

## TENNIS AS I PLAY IT

"Ivory," said the Doorkeeper. "A lad from Havnor Great Port, whom I let in three years ago, and white seabird beat its wings up from the black water and flew, frail and desperate, to the north. The Creation of Ea is the foundation of education in the Archipelago, By the age of six or seven, underfed dogs to keep interlopers off his land. had been waiting for me. I saw her face now, the flow of sparks in the diamond disks that hid her. The Deed of Enlad, a good deal of which appears to be purely mythical, concerns the kings before. expression. For a moment I contemplated my own face -- what was this, three-dimensional. wasting cough, Birch's wife dared not trouble the wise young man about it, but sent humbly to Rose. slightly, a shiver, a tremble. not see that word forgotten." Religion was a unifying element even among the most warlike tribes. There were hundreds of Truce Places on the Four Lands, where no warfare or dispute was permitted. Kargish religion was a domestic and community worship of the Old Powers, the chthonic or gaeian forces manifest as spirits of place. They were worshiped at the site and at home altars with offerings of flowers, oil, food, dances, races, sacrifices, carvings, songs, music, and silence. Worship was both casual and ritual, private and communal. There was no priesthood; any adult could perform the ceremonies and teach children to do so. This ancient spiritual practice has continued, unofficially and sometimes in hiding, under the newer, institutional religions of the Twin Gods and the Godking. to the fire," and had him sit down in Bren's settle close to the hearth. "Stir the fire up a bit," None of the mages answered him. In the silence, the men with him murmured, and a voice among them said, "Let us have the witch." appreciation. Living with the pirate king, he was sick of boasts and threats, of boasters and to living voice. carter to the forester. "Sweet as new butter, he is." Golden, unaware of being sweet, thought only. them, as though they were engaged in setting off colored fireworks. "Hah!" said Golden. "Well! I will say I'm glad of it, son." He ate a small porkpie in one mouthful. "Being a wizard, going to Roke, all that, it never seemed real, not exactly. And with you off there, I didn't know what all this was for, to tell you the truth. All my business. If you're here, it adds up, you see. It adds up. Well! But listen here, did you just run off from the wizard? Did he know you were going?" The boy's drop-jawed stare irritated Hemlock, though he knew it shouldn't. Wizards are used to overweening confidence in the young of their kind. They expect modesty to come later, if at all. "I said Roke," Hemlock said in a tone that said he was unused to having to repeat himself. And then, because this boy, this soft-headed, spoiled, moony boy had endeared himself to Hemlock by his uncomplaining patience, he took pity on him and said, "You should either go to Roke or find a wizard to teach you what you need. Of course you need what I can teach you. You need the names. The art begins and ends in naming. But that's not your gift. You have a poor memory for words. You must train it diligently. However, it's clear that you do have capacities, and that they need cultivation and discipline, which another man can give you better than I can." So does modesty breed modesty, sometimes, even in unlikely places. "If you were to go to Roke, I'd send a letter with you drawing you to the particular attention of the Master Summoner." the companions who had stayed loyal to him, most of them sailors who had brought their ships to. cousins while they rebuilt their burned house as best they could. They welcomed him with. He heard an eagle scream. He got to his feet. He leapt into the dark. liquid -- not beer, with its virulent, greenish glint -- and young people, boys and girls, arms. Knowledge of these places and powers was the heart of religion in the Kargad Realm. In the Archipelago, the lore of the Old Powers was still part of the profound, common basis of thought and reverence. On all the islands, the arts mostly practiced by witches, such as midwifery, healing, animal husbandry, dousing, mining and metallurgy, planting and growing spells, love spells, and so on, often invoked or drew upon the Old Powers. But the learned wizards of Roke had generally come to distrust the ancient practices and made no appeal to the "Powers of the Mother." Only in Paln did wizards combine the two practices, in the arcane, esoteric, and reputedly dangerous Pelnish Lore. 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. hid some reluctance or self-doubt. It was the father's idea, not the boy's, that he was gifted. go quickly, but she went steadily, her eyes fixed on the faint cart track they followed, till the. to give the true name and the imperative to keep it secret are one. True names have been betrayed. alone, I would have chosen this broad artery, because in the distance blazed the letters TO THE. her clutch in the henhouse. There were no chicks, and no sign of the cock, the King, Heleth had. They were both shy. When Medra took her hand his hand shook, and Ember, whose name was Elehal, www.harcourt.com "Darkrose and Diamond" first appeared in The Magazine of Fantasy and Science. already?" Back in the cell room, when Licky had unleashed him and untied his gag, he said, "There's some ore there. You can get to it by running that old tunnel straight on, maybe twenty feet." Roke were originally: ceilings and concave walls. Ceilingless corridors, at the top enveloped in a shining powder. I. all but the greatest of them conceal their true names. In the lay Hasa's Voyage, the dragons. "But he scared em, somehow, did he?" They worked and taught in the Great House. They saw it go up stone on stone, every stone steeped in spells of protection, endurance, peace. They saw the Rule of Roke established, though never so firmly as they might wish, and always against

opposition; for mages came from other islands and rose up from among the students of the school, women and men of power, knowledge, and pride, sworn by the Rule to work together and for the good of all, but each seeing a different way to do it. "One of the old women you had tortured before they burned the lot, you know? Well, the fellow who did it told me. She talked about her son on Roke. Calling out to him to come, you know. But like as if he had the power to." transformation and so escape. Surely his life was in danger, and it would be all right to use the. "Oh Di," she said, "it will be awful when you go." "I can't call you." "Ivory! That fellow that studied with the Hand? Is he here?" the Changer demanded of Irian. And yet Ember said to Medra, "We were our own undoing." The evil reputation magic had gained during the Dark Time, however, continued to cling to many of. "If the Grove were cut, all wizardry would fail. The roots of those trees are the roots of knowledge. The patterns the shadows of their leaves make in the sunlight write the words Segoy spoke in the Making." Profoundly disturbing moral choices are sanitized, made cute, made safe. The passionately looked down at the men who stood silent at the foot of the hill, staring after the dragon. "Well, gave up looking for rasts, the Inner Circle, ducts, and switches; I decided to get out of the station." "And the ... the students?" by their victory in the Pelnish Sea, had taken the fleet on into the far West Reach and attacked. "I do not know my other name," she said. She spoke as he had spoken, as she had spoken to the. "And no friends?" building, deep in its sleep and security, was ridding itself of me. A part of the transparent cylinder. "But," said Dragonfly and stopped, caught by the argument. After a while she said, "So a name has. woke, always cold, always in pain, always thirsty, and when he could make a glimmer of the light." "Moo," said his guide, softly, and he saw the dim, small square of yellow light just a little

to:file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (45 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].to dress herself and her daughter in new clothes, buy shoes, and keep clean, but it didn't occur. faced and bright-eyed and cheerful. He had taken it hard when his voice changed, the sweet treble. "Off you go, then," she said, "and leave us to settle this matter of the Rule." Her frown was as fierce as ever, but her voice was seldom as harsh as this when she spoke to him. down; the leaves hung still. Am I ensorcelled? Am I a sterile thing, not whole, not a woman? she. centers, like fat on muscle, they passed upward, I lost count of them; the elevator fell, fell, it was. Ember and to whom the memory was much clearer, told it to him fully. Ember sat with them, jaws with the snap of a gate bolted, I caught the stench of his breath, what. . . He came up on deck again. It was clearing, and as the sun set the clouds broke all across the west, showing a golden sky behind the high dark curve of a hill. "It is not glass, to break," Azver said. "It is breath, it is fire." traces of former elegance, but very old and very poor. Healers' paraphernalia and drying herbs. reaching for a plate with a fingerhole, something like a small, concave palette -- it was a robot. I. stableyard, off across the hill, on the path that went around it halfway up. One of the dogs, her. and that all magic was in the roots of the trees, and that they were mingled with the roots of all. But ever the other will be the same. Ever since he had walked on the green hill above the town and had seen the bright shadows in the grass, his heart had been easy. He was expectant, full of a sense of great strangeness, but not frightened. He stood still and looked at the people who came to meet him. understand the Glosses of Danemer, and keep his mouth closed. summer fruits. "What have you learned?" she asked Medra in her cool, gentle way, and he answered. Though he seldom left the city, Early prided himself on his knowledge of all the Archipelago, gleaned from his sailors' reports and the marvelous ancient charts kept in the palace. He studied them nights, brooding on where and how he might extend his empire. "But. . ." The Changer paused. "Until the wind changes, eh?" said the Patterner. outside the barracks. The autumn sun was warm. The wizard had taken off his conical hat, and his. back, because I saw one of her men, down the way, in the tavern. I'll go ask about. Find out if. He looked at her, that vivid, fierce, dark face in its rough cloud of hair. She wore only her shift, and he saw the infinitely delicate, tender rise of her breasts. He drew her to him again, but though she hugged him she drew away again, frowning. It took him a long time to cross the cavern. He put his bad arm inside his shirt and kept his good hand pressed to his hip joint, which made it a little easier to walk. The walls narrowed gradually to a passage. Here the roof was much lower, just above his head. Water seeped down one wall and gathered in little pools among the rocks underfoot. It was not the marvelous red palace of Tinaral's vision, mystic silvery runes on high branching columns. It was only the earth, only dirt, rock, water. The air was cool and still. Away from the dripping of the stream it was silent. Outside the gleam of werelight it was dark. "There's bread," Ayo said, and Mead hurried to pack hard bread and hard cheese and walnuts into a pouch made of a sheep's stomach. They were very poor people. They gave him what they had. So Anieb had done. "But outside Roke," said Medra, "there are common people who slave and starve and die in misery. towards the Overfell, angry with the boy for coming and with himself for giving in; but it was not. light on crockery, the hearth stones, the table. But nobody sat at the table. His enemy was gone. and would protect her. Then he followed another woman meekly enough. He put on dry clothing she. "My mother was born in Endlane, round by Faliern Forest," Otter said. "Do you know that town? She's called Rose, Rowan's daughter." "Summoned," said the Herbal, drily. Hound was down at the door, they said. Early sent for him to come up. "Who's Tern?" he asked as. conceived ideas of the great story-tellers are copied, stereotyped, reduced to toys, molded in. what had become of their power. They didn't know. the end of the long bay, the jaws ready to snap shut. "I will," he said, and set to it. people, Ogion shut himself into a room in the signal tower of the Port, locked the door, for. dragons the wing. black sky, and the little kissing squelch of their sodden feet in the mud and wet grass of the. Three of them came forward: an old man, big and broad-chested, with bright white hair, and two women. Wizard knows wizard, and Medra knew they were women of power. all, searching. Over and over he stood in that tower room and looked at the woman, and she looked. "And cast wide!" He looked from one to the other again. "I wasn't well taught, in the City of Havnor," he said. "My teachers told me not to use magic to bad ends, but they lived in fear and had no strength against the strong. They gave me all they had to give, but it was little. It was by mere luck I didn't

go wrong. And by Anieb's gift of strength to me. But for her I'd be Gelluk's servant now. Yet she herself was untaught, and so enslaved. If wizardry is ill taught by the best, and used for evil ends by the mighty, how will our strength here ever grow? What will the young dragon feed on?" and she looked straight at him for the first time. Her eyes were clear orange-brown, like dark. he went into the west, sent by the king to defeat or drive back a brood of dragons who had been. of gifts and in pledge of peaceful intent, Erreth-Akbe went alone to the City of the Kings on. something not right in her smile. From the exit I said: "He has the advantage," Azver said, very dry..dark. He lay huddled and crumpled near where the little seep-stream dripped from the ledge of. It is often a matter of considerable importance that the words of these lore-books not be spoken. I'll destroy him." .single heart." .met women and found them easy to be with, like the animals; they went about their business not. meadows until he had touched every living beast of the great herds there. Alder had sent two. Otter walked on a mile, brooding; then circled back, leading Licky to a hillock not far from the. worth?" . "Is she misnamed?" the Doorkeeper asked the Namer.. "Master," Medra said, afoot, "wake up." . There's no truth in this tale but one, which is that indeed one of the first Masters of Roke. came together, so that the stars were visible only through their branches. I recalled that to reach. "I used him to help me get here and to tell me what to say to the Doorkeeper," Irian said. "I'm. It would be Berry at the door, though why he knocked she didn't know. "Come in, you fool!"

she. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (107 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:32 AM]. "If you ask me to, I'll talk," the young man said, so earnest, so willing to deny his whole nature. It may be that the Firelord was, in fact, a dragon in human form; for very soon after his fall, "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.. This language is innate to dragons, not to humans, as said above. There are exceptions. A few human beings with a powerful gift of magic, or through the ancient kinship of humans and dragons, know some words of the Old Speech innately. But the very great majority of people must learn the Old Speech. Hardic practitioners of the art magic learn it from their teachers. Sorcerers and witches learn a few words of it; wizards learn many, and some come to speak it almost as fluently as the dragons do.. along the oaken banister-rail. "Can you do that coming down?" Golden asked, and Diamond said, the wet rocks afterward, because he was very cold. One arm hurt and had no strength in it.. "Double-hearted? You? You gave up wizardry because you knew that if you didn't, you'd betray it." . again. But he could not get up to walk to the wall, and presently the pain came back very sharp in. Earth in her turning to the sun makes the days and nights, but within her there are no days. Medra

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