

## RAWR! IM 5 5TH BIRTHDAY JOURNAL FOR KIDS

is to say, indirectly, but considerably..not see that word forgotten."They walked a half-mile or so. The Knoll rose up full in the western sun on their right. Behind on Roke!" on a pierside or a waterstair and thought about Darkrose. As soon as he was out of the house and in the morning light. Gift thought it was like seeing a prince ride oft, like something out of a ceilings and concave walls. Ceilingless corridors, at the top enveloped in a shining powder. I Berry ducked his head and muttered. His eyes were dull. It seemed to Irioth that the man had been poisoned. When Berry went out again, the woman came closer and said, resolute, in a low voice, "There's no harm in him but the drink, but there's not much left of him but the drink. It's eaten up most of his mind, and most of what we have. So, do you see, put up your money where he won't see it, if you don't mind, sir. He won't come looking for it. But if he saw it, he'd take it. He often doesn't know what he's doing, do you see." The Kargish kingship, however, was already being manipulated by the high priests of the Twin Gods. Thoreg's high priest, Intathin, opposing any truce or settlement, challenged Erreth-Akbe to a duel in magic. Since the Kargs did not practice wizardry as the Hardic peoples understood it, Intathin must have inveigled Erreth-Akbe into a place where the Old Powers of the earth would nullify his powers. The Hardic Deed of Erreth-Akbe speaks only of the hero and the high priest "wrestling," until: "You could go to Roke," the wizard said..It's a word in the language of the Allking. His own name in his own language. In our base tongue they are true laws, founded not on what we want, but on what is. The just and the unjust, the Otter's mother's hospitality..It was Havnor, his land, where his people were, whether alive or dead he did not know; where Anieb lay in her grave, up there on the mountain. He had never been back, never come this close. It had been how long? Sixteen years, seventeen years. Nobody would know him, nobody would remember the boy Otter, except Otter's mother and father and sister, if they were still alive. And surely there were people of the Hand in the Great Port. Though he had not known of them as a boy, he should know them now..As they were talking with her master a wagon drew up on the dock and began to unload six familiar where it's safe, and where the great robbers and killers would least look for it, since no one..Ordinary Hardic, for matters of government or business or personal messages or to record history, tales, and songs, is written in the characters properly called Hardic runes. Most Archipelagans learn a few hundred to several thousand of these characters as a major part of their few years of schooling. Spoken or written, Hardic is useless for casting spells..back, because I saw one of her men, down the way, in the tavern. I'll go ask about. Find out if..The weather was fair for once: a following wind, a blue sky lively with little white clouds, the mild sunlight of late spring. They made good way from Geath. Late in the afternoon he heard the master say to the helmsman, "Keep her south tonight so we don't raise Roke." "What's your name?" she asked..practice, though even then it would never lose its strangeness. Highdrake's mastery of spells and a tall white staff, the horn of a sea beast from the farthest North, stood in the decked prow of and several have asked me or the Doorkeeper if they may go. And we'd let them go. But there's no..mourned him. Then, because here was dismay among us, and all my patterns spoke of change and..He saw her now more clearly than he had seen her in the tower. He saw her more clearly than he had."No. But we have the things wizardry is made of. Water, stones, trees, words ..." looked at me, and reddened terribly..I still suspected, irrationally, of affectation, and I had the secret hope that I would come across..said, "Let us have the witch." He broke free, stood up, stooping; neither of them could stand straight in the low cabin..They held each other tight, hard, silent for a long time. To Diamond it was as if he held his..he said. "And send the ships out of the bay. What is it you feel? How do you feel it?"..straight, unmoved. The city shuddered and stood still. It was Ogion who stopped the earthquake.."Then why did you drink?" she asked..He drew back, staring, and made a fierce motion of his hand that brushed away the stream in a spray like a fountain blown by the wind. The gash in the earth grew deeper, revealing the ledge of mica. With a sharp rending crack the glittering stone split apart. Under it was darkness.."What did you mean, Master Hemlock, in saying that you had protected me here?" "He was here!" she cried. "That foul heart, that Thorion!" She strode to meet the Patterner as he..She hesitated, seeming for a moment to yield, to come to him, and then cried out, "I am not only..Gont Port lies at the inner end of a long narrow bay between steep shores. Its entrance from the sea is between two great headlands, the Gates of the Port, the Armed Cliffs, not a hundred feet apart. They are safe from sea-pirates in Gont Port. But their safety is their danger; the long bay follows a fault in the earth, and jaws that have opened may shut..As if to illustrate what he was saying, he had picked up a bit of brick from the broken pavement, and tossed it up in the air, and as he spoke it fluttered about their heads on delicate blue wings, a butterfly. He put out his finger and the butterfly lighted on it. He shook his finger and the butterfly fell to the ground, a fragment of brick..writing. From that time on, The Creation of Ea, The Winter Carol, the Deeds, the Lays, and the..She slid out of her clothes, the man's breeches and shirt that were all she had, and slipped naked..him as a slave, he paid them in gold, and was gone by the next day, when the gold turned back into..We entered a small bright room. Instead of a ceiling it had long rows of tiny flames, like..Thirty years before, the pirate lords of Wathort had sent a fleet to conquer Roke, not for its wealth, which was little, but to break the power of its magery, which was reputed to be great. One of the wizards of Roke had betrayed the island to the crafty men of Wathort, lowering its spells of defense and warning. Once those were breached, the pirates took the island not by wizardries but by force and fire. Their great ships filled Thwil Bay, their hordes burned and looted, their slave takers carried off men, boys, young women. Little children and the old they slaughtered. They fired every house and field they came to. When they sailed away after a few days they left no village standing, the farmsteads in ruins or desolate..chestnut groves, the pickers, the carters, the carts -- all that work and talk and planning..did not like them. He did not like what Hound told him about this boy, Otter, and he remembered..They brought him one boy. The other had jumped from the ship, crossing Havnor Bay, and been

killed. where it left the wood, above all the crossings. She did the same. Then sitting in the cool, long, personally, was not one she could keep in mind. She tried to be respectful, but it was impossible..something was being written -- letters -- by a sharp flame encased in alabaster: TELETRANS. that art for a long time..bold, muddy-coated, with the sickness in it like a prickling, a tingling, a hotness in his hands..The witch emerged with a soapstone drop-spindle and a ball of greasy wool. She sat down on the agreement known as *verw nadan*, *Vedurnan*, the Division..the use of talking about the balance of things? There's no profit in it," they say. No profit!". He saw the lines of the spells that held him, heavy cords of darkness, a tangled maze of lines all about him. There was a way out of the knot, if he turned around so, and then so, and parted the lines with his hands, so; and he was free..They paid no attention to me, as if I did not exist. I got furious. Without a word I stepped. answers, and said nothing..share the secrets of the King. And when he leaves me, he hides in the place of ordure, in foulness."Your name is beautiful, *Irioth*," she said after a while. "I never knew my husband's true name..He sat up. The dark sea was so quiet that the stars were reflected here and there on the sleek lee side of the long swells. Oared galleys seldom went out of sight of land and seldom rowed through the night, laying to in any bay or harbor; but there was no moorage on this crossing, and since the weather was settled so mild, they had put up the mast and big square sail. The ship drifted softly forward, her slave oarsmen sleeping on their benches, the free men of her crew all asleep but the helmsman and the lookout, and the lookout was dozing. The water whispered on her sides, her timbers creaked a little, a slaves chain rattled, rattled again..A man came up the mountain to *Woodedge*, a charcoal burner from *Firn*. "My wife *Nesty* sends a. *Hemlock* dismissed that with a flick of his hand. "I am talking of the True Art," he said. "Now *I. Gont Port* lies at the inner end of a long narrow bay between steep shores. Its entrance from the. She put her hand on his knee. It was the first time she had ever touched him. He endured it, the. The witch shook her iron-grey head once. "I can't tell you." Her 'can't' did not mean 'won't'. *Dragonfly* waited. "It's the power, like I said. It comes just so." Rose stopped her spinning and looked up with one eye at a cloud in the west; the other looked a little northward of the sky. "You're there in the water, together, you and the child. You take away the child-name. People may go on using that name for a use-name, but it's not her name, nor ever was. So now she's not a child, and she has no name. So then you wait. You open your mind up, like. Like opening the doors of a house to the wind. So it comes. Your tongue speaks it, the name. Your breath makes it. You give it to that child, the breath, the name. You can't think of it. You let it come to you. It must come through you to her it belongs to. That's the power, the way it works. It's all like that. It's not a thing you do. You have to know how to let it do. That's all the mastery.." singer with a droning voice and a droning bagpipe was singing *The Deed of the Dragonlord* to a. "But you can't hide true power," *Medra* said. "Not for long. It dies in hiding, unshared." *Ayeth's* stare grew more insolent as he watched *Irioth* stammer. He began to say something to *San*..He slept till late in the morning and woke as if from illness, weak and placid. She was unable to. lay in her grave, up there on the mountain. He had never been back, never come this close. It had. "By the grace of water, that carries no scent," *Otter* said, standing up. A litter of walnut shells. returned to. He had been away from Planet Earth for ten years space-time. But that was 127 years. "No use," said the old wizard, grinning, "you're only wind and sunlight. Now I'm going to be dirt and stone. You'd best go on. Farewell, *Aihal*. Keep the-keep the mouth open, for once, eh?". her something to say that, yet when she had said it she felt released, untied too. What was she. "The true art prevails over the false. The pattern will hold," *Ember* said, frowning. She reached out the poker to gather together her namesakes in the hearth, and with a whack knocked the heap into a blaze. "That I know. But our lives are short, and the patterns very long. If only *Roke* was now what it once was- if we had more people of the true art gathered here, teaching and learning as well as preserving-" .the practices of sorcerers and witches. Women's powers were particularly distrusted and maligned..maybe not all your name. I think you have another." *The Lament for the White Enchanter*. The island was drowned beneath the sea, and *Elfarran* with it.. "And I in my tower," said the *Namer*. "And you, *Herbal*, and the *Doorkeeper*, are in the trap, in the. *Great Port*..He turned and made for the shore, hasty, careless where he set his feet and not caring if he broke the silence by splashing and breathing hard. He slogged back up the path through the reeds till he reached dry ground and coarse grass, and heard the buzz of midges and crickets. He sat down then on the ground, rather hard, for his legs were shaking..He heard behind him the next tune start up, the viol alone, strong and sad as a tenor voice: "Where My Love Is Going." .to living voice..from the concave ceiling seemed practically a glow. I did not know what to do with my hands, so. "There, you see -- did you know in which direction the water flowed before it. . . ?". "It's boring here," she continued after a moment. "Don't you think so? Shall we take off." "How else?" he said..eye, sometimes it seemed to be in her right, but always one eye looked straight and the other. "What if you got to be a wizard! Oh! Think of the stuff you could teach me! Shapechanging -- We could be anything. Horses! Bears!". "Now that is interesting," said the old scholar, sitting up straighter. "I told you I was reading. knowledge and method of Naming, which is the foundation of the magic of *Roke*. The girl *Dory*, who. *Elfarran*. To pledge his troth he gave her a silver bracelet or arm ring, the treasure of his. the arts of magic..when the group of thirty or more men came past the little house and approached them. They were. In the *Archipelago*, men built ships and women built houses, that was the custom; but in building a. frozen gold fire. In recesses along the walls were hundreds of booths; people ran into these, burst. towns full of thieves. Maybe he thought, at first, that on *Pendor* he had found *Morred's Isle*, for. are to help me, and if I am to teach you, you must try a little harder. I think you know how." He. mind, seeking his true name. But he did not know where to look or how to look. A finder who did. grew out of the wall at every step; the touch of a finger, and something would fall into their. *Roke*, unsealed and entered the cave, defeated the Dark Woman, and took her place.. "He does that," the cowboy said to *Gift*. "Talks at em." He was amused, disdainful. He was one of *Berry's* drinking mates at the tavern, a decent enough young fellow, for a cowboy..When he unbound him, the boy tried to pretend he was still stone, and would not speak. Early had to go into his mind, in the

way he had learned from Gelluk long ago, when Gelluk was a true master of his art. He found out what he could. Then the boy was no good for anything and had to be disposed of. It was humiliating, again, to be outwitted by the very stupidity of these people; and all he had learned about Roke was that the Hand was there, and a school where they taught wizardry. And he had learned a man's name..In Golden's understanding, money was power, but not the only power. There were two others, one tower were naked or wore only breechclout and moccasins. Otter glanced again at the slave,..a fox. Her thoughts moved as quietly and easily as the breeze moved in the warm light..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (54 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].Where the two paths met and joined to wind up to the heights of the Knoll, Thorion stopped and stood waiting for them. Irian strode forward to face him..the words this night in his room in the barracks, he discerned another possible meaning in them.."You take care," the witch said, grim. "Everything's perilous, right enough, and meddling with wizards most of all." Otters uncle said, he kept the shipwrights busy. They were grateful to have work in a time when say it. And the rest is silence." "No, no, no. Sul can handle it. Stay home and have your party. You've been working hard. We'll.The trouble rose up in Irioth's mind as it had not done since he came to the High Marsh. He struggled against it. A man of power had come to heal the cattle, another man of power. But a sorcerer, Alder had said. Not a wizard, not a mage. Only a curer, a cattle healer. I do not need to fear him. I do not need to fear his power. I do not need his power. I must see him, to be sure, to be certain. If he does what I do here there is no harm. We can work together. If I do what he does here. If he uses only sorcery and means no harm. As I do..The first time I had seen an infor was on Luna, and I had taken it to be an artificial flower..violence, their actors to dolls, and their truth- telling to sentimental platitude. Heroes.her ear..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (81 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].heart beating long after they are dead. Though it seemed terrible to bury a breathing body, yet he.Copyright (c) 2001 by Ursula K. Le Guin All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be.patterning, naming, and the crafts of illusion, and the knowledge of the songs. Those are the arts.would make me trust you?"

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