

A VISIT TO THE CITY

"But he scared em, somehow, did he?" He had been through a long hard trial and had taken a great chance against a great power. His bodily strength came back soon, for he was young, but his mind was slow to find itself. He had lost something, lost it forever, lost it as he found it. There were no inns on this road through what had once all been the Domain of Iria. As the sun neared the western plains, they stopped at a farmhouse that offered stabling for the horses, a shed for the cart, and straw in the stable loft for the carters. The loft was dark and stuffy and the straw musty. Ivory felt no lust at all, though Dragonfly lay not three feet from him. She had played the man so thoroughly all day that she had half-convinced even him. Maybe she'll fool the old men after all! he thought, and grinned at the thought, and slept. House as a student. Master Doorkeeper? pouch, lifted it to his lips, and drank its contents. He opened his smiling mouth so that Otter. business of the lords and people, never a chance to walk in the forests on the mountainside or to. connected, he saw something of what Otter saw. He stopped, gripping Otter's arm. His hand shook. the old man laid his hand a moment on the son's shoulder. "How does he hold them all?" the Namer said. "Herbal, you were here when Sparrowhawk and Thorion. crewman on a fishing boat of the Ebavnor Straits or a trader of the Inmost Sea. 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. but he did. If he wanted to touch one of the great beasts he had only to stand and speak to it a. "Did you know that, Irian?" the Doorkeeper asked her. Azver came between her and them, her words releasing him from the paralysis of mind and body that. saw where Yaved was. It was the place where the ridges parted, just inland from Gont Port; the. was less to her than the mother she had not known. "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?" hide his gift. knew about Early. Not a sign of him nor from him. Maybe I could find him, they said, joking me. that surrounded the stone circle. Her voice grew stronger, she summoned the darkness, pleaded. You can know anything you like. I need have no secrets from you. Nor you from me," and he laughed. "No use," said the old wizard, grinning, "you're only wind and sunlight. Now I'm going to be dirt. whale's. "Memory, memory," Hemlock said. "Talent's no good without memory!" He was not harsh, but he was unyielding. Diamond had no idea what opinion Hemlock had of him, and guessed it to be pretty low. The wizard sometimes had him come with him to his work, mostly laying spells of safety on ships and houses, purifying wells, and sitting on the councils of the city, seldom speaking but always listening. Another wizard, not Roke-trained but with the healer's gift, looked after the sick and dying of South Port. Hemlock was glad to let him do so. His own pleasure was in studying and, as far as Diamond could see, doing no magic at all. "Keep the Equilibrium, it's all in that," Hemlock said, and, "Knowledge, order, and control." Those words he said so often that they made a tune in Diamond's head and sang themselves over and over: knowledge, or-der, and contro-----.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (110 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:32 AM].regretfully. He stooped to see if he could pick him up or drag him, and felt the faint warmth of. "In Havnor, years ago, I was in servitude. Those who freed me told me about a place where there. He spent the whole afternoon in confusion, angry. When Ember came out of the Grove to her leafy bower upstream, he went there, carrying Veil's basket as an excuse. "May I talk to you?" he said. "I said I'd see to his beasts at... at the pasture between the rivers, was it?" he said, getting anxious, the hunted look coming back into him, and he got up from the settle. "Oh child, oh lamb," said Rush, taking her into her embrace; but though she hugged Rush, Dory did. like I'm the water finder and you're my wand, see? You lead on. And if you want to go this way or. in the morning light. Gift thought it was like seeing a prince ride oft, like something out of a. All he saw was a mist on the water, all across the sea beyond the mouth of the bay. As he watched. have any woman he wanted, but women would drain his power, suck away his strength. He wanted no. "I could fly there as a tern and be back on the ship before daylight," he said to himself, but idly. He was bound for O Port. Ruined lands were all too common. No need to fly to seek them. He made himself comfortable in his coil of cable and watched the stars. Looking west, he saw the four bright stars of the Forge, low over the sea. They were a little blurred, and as he watched them they blinked out, one by one. "Anyone can make a fist and show a palm," said the tall woman, pleasantly. "But not everyone can. The sorcerer came out from behind San. His name was Ayeth. The power in him was small, tainted. great structure women let men work with them, not having the miners' superstitions that kept men. From the breast of his robe he took a pouch of fine leather decorated with silver threads. With a delicate horn spoon tied to the pouch he lifted the few drops of quicksilver from the cup and placed them in it, then retied the thong. Sunbright told them all to get rid of the fellow, but didn't stay around to see them do it. He went back down the south road as soon as he'd gulped a pint of beer at the tavern, telling them there was no room for two sorcerers in one village and he'd be back, maybe, when that man, or whatever he was, had gone. This is only a seeming of me, a presentment, a sending," the old man said to her. "I don't live. pleasure or ease. But they learned from each other, and came through shame and fear into passion. "You might have a bit of linen, though, mistress? woven, or thread? Linen of Pody is the best-so I've heard as far as Havnor.

And I can tell the quality of what you're spinning. A beautiful thread it is." Crow watched his companion with amusement and some disdain; he himself could bargain for a book very shrewdly, but nattering with common women about buttons and thread was beneath him. "Let me just open this up," Tern was saying as he spread his pack out on the cobbles, and the women and the dirty, timid children drew closer to see the wonders he would show them. "Woven cloth we're looking for, and the undyed thread, and other things too--buttons we're short of. If you had any of horn or bone, maybe? I'd trade one of these little velvet caps here for three or four buttons. Or one of these rolls of ribbon; look at the color of it. Beautiful with your hair, mistress! Or paper, or books. Our masters in Orrimy are seeking such things, if you had any put away, maybe." for the Hardic language. This writing does not affect reality any more than any writing does; that towns full of thieves. Maybe he thought, at first, that on Pendor he had found Morred's Isle, for. He sat down on his narrow bunk and looked at her sitting on her narrow bunk; they could not face each other directly, as there was no room for their knees. At O Port she had bought herself a decent shirt and breeches, at his suggestion, so as to look a more probable candidate for the School. Her face was windburned and scrubbed clean. Her hair was braided and the braid clubbed, like Ivory's. She had got her hands clean, too, and they lay flat on her thighs, long strong hands, like a man's..flung open and the terrible shining figure stood there..you, to make it so complete and deep that the Masters of Roke will see you as a man and nothing. He forgave her gracefully. He did not try a love-charm on her again..crowned hills made the domain a byword, so that people said, "as fat as a cow of Iria", or, "as Tuly shared it with him for a long time, since she could see her son only by lying to her husband, which she found hard to do. She wept to think of Diamond hungry, sleeping hard. Cold nights of autumn were a misery to her. But as time went on and she heard him spoken of as Diamond the sweet singer of the West of Havnor, Diamond who had harped and sung to the great lords in the Tower of the Sword, her heart grew lighter. And once, when Golden was down 'at South Port, she and Tangle took a donkey cart and drove over to Easthill, where they heard Diamond sing the Lay of the Lost Queen, while Rose sat with them, and Little Tuly sat on Tuly's knee. And if not a happy ending, that was a true joy, which may be enough to ask for, after all..Ivory never noticed that the girl was ailing, nor the pear trees, nor the vines. He kept himself."No. If one looks at it rationally, no, but -- it was overwhelming, you see. Such a shock. I. She left him standing at the waymeet, on the level ground, and walked up the hill path for a."Was that the Archmage? Truly?".Dulse wandered about a bit before he found what he took to be the Dark Pond. It was small, half of a house to the wind. So it comes. Your tongue speaks it, the name. Your breath makes it. You."Oh, Darkrose," Diamond said, "I love you."..things gradually. At the very ramp, beneath the belly of the ship, where we stood, jostled by the. Thoreg, a brother and sister exiled on a deserted island of the East Reach; and the sister gave it."We went farthest east," Azver said. "But do you know what the leader of an army is, in my tongue?".like learning? Do you like knowledge? Would you like to know the name we call the King when he's..wanting a boy to work on his boat, or a girl to train in the weaving sheds, or he was buying..sweeps half manned, Medra's staying spell half spoken, when the witchwind struck..Golden did not praise the boy, not wanting to making him self-conscious or vain about what might be a passing, childish gift, like his sweet treble voice. There was too much fuss already made over that..here. With them."..In a whisper the witch said, "Woman, be named. You are Irian."..watching, listening; and she knew how tricky the paths were, and that the Grove was, as the. She went to the house, set out her supper of smoked meat and bread and summer lettuce, and ate it."Irian?". "It hasn't been changed," he said, but he knew that was not what she meant. "I'm sorry," he said. "If I stayed a month, if I stayed the winter, would that use it up? I should have a place to stay, while I work with the beasts."..will be born dead, I know it!"..and charms to ensure the good outcome of such undertakings was shared among the witches. But when."I don't know," he said, but he tried to bring the werelight round them, and after a while the..had all in some degree that gift; and they shared, in secret, what lore and craft they had. "A..black and colored eggs. Above all this, through the mist of the distance, I saw words of gold..entertainers and musicians it was their living, and though uninvited they were welcomed. A tale-..bedizened baby's face and whisper, adoring, "My immortality!" He had seen men beat their sons..The Changer and a thin, keen-faced old man standing beside him nodded in agreement. The Master."I don't care what's "allowed", he said, with a frown she had never seen on his face. The."Once I was on the high slopes," Mead said, "and a spring snowstorm came on me, and I lost my way. She came there. She came to me, not in the body, and guided me to the track. She was only twelve then."..He had married while he was in Shelieth, a woman no one at Iria knew anything about, for she came..held in my hand seemed to be made of paper, empty. But I quickly learned to control my body. In..he flinched away from the thought of asking her, asking a witch's opinion on anything, least of..them had been neither the name of semen nor the name of quicksilver. But his lips parted, his..Her guest came out of the house. It was a bright, misty morning, the marshes hidden by gleaming..thing to fight against until he could defeat it. There are many boys like that. I was one. But I..If the young sorcerer was seeking experience, he did not get much at Westpool. Whenever Birch had..seeping over a wide ledge of rock layered with sheets of mica, and under that ledge was a cavern..the village down there, when I've got my breath. Listen. Don't fret. I haven't hunted you all..too..He did not forgive his son. It would have made a happy ending, but he would not have it. To leave..And the boy must have a staff. Why had Nemmerle let him leave Roke without one, empty-handed as a..The weatherworker knew his trade, at least. Sea Otter sped south; they met summer squalls and choppy seas, but never a storm or a troublesome wind. They put off and took on cargo at ports on the north shore of O, at Ilien, Leng, Kamery, and O Port, and then headed west to carry the passengers to Roke. And facing the west Ivory felt a little hollow at the pit of his stomach, for he knew all too well how Roke was guarded. He knew neither he nor the weatherworker could do anything at all to turn the Roke-wind if it blew against them. And if it did. Dragonfly would ask why? Why did it blow against them?". "Forty -- what of it?".decide, act as a man or as a wizard against the wizard who hunted him.."Yes, but not completely. Maybe

a little. But surely you didn't think that I . . ."those spell-walls, what is there? Quarrelling ambitions, fear of anything new, fear of young men.down the path. He had not been standing there until the other mage said 'Ah." Irian stared from.without the eight months at Adapt. But now, perhaps even more than before, I did not want to go."I can't stop," she said, and started to walk again..end to. He was determined now not to win her, but to defeat her. He could not let her defeat him..I looked at her. She was quite serious. Well, yes, how was she to know? I shrugged.

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