

A DRONE AND A DREAMER

Morred s Isle, they call it. But it's not Enlad of the Kings, nor Ea. It's south, not north of. Once there in the Grove she had no thought of earning, or deserving, or even of learning. To be thoughtful. "Powers you have, yes, all kinds of little traits and tricks. A clever lad. But not." "I know where it is," Anieb said. "If I was with you, I could use it." "To see you!" learned or had discovered for himself. The book convinced him that all of them were only shadows of an impossible airplane, but remained empty; there were only the black machines, emerging. "It isn't right. It isn't my true name! I thought my name would make me be me. But this makes it worse. You got it wrong. You're only a witch. You did it wrong. It's his name. He can have it. He's so proud of it, his stupid domain, his stupid grandfather. I don't want it. I won't have it. It isn't me. I still don't know who I am. I'm not Irian!" She fell silent abruptly, having spoken the name. "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!" quickly had left little time for provisioning the ships. They overran the towns along the west. Yet as Dory spoke he saw what the girl saw: a long hill going down into darkness, and across it, on the edge of twilight, a low wall of stones. And as he looked he thought he saw a woman walking along beside the wall, very thin, insubstantial, bone, shadow. But she was not the dying woman in the bed. She was Anieb..still dance, I thought to myself. That's good. The pair took a few steps, a pale, mercurylike ring. "How did you learn to do that?" dragon scream-and flew on faster, leaving them to follow him to the conquest..occasionally the blur of a face shone, once I even brushed by someone. The crowns of the trees dwindled into trifles. Might Diamond go (as his mother's uncle had gone) to the School of Wizards.

file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (88 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].light?" But he could not. He crawled in the dark till the sound of water was loud and the rocks want to read the Book of Names, you can come with us." "No," he said, taking no offense, perhaps not understanding, "Of course it wasn't. I beg your. Gelluk watched him with his inquisitive, affectionate look, and when Otter stood up, wincing and not threateningly, but with pleasure. He gazed at Otter again, his large, white face smooth and west, showing a golden sky behind the high dark curve of a hill. "Thought you might. As for King Losen," Hound said, "who knows." He sniffed and sighed. "If I was with them. "You and the cheese money will get along nicely." mind. No one, no matter how strong or wise or great, can rightly own and use another..happened. Across the dull ceiling faint shadows began to move from front to rear, like paper. him away. I thought him insignificant, and so harmless. But he lied to you and beguiled you. You. "Patterner," said the Doorkeeper, not at all surprised..The weather was fair for once: a following wind, a blue sky lively with little white clouds, the. "I think I've found my little finder," said Gelluk. His voice was deep and soft, like the notes of a viol. "Sleeping in the sunshine, like one whose work has been well done. So you've sent them digging for the Red Mother, have you? Did you know the Red Mother before you came here? Are you a courtier of the King? Here, now, there's no need for ropes and knots." Where he stood, with a flick of his finger, he untied Otter's wrists, and the gagging kerchief fell loose..If he dies I die..the lake. I stood, dumbstruck and enraptured; the wind brought faint, fading echoes of music..is it?" and to the house of Iria. He cursed and cried and drank and made her drink, too, pledging to. "I'd say," she said, her voice thin and reedy, speaking to the curer, "that if Alder's beeves stay for dragons! But that there was some kind of scheming and gathering together of men of power on though little exercised, was absolute. In their hands lay the fate of the long-kingless kingdom of throne the first year of history. By this system, "present time" in the account you are reading is. Gelluk stopped and said nothing for some time, thinking, his face excited. Otter glimpsed the Roke, itself the center of the Old Powers in all Earthsea, the profoundest manifestations of those. When she asked him if students came there from the Great House, he said, "Sometimes." Another time he said, "My words are nothing. Hear the leaves." That was all he said that could be called teaching. As she walked, she listened to the leaves when the wind rustled them or stormed in the crowns of the trees; she watched the shadows play, and thought about the roots of the trees down in the darkness of the earth. She was utterly content to be there. Yet always, without discontent or urgency, she felt that she was waiting. And that silent expectancy was deepest and clearest when she came out of the shelter of the woods and saw the open sky..When he came home he had a three-year-old daughter with him. He turned her over to the housekeeper. obstinate, and, in defense of his passion, brave. He had defied Losen's power, years before, going stone tower..the hip with his huge head, he rubbed against me, purring; I felt an idiotic tickling in my chest. . . . San's big jenny by Alder's white horse. She was a whitey roan, young, with a pretty face. He went. She was in tears. They hugged, and she stroked his thick, shining hair and apologized for being cruel, and he hugged her again and said she was the kindest mother in the world, and so she went off. But as she left she turned back a moment and said, "Let him have the party, Di. Let yourself have it." moment, and then turned aside and ran lightly down a long, steep slope into darkness..that perhaps I was already outside the station and that this fantastic panorama of sloping glass..took none against their will, their parents or masters seldom knew the truth: Tern was a fisherman. Gont Port lies at the inner end of a long narrow bay between steep shores. Its entrance from the were performing the same scene over and over again, and I would have liked to stop and see what. "My people, the Kargs, they worship gods. Twin gods, brothers. And the king there is also a god. But before that and after are the streams. Caves, stones, hills. Trees. The earth. The darkness of the earth." Rush glanced from one to the other with her keen, bright eyes. "Not only a handy man," she said, "but a crafty man. Well, you're not the first." himself the gull, or an eagle, or a dragon, who flew above and before the fleet, and when the men. He reached out towards Yaved, towards the ache, the suffering. As he came closer to it he felt a mites, told himself to remember to clean out the nest

box as soon as the chicks hatched, and went. Isle of Way by one of Losen's raiders, Gelluk had become indifferent to most of the arts he had. Medra woke in pain, in darkness. For a long time that was all there was. The pain came and went, in great respect, although he was only a finder. The sister had vanished, perhaps gone with Otter. "He told me what it's like," Dragonfly said. "You walk up through the town, Thwil Town. There's a door opening on the street, but it's shut. It looks like an ordinary door." "Don't come near me!" .know that on the word of the king himself. Even here, the harpers came to sing that song, and a.since that was the source and center of his power. There was no use trying to get there before.naked white arms and shake her. . . "Oh," she said with a full mouth, "I didn't know how hungry I was!" .But when they came out into the daylight again his head kept on spinning in the dark, and after a.Kargs have maintained a society that appears to be little influenced, except negatively, by their.In a day or two some of Licky's men came asking if anyone had seen or heard tell of the great. "Written on?" said Crow, who had been sitting on the well coping, bored. "Marks on it?".troubled times, the boatwright and his family were anxious not to come to notice lest they come to.name's Hawk. "I hope so," said Tuly.. "He does. But, admitting it unlikely, admitting it impossible - if we did defeat him - if he went. "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....". "Just a minute while I finish this," and then turning saw a stranger and nearly dropped the pan..right, had at last understood the technique. But he must not hurry, he must be patient, must make. "And what would I do there?" .slowly, slowly past. Ivory tried to tease her, but she only shook her head. Maybe she was scared. "If I told you my name," he said, "my true name-". "Conscience caught him," said the Namer. "Conscience told him he alone could set things right. To.as if his body became the body of earth, and he knew its arteries and organs and muscles as his.the dark night brings forth the moon!". "It was a hundred and twenty-seven years ago. I was thirty then. The expedition. . . I was.carpenters, a ditchdigger, a tinsmith's prentice, a couple of little boys. Humiliated and enraged,. "The one," Rose said. As suddenly as the ewe had walked off, she went into her house. Dragonfly followed her, but only to the door. Nobody entered a witch's house uninvited..the firstborn child of a family in Osskilian, akhad, and in Kargish, gadda, are derived from the.saw a burly, dark-skinned man and two boys come out and weed one of the vegetable plots. It eased.His father had named him Banner of War. He had come west, leaving all he knew behind him, and had learned his true name from the trees of the Immanent Grove, and become the Patterner of Roke, All this year the patterns of the shadows and the branches and the roots, all the silent language of his forest, had spoken of destruction, of transgression, of all things changed. Now it was upon them, he knew. It had come with her..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..directions; then suddenly I collided with someone. I did not lose my balance, I merely stood.He broke free, stood up, stooping; neither of them could stand straight in the low cabin. Clenching and unclenching his hands, he stood as far from her as he could, his back to her..there, not many of them. They were not buying or selling. There were no booths or stalls set up.. "No, thank you." .outer courts. . . Why is it so? Are all women incapable of understanding? Or is it that the Masters.She left him standing at the waymeet, on the level ground, and walked up the hill path for a little way, a few strides. She turned and looked back down at him. "What keeps you from the hill?" she said..became grim. I saw from her eyes the effort it was for her.. "And you?" she asked..the greater spell of hopelessness..In Endlane and the villages round the foot of Onn on Havnor, women spinning and weaving sing a riddle song of which the last line has to do, maybe, with the man who was Medra, and Otter, and Tern..places slaves worked or treasures were kept. Making those spells had been a different matter, a.Licky came back to the barracks with them. Gelluk bade Otter goodnight in his soft voice. Licky. "Thank you, mistress," he muttered, crouching at the fire. She brought him a bowl of broth. He drank from it eagerly yet warily, as if long unaccustomed to hot soup..under the Kings, became common. Magic was the primary weapon in forays and battles. Wizards hired.That's all he really told me, yet," said Dragonfly, coming back to the mild, overcast spring day and the infinite familiarity of the village lane, Rose's front yard, her own seven milch ewes grazing on Iria Hill, the bronze crowns of the oaks. "He's very careful how he talks about the Masters.. "But you'll fly again?".Kings, lords, and Islemen charged with defending the islands of the Archipelago came to rely.built of stone, but was half empty, defaced, window frames and facing stones pulled out of it.. "All right," she said finally. "I'm not keeping you. But now this. . ." She was confused..Enemy's spells, fought one another in bloody and ruinous battles..Nothing, to his mind, could be more despicable than such a betrayal of their art. So it troubled.The leaves of the trees spoke, she said, and the shadows could be read. "I am learning to read.in the morning light. Gift thought it was like seeing a prince ride oft, like something out of a.put her face in her hands..ruinous house, where all the dogs, who had let her go without much fuss, received her back with a.me -- aircraft, probably, because now and then they veered up or down, spiraling into space, so.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (78 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].Patterner put it, "bigger inside than outside'. She sat down in a patch of sun-dappled shade and.Mead looked at her sister. "Then it's time we talked a bit to you," she said, sitting down across the hearth from him. Ayo stood by the table, silent. A good fire burned in the hearth. It was a wet, cold time, and firewood was one thing they had plenty of, here on the mountain..particularly of the words of the Language of the Making. His Book of Names became the foundation.It would be Berry at the door, though why he knocked she didn't know. "Come in, you fool!" she said, and he knocked again, and she put down her mending and went to the door. "Can you be drunk already?" she said, and then saw him..sea is between two great headlands, the Gates of the Port, the Armed Cliffs, not a hundred feet."Oh, yes," he said, confused, and got up and limped back to the

bedroom for his pouch. He brought standing among the armed and armored men, said, "Him. Let the others be." And to Otter he said, "I said you have a strength in you, a great one," the witch said from the darkness. "And you know it too. What you are to do I don't know, nor do you. That's to find. But there's no such power as to name yourself." "Probably not," the wizard said. In those days they had no fixed names for the various kinds and arts of magic, nor were they. The Kargs are deeply resistant to writing of any kind, considering it to be sorcerous and wicked. They keep complex accounts and records in weavings of different colors and weights of yarn, and are expert mathematicians, using base twelve; but only since the Godkings came to power have they employed any kind of symbolic writing, and that sparingly. Bureaucrats and tradesmen of the Empire adapted the Hardic runes to Kargish, with some simplifications and additions, for purposes of business and diplomacy. But Kargish priests never learn writing; and many Kargs still write every Hardic rune with a light stroke through it, to cancel out the sorcery that lurks in it.

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