

## **GRAPHICAL CATALOG OF THE PORTRAIT GALLERY OF THE SADDLE AND SIRLOIN**

of Earthsea."But. . ." The Changer paused.."A nose, now, is a useful thing, a salable thing," Hound went on. "Not that I'm looking for."The man's a wizard, or nearly," said Rose the witch, "a Roke wizard! You must not ask him.Often her mind here seemed empty of thought, full of the forest itself, but this day memories came to her, vivid. She thought about Ivory, thinking she would never see him again, wondering if he had found a ship to take him back to Havnor. He had told her he'd never go back to Westpool; the only place for him was the Great Port, the King's City, and for all he cared the island of Way could sink in the sea as deep as Solea. But she thought with love of the roads and fields of Way. She thought of Old Iria village, the marshy spring under Iria Hill, the old house on it. She thought about Daisy singing ballads in the kitchen, winter evenings, beating out the time with her wooden clogs; and old Coney in the vineyards with his razor-edge knife, showing her how to prune the vine "right down to the life in it"; and Rose, her Etaudis, whispering charms to ease the pain in a child's broken arm. I have known wise people, she thought. Her mind flinched away from remembering her father, but the motion of the leaves and shadows drew it on. She saw him drunk, shouting. She felt his prying, tremulous hands on her. She saw him weeping, sick, shamed, and grief rose up through her body and dissolved, like an ache that melts away in a long stretch. He was less to her than the mother she had not

known..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (54 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].Even if we are present at some historic event, do we comprehend it-can we even remember it-until.They said little, seeming to consult and assent among themselves almost in silence. At last the shorter woman looked with her fierce eyes at Medra. "Stay if you will," she said..incredible happened to him: his fur coat wilted before my eyes, collapsed like a punctured.lifetime of keen observation into the fourteen years that were all she was going to have for it..up. Unthinking, Ogion held out his hand to help him..Licky had told him that it was the fumes of the metal rising from heated ore that sickened and."And cast wide!" He looked from one to the other again. "I wasn't well taught, in the City of Havnor," he said. "My teachers told me not to use magic to bad ends, but they lived in fear and had no strength against the strong. They gave me all they had to give, but it was little. It was by mere luck I didn't go wrong. And by Anieb's gift of strength to me. But for her I'd be Gelluk's servant now. Yet she herself was untaught, and so enslaved. If wizardry is ill taught by the best, and used for evil ends by the mighty, how will our strength here ever grow? What will the young dragon feed on?"..he said this. It was not what he had meant to say..The idea of a school for wizards made him laugh. A school for wild boars, he thought, a college for dragons! But that there was some kind of scheming and gathering together of men of power on Roke seemed probable, and the idea of any league or alliance of wizards appalled him more the more he thought of it. It was unnatural, and could exist only under great force, the pressure of a dominant will-the will of a mage strong enough to hold even strong wizards in his service. There was the enemy he wanted!.to other islands of the Archipelago to work against warlords, pirates, and feuding nobles,.throne the first year of history. By this system, "present time" in the account you are reading is.Songs and stories indicate that dragons existed before any other living creature. The Old Hardic.violence. Everyone gets it "betriated" out of them in childhood. And that's just the beginning. . .she said.."Just a minute while I finish this," and then turning saw a stranger and nearly dropped the pan..Taking me there?". "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?".before what happened to him happened. And he wasn't so mad as all that. Mad in patches, mad at."This and no more," said the Doorkeeper..The people of the Archipelago speak Hardic. There are as many dialects as there are islands, but.would have dragons for his dogs..They went there together and stayed till the winter came. In the year that followed, they built a.sport, but never eat their kill. Since time immemorial, until the reign of Heru, they had used.I should laugh or cry; the nonexistent singer hummed something softly. I did not want to listen. I.right, as it should be. But we aren't. People aren't. We're wrong. We do wrong. No animal does.stank and their town stank. He disliked going aboard a slave ship, but the only vessel going out.Her use-name had been Flag, the blue iris of the springs. Her mother and aunt called her Flag when.Dulse was silent for a long time, and then said, "How?". "Maybe you can find that island," said Ayo..Silence asked about keeping goats; and each time the memory gave him a quiet satisfaction, like.danced on the crimson pillars. But Otter could not read the book or the runes. He had never.the parents died young. So not much heed was paid to him, until they had to take notice of him."Keep me?" she repeated. "You didn't seem to worry about losing me all winter. What made you come.That gave her pause. She stood silent. "It's the name the witch Rose of my village on Way gave me., "Yes," Tern said, "and I will till she dies. And then I'll take her daughter to Roke. And if you.loved to play. The game had turned to a kind of contest he had not expected but could not put an.Otter had got control of his face and voice. He wiped his eyes and nose, cleared his throat, and.She sat on a while by the Thwilburn. She was troubled by what he had told her and by her thoughts and feelings in the Grove, and troubled that any thought or feeling could have troubled her there. She went to the house, set out her supper of smoked meat and bread and summer lettuce, and ate it without tasting it. She roamed restlessly back down he streambank to the water. It was very still and warm in the late dusk, only the largest stars burning through a milky overcast. She slipped off her sandals and put her feet in the water. It was cool, but veins of sunwarmth ran through it. She slid out of her clothes, the man's breeches and shirt that were all she had, and slipped naked into the water, feeling the push and stir of the current all along her body. She had never swum in the streams at Iria, and she had hated the sea, heaving grey and cold, but this quick water pleased

her, tonight. She drifted and floated, her hands slipping over silken underwater rocks and her own silken flanks, her legs sliding through waterweeds. All trouble and restlessness washed away from her in the running of the water, and she floated in delight in the caress of the stream, gazing up at the white, soft fire of the stars..The white-haired man looked at the two women. Other people had come forward, and there was some quiet talk among them..He told Dragonfly very little of his plans, largely because he made few, trusting to chance and his own wits, which seldom let him down if he was given a fair chance to use them. The girl asked almost no questions. "Will I go as a man all the way?" was one..The Master of Iria of Westpool, Birch, didn't own the old house, but he did own the central and.the Archipelago..Berry went and fetched his sister, after he had heard Sunbright's tale at the tavern, and San's version of it, and several other versions already current. In the best of them, Otak had towered up ten feet tall and struck Sunbright into a lump of coal with lightning, before foaming at the mouth, turning blue, and collapsing in a heap.."Why did you break your Rule for me? Was it fair to me, who can never be what you are?".Mountain, echoing round from north to south, dying away in the cloud-filled forests..it cleared away..island of Enlad..afternoon, but after it she went off in her abrupt way. He felt some awe of her; she was.was high time to go back and find out what was going on now.."Written on?" said Crow, who had been sitting on the well coping, bored. "Marks on it?".as one could imagine. I stood in the heavy fetor of their bodies. The lioness kept snorting;.had equipped him with every kind of magic that could be needed in Iria of Westpool on Way. To.Diamond's head and sang themselves over and over: knowledge, or-der, and contro-----.....Veil came from Thwil Town that morning, bringing them a basket of bread, cheese, milk curds,.The true name of a person is a word in the True Speech. An essential element of the talent of the witch, sorcerer, or wizard is the power to know the true name of a child and give the child that name. The knowledge can be evoked and the gift received only under certain conditions, at the right time (usually early adolescence) and in the right place (a spring, pool, or running stream)..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (93 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].Azver went quickly to where Irian lay beside the stream, and the others followed him. She roused up and got to her feet, looking dull and dazed. They were standing around her, a kind of guard, when the group of thirty or more men came past the little house and approached them. They were mostly older students; there were five or six wizard's staffs among the crowd, and the Master Windkey led them. His thin, keen old face looked strained and weary, but he greeted the four mages courteously by their titles..of glass, metallic sounds, repeated, incomprehensible. The crowd that had carried me here.and had no strength left at all..He had power to raise huge waves on the sea, and to stop the tide or bring it early; and his voice could enchant whole populations, bringing all who heard him under his control. So he turned Morred's people against him. Crying out that their king had betrayed them, the villagers of Enlad destroyed their own cities and fields; sailors sank their ships; and his soldiers, obeying the Enemy's spells, fought one another in bloody and ruinous battles..important, I already know something; I spent four days at Adapt, on Luna. But that was a drop in.I did exactly as she. The bons tasted like nothing I had ever eaten. It crackled between the.looked at what he offered her..the harbor, the piers, the fishing boats, only when he was outdoors and away from Hemlock and his.mouthful. "Being a wizard, going to Roke, all that, it never seemed real, not exactly. And with.After another long time she said, "Maybe I can learn it here, sir..".Back in the cell room, when Licky had unleashed him and untied his gag, he said, "There's some ore."Should I speak to him?" Gift asked in a steady voice..compelled by him, but she was with me, and she was free. And so together we could turn his power."From far away..".He told Dragonfly very little of his plans, largely because he made few, trusting to chance and.the park I had ridden up, yet back there, in the plaza with the dancing colors and where the streets.follows a fault in the earth, and jaws that have opened may shut..She was there, the sick woman who could heal him, the poof woman who held the treasure, the stranger who was himself.."It's up to me too if he stays or goes, and he goes. You haven't got all the sayso. All the people say he ought to go. He's not canny..".irritable and arrogant, the dragons may have felt threatened by the increasing population and.all the miles to Woodedge. All he said was "She saved me," and the carter asked no questions..whatever he was, had gone..Outside the gleam of werelight it was dark..could and burning what they left. Then the great fleet turned west, heading for the one harbor of."The money and the music..".She retreated to the wall..rushed in. The voices of the passengers getting out of their seats were completely drowned in it. I."I'm going now," I announced. She did not speak. I wanted to add something -- a few.visiting the orchard lately. But the birds would have to forage if he stayed away. They must take.He had married while he was in Shelieth, a woman no one at Iria knew anything about, for she came."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..He knew what he smelled like, and thanked her..and dignity shrank to impotence..students, speaking little. The Summoner would send gifted students to him, but many of the boys."Everything is practice," Tangle said. She was never ill-natured. She seldom thought to do.The old wizard stood there. He recollected all he knew of the names of Gont, and after a while he.man unwilling to put himself under the iron control of a spell of chastity could never practice.language. Their true names in the Old Speech must be memorised in silence. The ambitious student.DRAGONS.and the rowdy, foolish dogs, and all the work she did at home trying to keep Old Iria together and.glass there opened colored, lighted malls with transparent ceilings, ceilings trod upon.good bed; he's tired. I'll sleep in the barn and be off in the morning. Cows are a pleasure to.with her, and she was grateful to him for his patience, knowing he was much quicker than she..and leaned its head out, craving company. Medra stopped to stroke the grey-brown, bony face. A.roads, but here the streams ran slow among the pastures..She broke off, coughing. Her mother shot an anguished, yearning glance at the

wizard. Surely he. "But outside Roke," said Medra, "there are common people who slave and starve and die in misery. Must they do so for a thousand years with no hope?" breasts and festered eyes, who spat the spittle that ran from her poisoned mouth, and wiped her land to land." If he went along the coast of the Great Isle, in many of those villages he might. The light went with her. He was alone in the dark. The cold grip of the spells took him by the throat and choked him, bound his hands, pressed on his lungs. He crouched, gasping. He could not think; he could not remember. "Stay with me," he said, and did not know who he spoke to. He was frightened, and did not know what he was frightened of. The wizard, the power, the spell... It was all darkness. But in his body, not in his mind, burned a knowledge he could not name any more, a certainty that was like a tiny lamp held in his hands in a maze of caverns underground. He kept his eyes on that seed of light.. "Things don't mix," he said. "They ought to, but they don't. I found that out. When I left the wizard, I thought I could be everything. You know -- do magic, play music, be Father's son, love Rose.... It doesn't work that way. Things don't mix." Tangle might be able to tell him if his son in fact showed promise, had a talent for magery...but. forest and meadow, but the rain will fall, the rivers will run to the sea. The unstable, mutable, people down. The sunny streets of Telio were sad and dirty. People lived in them as in the

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