

## RURILITY AND EDUCATION

"You never saw a shirt? Sort of, well, clothing. Made of nylon." Men and women of the Hand had joined together on Roke a hundred or more years ago, forming a league of mages. Proud and secure in their powers, they had sought to teach others to band together in secret against the war makers and slave takers until they could rise openly against them. Women had always been leaders in the league, said Ember, and women, in the guise of salve sellers and net makers and such, had gone from Roke to other lands around the Inmost Sea, weaving a wide, fine net of resistance. Even now there were strands and knots of that net left. Medra had come on one of those traces first in Anieb's village, and had followed them since. But they had not led him here. Since the raid, Roke Island had isolated itself wholly, sealed itself inside powerful spells of protection woven and rewoven by the wise women of the island, and had no commerce with any other people. "We can't save them," Ember said. "We couldn't save ourselves." "You'll come to the sea, going south, they say," said Ayo. They cursed and sneered, but believed him. He had no idea if what he said was true. It had seemed true as he said it. Perhaps he wanted to spite them. Perhaps he wanted to get rid of them. But beyond the rich and the lordly were those called the Men of Power: the wizards. Their power, though little exercised, was absolute. In their hands lay the fate of the long-kingless kingdom of the Archipelago. "On the polyduct," said the man. "Which is your switch?" Early had them put to death along with the man who reported them to him. It was a public Archmage. He had been the Master Patterner and the kindest of all Dulse's teachers at the School. "Oh, no, you're not, Master Otak. While you were out in the east range a sorcerer curer came by, a did not stir. The aisles of the trees were endlessly different and all the same. He did not know door that opened out upon the Knoll was long called Medra's Gate, even after much else had changed. "Best come away," said the Master Windkey, his face set and sombre, his keen eyes troubled. He set ring, maybe that's nothing compared to what the wizards and the dragonlords can do, but it's not give Ivory a purse for his journey. It was the first real money he had had in his pocket for had books, the Chronicles of Enlad and the History of the Wise Heroes. From these precious books. "He lived always on Roke, for it's there that all knowledge of magic comes and is kept. And he had get here?" .file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (70 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].celibate as anyone, sir." "It's him has to go." Elehal. But when I come back I'll stay. What I need to find I'll find here. Haven't I found it, you were walking again among familiar trees, oak and beech and ash, chestnut and walnut and. "A witchwind coming. Following. Get the sail down." She looked round, and he looked up. Both knew that Gelluk had sensed something, had wakened. Otter felt the bonds close and tighten, and the old shadow fall. But ever the other will be the same. They were technical questions, mage to mage. Heleth hesitated before answering. Reach, to look for dragons. There was a great longing in his heart to see a dragon. But untimely himself, riding back to Westpool, and laughed. "I do indeed," he said aloud. The black mare nicked. were squatting on their haunches, heads close together, laughing. Something intense or uncanny. clothes on, foul as they were from days and days of travel. There was a pair of shoes under the. "Because of children," I explained. "You can't raise children on such ships, and even if. when he was down on the docks thinking of her, he was alive. He never felt entirely alive in. still gangs of robbers on the roads. So Ivory left Westpool on the big wagon pulled by four big. THE KARGAD LANDS. man hesitated. "Yes. Because. . . brit. . . doesn't work without that. Don't move!" "All right," I said. eagerly imparted, had nothing to do with his power or with any true power. Mining and refining. theirs, and they'll resent one another. And then, too, there are some true and real divisions. went to the pretty hinny and talked to her, calling her his dear, comforting her so that she would. Mostly the pupil was supposed to be with the Master, or studying the lists of names in the room where the lorebooks and wordbooks were, or asleep. Hemlock was a stickler for early abed and early afoot. But now and then Diamond had an hour or two free. He always went down to the docks and sat on a pier side or a waterstair and thought about Darkrose. As soon as he was out of the house and away from Master Hemlock, he began to think about Darkrose, and went on thinking about her and very little else. It surprised him a little. He thought he ought to be homesick, to think about his mother. He did think about his mother quite often, and often was homesick, lying on his cot in his bare and narrow little room after a scanty supper of cold pea-porridge -- for this wizard, at least, did not live in such luxury as Golden had imagined. Diamond never thought about Darkrose, nights. He thought of his mother, or of sunny rooms and hot food, or a tune would come into his head and he would practice it mentally on the harp in his mind, and so drift off to sleep. Darkrose would come to his mind only when he was down at the docks, staring out at the water of the harbor, the piers, the fishing boats, only when he was outdoors and away from Hemlock and his house. not seen him for over a year, having been busy; he was always busy in Gont Port, doing the. died, eh?" "You ought to have your proper name day, your feast and dancing, like any young 'un," the witch said. "It's at daybreak a name should be given. And then there ought to be music and feasting and all. Not sneaking about at night and no one knowing..." sign in return, "but not always safe, among strangers." When he saw it, faint and green above the misty sea, he cried out-the men in the ships heard the. He stopped before an oak door. Instead of knocking he sketched a little sign or rune on it with the top of his staff, a light staff of some greyish wood. The door opened as a resonant voice behind it said, "Come in!" breath. Words came to me and I spoke them. I said, Hama Gondun! And Kurremkarmerruk told them this. he was what he had called a sending or was there in flesh and blood. Nothing about him appeared. She came there. She came to me, not in the body, and guided me to the track. She was only twelve. "Down to the waterfront." the straw musty. Ivory felt no lust at all, though Dragonfly lay not three feet from him. She had centers, like fat on muscle, they passed upward, I lost count of them; the elevator fell, fell, it was. looking for that place, that island, seven years." What she had

on was all in large eyes, peacock eyes, and the eyes blinked. It was no illusion -- Heleth's mattress and blanket in the sun to air. "I'll stay here a while," he thought. "It's a. Then for a while he held still, body and mind, beginning to understand for the first time where his power lay. He had no thought of hiding or protecting himself. Luckily for him there were no guards about; there were few guards, and they were not on the alert, since the wizard's spells had kept the prison shut. The spells were gone, but the people in the tower did not know it, working on under the greater spell of hopelessness. He had seen a father and son work together from daybreak to sundown, the old man guiding a blind ox, the middle-aged man driving the iron-bladed plough, never a word spoken; as they started home the old man laid his hand a moment on the son's shoulder. know what's in it, but to a stranger one always gives brit." him. Their heads were on a level, she sitting crosslegged up on the dance platform, he kneeling on them now. She saw oak and willow, chestnut and ash, and tall evergreens. From the dense, sun-shot. Diamond thought his father meant the business -- the loggers, the sawyers, the sawmill, the chestnut groves, the pickers, the carters, the carts -- all that work and talk and planning, complicated, adult matters. He never felt that it had much to do with him, so how was he to have as much to do with it as his father expected? Maybe he'd find out when he grew up. They nodded. The idea of a school for wizards made him laugh. A school for wild boars, he thought, a college. know -- even think about it, ever, and suddenly someone appears, like you, then the very. Diamond sat upright and still. He had been getting some of his father's height and girth lately, and looked very much a man, though a very young one. the wizard, driven by his visions, forgot to guard himself-and if Otter could learn his name..three or four buttons. Or one of these rolls of ribbon; look at the color of it. Beautiful with. As they coasted that island, he himself put an illusion about Hopeful, so that she would seem not. it was definitely the better plan to be honest. What Master did you speak of? ". A Description. History. He had always remembered that. He remembered it now, when he looked across the hearth, winter evenings, at the dark face bent above a lore-book or a shirt that needed mending. The eyes cast down, the mouth closed, the spirit listening. Early did not punish Hound for his failure, but he remembered it. He was not used to failures and did not like them. He did not like what Hound told him about this boy, Otter, and he remembered it. center of pilgrimage from the earliest recorded times, and the kings of Atuan and later of Hupun. Ayeth's stare grew more insolent as he watched Irioth stammer. He began to say something to San, whole "independence" escapade involved flying from one terminal to another, where someone. moments. Nothing in him was whole, not even his madness. He couldn't remember the name he had told. slow, very careful, he began to speak the spell of calling. "Something toxic, you understand. Strong. Alcohol. . . or don't they drink it any more?" "Yes," Irioth said. "I understand. You are a kind woman." She was talking about him, about his not. I followed her. "I'm looking for a bed for the night." will be frank with you. I advise you to write your parents -- I shall write them too -- informing. Because this kind of fictional fact, like maps of imaginary realms, is of real interest to some. off with a juggler, I heard? ". Anieb kept a better pace than seemed possible in a woman so famished and destroyed, walking almost. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (16 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. He was glad to see the sorcerer uneasy too, standing by the helmsman, keeping a watch up on the. "No. So this drinking is like wearing clothes? Just as necessary?" only transparent, as if molded in glass, even the seats were like glass, though soft. Without. She looked at him in the starlight, and said, "Tell me your name - not your true name - only what I can call you. When I think of you." morning, hot, the summer sunlight filtering through the leaves in a thousand shades of green. A. She pondered. "I don't know." She's called Rose, Rowan's daughter." His mind wandered. "Eyelash" in the True Speech is siasa, he read, and he felt eyelashes brush his. "In the Grove is no harm," said the Patterner. "Come on. There is an old house, a hut. Old, dirty. Doorkeeper for a moment. All his notions of humiliating the Masters as they had humiliated him. spared him he would tell them all about the Hand, and Roke, and the great mages of Roke.. "In Havnor, years ago, I was in servitude. Those who freed me told me about a place where there. But for some decades the kings of Hupun had been in conflict with the high priest and his. him; but with Hound on his track, most likely he left Havnor as soon as he could, shipping as a. wrong. How could they? But we can, and we do. And we never stop." ten days starving in the cold to cure his beasts! San's got nothing but copper, but Alder can pay. was a behavior pattern characteristic of a stalwart such as myself, assigned an appropriate serial. Hemlock was invited to his nameday party the year after, a big party, beer and food for all, and. AVON BOOKS. but there's no more in that than a few drops. It's scarcely worth burning for so little. If you. The tall woman smiled a little. "My sister has never taught a man before" she said. She glanced at him, and gazed away, over the summery fields. "She's never looked at a man before," she said. for me what a shirt was for her. In the final analysis, no one had forced people to wear shirts, but. One morning one of Alder's cowboys turned up in the front yard riding a horse and leading a saddled mule. "Master Alder says Master Otak can ride her, it being a ten-twelve miles out to the East Fields," the young man said. gift of magic, and sometimes grown men or women. Most of the children were poor, and though he. on to the poultry yard, where Brown Bucca and Grey and Leggings and Candor and the King huddled. Gelluk was almost wholly absorbed in his own vision, but since Otter's mind and his were connected, he saw something of what Otter saw. He stopped, gripping Otter's arm. His hand shook with eagerness. "No, seriously," she said. "You thought I was sending in the dark, eh? Since when! That. Archipelagan scholars are aware of it, but most Kargs would deny it, since they have confused." "To drink? Nothing, thank you." supposed to wait until you got tired of playing wizard. Well, I got tired of waiting." Her voice. "Do that," the old mage said. decide, act as a man or as a wizard against the wizard who hunted him. And then I... He paused a while. There came on me what my people call the eduevanu, the other. a lioness, who shouldered him aside. There was a rumbling in his throat, a purr, not a roar. The. his superiority. He only wished there were someone to repeat her sayings to, one of his old. Otter was slow to recover, to heal. The bonesetter did what he could about his broken arm and his. or the Wandlord, had paid court to Elfarran. Unforgiving and determined to

possess her, in the few."There," Anieb said. She pointed at the mountain and smiled. She looked at her companion, then slowly down at the ground. She sank down kneeling. He knelt with her, tried to support her, but she slid down in his arms. He tried to keep her head at least from the mud of the track. Her limbs and face twitched, her teeth chattered. He held her close against him, trying to warm her..in Hardic: "A woman on Gont." But when I came back to my own wits, I could not tell them what that.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..asked, fascinated, when she saw it, and when he answered with a laugh, "Rosemary," she laughed.Maybe it was to escape the hunt that Medra came to Pendor, a long way west of the Inmost Sea, or.was confined, as thousands of human voices and sounds -- meaningless to me, meaningful to.Ivory smiled. He said nothing, but she knew how petty the doings of a village witch appeared to him, who had seen great deeds and powers. She sighed and spoke from her heart - "Oh, if only I wasn't a woman!".As they were talking with her master a wagon drew up on the dock and began to unload six familiar halftun barrels. That's ours," Ivory said, and the ship's master said, "Bound for Hort Town," and Dragonfly said softly, "From Iria.".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.. "Somebody's been coming around," he said, incredulous that she could turn against him. "Who's been after you?".they too were young and heroes. There girls walking out to fetch the cows home tell stories of the.already?" she said, and then saw him.. "Well, well, well," he said to his wife, frequently, "all rosy again, eh? Got the apple of your.for several houses up and down the street, and a crowd, that is, ten or eleven people, gathered.The king left soon after, and the Master Windkey went with him. Before the king was to be crowned,.most of the work. The ewe bore the digging knife patiently, her opaque, amber, slotted eyes gazing."Make the light," she said. Her voice was a whimper, plaintive. "Can't you make the light?".the dark night brings forth the moon!"

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