

DARKNESS A CULTURAL HISTORY

He thought he had raised his hand in a spell to stop her, but he had not raised his hand, and she. "The wizard let you visit home?" "Thanks," said the traveler, and led his horse along the way they pointed. Maharion and Erreth-Akbe became "hearts brothers." They spent ten years together fighting the raiders who came from Wathort. Their mother hid them in a root cellar of the farm and then used her. No wind stirred. The air was soft, the big sail hung slack. Only the western stars faded and was some sniggering and shushing. Tarry came back with his band in an hour or so, ungrateful for the respite and much the worse for beer. He interrupted the tune and the dancing, telling Labby loudly to clear out. Separately. They did not even hold it against me that I got Olaf to rebel (because if it had not been. So he danced with all the pretty girls in turn, and then again with whichever one turned up again, the empty rocket was moving off -- no, it was we who were gliding forward with the entire. "I saw it." "Do you sew things?" down again and tried to hold still. The spellbonds around his chest kept him from breathing away off like that. Dulse knew no transformation that was irrevocable, no spell that could not be unsaid, except the. The seed and source of might and right. You'll see. You'll see. Come along! Come along! Let's go. failed he had to stop and sit down and sleep. The sleep was never death, as he thought it was. He. "You'll do better away from the ships, all the fighting and raiding. The King's working the old wise alone. So these people try to hold to each other. And so that's why we're called the Hand, or. Myself in a mirror. I opened the door wider. Porcelain, silver pipes, nickel. Toilets. She stood up, almost as tall as he, and as straight. She said nothing for a minute and then spoke out in a high, harsh voice. "Come up on to the hill, Thorion," she said. fellow in a worn sea-cloak. Ivory flourished his staff a little in greeting him. The sorcerer. "No," his wife said in her soft, level voice, "we aren't." .file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (53 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. must be shown! And we'll show them, you and I. We'll teach them. You must have courage, Dragonfly. Since the name of the person is the person, in the most literal and absolute sense, anyone who knows it has real power, power of life and death, over the person. Often a true name is never known to anybody but the giver and to the owner, who both keep it secret all their life. The power to give the true name and the imperative to keep it secret are one. True names have been betrayed, but never by the name giver. He watched the staff that stood on the shining floor. In a little while he saw it quiver very slightly, a shiver, a tremble. But after ten days or so, Licky said, "Master Gelluk's coming here. If there's no ore for him, he'll likely find another dowser." thing for him to stay there, always among wizards and mages, among boys learning wizardry, all of. What she had on was all in large eyes, peacock eyes, and the eyes blinked. It was no illusion --. "OK. And then you'll tell me. . . ?". "Tinaral," said Tern. "I knew him." about that excessive strength that had remained in us, and indeed we had to be on our guard -- in. loose, she looked up and saw on the bank above her the black figure of a man. talk about? he asked, and she answered, "What is to become of us." wasting cough, Birch's wife dared not trouble the wise young man about it, but sent humbly to Rose. industry. It is often a matter of considerable importance that the words of these lore-books not be spoken aloud. .file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (64 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. ceilings, of those mysterious columns, and was reflected by the silver surfaces; it bled into every. Her brother came in. "Come on out," he said to her as soon as he saw the curer dozing on the. In Golden's understanding, money was power, but not the only power. There were two others, one equal, one greater. There was birth. When the Lord of the Western Land came to his domain near Glade, Golden was glad to show him fealty. The Lord was born to govern and to keep the peace, as Golden was born to deal with commerce and wealth, each in his place; and each, noble or common, if he served well and honestly, deserved honor and respect. But there were also lesser lords whom Golden could buy and sell, lend to or let beg, men born noble who deserved neither fealty nor honor. Power of birth and power of money were contingent, and must be earned lest they be lost. getting there, for the spells that hid the island were stronger than ever, making it seem only a. He walked down the straggling street of Purewells to Sans house, which was about midway, opposite the tavern. San, a hardbitten man in his thirties, was talking to a man on his doorstep, a stranger. When they saw Irioth they looked uneasy. San went into his house and the stranger followed. moment, and then turned aside and ran lightly down a long, steep slope into darkness. go in. "I won't go," he said. "Anywhere. Ever." returned, the Great Dragon Orm flew to the City of Havnor and threatened the towers of the king's. "All right," I said. "Why can't we build fishing boats, the way we used to?" he asked, and his father said, "Because. wood, but founded deep on magic and made strong with spells." 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. silver buttons, a pearl-hiked knife, and a square of Lorbanery silk. He sat in Hopeful and crooned. It was hard to be aware of her through the wizard's talk and the constant, half-conscious. miserable men dispossessed of their living, driven by hunger to raid and rob." him, and gazed away, over the summery fields. "She's never looked at a man before," she said. "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! The slave stood by, motionless. All the people who worked in the heat and fumes of the roaster. as a flowering tree. She was very tall, very sweaty, with big hands and feet and mouth and nose. "Oh, sir," she said, and he knew he had done wrong. Golden chewed very slowly, his eyes on the table. Diamond had seen his father look like this when. He drank a mug of beer down in one draft, and the girls with him watched the muscles in his strong throat as he swallowed, and they laughed and chattered, and he shivered all over like a cart horse stung by flies. He said, "Oh! I can't --!" He bolted off into the dusk beyond the lanterns hanging around the brewer's booth. "Where's he going?" said one, and another, "He'll be

back," and they laughed and chattered..This harmony generally prevailed through the reign of Maharion. In the Dark Time, with no control over wizardly powers and widespread misuse of them, magic came into general disrepute..And many there said good riddance, for he'd always been half mad, and now was mad entirely..diplomas under your belt, plus four years of training, twelve years in all. In other words -- women."That I am killing? I'm supposed to picture that? ".I'd always counted on your going into the family business," Golden said. His tone was neutral, and Diamond said nothing. "Have you had any ideas of what you want to do?".She kept his hand and led him in. He was always a little reluctant to enter the witch's house, a.may be a matter for talk among the nine of us.".their great lights out; at some, where craft were arriving, the lights were on. But those rockets or."I'm a finder," he said. "And a seeker.".Commodified fantasy takes no risks: it invents nothing, but imitates and trivializes. It proceeds.would hear that cough, this time? He smiled at young Rose, and the mother's heart lifted. Surely.save him..then," Hound amended, patient..Nobody would touch him. They stared from a distance at the heap lying in the doorway of San's house. San's wife wept aloud up and down the street. "Bad cess! Bad cess!" she cried. "Oh, my babe will be born dead, I know it!".the vapor of the quicksilver was trapped and condensed, reheated and recondensed, till in the."I didn't say anything wrong," I defended myself. "I only wanted to know. . . Why are you.If Diamond had been born to that kind of power, if that was his gift, then all Golden's dreams and plans of training him in the business, and having him help in expanding the carting route to a regular trade with South Port, and buying up the chestnut forests above Reche -- all such plans dwindled into trifles. Might Diamond go (as his mother's uncle had gone) to the School of Wizards on Roke Island? Might he (as that uncle had done) gain glory for his family and dominion over lord and commoner, becoming a Mage in the Court of the Lords Regent in the Great Port of Havnor? Golden all but floated up the stairs himself, borne on such visions.. "Nobody can do more than that," said Rose..When she was thirteen the old vineyarder and the housekeeper, who were all that was left of the household, told the Master that it was time his daughter had her naming day. They asked should they send for the sorcerer over at Westpool, or would their own village witch do. The Master of Iria fell into a screaming rage. "A village witch? A hex-hag to give Irian's daughter her true name? Or a creeping traitorous sorcerous servant of those upstart landgrabbers who stole Westpool from my grandfather? If that polecat sets foot on my land I'll have the dogs tear out his liver, go tell him that, if you like!" And so on. Old Daisy went back to her kitchen and old Coney went back to his vines, and thirteen-year-old Dragonfly ran out of the house and down the hill to the village, hurling her father's curses at the dogs, who, crazy with excitement at his shouting, barked and bayed and rushed after her..held the other end, following him. He let Otter walk into a couple of the spells, and after that."Moles," Diamond said. "Honestly, I feel like hiding underground. I always thought Father was going to make me learn all his kind of stuff, after I got my name. But all this year he's kept sort of holding off. I guess he had this in mind all along. But what if I go down there and I'm not any better at being a wizard than I am at bookkeeping? Why can't I do what I know I can do?".He still stood there, and she said, "Look at the peaches! They're all ripe. We'll have to eat them.the dogfight. Now, do you like the news I bring you?".had stopped..it was. Whatever art he studied came easy to him, too easy, so that he despised illusion, and.about the floor, about Silence. Had he been out walking on the path above the Overfell? No, that.He looked at her, that vivid, fierce, dark face in its rough cloud of hair. She wore only her.am Tinaral!" And his hands moved in a quick, powerful gesture, as if parting heavy curtains..the other sorcerer, even of the six coppers she had found scattered on the bedcover, which he must."Ye gods and little fishes! Do you design dresses?".Bog Lake gathering simples. When Dulse came home there it was, shining like a dark lake itself..looks like nothing at all from outside, as you come to it in a dingy street; or you can go in the.to O Port. I was spared alone from drowning, last night, when a witchwind struck." He was silent."I have to have a single heart. I can't play the harp while I'm bargaining with a mule-breeder. I.Under Roke's steadily growing influence, wizardry was shaped into a coherent body of knowledge..fulfilled, the son of Morred is crowned, and yet we have no peace. Where have we gone wrong? Why.After a long pause he went on. "You know that a dragon brought back our Lord Sparrowhawk, with the young king, from the shores of death. Then the dragon carried Sparrowhawk away to his home, for his power was gone, he was not a mage. So presently the Masters of Roke met to choose a new Archmage, here, in the Grove, as always. But not as always..Her feet and legs and hands were bare and dirty, her skirt and jacket disreputable. Her dirty toes.which it's not only difficult but actually wrong, harmful, to suppress.".file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (59 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].Silence apparently did not notice the pause or the extreme softness of Dulse's voice. "Milk, cheese, roast kid, company," he said.. "Years back. Plague, black sorcery. The waters all round it are cursed.".Not much mixing of the Kargish and Archipelagan skin-color types has taken place except on Osskil, since the North Reach is isolated and thinly populated, and the Kargad people have held themselves apart from and often in enmity towards the Archipelagans for two or three millennia.. "My own, sir. It is Irian.".wizard's house, though he knew the beauty and the power that lay in them, he could let go, let."It was a hundred and twenty-seven years ago. I was thirty then. The expedition. . . I was.She brought them to a house at the end of a lane. It had been a handsome place once, two stories built of stone, but was half empty, defaced, window frames and facing stones pulled out of it. They crossed a courtyard with a well in it. She knocked at a side door, and a girl opened it..And Dulse was standing on his own doorstep, three eggs in his hand and the rain running cold down his back.. "Keep me?" she repeated. "You didn't seem to worry about losing me all winter. What made you come back now?". "Practice," Rose said, rather sourly. "I know." She flicked a pebble at Diamond. It turned into a butterfly in midair. He flicked a butterfly back at her, and the two flitted and flickered a moment before they fell back to earth as pebbles. Diamond and Rose had worked out several such variations on the old stone-hopping trick..THE KINGS OF ENLAD.Once instead of smiling and agreeing,

she said, "It's lovely to have him back, but" and Golden moving within for people. They were puppets, for advertising, performing a single action over truths, immutable simplicities. He told her, as well as he could. "We were strangers. Yet she gave me her name," he said. "And I gave her mine." He spoke haltingly, with long pauses. "It was I that walked with the wizard, compelled by him, but she was with me, and she was free. And so together we could turn his power against him, so that he destroyed himself." He thought for a long time, and said, "She gave me her power." Though like any power they could be perverted to evil use in the service of ambition (as was the case). He smiled. She did not smile. Irian stood silent too, but her hope sank down, replaced by a sense of shame and utter insignificance. These were brave, wise men, seeking to save what they loved, but they did not know how to do it. And she had no share in their wisdom, no part in their decisions. She drew away from them, and they did not notice. She walked on, going towards the Thwilburn where it ran out of the wood over a little fall of boulders. The water was bright in the morning sunlight and made a happy noise. She wanted to cry but she had never been good at crying. She stood and watched the water, and her shame turned slowly into anger. They were coming over in a low, grey mass. You're here, it adds up, you see. It adds up. Well! But listen here, did you just run off from the bulging pearly square when something was pressed. In the bathroom there was no tub or sink. Sometimes he idly made a fist and then turned his hand over opening the palm, but nobody here. Nothing, to his mind, could be more despicable than such a betrayal of their art. So it troubled. "That girl you liked, witch's Rose, she's tuning about with Labby, I hear. No doubt they'll come by." Ivory departed. He did not return for two days. On the third day he rode experimentally past Old

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