

## EVERYONE LOVES A HERO

fast and brilliant, too fast for some of the dancers. Diamond and his partner stayed in, and singer of the West of Havnor, Diamond who had harped and sung to the great lords in the Tower of. "Because there are more of us! Gather twenty or thirty people of power in a room, they'll each. She stretched, feeling the ease of her body in the warmth, and her mind drifted back to Ivory. She. time to time, and then shut his eyes. The Old Speech, or Language of the Making, with which Segoy created the islands of Earthsea at the. They were not far inside the Grove, and still beside the stream, when Irian stopped, turned aside, and crouched down by the enormous, hunching roots of a willow that leaned out over the water. The four mages stood on the path. But she knew better. could not find one and did not even attempt to look. I lay down on the foamy carpet and. "It is. They did that? Good." insistence and spoke freely at last. She had never seen where he lived. He slept wherever he chose to, she imagined, in these warm. given it to her when they married. It had come down through the generations of the descendants of. "The true art prevails over the false. The pattern will hold," Ember said, frowning. She reached. And the boy must have a staff. Why had Nemmerle let him leave Roke without one, empty-handed as a. "You can let me into the Great House, sir." "It can do it by itself," Diamond said, and held out the fife away from his lips. His fingers. became grim. I saw from her eyes the effort it was for her. the streams at Iria, and she had hated the sea, heaving grey and cold, but this quick water. The ship's weatherworker came aboard just before they sailed, no Roke wizard but a weatherbeaten fellow in a worn sea-cloak. Ivory flourished his staff a little in greeting him. The sorcerer looked him up and down and said, "One man works weather on this ship. If it's not me, I'm off." Glosses of Danemer and the Arcana of the Enlades, and kept his mouth closed. He listened. He heard. She had planted a young rowan from the Grove beside the fountain. They came to be sure it was thriving. The spring wind blew strong, seaward, off Roke Knoll, blowing the water of the fountain astray. Up on the slope of the Knoll they could see a little group of people: a circle of young students learning how to do tricks of illusion from the sorcerer Hega of O; Master Hand, they called him. The sparkweed, past flowering, cast its ashes on the wind. There were streaks of grey in Ember's hair. or bar not set off from the street. A few people were sitting there. I wanted to go inside and ask. And Early had a good chance of tracing him. Losen's power stretched all across Havnor and the. makings of a wizard Hemlock would train him, and if he had, as Hemlock suspected, a mere childish. man unwilling to put himself under the iron control of a spell of chastity could never practice. "I don't know," he said. "Maybe we should not leave Roke." around them, a few lights glimmering, pulsing, so that they were encircled now by an orange. and the bush-beans. She looked at the Doorkeeper; he smiled a little. She followed the pale-haired. "Close!" Otter cried, dropping to his knees, his hands on the earth, on the raw lips of the crevasse. "Close, Mother! Be healed, be whole!" He pleaded, begged, speaking in the Language of the Making words he did not know until he spoke them. "Mother, be whole!" he said, and the broken ground groaned and moved, drawing together, healing itself. Only a few steps ahead of them now was the place where underfoot, underground, two or three feet. All the people of the Archipelago and the Reaches share the Hardic language and culture with local. "In six minutes. Would you care for something to eat? There is no need to hurry. You can. She stopped and stared at him. "I don't know," he said. .pounded behind me; a girl ran toward the singer, pursued by someone; with a short, throaty laugh. with an attenuated bluish light -- elevators. The one I approached was already on its way up; Ember parted from him with only a "Good night." irreparable harm. Men and women and children had died because he was there. They had died in. "Ride back," he said. "Leave me here. There's enough food for one man for three or four days more. to intrude on her solitude, which daunted him as did the strangeness of the Grove itself. The. stride out of the stableyard without a word, the ugly hound she favoured trotting after her. It. Maharion died a few years after Erreth-Akbe, having seen no peace established, and much unrest and dissent within his kingdom. It was widely said that since the Ring of Peace was lost there could be no true king of Earthsea. Mortally wounded in battle against the rebel lord Gehis of the Havens, Maharion spoke a prophecy: "He shall inherit my throne who has crossed the dark land living and come to the far shores of the day." Highdrake took Medra as his student, gratefully. "I was taught my art by a mage who gave me freely." "It isn't the same kind of thing." their pack, but it might be they'd pay a bit of ivory for what they want. Is it so?" She turned. see that I had much choice about that. But having done you a disfavor, I thought if I came across. The town at the bay's head, Thwil, shared something of the uncanniness of the Knoll and the Grove. He looked stern. The dragon bore him away. "Oh, yes," he said, confused, and got up and limped back to the bedroom for his pouch. He brought. didn't." Diamond sat in his own sunny room upstairs, on his comfortable bed, hearing his mother singing as she went about the house. He held the wizard's letter and reread the message and the two runes many times. The cold and sluggish mind that had been born in him that morning down in the shallows accepted the lesson. No magic. Never again. He had never given his heart to it. It had been a game to him, a game to play with Darkrose. Even the names of the True Speech that he had learned in the wizard's house, though he knew the beauty and the power that lay in them, he could let go, let slip, forget. That was not his language. "She took bird form. Osprey, they said. Didn't expect that from a girl so young. Gone before they. saw the red ridge of the mountain in the dawn. Anieb died while he held her, her ruined face. "Mistress," said Hawk, "may I tell you a story?" honor. Power of birth and power of money were contingent, and must be earned lest they be lost. with four apples and a bladder of resinated wine, in case he had to stay out all night. He. "I can find it," said Otter. the King sits, having returned after the healing of the Ring, in sign of healing. And in that. "Set a price?" he flashed out. Then he remembered who he was not, and spoke humbly. "No. I. She had thought maybe his talk of coming here to cure the cattle sickness was one of the mad bits. killed the people who worked in the tower. Otter had never entered it nor seen Licky enter it. He. peddlers

working their way from one islet to the next among the mazy channels. Crow had stocked. grab him by the arm, but my fingers passed clean through him and closed on air. I stood. stone, until they thought him tamed. Then they sent him away to live at the stables of the great. "On the polyduct," said the man. "Which is your switch?" another witch or an ordinary woman. They do not often marry men, and if they do, they are likely. out looking scared and confused, followed by Dragonfly's loud, harsh voice - "Out of the house, to the boy that the old man took alarm. Otter had to beg and wheedle him for any further teaching. He was in fact a town boy, born in Gont Port. He had said nothing about himself, but Dulse had." "Ah," said the Patterner. "Hard for the housekeeper to give up the keys when the owner comes home." He knew he was no match for Early. To stop that first binding spell he had used all the strength. chestnut don't shoot up overnight like alder and willow. But there was time. There was time, now. "Come to the fire," she said. Irioth came and sat down on the settle. The Namer, the Doorkeeper, and the Herbal followed him with her into the Grove. There was a path. the earth, reminding the wizards and mages that their power was not theirs, but lent to them. the bodies of his men till they "living, seemed the black thirst-dead of the desert." To spare his. Maybe I said it out loud in my sleep. Or somebody told him. But nobody knows it. Nobody ever knew. deceiving his parents, he couldn't resist this knowledge, and the kindness and praise of his poor. "To keep you." whom he trusted. One of them was a man called Crow, a wealthy recluse, who had no gift of magic. of naming as a systematic part of the art magic. Ath left his book with a fellow mage on Pody when. The Herbal, and I too, judged the Summoner dead. We thought the breath he breathed was left from. "He drinks because he drinks," she said. "With some, that's all it is. I'll be in the dairy, now. I'll lock the house door. There's... there's been strangers about. You rest yourself. It's bitter out." She wanted to be sure that he stayed indoors out of harm's way, and that nobody came harassing him. Later on she would go into the village, have a word with some of the sensible people, and put a stop to this rubbishy talk, if she could. "Got that from under Losen's nose too," he said to Tern. "Come have a look at it! It belonged to a. The last heirs of the House of Hupun were a boy and girl, Ensar and Anthil. Wishing to end the line of the Kargish kings but unwilling to risk sacrilege by shedding royal blood, the Godking ordered these children to be stranded on a desert island. Among her clothes and toys the princess Anthil had the half of the broken Ring brought by Erreth-Akbe, which had descended to her from Thoreg's daughter. As an old woman she gave this to the young wizard Ged, shipwrecked on her island. Later, with the help of the high priestess of the Tombs of Atuan, Arha-Tenar, Ged was able to rejoin the broken halves of the Ring and so remake the Rune of Peace. He and Tenar brought the healed Ring to Havnor, to await the heir of Morred and Serriadh, King Lebannen. alighting. From them led the tracks of a man walking, straying up the beach for a long way as it. bones need the sun. The wizard stood still in the doorway of his house, between the dark room and. unmoving; her arms hung as if she had forgotten she had them, as if she now had nothing but a. "Tell them-tell them I was wrong," Irioth said. "Tell them I did wrong. Tell Thorion-" He halted, name, it was Losen who must be feared by the armies and the peoples, and he himself must keep in. numerals flowed down narrow screens; other booths had shutters instead of doors, which lifted. "It does not know death," he said, but he spoke in his own language, and they did not understand. songs seem to have been moved not so much by greed as by anger, a sense of having been cheated. To Otter this conversation was, again, like walking forward in a vast darkness with a small lamp. Anieb's understanding was that lamp. Each step revealed the next step he must take, but he could never see the place where he was. He did not know what was coming next, and did not understand what he saw. But he saw it, and went forward, word by word. "Hu-hu-hu," said the owl, under her window, and then it said, "Darkrose!" Startled from her misery, she leaped out of bed and opened the shutters. Licky came back to the barracks with them. Gelluk bade Otter goodnight in his soft voice. Licky. nations in our kaleidoscopic atlases, and some are more enduring. Down in their tiny cabin Dragonfly sat waiting for him, solemn as ever but her eyes blazing with. "Only in some very, very old tales. Before the gods were. Before men were. Before men were men, they were dragons." Gammer's ox-team; he laid the floor and polished it the next day, while the old wizard was up at. He stood silent a minute, and then said, "In Karego-At, when I was a barbarian, I was Azver. In. "What should I do?" he said aloud after a while. Half San's herd was dead. Alder would not say how many head he had lost. The bodies of cattle were. "Books?" said a rush plaiter on North Sudidi. "Like that there?" He pointed to long strips of. He was glad to see the sorcerer uneasy too, standing by the helmsman, keeping a watch up on the masthead, taking in sail at the hint of a west wind. But the wind held steady from the north. A thunder-squall came pelting on that wind, and Ivory went down to the cabin, but Dragonfly stayed up on deck. She was afraid of the water, she had told him. She could not swim; she said, "Drowning must be a horrible thing - not to breathe the air." She had shuddered at the thought. It was the only fear she had ever shown of anything. But she disliked the low, cramped cabin, and had stayed on deck every day and slept there on the warm nights. Ivory had not tried to coax her into the cabin. He knew now that coaxing was no good. To have her he must master her; and that he would do, if only they could come to Roke. frightened. "I could teach you how to do that for yourself," the wizard said, smiling, watching Otter rub and. with you-. The roasting pit took up the center of a huge domed chamber. Hurrying, sticklike figures

black.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (74 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. When she returned, she was carrying a tray with cups and two bottles. Squeezing one bottle. The spoken name of a True Rune may be the word it signifies in the Old Speech, or it may be one of. "But power - like you told me about - that isn't the same as making people do what you want, or pay you -". The Osskili use the Hardic runes to write their language, since they trade mostly with Hardic-speaking lands. down on her haunches and hid her face in her arms, shutting him out, shutting the world out. "Then. When we quarreled. I said it all wrong. I thought...." A long pause. "I thought I could go. would bring back slaves as cargo. It galled him to think of the good ship in that vicious usage. As he came down the

last slope of the mountain, he had seen houses here and there out in the her cheeks. Her face hardly changed..hire a band. Who's the best in the country? Tarry and his lot?".learned to read..fellow in a worn sea-cloak. Ivory flourished his staff a little in greeting him. The sorcerer.water and never enough to warm a man. The cowboys rode out and tried to round up the animals so.He reached out towards Yaved, towards the ache, the suffering. As he came closer to it he felt a great strength flow into him from the west, as if Silence had taken him by the hand after all. Through that link he could send his own strength, the Mountain's strength, to help. I didn't tell him I wasn't coming back, he thought, his last words in Hardic, his last grief, for he was in the bones of the mountain now. He knew the arteries of fire, and the beat of the great heart. He knew what to do. It was in no tongue of man that he said, "Be quiet, be easy. There now, there. Hold fast. So, there. We can be easy.".courtier of the King? Here, now, there's no need for ropes and knots." Where he stood, with a.bench beside her door and set the spindle turning. She had spun a yard of grey-brown yarn before.notion of actually getting her into the School on Roke disguised as a man, there was little chance.Gift hurried to the village. She went straight up to the doorstep, bent over the heap, and laid her hand on it. Everybody gasped and muttered, "Avert! Avert!" except Tawny's youngest daughter, who mistook the signs and piped up, "Speed the work!".wholeness, was a gain for him. He had begun merely by trying to get her into his bed, a game he.My teacher had no staff, Dulse thought, and at the same moment thought, He wants his staff from.become them to guide them, but he could not hurry. There was on him the bewilderment of any.cool. Nearby stood a vacant table. I sat awkwardly, my back to the people, looking out into the.When he was Gelluk's prentice and assistant, he had encouraged his master in the study of the lore of Way, finding himself free while Gelluk was off doting on his quicksilver. But Gelluk's abrupt fate had shaken him. There was something mysterious in it, some element or some person missing. Summoning the useful Hound to help him, Early had made a very thorough inquiry into what happened. Where Gelluk was, of course, was no mystery. Hound had tracked him straight to a scar in a hillside, and said he was buried deep under there. Early had no wish to exhume him. But the boy who had been with him, Hound could not track: could not say whether he was under that hill with Gelluk, or had got clean away. He had left no spell traces as the mage did, said Hound, and it had rained very hard all the night after, and when Hound thought he had found the boy's tracks, they were a woman's; and she was dead..and kicked his shoes off. He stood still and felt the dust and rock of the cliff-top path under.I can give you a bit of milk soup, and a penny will be more than enough, thank you." She didn't.had planned this conversation. "To enter the Great House: to go through that door."."My name's myself. True. But what's a name, then? It's what another calls me. If there was no other, only me, what would I want a name for?".I am hungry now," said the mage. He took a hardboiled egg from the basket, cracked, shelled, and.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..most of the work. The ewe bore the digging knife patiently, her opaque, amber, slotted eyes gazing."Now you," Diamond said to Rose, and she started to do what he had done, but the rock only twitched a little. "Oh," she whispered, "there's your dad.".the lake. I stood, dumbstruck and enraptured; the wind brought faint, fading echoes of music,.dogs yammered around him. "She broke it.".dozen paces from her when she began to sing. Among the unseen trees her voice was weak,.Language of the Making. Plants and parts of plants and animals and parts of animals and islands.After a long time the young man said, "What else can I do?".harm in a curer. Heal the foot rot, clear a caked udder. That's all fine. But cross one and there.came to him he could cure. He laid his hands on them, on the stiff-haired, hot flanks and neck,

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