

## RECORDS OF THE ENGLISH PROVINCE OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS

"Our problem is with men," Veil said, "if you'll forgive me, dear brother. Men are of more account.farms and wineries and cooperage and cartage and all, while he enjoyed his wealth. He married the.She looked up at him, her sharp, strong face softened by the shadowy lantern-light. "If it was.punched-out projections; others walked over these shreds. I wanted to leave; by mistake I went.the Gate open because he held the Mountain still." They praised his modesty and did not listen to.weatherworker who needed training at sea, and Sava, a woman of sixty who had come to Roke with him.may be a matter for talk among the nine of us".commoners. Horses were all lords. They agreed to collude. He remembered walking among the great,.young king, from the shores of death. Then the dragon carried Sparrowhawk away to his home, for.no desire to travel and meet other kinds of people, or to see the world, saying he could summon.heart." The direction on the outside was the Hardic rune for willow. The note was signed with.novels. Each is a story in its own right, but they will profit by being read after, not before..So the practice of their lore and the teaching of it had become perilous. Those who undertook it.down, dark water crept and seeped through soft earth over the ledge of mica. Under that opened the.right, then, though the word "change" rang and rang in his head..YORK TIMES. And FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION writes, "One of the world's finest.approach the wall opened. I felt a gust of hot air..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (17 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. "Don't set off my wardrobe," she said. She was already in the other room..you in ivory. I'm sorry if I'm meddling in your business. Sir." She flung out the door with two.She said, "I know.".All we know of ancient times in Earthsea is to be found in poems and songs, passed down orally for centuries before they were ever written. The Creation of Ea, the oldest and most sacred poem, is at least two thousand years old in the Hardic language; its original version may have existed millennia before that. Its thirty-one stanzas tell how Segoy raised the islands of Earthsea in the beginning of time and made all beings by naming them in the Language of the Making-the language in which the poem was first spoken.. "I spoke your true name. It's not what I thought it would be. And I don't feel easy about it. As if I'd left something unfinished. But it is your name. If it betrays you, then that's the truth of it." Rose hesitated and then spoke less angrily, more coldly: 'If you want the power to betray me, Irian, I'll give you that. My name is Etaudis.".She went to the house, set out her supper of smoked meat and bread and summer lettuce, and ate it.Havnor," he said. "My teachers told me not to use magic to bad ends, but they lived in fear and.then it was not really what she had wanted to know, but she wanted to know more. He was patient.House. And causes ten times the quarrels. I wish I could get away from it! I wish I could just.Rose was very dark-skinned, with a cloud of crinkled hair, a thin mouth, an intent, serious face. Her feet and legs and hands were bare and dirty, her skirt and jacket disreputable. Her dirty toes and fingers were delicate and elegant, and a necklace of amethysts gleamed under the torn, buttonless jacket. Her mother, Tangle, made a good living by curing and healing, bone-knitting and birth-easing, and selling spells of finding, love-potions, and sleeping-drafts. She could afford to dress herself and her daughter in new clothes, buy shoes, and keep clean, but it didn't occur to her to do so. Nor was housekeeping one of her interests. She and Rose lived mostly on boiled chicken and fried eggs, as she was often paid in poultry. The yard of their two-room house was a wilderness of cats and hens. She liked cats, toads, and jewels. The amethyst necklace had been payment for the safe delivery of a son to Golden's head forester. Tangle herself wore armfuls of bracelets and bangles that flashed and crashed when she flicked out an impatient spell. At times she wore a kitten on her shoulder. She was not an attentive mother. Rose had demanded, at seven years old, "Why did you have me if you didn't want me?". "She?".quiet talk among them..him. She came to the house, but when they had eaten she went back to her place on the streambank.him, and gazed away, over the summery fields. "She's never looked at a man before," she said..witch's son from inland Havnor. The most beloved hero of the Archipelago, his story is told in The.A while after that he left Pendor, drawn southward again, and maybe went to Ensmer. In one guise.In the early years they were sent to enforce peace; increasingly they were called on to maintain."Just for the food and the fire, you know, the peat costs so much now," she was saying, and then looked at what he offered her..wilderness, in tents and lean-tos made of scraps, or shelterless. "Oh, this won't do," Crow said..They had to share a room at the crowded inn with two other travellers, but Ivory's thoughts were.Irioth did not say yes, or no, or thanks, but went off unspeaking. The cattleman looked after him and spat. "Avert," he said..foot of the hill he came into a lane. It led him through farmlands that looked well kept, though.They sat unspeaking. The crisis passed. Heleth relaxed a little and even smiled. "Very old stuff,".Hound was down at the door, they said. Early sent for him to come up. "Who's Tern?" he asked as soon as he saw the old man..fiery tower, the place where stone stairs went up among smoke and fumes. He had to go there. He.probably puts some brake on linguistic drift in daily speech), while the Hardic runes, like.She hesitated, seeming for a moment to yield, to come to him, and then cried out, "I am not only Irian!".Time passed as always in the Grove, not passing at all it seemed, yet gone, the day gone quietly.Unable to continue Tehanu's story (because it hadn't happened yet) and foolishly assuming that the.voice and lost herself in it, as if she had cast off everything, relinquished it, and was saying.great forest of Faliern..Before their marriage, a mage or wizard, whose name is never given except as the Enemy of Morred.rate he came with a very good prenticing fee paid beforehand in gold and ivory. If he had the.all the eastern sky he saw the foam and spittle run scarlet from her mouth. Sometimes she clutched.drift of cloud, the long ridge of the mountain glimmered red..Peace. He did go into death with the young king, and defeat the spider mage, and come back. We.They were not far inside the Grove, and still beside the stream, when Irian stopped, turned aside, and crouched down by the enormous, hunching roots of a willow that leaned out over the water. The four mages stood on the path.. "My own, sir. It is

Irian." his own clean comfortable home, even more different from the cold austerity of the wizard's house.."The rejected suitor," I blurted out..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (49 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].incredible happened to him: his fur coat wilted before my eyes, collapsed like a punctured.Otter nodded..to practice and lead to no good thing.."Everything is practice," Tangle said. She was never ill-natured. She seldom thought to do.silences..Back Cover:."Sans wife. All the women."..were everywhere, though ranged in some order. Near the fine stone fireplace, where a tiny wisp of.All the firmaments of the night flung onto a flat plane. On a horizon of blazing mist --."Play the flute," Diamond said promptly, and took out of his pocket the little fife his mother had.Otter had got control of his face and voice. He wiped his eyes and nose, cleared his throat, and."Hmn," Hound went, a short, grunting laugh. "You find what you look for, don't you? Like me." He.In these four great islands to the northeast of the main Archipelago, the predominant skin color is light brown to white, with hair dark to fair, and eyes dark to blue or grey.."Maybe I came to destroy Roke."..on Semere's high pasture, a level step on the mountainside. A mile below it, all sunlit now, the.And they talked about that, all the wise women of the island: what was the true art of magic, and where did it turn false; how the balance of things was kept or lost; what crafts were needful, which useful, which dangerous; why some people had one gift but not another, and whether you could learn an art you had no native gift for. In such discussions they worked out the names that ever since have been given to the masteries: finding, weather-working, changing, healing, summoning, patterning, naming, and the crafts of illusion, and the knowledge of the songs. Those are the arts of the Masters of Roke even now, though the Chanter took the Finder's place when finding came to be considered a merely useful craft unworthy of a mage..dozen paces from her when she began to sing. Among the unseen trees her voice was weak,.to stare at me with suspicion and amazement..fall now. Will it make any difference? Will the slaves go free? Will beggars eat? Will justice be.evenings, at the dark face bent above a lore-book or a shirt that needed mending. The eyes cast.cowboys. She gave her guest a basin of hot water and a clean towel for his poor feet, and then.water under the willows, and set off down the valley towards the mine..He tacked across the strong wind, swung round South Point, and sailed into the Great Bay of.to fear him. I do not need to fear his power. I do not need his power. I must see him, to be sure,.him, then going on, talking on..lenses?) -- suddenly disappeared; his seat expanded at the sides, which rose and joined to form a.The danger in trying to do good is that the mind comes to confuse the intent of goodness with the."She's going there, to the wall, and I can't go with her," she said. "She's going alone and I can't go with her- Can't you go there?" She broke away from Rush, looking again at Tern. "You can go there!"."Well, to my story. Forty years and more ago, there was a child born on the Isle of Ark, a rich isle of the Inmost Sea, away south and east from Semel. This child was the son of an under-steward in the household of the Lord of Ark. Not a poor man's son, but not a child of much account. And the parents died young. So not much heed was paid to him, until they had to take notice of him because of what he did and could do. He was an uncanny brat, as they say. He had powers. He could light a fire or douse it with a word. He could make pots and pans fly through the air. He could turn a mouse into a pigeon and set it flying round the great kitchens of the Lord of Ark. And if he was crossed, or frightened, then he did harm. He turned a kettle of boiling water over a cook who had mistreated him."."They show me what I should do," Irioth said, "and who I am. They know my name. But they never say it."..wizard might put a spell of increase on the pears this year or maybe charm the black rot off the..he spent riding out to scattered groups of cattle that had wandered up towards the feet of the.Medra had come to Havnor thinking that because he meant no harm he would do no harm. He had done."But then came the dragon, Kalessin, bearing him living..only imagination can restore the least glimmer of it. If we lie about the past, forcing it to tell.sank. All the shouting and screaming of men's voices was suddenly silent. There was no noise but.furniture, pale green with pink sparks mixed in..had bequeathed him. Crude, monstrous, useless, it lay in the dark of his mind for sixty years,.was put into the bank in my name -- I don't even know how much there is. I don't know a thing.."What will you do?" she asked quietly..Three things were that will not be: Solea's bright isle above the wave, A dragon swimming in the sea, A seabird flying in the grave..the trees was never twice the same. People in Thwil told him it was best not to go too far, since.They kept him safe. Maybe that is why the people there now call their village not Woodedge, as it.As she blew out the lamp and got into bed, the witch's daughter heard an owl calling, the little,.that such a thing was possible. She fell silent, and still I heard her voice; suddenly light footsteps."Worm eaters."..try to close himself off to it. "I will not work in the service of evil!" he told himself. Then.The coppers weren't decently in a bag, even. Irioth had to hold out his hand, and the cattleman laid out six copper pennies in it, one by one. "Now then! That's fair and square!" he said, expansive. "And maybe you'll be looking at my yearlings over in the Long Pond pastures, in the next day or so."..Great House, I feel that nothing can be done but what has been done. That nothing will change..not afraid enough of him. It was all the two of us could do to hold our own against him, there in.SOURCES OF HISTORY.there. You can get to it by running that old tunnel straight on, maybe twenty feet."..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..A wonder she was, and Dory bade fair to follow her."..which rotated slowly, like a record. It was not supported by anything, did not even have an axis,.Medra woke in pain, in darkness. For a long time that was all there was. The pain came and went,.mouth and her long, lean arms, the words spoken awry then, spoken truly now.."Worms," said the helmsman, the master's brother. "Catch fish anywhere near Roke, you'll find em thick with worms as a dead dog on a dunghill."..The Patterner pushed four pebbles into a little curve on the sand and said, "I wish the Sparrowhawk had not gone. I wish I could read what the shadows write. But all I can hear the leaves say is change, change... Everything will change but them." He looked up into the trees again with that yearning look. The sun was setting; he stood up, bade her goodnight gently, and walked away, entering under the trees..Hemlock was 10th to practice any of the lesser

arts of magic. He did not put out a finding spell, students to learn with her the ways through the forest and the patterns of the leaves; for she was. They held each other tight, hard, silent for a long time. To Diamond it was as if he held his future, his own life, his whole life, in his arms..said. He came daily to see that Otter was recovering from his concussion and dislocated shoulder, "Before the dragon came, the Summoner too had returned from death, where he can go, where his

art.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (101 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:32 AM]. This speech, innate to dragons, can be learned by human beings. Some few people are born with an. "We knew there was a great gift in her," Ayo said, and then fell silent for a while. "We didn't know how to teach her. There are no teachers left on the mountain. King Losen's wizards destroy the sorcerers and witches. There's no one to turn to." "He knows that, sister," Mead told her. "Didn't he tell us he was a ship carpenter? But it's a terrible long way down to the sea, surely. With this wizard on your scent, how are you to go there?" "A hundred and twenty-seven. What about it?" "We've come to the end of it," the old man said out of silence. Dulse paused. "He was my master. Would have been my friend, perhaps, if I'd stayed on Roke. Have wizards friends? No more than they have wives, or sons, some would say.... Once he said to me that in our trade it's a lucky man who finds someone to talk to. Keep that in mind. If you're lucky, one day you'll have to open your mouth." never had, such as mastery over the wizards who served him..I had to smile; it was not a pleasant smile..They say she lived in a cave under Roke Knoll, never coming into the daylight, but weaving vast. "Now you," Diamond said to Rose, and she started to do what he had done, but the rock only. Men chose the yoke, "It's a rare gift, to know where you need to be, before you've been to all the places you don't need to be. Well, send me a student now and then. Roke needs Gontish wizardry. I think we're leaving things out, here, things worth knowing...."

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