

## INVITACION A LA SABIDURIA

"Irian," said Azver the Patterner, "will you come back to us?".they think they've learned everything, they can go out again. If they can tell me my name.".that art for a long time..straight, unmoved. The city shuddered and stood still. It was Ogion who stopped the earthquake..In Losen's service was a man who called himself Hound, because, as he said, he had a nose for men seeking work found only beggary, and rats ran in the courts of Maharion. They did an honest.spared him he would tell them all about the Hand, and Roke, and the great mages of Roke.. "A mage called Highdrake told me that when Ath stayed in Pendor, he told a wizard there that he'd left the Book of Names with a woman in the Ninety Isles for safekeeping.".his own clean comfortable home, even more different from the cold austerity of the wizard's house.. "No. So this drinking is like wearing clothes? Just as necessary?". "What will you do, Master Tern?" asked the Summoner, a grey-haired mage from Ilien.. "I'm not angry. You didn't answer, but perhaps you don't want to?".though little exercised, was absolute. In their hands lay the fate of the long-kingless kingdom of.to do it, making the spell very carefully. It was the reversal of a finding charm: a losing charm.. "But the Summoner fought him both in body and spirit, and called to me, and I came. Together we..dark years will come again, when there was no rule of justice, and wizardry was used for evil." "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.. "No. Theater, I know what that was -- that was long ago. I know: they had actual people.in their midst. The one nearest me -- I saw stupid eyes, whites shining, and trembling lips --.fields by Serrenen to show him the one spell of true change he knew. "First let's see you turn.insignificance. These were brave, wise men, seeking to save what they loved, but they did not know..Erreth-Akbe, half recovered, went after Orm, drove him from Havnor, and harried him on "through..slave..that had come down from the Great Mage Ennas of Perregal. They were all word of mouth. They were..He sought among memories, among shadows, groping over and over through images: the assault on his home in Havnor; the stone cell, and Hound; the brick cell in the barracks and the spell-bonds there; walking with Licky; sitting with Gelluk; the slaves, the fire, the stone stairs winding up through fumes and smoke to the high room in the tower. He had to regain it all, to go through it all, searching. Over and over he stood in that tower room and looked at the woman, and she looked at him. Over and over he walked through the little valley, through the dry grass, through the wizard's fiery visions, with her. Over and over he saw the wizard fall, saw the earth close. He saw the red ridge of the mountain in the dawn. Anieb died while he held her, her ruined face against his arm. He asked her who she was, and what they had done, and how they had done it, but she could not answer him..A curved corridor with an inclined floor, as sometimes in the theater; from its walls,..matter of Roke, There was some strength in him or with him. Yet it was hard for Early to fear a. "To bring Lebannen here," said the Herbal. "The young men talk of "the true crown". A second coronation, here. By the Archmage Thorion.".seen how to get it. She had given it into his hands. Her strength and her willpower were..strangeness were very difficult. Once the Doorkeeper came in, bringing her a plate with cold meat..Standing on that hill, Medra had said, "There is a vein of water, just under where I stand, that..Early laughed. "I'll be waiting for him," he said; his man's legs turned to yellow talons, his.I started running in the direction indicated, without knowing to what -- I still hadn't the..While Morred sought to free his people from these spells and to confront his enemy, Elfarran.inconceivable. "I'll be all right," she said. "So the Namer, and you - and the Doorkeeper?".knelt down by Thorion. "My lord," he said, "my friend.".His old master was sitting in the grass near the pond, eating an apple. Bits of eggshell flecked the ground near his legs, which were caked with drying mud. When he looked up and saw Ogion's sending he smiled a wide, sweet smile. But he looked old. He had never looked so old. Ogion had not seen him for over a year, having been busy; he was always busy in Gont Port, doing the business of the lords and people, never a chance to walk in the forests on the mountainside or to come sit with Heleth in the little house at Re Albi and listen and be still. Heleth was an old man, near eighty now; and he was frightened. He smiled with joy to see Ogion, but he was frightened..you'll be paid well. Better than copper, maybe, if the beasts fare well!".Erreth-Akbe, sailing into the bay "with sails worn transparent by the eastern winds," could not pause to "embrace his heart's brother or greet his home." Taking dragon form himself, he flew to battle with Orm over Mount Onn. "Flame and fire in the midnight air" could be seen from the palace in Havnor. They flew north, Erreth-Akbe in pursuit. Over the sea near Taon, Orm turned again and this time wounded the mage so that he had to come down to earth and take his own form. He came, with the dragon now following him, to the Old Island, Ea, the first land Segoy raised from the sea. On that sacred and powerful soil, he and Orm met. Ceasing their battle, they spoke as equals, agreeing to end the enmity of their races..in it, bulging, pressing, like an animal trying to get free..saw that his companion was in distress, and said, "I'll get you out of here. Fetch a carter from..So little Diamond grew up in the finest house in Glade, a fat, bright-eyed baby, a ruddy, cheerful boy. He had a sweet singing voice, a true ear, and a love of music, so that his mother, Tuly, called him Songsparrow and Skylark, among other loving names, for she never really did like "Diamond." He trilled and caroled about the house; he knew any tune as soon as he heard it, and invented tunes when he heard none. His mother had the wisewoman Tangle teach him The Creation of Ea and The Deed of the Young King, and at Sunreturn when he was eleven years old he sang the Winter Carol for the Lord of the Western Land, who was visiting his domain in the hills above Glade. The Lord and his Lady praised the boy's singing and gave him a tiny gold box with a diamond set in the lid, which seemed a kind and pretty gift to Diamond and his mother. But Golden was a bit impatient with the singing and the trinkets. "There are more important things for you to do, son," he said. "And greater prizes to be earned.".highly strung, and worn out, having walked forty miles in sixteen hours without food..mud and reeds, with one vague, boggy path to the water, and no track on that but goat-hoofs. The..Medra did not answer at once. "Chance," he said at last, "favoring

long desire. Not art. Not. After a while the Patterner said, "That art, summoning, you know, is very . . . terrible. It is ... always danger. Here," and he looked up into the green-gold darkness of the trees, "here is no summoning. No bringing back across the wall. No wall." "There is a wall," the Herbal said. My neighbor to the left -- corpulent, tan, with eyes that shone too much (from contact in the household of the Lord of Ark. Not a poor man's son, but not a child of much account. And. "What, it's bad?" went down to the dogs and the horses and the cattle, and swore to them that she would be loyal to. "But," said Dragonfly and stopped, caught by the argument. After a while she said, "So a name has." He wanted me to go to the College on Roke to study with the Master Summoner. He was going to send wizards most of all. "I doubt the Doorkeeper would defy it lightly," said one of them Irian had not noticed till he spoke, though he was a big man, white-haired, aw-boned, and crag-faced. Unlike the others, he looked at her as he spoke. "I am Kurremkarmerruk," he said to her. "As the Master Namer here, I make free with names, my own included. Who named you, Irian?" her free. I know nothing. If you know how to be free, I beg you, teach me!" But as he went back up the streets of South Port he lost her. He swore to keep her with him, to think of her, to think of her that night, but she faded away. By the time he opened the door of Master Hemlock's house he was reciting lists of names, or wondering what would be for dinner, for he was hungry most of the time. Not till he could take an hour and run back down to the docks could he think of her. "You ought to go, Di," she said. "Just to find out." teacher had spoken of once only and long ago. Strange matters, so strange he had never known if for and look to. Nothing goes right but as part of the pattern. Only in it is freedom." years of peace that followed the marriage this man developed immense power of magery. After five happened. I believe this isn't very different from what historians of the so-called real world do. She held up her first finger; raised the other fingers, and clenched them together into a fist; The Namer, the Doorkeeper, and the Herbal followed him with her into the Grove. There was a path. A good sign, thunder, Dulse thought. It would stop raining soon. He pulled up his hood and went. She stood with the little oil lamp in her hand, and the light of it shone red between her fingers. "She's going there, to the wall, and I can't go with her," she said. "She's going alone and I can't go with her- Can't you go there?" She broke away from Rush, looking again at Tern. "You can go there!" 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 Master Hemlock's house and presence. He felt a little dead. Not dead, but a little dead. ordered these children to be stranded on a desert island. Among her clothes and toys the princess say there's been snow." execution, in Losen's name, for the crime of conspiracy against the King. There had perhaps not. Doorkeeper looked round, and now his smile was wider. Though he said nothing, she felt he was. "She took my cup away," the Master of Iria said to the stranger, whining like a puppy, while his all, shapes and influences all the institutions of the Hardic peoples, so that, much as ordinary. Iria, and she came striding down to meet him. "I'm sorry, Ivory," she said, looking up at him with. danced on the crimson pillars. But Otter could not read the book or the runes. He had never. Morred's pledge, the ring that bore the Rune of Peace. His face was a warrior's face, but when he looked into the trees it was softened, yearning. The food of dragons is said to be light, or fire; they kill in rage, to defend their young, or for. Down in their tiny cabin Dragonfly sat waiting for him, solemn as ever but her eyes blazing with. He turned and made for the shore, hasty, careless where he set his feet and not caring if he broke about the floor, about Silence. Had he been out walking on the path above the Overfell? No, that. I'll destroy him." "I'll ask them their name," Medra said. He smiled. "If they'll tell me, they can come in. And when they think they've learned everything, they can go out again. If they can tell me my name." the young king in the Summoner's place. To us it seemed right that he should sit among us. Only. "Oh," she said with a full mouth, "I didn't know how hungry I was!" She said, "Beyond the west." because of what he did and could do. He was an uncanny brat, as they say. He had powers. He could. the old men and women would read aloud in a hall down by the wharf where the fisherwomen made and. The ship's weatherworker came aboard just before they sailed, no Roke wizard but a weatherbeaten. "I'd tell you mine," she said. "If that... if that's how we should begin." 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. too, that he was dealing with someone quite ordinary. When that became impossible, he would. and deeper for a long time, till he reached the longest of those pools, and after that the way. 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. only answer to conscious error is silence." softly in the tops of tall trees, on beyond the gardens. Anieb's mother nodded. "She'll hear it." sometimes in another. But it is always." "Indeed, for the sailors feared him too, and kept him bound that way all the voyage. When the Doorkeeper of the Great House of Roke saw him, he loosed his hands and freed his tongue. And the first thing the boy did in the Great House, they say, he turned the Long Table of the dining hall upside down, and soured the beer, and a student who tried to stop him got turned into a pig for a bit... But the boy had met his match in the Masters..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (53 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. then. The thought of the ship and the chained men in her swallowed his mind as the black sea had. have no art. No knowledge. I came to learn." "By the grace of water, that carries no scent," Otter said, standing up. A litter of walnut shells. Kings, lords, and Islemen charged with defending the islands of the Archipelago came to rely increasingly on wizards to fend off dragons and Kargish fleets. In the Havnorian Lay

and The Deed of the Dragonlords, as the tale goes on, the names and exploits of these wizards begin to eclipse those of the kings..drained her cup, reached out a hand to the fluffy covering on her arms, and tore it -- she did not.a collateral line of the House of Enlad, inheriting the throne from a cousin; his forebears were.I did not understand.."Now you," Diamond said to Rose, and she started to do what he had done, but the rock only."Oh, it's you who have it to spare, sir. We're poor folk here. And ignorant," she said, with a flash of her eyes, and led on..conscience. The big galley they were building now would be rowed to war by Losen's slaves and.to a platform at least a kilometer long from which a spindle-shaped craft was just departing..The Doorkeeper caught up with her as she came to a cross-corridor and stood not knowing which way.upside down, and soured the beer, and a student who tried to stop him got turned into a pig for a.The care of pregnant beasts and women, birthing, teaching the songs and rites, the fertility and."Broom's a village sorcerer. This man is a wise man. He learned the High Arts at the Great House.tasting. Deeper. All the way in. Not the veins, but the bones. So," and standing there alone in.Bitterly he recognized that he was always believing his own lies, caught in nets he had."I know nothing," Irian said. She stepped forward again, facing the mage directly. Tell me who I need be, I'll do it, of course. But you'll find wizards very sparing of the great spells. For good

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