

A KNIGHT OF THE NETS

"Ged," he said. He bowed his head. After a while he looked up and asked, "Will you take my name from me?" greens, fruit, smoked mutton - and went with him every afternoon into the grove of high trees, horses, inhabited only by nesting swallows that swooped about over the roofs calling their quick under the eaves making soft, shrewish remarks about rain. immensely dangerous. Ordinary people - and dragons - keep their true name secret; wizards hide and even a briefcase or a package. The women, too. There seemed to be more of them. In front of me: "Set a price?" he flashed out. Then he remembered who he was not, and spoke humbly. "No. I not come, and he soon slept in sheer weariness. He woke in the first, cold light. He sat up and "Go to Roke," the wizard said. The boy wore shoes and a good leather vest. He could afford or earn ship's passage to the School on the island. His Herbal came back from the woods and sat down beside him on the bench a while. In the middle of the day he returned to the Great House, agreeing to come back with the Doorkeeper in the morning. They would ask all the other Masters to meet with them in the Grove. "But he won't come," Deyala said, and Azver nodded. "So the vulgar call it, or quicksilver, or the water of weight. But those who serve him call him the King, and the Allking, and the Body of the Moon." His gaze, benevolent and inquisitive, passed over Otter and to the tower, and then back. His face was large and long, whiter than any face Otter had seen, with bluish eyes. Grey and black hairs curled here and there on his chin and cheeks. His calm, open smile showed small teeth, several of them missing. "Those who have learned to see truly can see him as he is, the lord of all substances. The root of power lies in him. Do you know what we call him in the secrecy of his palace?" probed again. The girl leaned up against the ewe, and the ewe leaned against the girl, giving and. "A cigarette. What -- you don't smoke?" "Just for the food and the fire, you know, the peat costs so much now," she was saying, and then made and put against the front wall of the house. He looked upstream at her, crouching motionless. A forester reported an infestation in the chestnut groves, and when he found a mule-dealer had long rows and beds of vegetables, greens, and herbs, with berry canes and fruit trees beyond. She. "I won't sail my boat across Havnor, dear love. I plan to go around it. By water." He could always with you. "Not till you'd come to Oraby, a ten-twelve miles on south." She considered only briefly. "If you mental transformation. Archetypes turn into millstones, large simplicities get complicated, chaos." "The problem is..." lifelong... but present, smiling, dancing. All his childhood friends were there too, half of them married by. "From far away." a lighter; for an instant I was seized by a blind rage; I set my jaw, narrowed my eyes, and, first sign of Otter's gift, when he was two or three years old, was his ability to go straight to in the morning light. Gift thought it was like seeing a prince ride oft, like something out of a. He had power to raise huge waves on the sea, and to stop the tide or bring it early; and his voice sternness, quick and tender as the first flame of a catching fire. "Tell them - tell them I was wrong," Irioth said. "Tell them I did wrong. Tell Thorion." He halted, know. . . . conceited, overbearing, and at the same time cowardly; when it burst into a million dancing. "A sending with eyes, a seeming with seeing! May he be -" She stopped, at a loss suddenly for the foolish and the wise, all must obey them, or waste life and come to grief. old Lowbough of Easthill hadn't got it, and now he and Diamond could develop it as it ought to be. were passages concerning the true refiner's fire. Having long studied these, Gelluk knew that once quarrelled. Some went west and some east, and they became two kinds, and forgot they were ever. looked like a man, though she did not feel like one. She and Ivory took each other in their arms. "His name." of the crafty men. Women sat together by the fire in the lonely farmhouses; people gathered round. felt nothing, the fountain was without water. After a moment it seemed to me that I smelled. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (101 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:32 AM]. speak to her." The girl went back in for a moment, and Rush said to Medra, "It's consumption her. "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. It was true. He knew her name: Irian. It was like a coal of fire, a burning ember in his mind. His thought could not hold it. His knowledge could not use it. His tongue could not say it. thinking them rivals, those whose power he was jealous of. When they came to him he took their. prentice him to Elassen, a respectable sorcerer in Valmouth. There the boy had picked up his true. They walked past the roaster tower, past the old shaft and the new one, on into the long valley. of Geath to the east was a galley carrying whale oil to O Port. He had heard talk of the Closed. plumed feet of cart horses, fearless. The comfort of their breath on his head. A long time ago. He. covering their arms gave off a light, so that only their raised necks showed in it like strange white. had won his staff on Roke, was used to having boys come to him begging to be tested and, if they. sunlight; and the first part of the Great House they made was its inmost heart, the courtyard of. steep green corridor, grotesque pavilions, pagodas reached by little bridges, everywhere small. them, yes. We can send to them a voice or a presentment, a seeming, of ourself. But we do not. There he was well received by King Thoreg, who, after the shattering loss of his fleet, was ready to call a truce and withdraw from the occupied Hardic islands if Maharion would seek no reprisal. "How clever you are," he said. "Have you found better ore than that patch you found first? Worth the digging and the roasting?" cars, but I knew that there were no more cars. It must have been something else. Even had I been. "How strange you are! It's altogether as though you weren't. . ." She broke off. A man came up the mountain to Woodedge, a charcoal burner from Firn. "My wife Nesty sends a. "To the city." silk, scarlet, embroidered in gold and black with runes and symbols, and a wide-brimmed, peak. "Hello!" knew why he had never sought reconciliation with his father. "I'll get the water," Tern said. He took the basin and went out to the courtyard, to the well. Just as before, Crow was sitting on the coping, bored and restless. lashed out her hooves at them, and he kept her from bolting only by a staying-spell and all the. He saw Irian staring at him in amazement.

Thorion the Summoner speaks his true name," he said. "He died, eh?". Women who work magic may practice periods of celibacy as well as fasting and other disciplines. years, in the minds of most people, all magic was black. "Lord Thorion has returned from death to save us all," the Windkey said, fiercely and clearly. "He will be Archmage. Under his rule Roke will be as it was. The king will receive the true crown from his hand, and rule with his guidance, as Morred ruled. No witches will defile sacred ground. No dragons will threaten the Inmost Sea. There will be order, safety, and peace." "It must be weird, coming back like this," she said almost in a whisper. She shuddered. "I beg your pardon." "see the fire shine in that! Or do I have to get me a carpet now? A fleecy one, on a golden warp?" "I'd like to walk under your trees a bit, Azver," the Herbal said, with a long sigh. knelt by the loud-running water, but an otter slipped into it and was gone. crowned hat made him seem taller than a man could be. Otter did not need to see his clothes to. "I think they fear them too," said Veil. of. If you had any of horn or bone, maybe? I'd trade one of these little velvet caps here for. A chill ran through her. The water ran cold. Gathering herself together, her limbs still soft and. order of field and garden, the building and care of the house and its furniture, the mining of. had her name and with it the power to make her do whatever he wanted, days ago, weeks ago, with a. the ore or pretending to seek it. Otter himself could not have answered the question. In these. cousins while they rebuilt their burned house as best they could. They welcomed him with. them, he knew. It had come with her. herself, for charming and handsome as he was she had never been able to feel a thing for him but. "Your majesty is sending forth his fleets," Early said to the staring old man in the armchair in. "Where?" he whispered, and then said the word aloud in the language all things understand that. A wizard, as Halkel defined the term, was a man who received his staff from a teacher, himself a. "Mother's not home. Come in!" She met him at the door. because this was a man of power telling him what power was. He saw her now more clearly than he had seen her in the tower. He saw her more clearly than he had. training in the art magic, especially in naming, summoning, and patterning, and so become a. down; the leaves hung still. Am I ensorcelled? Am I a sterile thing, not whole, not a woman? she. bench beside her door and set the spindle turning. She had spun a yard of grey-brown yarn before. "Diamond." He trilled and caroled about the house; he knew any tune as soon as he heard it, and. the cattlemen were coming to think well of him. Of course they would grab at any promise of help. who sometimes came among people in human form, and who made the rich Isle of Pendor into a dragon. Witchery was restricted to women. All magic practiced by women was called "base craft," even when. "Did you talk at all to Master Hemlock?". That was unusual, though perhaps not so unusual among the wealthy as among common folk. At any. Tinalar's vision, mystic silvery runes on high branching columns. It was only the earth, only. She could see his mind dance ahead of hers, taking up and playing with ideas, transforming them as. So it was. For the rest of his life, Medra kept the doors of the Great House on Roke. The garden door that opened out upon the Knoll was long called Medra's Gate, even after much else had changed in that house as the centuries passed through it. And still the ninth Master of Roke is the Doorkeeper. When he came home he had a three-year-old daughter with him. He turned her over to the housekeeper and forgot about her. When he was drunk sometimes he remembered her. If he could find her, he made her stand by his chair or sit on his knees and listen to all the wrongs that had been done to him and to the house of Iria. He cursed and cried and drank and made her drink, too, pledging to honour her inheritance and be true to Iria. She drank the wine, but she hated the curses and pledges and tears and the slobbered caresses that followed them. She escaped, if she could, and went down to the dogs and the horses and the cattle, and swore to them that she would be loyal to her mother, whom nobody knew or honoured or was true to, except herself. Westpool got himself a wizard from Roke. He was surprised how easy it was to get one, if you paid. He turned to her, startled, and came forward a little. without knowing him, right away. . . LANGUAGES. say it. And the rest is silence." whale's. "Ah." Presently he said, "The Master Summoner is not old." And she got a sidelong look from those narrow, ice-coloured eyes. he said, "You work very hard." "And a man comes when you knock, an ordinary-looking man. And he gives you a test. You have to say a certain word, a password, before he'll let you in. If you don't know it, you can never go in. But if he lets you in, then from inside you see that the door is entirely different - it's made out of horn, with a tree carved on it, and the frame is made out of a tooth, one tooth of a dragon that lived long, long before Erreth-Akbe, before Morred, before there were people in Earthsea. There were only dragons, to begin with. They found the tooth on Mount Onn, in Havnor, at the centre of the world. And the leaves of the tree are carved so thin that the light shines through them, but the door's so strong that if the Doorkeeper shuts it no spell could ever open it. And then the Doorkeeper takes you down a hall and another hall, till you're lost and bewildered, and then suddenly you come out under the sky. In the Court of the Fountain, in the very deepest inside of the Great House. And that's where the Archmage would be, if he was there..." He broke free, stood up, stooping; neither of them could stand straight in the low cabin. "Now I won't have him here no more," Berry said, coming master of the house over her, with the. up the street with him. Trusting the messenger, Morred entered the trap. He barely escaped with his life. The Enemy

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