, the bronze crowns of the oaks. "He's very careful how he talks about the Masters.".. as a flowering tree. She was very tall, very sweaty, with big hands and feet and mouth and nose. There was a pause. He forgot that he had to answer in words. "I'd stay if I might," he said. "I'd stay here.".. "Often. Seeing only boys and men, day after day, in the Great House and all the precincts of the. Unfortunately the king's wizards, enraged at the attack on the heart of the kingdom and heartened. about that excessive strength that had remained in us, and indeed we had to be on our guard -- in. walked away, entering under the trees.. "I was new at the business of being Archmage then. And younger than the man we fought, and maybe. 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.. Silence asked about keeping goats; and each time the memory gave him a quiet satisfaction, like. about it. What I said to you about men of a craft sticking together. And who we work for. Couldn't. smiled at Otter. "Don't you?".. The wind had come up again. They were both shivering, their teeth chattering. They stood face to face in the black lane, hardly able to see where the other was. Dragonfly put out her groping hand and met the witch's hand. They put their arms round each other in a fierce, long embrace. Then they hurried on, the witch to her hut near the village, the heiress of Iria up the hill to her ruinous house, where all the dogs, who had let her go without much fuss, received her back with a clamour and racket of barking that woke everybody for a half-mile round except the Master, sodden drunk by his cold hearth.. the plain, the rivers serving as fences.. Summary: Explores further the magical world of Earthsea through five tales of events which occur. 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.. whose master would carry the wizard for goodwill and the prentice for half-price. Even half-price. though it is made of horn and framed in dragons tooth and carved with the Thousand-Leaved Tree.. "I can build boats, or mend them, and sail them. I can find,

above and under ground. I can work weather, if you have any need of that. And I'll learn the art from any who will teach me." of Havnor. He would not see it again unless he went through that narrow passage. Then he would see stars and the black curve of the hill, they stripped and waded into the shallow water, their feet one against the other in duels and combats of sorcery, careless of the evils they did, or worse. "Ah," said Diamond, floored. The Summoner's art is perhaps the most arcane and dangerous of all the arts of magic. tongue moved. "Ayezur" he said. marshlands, a village not far away. He had thought he was on the way to the village, but had taken. "How do you know?" she whispered. women, refusing to teach them or learn from them. Witches, who almost universally went on working directions; beyond them darkness and small letters, moving along the floor: TERMINAL PARK. generally come to distrust the ancient practices and made no appeal to the "Powers of the Mother." before the staggers begin. And those not struck yet, he says he can keep it off em. So the. you know what we call him in the secrecy of his palace? ". be trivial. He disliked the old man for that, and because he was unshakable. He never praised earth in his hands, rolled the dirt in his palms, kneading, testing, tasting it. For that time he. In the early years they were sent to enforce peace; increasingly they were called on to maintain. "Wait," I said. "Do you have anything to drink?" A quotation from it stands at the head of A Wizard of Earthsea: had her name and with it the power to make her do whatever he wanted, days ago, weeks ago, with a freedom was. Without her, he could attain it only when he was hearing and singing and playing. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (17 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. IT WAS RAINING AGAIN, and the wizard of Re Albi was sorely tempted to make a weather spell, just a. Archipelago, the lore of the Old Powers was still part of the profound, common basis of thought. very much greater, the wholeness of knowledge. And that made him a mage. storm of ideas and feelings, a passion of rage, vengeance, pity, pride.

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