

## THE GOOD SOLDIER A TALE OF PASSION

border of stone, old, covered with a yellowish lichen, and there I felt, at last, a real wind, clean, "Why would you come to the Marsh?" she asked. She had a right to ask, having taken him in, yet she felt a discomfort in pressing the question. "I am not ashamed," Irian said. She looked at them all. She felt that she should thank them for their courtesy but the words would not come. She nodded stiffly to them, turned round, and strode out of the room. . . . likely to be sung again. There old men at the tavern talk of Morred as if they had known him when. This harmony generally prevailed through the reign of Maharion. In the Dark Time, with no control over wizardly powers and widespread misuse of them, magic came into general disrepute. "The woman with you defies the Rule of Roke," the Windkey said. "She must leave. A boat is waiting. leaving Nais, I had not encountered a single passer-by. The escalator was very long. A wide street. Her ignorance and trustfulness could endanger her and therefore him. What did she and the bagman. librarian. The Book of Names, which is kept now in the Isolate Tower, was the foundation of the. with you drawing you to the particular attention of the Master Summoner. ".connection. He-or Anieb within him-could follow the links of Gelluk's spells back into Gelluk's. watched and listened and was still, he watched and listened and was still. So they did for several. night came early under the rain clouds, and they could not see where to set their feet. "But, he said, it must be learned and practiced for its own sake. ".interest in this woman, Doorkeeper, it should be pursued outside these walls - outside the door. power if I cannot use it? So he began to call the living to him, those at Roke whom he feared. .Lifting my head, I saw many others like it, hovering motionless in space in the same way, with. there was no wound. Gagged and bound, without his voice and hands to work magic, he could do. farms and wineries and cooperage and cartage and all, while he enjoyed his wealth. He married the. "Do you trust me, Dragonfly?" .had not said anything for a week or so, a cold, wet week of autumn. He said, "You might keep some. "I know. No, that's something else. I thought that you all. . . ".agreeing to end the enmity of their races. .are to help me, and if I am to teach you, you must try a little harder. I think you know how." He. "The one," Rose said. As suddenly as the ewe had walked off, she went into her house. Dragonfly. must have inveigled Erreth-Akbe into a place where the Old Powers of the earth would nullify his. There was a little noise, the soft clip-clop of the black mare's hooves, coming along the lane. .stride among them rousing them right and left with his knotted rope. The sail was half down, the. back to the seacoast, where Maharion's army awaited them. No ship of the fleet returned to Karego-. "I dislike goat cheese," Dulse said. "Plast. You don't know what that is?" .weatherworking, and even healing, because they held no fear, no challenge to him. He saw no virtue. hearth, skillfully making up the fire. The curer was in his room asleep. She looked in, and closed. "I'm going now," I announced. She did not speak. I wanted to add something -- a few. "Is he curing the cattle?" she asked. .gleaned from his sailors' reports and the marvelous ancient charts kept in the palace. He studied. Her father's ancestors had owned a wide, rich domain on the wide, rich island of Way. Claiming no. Tagtar, gradually increased their sway till they proclaimed themselves rulers of Earthsea. Their. eyes? Surprise? Admiration? Fear?. of the Masters of Roke even now, though the Chanter took the Finder's place when finding came to. be a passing, childish gift, like his sweet treble voice. There was too much fuss already made. She got him onto his bed, pulled the shoes off his feet, and left him sleeping. Berry came in late. sent out sorcerers and wizards trained to understand the ethical practice of magic and to protect. King Maharion himself, the story says, journeyed to Selidor to "weep by the sea." He retrieved. And they talked about that, all the wise women of the island: what was the true art of magic, and where did it turn false; how the balance of things was kept or lost; what crafts were needful, which useful, which dangerous; why some people had one gift but not another, and whether you could learn an art you had no native gift for. In such discussions they worked out the names that ever since have been given to the masteries: finding, weather-working, changing, healing, summoning, patterning, naming, and the crafts of illusion, and the knowledge of the songs. Those are the arts of the Masters of Roke even now, though the Chanter took the Finder's place when finding came to be considered a merely useful craft unworthy of a mage. "How can we get free?" .Sunreturn and the Long Dance, in the speaking and singing of the traditional songs and epics at. "Di thought it up," Rose said. .him. The thing that was hopping up and down on the grass between their bare toes was a rock. When. "But I will come, master!" he said. And then after a pause, "How soon?" And after a longer pause, he told the air something in a language the ship's captain did not understand, and made a gesture that darkened the air about him for an instant. "I think I do. ". "There, you see -- did you know in which direction the water flowed before it. . . ?". anything much but speed and direction and the sweet taste of river water and the sweet power of. "Then he drinks it at his place. ". "Well. . . yes, in a sense, yes. I don't design, I only make. . . ". "How could he not want to?" .know him. He knew the hand that had woven his bonds and cursed his nights, the acid taste and. back home and a lot of things had changed. Sex. Money. Transit. Violence. There's no more. He said, "I lost my way. Have I come to the villager?" His voice was hoarse and harsh, a beggar's. since have been given to the masteries: finding, weather-working, changing, healing, summoning. "Keep me?" she repeated. "You didn't seem to worry about losing me all winter. What made you come back now?" .The coppers weren't decently in a bag, even. Irioth had to hold out his hand, and the cattleman. number in their psycho-technical tables. They permitted me to fly -- why? Because experience. They came to where the miners were extending the old tunnel. There the wizard spoke with Licky in. slowly, and went into his house. .She broke off, coughing. Her mother shot an anguished, yearning glance at the wizard. Surely he. back here, eh?" and walked off with his quick, silent step, lost almost at once in the dappled, mild sunlight of late spring. They made good way from Geath. Late in the afternoon he heard the. "I was single. They picked unmarried ones. That is -- volunteers. ". All the way down the spinning, reeking stone stairs he talked, and Otter tried to understand, .farewell, knowing that with the last, dying sound more than the song would end. I had

not known. Who opened it to rich or poor, at him, but she did not speak again. She fought her death, fought to breathe, while the red light boy one of his dearest pleasures had been to go alone out into the countryside and wander along, he had transformed brick into butterfly. She could not dance with him, she could not play with. A red stripe passed across her face. "I'll be going to Easthill with Sul's mules." stood still, judging glance, lucky as an Irian'. The masters and many tenants of the domain added its name to their own, She lived with Medra in his small house not far from the Net House, though she spent many days with her sister Veil. Ember and Veil had been little children on a farm near Thwil when the raiders came from Wathort. Their mother hid them in a root cellar of the farm and then used her spells to try to defend her husband and brothers, who would not hide but fought the raiders. They were butchered with their cattle. The house and barns were burnt. The little girls stayed in the root cellar that night and the nights after. Neighbors who came at last to bury the rotting bodies found the two children, silent, starving, armed with a mattock and a broken ploughshare, ready to defend the heaps of stones and earth they had piled over their dead, to fear him. I do not need to fear his power. I do not need his power. I must see him, to be sure, her back. On her face was the same tranquil smile, directed at the empty rows of seats, which. With you there to vouch for me - to say even if I am a woman, I have some gift - and I'd promise. He did as he often did, made a little design out of whatever lay to hand: on the bit of sand on the riverbank in front of him he set a leaf-stem, a grassblade, and several pebbles. He studied them and rearranged them. "Now I must speak of harm," he said, directions; beyond them darkness and small letters, moving along the floor: TERMINAL PARK. "And I in my tower," said the Namer. "And you, Herbal, and the Doorkeeper, are in the trap, in the Great House. The walls we built to keep all evil out. Or in, as the case may be." "Is she hurt?" the woman said. "Oh, the traitorous vermin!" She was stroking down the mare's right. The faintest little sighing tremor ran over the slow, smooth swells. He left her at the corner of the street, a narrow, dull, somehow sly-looking street that slanted up between featureless walls to a wooden door in a higher wall. He had put his spell on her, and she looked like a man, though she did not feel like one. She and Ivory took each other in their arms, because after all they had been friends, companions, and he had done all this for her. "Courage!" he said, and let her go. She walked up the street and stood before the door. She looked back then, but he was gone. Ged too looked at her. "My lord," said one of them with a fine, dark face and a wizard's oaken staff, "we do trust you, After this struggle, the line of the Kargish kings continued in Hupun, nominally honored but powerless. The Four Lands were governed from Awabath. The high priests of the Twin Gods became Priestkings, In the year 840 of the Archipelagan count, one of the two Priest-kings poisoned the other and declared himself to be the incarnation of the Sky Father, the Godking, to be worshiped in the flesh. Worship of the Twin Gods continued, as did the popular worship of the Old Powers; but religious and secular power was henceforth in the hands of the Godking, chosen (often with more or less concealed violence) and deified by the priests of Awabath. The Four Lands were declared to be the Empire of the Sky and the Godkings official title was All-Emperor. "My mastery is here, on Gont," he said, still speaking hardly above a whisper. "My master is. He stood in the locked room in the dark and knew he would go free, because he was already free. A chanting, weatherworking). A student who showed a gift for sorcery and was sent to Roke for file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (90 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. He no longer kept a cow. He stood looking into the poultry yard, considering. The fox had been. Gelluk had made him foreman over the miners, Licky said, but he did no work in the mine; the. "Tell us who you are," the white-haired man said, courteously enough, but without greeting or. What he learned working with his father and uncle in the shipyard he could use, at least; and he something of the eagles quick, stiff turn, staring. Wizard knows wizard, and he knew which house. He saw her smile, but she was also hesitant, and after a while she said, "Well, you're welcome, sir, but I have to ask, can you pay a little?" "Will you come with me?" the Patterner said to Irian. "Some flurries," he said. She got a good look at him now in the light of lamp and fire. He was not a young man, thin, not as tall as she had thought. It was a fine face, but there was something wrong, something amiss. He looks ruined, she thought, a ruined man. After this struggle, the line of the Kargish kings continued in Hupun, nominally honored but. Nobody would touch him. They stared from a distance at the heap lying in the doorway of San's. She put her hand on his knee. It was the first time she had ever touched him. He endured it, the warmth and weight of her touch that he had wasted so much time wanting. In those days they had no fixed names for the various kinds and arts of magic, nor were the. 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. wizard, who had taken special responsibility for his training. It was usually the Archmage who. to see truly can see him as he is, the lord of all substances. The root of power lies in him. Do. "Yours are perished." "A col," I answered. I lifted my cup, as if to examine it. This milk had no smell. I did not. but the helmsman and the lookout, and the lookout was dozing. The water whispered on her sides, summers. not so abruptly as the Namer, in the light and shadow under the trees. Irian watched till he was. "What all the students do. Live alone in a stone cell and learn to be wise! It might not be what you dream it to be, but that, too, you'd learn." "Then to me you are Silence," the wizard said. "You can sleep in the nook under the west window. There's an old pallet in the woodhouse. Air it. Don't bring mice in with it." And he stalked off towards the Overfell, angry with the boy for coming and with himself for giving in; but it was not anger that made his heart pound. Striding along - he could stride, then - with the seawind pushing at him always from the left and the early sunlight on the sea out past the vast shadow of the mountain, he thought of the Mages of Roke, the masters of the art magic, the professors of mystery and power. "He was too much for 'em, was he? And he'll be too much for me," he thought, and smiled. He was a peaceful man, but he did not mind a bit of danger. not seen him for over a year, having been busy; he was always busy in Gont Port, doing the

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