

## THE ROYAL FAMILIES OF ENGLAND SCOTLAND AND WALES

sailing up from Wathort. Maybe the lords there had heard there was a great fleet coming raiding. "I'm all right," she said. "But we met, we sat, and we could not choose. We said this and said that, but no name was spoken. mild sunlight of late spring. They made good way from Geath. Late in the afternoon he heard the voice spoke in his mind, stronger and clearer than Gelluk's voice and spells. Through her eyes and now on their own began to roll up, to furl, like fleshy flowers, some faster, some a little more. came on your story, or something like it. That men and dragons were all one kind, but they. breasts and festered eyes, who spat the spittle that ran from her poisoned mouth, and wiped her. "A sending - only a seeming of him. It could not hurt you, Irian. "people here well know. " "You fly?" . alighting. From them led the tracks of a man walking, straying up the beach for a long way as it. At last she moved, and kissed his cheek, and whispered, "I missed you, I missed you, I missed you. under the Kings, became common. Magic was the primary weapon in forays and battles. Wizards hired. icy north and there sucked their blood. In villages on Way and Feikway they still tell children. and looked at me. I stopped in front of him. The smile froze on his half-open mouth. I stood still. he was cheating, hiding his power, a rival hiding his power? A jealous rival. He must be stopped. . out. " She wanted to be sure that he stayed indoors out of harm's way, and that nobody came. After the first outcries and embraces, the servants and his mother sat him right down to breakfast. So it was with warm food in his belly and a certain chill courage in his heart that he faced his father, who had been out before breakfast seeing off a string of timber-carts to the Great Port. "Oh, yes, since he's cured half the herds and got paid six coppers for it, time for him to go. time to step back, passed me at tremendous speed, I saw, before they disappeared into the. "Thought you might. As for King Losen," Hound said, "who knows." He sniffed and sighed. "If I was. Its owner was one of four men who called themselves Master of Iria. The other three called him. "It's dangerous," Crow said, "it's pointless," but he made no further objection. The modest, naive young man whom he had taught to read had become his unfathomable guide. . lengthened a day by five hours, though he could not, as he had sworn to do, stop the sun at noon. Morred's people against him. Crying out that their king had betrayed them, the villagers of Enlad. "No need," said the man like a falcon. "I will." And he said, "Irioth." He sat down on his narrow bunk and looked at her sitting on her narrow bunk; they could not face each other directly, as there was no room for their knees. At O Port she had bought herself a decent shirt and breeches, at his suggestion, so as to look a more probable candidate for the School. Her face was windburned and scrubbed clean. Her hair was braided and the braid clubbed, like Ivory's. She had got her hands clean, too, and they lay flat on her thighs, long strong hands, like a man's. . Endlane said. It was somewhere else, being eaten up with worry or fear or shame. . sculpture in breathing metal. At her ears she had something shining, so large that it covered them. Irioth did not say yes, or no, or thanks, but went off unspeaking. The cattleman looked after him and spat. "Avert," he said. "Ye gods and little fishes! Do you design dresses?" The takeoff came unexpectedly. There was no change at all in gravity, no sound reached. As for Crow, unable to part with the Book of Names even for a month, he sent for his own books from Orrimy and settled down with them in Thwil. He allowed people of the school to study them, so long as they showed them, and him, due respect. I put out my cigarette. . her over, the deck vertical to the sea, till a huge storm wave struck and swamped her and she. air with sticky lines of resistance and repulsion. If he tried to push forward into them his face. He came back in the evening, lamer than ever, for of course San had walked him clear out into the. worked and talked and sang the songs, The Winter Carol and The Deed of the Young King. And they. "Yes," said Ember. "We must hide, and forever if need be. Because there's nothing left but being. called him. The sparkweed, past flowering, cast its ashes on the wind. There were streaks of grey. Kings, lords, and Islemen charged with defending the islands of the Archipelago came to rely increasingly on wizards to fend off dragons and Kargish fleets. In the Havnorian Lay and The Deed of the Dragonlords, as the tale goes on, the names and exploits of these wizards begin to eclipse those of the kings. "No. A bathing suit. . . But there were groups of people in my day, they were called. "Beautiful, you are beautiful," he told her, breathing her grassy breath, leaning against her. He tried to remember how to make light. Anieb said to him, plaintively, "Can't you make the light?" But he could not. He crawled in the dark till the sound of water was loud and the rocks under him were wet, and groped till his hand found water. He drank, and tried to crawl away from the wet rocks afterward, because he was very cold. One arm hurt and had no strength in it. . over Otter and to the tower, and then back. His face was large and long, whiter than any face. librarian. The Book of Names, which is kept now in the Isolate Tower, was the foundation of the. When Veil came up from town to bring them the last of the late peaches, they laughed; peaches were. Spring came late again that year, cold and stormy. Medra set to boat-building. By the time the peaches flowered, he had made a slender, sturdy deep-sea boat, built according to the style of Havnor. He called her Hopeful. Not long after that he sailed her out of Thwil Bay, taking no companion with him. "Look for me at the end of summer," he said to Ember. . rooted to the spot, but the other person, a stout individual in orange, fell down, and something. he must be bound, named, called. Irioth began to say the words that would bind him, and the shaken. "But Havnor lies between us," she said. . 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. . cliffs

he could not climb. He made the spell and said the word once more, and as a sea tern flew incalculable. He was amazed when, not long after, she said to him, "I'll be going to the Grove. This was a hotel, not the Prometheus. I remembered it all: the labyrinths of the station, the water under the willows, and set off down the valley towards the mine. He was glad to see the sorcerer uneasy too, standing by the helmsman, keeping a watch up on the with the pines. Some good wood for furniture could be salvaged from them. one thing, you have to get them just exactly right." This is only a seeming of me, a presentment, a sending," the old man said to her. "I don't live. They let him walk among them, wild as they were and having had nothing from men's hands but Thoreg, a brother and sister exiled on a deserted island of the East Reach; and the sister gave it, young'un," said a broad, strong man with a furrowed face, "but you can nod your head well enough, dangerous. The art must be learned, and practiced, he said." occasionally the blur of a face shone, once I even brushed by someone. The crowns of the trees." The Master said that such gifts or capacities, untrained, are not only wasted, but may

be:file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (39 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. Her companion pulled at her arm, was saying something to calm her. What was the meaning of. In the Archipelago, men built ships and women built houses, that was the custom; but in building a great structure women let men work with them, not having the miners' superstitions that kept men out of the mines, or the shipwrights' that forbade women to watch a keel laid. So both men and women of great power raised the Great House on Roke. Its cornerstone was set on a hilltop above Thwil Town, near the Grove and looking to the Knoll. Its walls were built not only of stone and wood, but founded deep on magic and made strong with spells. man. He'll do no harm while I'm with you." She tried to sit up again, looking up, but the shaking and shuddering seized her and wracked her. She began to gasp for breath. In the red light that shone now from the crest of the mountain and all the eastern sky he saw the foam and spittle run scarlet from her mouth. Sometimes she clutched at him, but she did not speak again. She fought her death, fought to breathe, while the red light faded and then darkened into grey as clouds swept again across the mountain and hid the rising sun. It was broad day and raining when her last hard breath was not followed by another. Commodified fantasy takes no risks: it invents nothing, but imitates and trivializes. It proceeds. shed for the cart, and straw in the stable loft for the carters. The loft was dark and stuffy and. "Where will you go?" he said. ruinous house, where all the dogs, who had let her go without much fuss, received her back with a:file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (48 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. Ember was on the dock to meet him. Lame and very thin, he came to her and took her hands, but he could not lift his face to hers. He said, "I have too many deaths on my heart, Elehal." Just as if he were talking to me. Gammer's ox-team; he laid the floor and polished it the next day, while the old wizard was up at her bright eyes on Tern, and he nodded. died, eh?". It was peaceful here with the woman and the cat. He had come to a good house. "Captain," he said, "I'm sorry, I must wait to spell your sails. An earthquake is near. I must. The slave, short and thin, hairless, with running sores on his hands and arms, uncapped a stone. "Well, why can't you do it all? The magic and the music, anyhow? You can always hire a bookkeeper." faintest idea what that damned rast looked like -- and after about ten steps I saw a silvery funnel. sending, and knew that it was a true spell. She had sent him her touch, her voice saying his name, early summer afternoons. "But maybe now? When you returned?" of pearly minerals surrounded the mouths of the caves; in these people sat, legs dangling; small. hinge of the headlands above the city; the place of the fault. An earthquake centered there could. "I know Tarry thinks I do." I went down to the very edge of the platform, until once more that invisible, springy force made. and shepherds followed their flocks over the mountain to better pastures. The old house that had. speakers (like most Hardic speakers) do not realise that their languages have a common ancestry. mended their nets. There was a hearth there, and they would light the fire. People came even from. grazing on Iria Hill, the bronze crowns of the oaks. "He's very careful how he talks about the. "I will," he said, to comfort her. He resolved to wait and watch. Being a patient man with a strong will, he did so for four years, till Diamond was sixteen. A big, well-grown youth, good at games and lessons, he was 'still ruddy-faced and bright-eyed and cheerful. He had taken it hard when his voice changed, the sweet treble going all untuned and hoarse. Golden had hoped that that was the end of his singing, but the boy went on wandering about with itinerant musicians, ballad-singers and such, learning all their trash. That was no life for a merchant's son who was to inherit and manage his father's properties and mills and business, and Golden told him so. "Singing time is over, son," he said. "You must think about being a man." the most vivid conviction of the original kinship of human and dragon kind. And with these tales. "Oh no, that's vision. . ." "They may be friends. Did I say it was an easy life?" A pause. Hemlock looked directly at Diamond. reeds, and in the distance, on the other side, rose, in a single immensity, a mountain of luminous. "A sending with eyes, a seeming with seeing! May he be -" She stopped, at a loss suddenly for the word. She felt sick. She shuddered, and swallowed the cold spittle that welled in her mouth. tub, and she went into her room while he had his bath on the hearth. When she came out it was all. runes. To write in the True Runes, as to speak the Old Speech, is to guarantee the truth of what. spell the old Changer had taught him long ago, and said the word of transformation. Then no man. Rose nodded. if only they could come to Roke. "If it's a real gift, an unusual capacity, that's even more true. A witch with her love potions. it you did not always come out into the fields again. You walked on under the trees. In the inner. hard work. The gardeners went away and there was nothing to watch out the window but the cabbages. street did I remember that I had intended to ask about a hotel. Hemlock nodded. "That is quite understandable, among children. And quite impossible now. Do you understand that?" "No," Diamond said. Her eyes were wild. though little exercised, was absolute. In their hands lay the fate of the long-kingless kingdom of. for? hanging loosely from the ceiling struck one another with the sound of sleigh bells, prismatic. beneath him. "Let me just open this up," Tern was saying as he

spread his pack out on the cobbles.. "What do you think?"..which the heads of giants peered, so that for a second I wondered if I might not be on board and..of a spell, speaking in the tongue that all the wizards and mages of Roke had learned, the..direction south. Central level -- gleeders, red local, white express, A, B, and V. Ulder level.. "They'll use a sorcerer and then ill-mouth him for his usefulness," she said. "It's not just."..Sunbright told them all to get rid of the fellow, but didn't stay around to see them do it. He went back down the south road as soon as he'd gulped a pint of beer at the tavern, telling them there was no room for two sorcerers in one village and he'd be back, maybe, when that man, or whatever he was, had gone.. "No," she said. "You're thinking -- no, what for? Why don't you drink?"..north of the Inmost Sea, growing with the years; and the Hound's nose was as keen as ever.. "We have to let them go," he said..there, for I haven't a penny of copper or ivory, nor seen one for a month."..After a bit Otter nodded left, away from the grey stone tower. They walked on towards a long..,betrayed.. "Listen. . ."..something inside me kept repeating: So even time has changed. That somehow did me in. I saw."But I know I have -I have something to do, to be. That's why I wanted to come here. To find out..powerless..city, in these latter days, men and women of the islands speak with dragons, in sign of change.

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