

KEEPING MY PROMISE

wouldn't it be set down on the charts? on other islands, the school's reputation and influence grew rapidly. The mage Teriel of Havnor, "If a word can heal, a word can wound," the witch said. "If a hand can kill, a hand can cure. It's." Gelluk stopped and said nothing for some time, thinking, his face excited. Otter glimpsed the images in his mind: great fires blazing, burning sticks with hands and feet, burning lumps that screamed as green wood screams in the fire. He was angry then, very angry, a hungry man whose food is snatched from his hand. He summoned the man Tern to reappear, but he did not know his true name and had no hold of heart or mind on him. The summons went unanswered. It was true. He knew her name: Irian. It was like a coal of fire, a burning ember in his mind. His there was no wound. Gagged and bound, without his voice and hands to work magic, he could do. and a powerful mage when he faced the dragon Orm. He tried to remember how to make light. Anieb said to him, plaintively, "Can't you make the foot of the hill he came into a lane. It led him through farmlands that looked well kept, though. earlier departure, did not surprise them. They must have had a reaction of this type catalogued, it." "I should go," she said. "I can walk in the Grove, but not live there. It isn't my - my place. And the Master Chanter said I did harm by being here." He slept there, on the ground. At sunrise he got up and walked by the high road over to Re Albi. He did not go into the village, but past it to the little house that stood alone to the north at the beginning of the Overfell. The door of the house stood open. Sleeping out on deck with the starlight on his face, he had a simple, vivid dream: it was daylight, clouds racing across a bright sky, and across the sea he saw the sunlit curve of a high green hill. He woke with the vision still clear in his mind, knowing he had seen it ten years before, in the spell-locked barracks room at the mines of Samory. body understand his body, repeating that first, deep embrace that had held all the years of their. about it. What I said to you about men of a craft sticking together. And who we work for. Couldn't. accepting their judgment over his own. "Thorion has been much with the other Masters, and with the." "Probably not," the wizard said. There was the silence. Then a fish leapt from the black, shaking water, a white-grey fish the. "We all do harm by being," said the Patterner. who mistook the signs and piped up, "Speed the work!" back now? who had mistreated him. different poses. These were not exactly displays, for everything stood and lay in the street, on. That gave her pause. She stood silent. "It's the name the witch Rose of my village on Way gave me, nearest was open. I looked in. A large, broad-shouldered man looked in from the opposite side. "He told me what it's like," Dragonfly said. "You walk up through the town, Thwil Town. There's a door opening on the street, but it's shut. It looks like an ordinary door." "Your father told me. A witch's daughter, a childhood playmate. He believed that you had taught her spells." The existence of magic as a recognized, effective power wielded by certain individuals, but not by all, shapes and influences all the institutions of the Hardic peoples, so that, much as ordinary life in the Archipelago seems to resemble that of nonindustrial peoples elsewhere, there are almost immeasurable differences. One of these differences may be, or may be indicated by, the lack of any kind of institutionalised religion. Superstition is as common as it is anywhere, but there are no gods, no cults, no formal worship of any kind. Ritual occurs only in traditional offerings at the sites of the Old Powers, in the great, universally celebrated annual festivals such as Sunreturn and the Long Dance, in the speaking and singing of the traditional songs and epics at these festivals, and, perhaps, in the performance of spells of magic. 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. It was no use trying to impress her; all she said was, "Ships don't trade much to Roke, do they? round the mountain. He's there now." However the Division came about, from the beginning of historical time human beings have lived in the main Archipelago and the Kargad Lands east of it, while the dragons kept to the westernmost isles-and beyond. People have puzzled at their choosing the empty sea for their domain, since dragons are "creatures of wind and fire," who drown if plunged under the sea. But they have no need to touch down either on water or on earth; they live on the wing, aloft in air, sunlight, starlight. The only use a dragon has for the ground is some kind of rocky place where it can lay its eggs and rear the drakelets. The small, barren islets of the farthest West Reach suffice for this. of power from the kings to the priests. King Thoreg received him with honor, but Intathin the High. "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?" In return he told Veil and Ember about the mines of Samory, and the wizard Gelluk, and Anieb the slave. Roasters die in a year or two. Where to, dowser? He was in fact a town boy, born in Gont Port. He had said nothing about himself, but Dulse had asked around a bit. The father, a longshoreman, had died in the big earthquake, when Silence would have been seven or eight; the mother was a cook at a waterfront inn. At twelve the boy had got into some kind of trouble, probably messing about with magic, and his mother had managed to prentice him to Elassen, a respectable sorcerer in Valmouth. There the boy had picked up his true name, and some skill in carpentry and farmwork, if not much else; and Elassen had had the generosity, after three years, to pay his passage to Roke. That was all Dulse knew about him. They came out into the calm, open evening air. The west still held some brightness as they crossed the Thwilburn and walked across the fields to Roke Knoll, which stood up before them in a high dark curve against the sky. work and talk. That was unusual, though perhaps not so unusual among the wealthy as among common folk. At any. "Yes," said the Patterner. "What goes too long unchanged destroys

itself. The forest is for ever because it dies and dies and so lives. I will not let this dead hand touch me. Or touch the king who brought us hope. A promise was made, made through me, I spoke it - "A woman on Gont" - I will not see that word forgotten." perfume, sharp yet at the same time mild; a young couple passed; the girl turned to the man; her Veil came from Thwil Town that morning, bringing them a basket of bread, cheese, milk curds..Her father's ancestors had owned a wide, rich domain on the wide, rich island of Way. Claiming no."I'm no good there, you see, Ged," he said. "I am, here. If they'll let me do the work." He looked again at Gift, and Ged did also. She looked at them both.. "Master," Medra said, afoot, "wake up."..the ground near his legs, which were caked with drying mud. When he looked up and saw Ogion's..Neither spoke for a while. She could just make out the bulk of him in the leafy shadows. "You're bigger than you were," she said. "Can you still make a light, Di? I want to see you."..What he found on Roke was both less and more than the hope and rumor he had sought so long. Roke Island was, they told him, the heart of Earthsea. The first land Segoy raised from the waters in the beginning of time was bright Ea of the northern sea, and the second was Roke. That green hill, Roke Knoll, was founded deeper than all the islands. The trees he had seen, which seemed sometimes to be in one place on the isle and sometimes in another, were the oldest trees in the world, and the source and center of magic..learn to let go. And Diamond nodded sturdily enough to satisfy his father, though he had a."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..He pulled up some grass and rubbed at the slimy mud on his feet and legs. It was not dry yet, and..And Dulse was standing on his own doorstep, three eggs in his hand and the rain running cold down his

back..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (16 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM].disciplines, and exert ethical control over the practices of wizardry. With the Hand as its agent..He looked up suddenly. The sheep, who had been grouped near the stile, were scurrying off, and someone was coming along the path from the Great House..the wine merchant there. He was glad to send his wizard along as bodyguard, for the wine was..You can know anything you like. I need have no secrets from you. Nor you from me," and he laughed.. "Often. Seeing only boys and men, day after day, in the Great House and all the precincts of the School. Knowing that the townswomen are spell-bound from so much as setting foot on the fields about Roke Knoll. Once in years, perhaps, some great lady is allowed to come briefly into the outer courts. .. Why is it so? Are all women incapable of understanding? Or is it that the Masters fear them, fear to be corrupted - no, but fear that to admit women might change the rule they cling to - the ... purity of that rule."..that had come down from the Great Mage Ennas of Perregal. They were all word of mouth. They were..The idea of doing harm troubled her, but the idea of danger had not entered her mind. She found it inconceivable. "I'll be all right," she said. "So the Namer, and you - and the Doorkeeper?"..will be born dead, I know it!"..like I'm the water finder and you're my wand, see? You lead on. And if you want to go this way or..followed her, but only to the door. Nobody entered a witch's house uninvited..to here? I want them. Then I'll see to him.".."Don't come near me!"..anything lost, a dropped nail, a mislaid tool, as soon as he understood the word for it. And as a..Though like any power they could be perverted to evil use in the service of ambition (as was the.."Now you," Diamond said to Rose, and she started to do what he had done, but the rock only.."Yes," she said uncertainly..and forgot about her. When he was drunk sometimes he remembered her. If he could find her, he made..had told them that I would not be able to manage on my own? But how could that be, when this..give birth to her master. That is why, to give him birth, she must be burned alive."..She looked at him. She could not speak. She stood up and after a moment walked out of the..He tacked across the strong wind, swung round South Point, and sailed into the Great Bay of..things like that, and who would have expected it of a rich man? Wouldn't he have servants, where..a few spells of illusion; and when the boy was fifteen or so, the old man took him out into the..The clouds darkened. Rain passed through the little valley, falling on the dirt and the grass.."in the Mountain?"..from the concave ceiling seemed practically a glow. I did not know what to do with my hands, so..already?" she said, and then saw him.."Gentlemen, I'm looking for a hotel. Where is there. . .?".."If I did, it would be up to you all to approve or disapprove," said he..then it was not really what she had wanted to know, but she wanted to know more. He was patient..straight, unmoved. The city shuddered and stood still. It was Ogion who stopped the earthquake..even a briefcase or a package. The women, too. There seemed to be more of them. In front of me:..With him were a violist, a tabor-player, and Rose, who played fife. Their first tune was a stamper, fast and brilliant, too fast for some of the dancers. Diamond and his partner stayed in, and people cheered and clapped them when they finished the dance, sweating and panting. "Beer!" Diamond cried, and was carried off in a swirl of young men and women, all laughing and chattering.."When he gets himself a girl," Golden said, in answer to whatever it was she had been saying..against his arm. He asked her who she was, and what they had done, and how they had done it, but..of gifts and in pledge of peaceful intent, Erreth-Akbe went alone to the City of the Kings on.."No use," said the old wizard, grinning, "you're only wind and sunlight. Now I'm going to be dirt..But her boat-cradle of willow wood, floating free, bore their child Serriadh to safety, wearing.."They're men of the Hand, Dory, one short and pretty and one tall and proud, and they say they're seeking papers. I know you had some once, though you may not now. They've nothing you need in their pack, but it might be they'd pay a bit of ivory for what they want. Is it so?" She turned her bright eyes on Tern, and he nodded..cling to - the ... purity of that rule."..She looked round, and he looked up. Both knew that Gelluk had sensed something, had wakened. Otter..in labor when her womb contracts. That was Ogion's thought, even as he said, "What did you mean.."I'm not truly a teller, mistress," he said with his pleasant smile, "but I do have a story for..Doorkeeper looked round, and now his smile was wider. Though he said nothing, she felt he was..There are two entirely different kinds of writing in Earthsea: the True Runes and runic writing.."Do you trust me,

Dragonfly?". I will not be summoned." .mind?". file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (68 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. lived all their lives in the Grove, served to link human arts and acts to the older sacredness of Thoreg's high priest, Intathin, opposing any truce or settlement, challenged Erreth-Akbe to a duel. city, in these latter days, men and women of the islands speak with dragons, in sign of change. It was then that village sorcery, and above all women's witchery, came into the ill repute that. "I won't sail my boat across Havnor, dear love. I plan to go around it. By water." He could always. Huge figures in cones of floodlights; pouring from them was ruby light, honey light, as. order, and to keep contradictions and discrepancies at a minimum while I was writing these. "Stop," I grumbled. "Any more apologizing and I'll really feel all that time." Men and women of the Hand had joined together on Roke a hundred or more years ago, forming a. "Will you trust me entirely, wholly - knowing that the risk I take for you is greater even than. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (10 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. certain either of that city, which existed only within me, or of this spectral one with rooms into. Of them all it was the Herbal, the healer, who was the first to move. He went up the path and knelt down by Thorion. "My lord," he said, "my friend." Medra had come to Havnor thinking that because he meant no harm he would do no harm. He had done. ranges, the murrain's very bad. Maybe the cold weather'll put an end to it." "Everything is practice," Tangle said. She was never ill-natured. She seldom thought to do anything much for her daughter, but never hurt her, never scolded her, and gave her whatever she asked for, dinner, a toad of her own, the amethyst necklace, lessons in witchcraft. She would have provided new clothes if Rose had asked for them, but she never did. Rose had looked after herself from an early age; and this was one of the reasons Diamond loved her. With her, he knew what freedom was. Without her, he could attain it only when he was hearing and singing and playing music. on the ground, rather hard, for his legs were shaking. complications, something that would spoil my plan at the last minute, but nothing happened, and. had found a ship to take him back to Havnor. He had told her he'd never go back to Westpool; the. Diamond sat upright and still. He had been getting some of his father's height and girth lately. thinking them rivals, those whose power he was jealous of. When they came to him he took their. with themselves, their life. When they talked to each other it was always about what they were. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (105 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:32 AM]. That is, human beings chose to have possessions and dragons chose not to. But, as there are. He slept till late in the morning and woke as if from illness, weak and placid. She was unable to. of the crafty men. Women sat together by the fire in the lonely farmhouses; people gathered round. been more than two hundred. "And if. . .". bigger than you were," she said. "Can you still make a light, Di? I want to see you." Silence nodded, acceptant as always. and the women and the dirty, timid children drew closer to see the wonders he would show them. Silence apparently did not notice the pause or the extreme softness of Dulse's voice. "Milk, cheese, roast kid, company," he said. three centuries, no woman taught or studied at the school on Roke. During those centuries. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (21 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. ground glimmered faintly before their feet. center of pilgrimage from the earliest recorded times, and the kings of Atuan and later of Hupun. her mouth. He thought of the spring of water that had run from the broken earth. struggled against it. A man of power had come to heal the cattle, another man of power. But a. But if he lets you in, then from inside you see that the door is entirely different - it's made. he must be bound, named, called. Irioth began to say the words that would bind him, and the shaken. "What's that all about?" Golden said to his wife, a rhetorical question. She looked at him and said nothing, a non-rhetorical answer.

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