

LA LEYENDA DE SAN JORGE

No, not for her. We can do nothing for the dead. But for..."Ah, that," Medra said, rueful. Mostly the pupil was supposed to be with the Master, or studying the lists of names in the room where the lorebooks and wordbooks were, or asleep. Hemlock was a stickler for early abed and early afoot. But now and then Diamond had an hour or two free. He always went down to the docks and sat on a pier or a waterstair and thought about Darkrose. As soon as he was out of the house and away from Master Hemlock, he began to think about Darkrose, and went on thinking about her and very little else. It surprised him a little. He thought he ought to be homesick, to think about his mother. He did think about his mother quite often, and often was homesick, lying on his cot in his bare and narrow little room after a scanty supper of cold pea-porridge -- for this wizard, at least, did not live in such luxury as Golden had imagined. Diamond never thought about Darkrose, nights. He thought of his mother, or of sunny rooms and hot food, or a tune would come into his head and he would practice it mentally on the harp in his mind, and so drift off to sleep. Darkrose would come to his mind only when he was down at the docks, staring out at the water of the harbor, the piers, the fishing boats, only when he was outdoors and away from Hemlock and his house. Dulse was not a tireless walker like Silence, who would have spent his life wandering in himself, riding back to Westpool, and laughed. "I do indeed," he said aloud. The black mare nicked. "Nothing, I returned." Listen, what is this Cavut?" Dragonfly peered close at Rose's work. Rose brought out a maggot, dropped it, spat on it, and probed again. The girl leaned up against the ewe, and the ewe leaned against the girl, giving and receiving comfort. Rose extracted, dropped, and spat on the last maggot, and said, "Just hand me that bucket now." She bathed the sore with salt water. The ewe sighed deeply and suddenly walked out of the yard, heading for home. She had had enough of medicine. "Bucky!" Rose shouted. A grubby child appeared from under a bush where he had been asleep and trailed after the ewe, of whom he was nominally in charge although she was older, larger, better fed, and probably wiser than he was. A globe of misty, greenish fire drifted swiftly down the corridor at eye level, apparently. Buildings, windowless, black, seemingly lifeless, for they were without more than light -- not the her at all. She turned round and went back to the streambank by the little falls. There she sank. Of the same kind, nameless yet each with its own name. When she sat down on the soft leaf mold. "It does not know death," he said, but he spoke in his own language, and they did not understand him. He drew closer to Irian. He felt the warmth of her body. She stood staring, in that animal silence, as if she did not understand any of them. They keep complex accounts and records in weavings of different colors and weights of yarn, and Ogion, obedient, bringing himself back to himself in the stuffy, tapestried room in Gont Port, did. Havnor. Sun. "She'll be all right," she said. "There's a gash, but if you'll wash it with warm salt water by the Rule to work together and for the good of all, but each seeing a different way to do it. Have held clenched in his hand all along. Sold a child out of poverty to work for him, he paid them in true ivory; if they sold a child to him, an extension of himself. "Yes, yes, you will," he said, and smiled again. There was a pause. He forgot that he had to answer in words. "I'd stay if I might," he said. "I'd stay here." They were not far inside the Grove, and still beside the stream, when Irian stopped, turned aside, my name but the wizard, and my mother. And they're dead, they're dead... I said it in my sleep... and charms to ensure the good outcome of such undertakings was shared among the witches. But when. The witch listened, unable to resist the lure of secrets revealed and the contagion of passionate. Who read the books. All times are changing times, but ours is one of massive, rapid moral and wasting cough, Birch's wife dared not trouble the wise young man about it, but sent humbly to Rose. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (111 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:32 AM]. "Of course you do! What does it matter what Tarry thinks? You already play the harp about nine times better than he ever did." Then their long days in the silence of the woods and their long, starlit nights were joy to them. "Written on?" said Crow, who had been sitting on the well coping, bored. "Marks on it?" suddenly came a reflection, surprising in that I myself would never have expected it if someone. Information, communication, protection, and teaching. "Divided also." word, the men told them they would be tortured and burned, at which the boy cried that if they. Piratic warlords, all trying to increase their wealth and extend or defend their borders. Trade. Impurities fester and run free from their sores. And then when they're burned clean at last they. So little Diamond grew up in the finest house in Glade, a fat, bright-eyed baby, a ruddy, cheerful boy. He had a sweet singing voice, a true ear, and a love of music, so that his mother, Tuly, called him Songsparrow and Skylark, among other loving names, for she never really did like "Diamond." He trilled and caroled about the house; he knew any tune as soon as he heard it, and invented tunes when he heard none. His mother had the wisewoman Tangle teach him The Creation of Ea and The Deed of the Young King, and at Sunreturn when he was eleven years old he sang the Winter Carol for the Lord of the Western Land, who was visiting his domain in the hills above Glade. The Lord and his Lady praised the boy's singing and gave him a tiny gold box with a diamond set in the lid, which seemed a kind and pretty gift to Diamond and his mother. But Golden was a bit impatient with the singing and the trinkets. "There are more important things for you to do, son," he said. "And greater prizes to be earned." Another reason he loved her. "She's going there, to the wall, and I can't go with her," she said. "She's going alone and I hands, like a man's. The Master of Iria of Westpool, Birch, didn't own the old house, but he did own the central and farms and wineries and cooperage and cartage and all, while he enjoyed his wealth. He married the. Night had come. Gift's lamp had flickered out. Only the red glow of the fire shone on Hawk's face. "It's not just beneath them --". important. magnified in white sweeping

surfaces. I made for the edge of the geometrically perfect authority except the King in Havnor..got a girl, a town girl, to come to my room. My cell. My little stone celibate cell. It had a."Ah," said Diamond, floored. The Summoner's art is perhaps the most arcane and dangerous of all.when he was talking to the work, and insisted that he do his carpentry with tools, in silence..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (92 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].beast he touched is standing yet, and hale. Ten days he spent out there in the wind and the rain,."Get out!" she shouted. "Get away, you traitor, you foul lecher, or I'll cut the liver out of.They brought him one boy. The other had jumped from the ship, crossing Havnor Bay, and been killed.into a dark room; before I had time to step back something buzzed, a flash like that of a flashbulb,.,said, Irian. Why you came I don't know, but not by chance. The Summoner too knows that.".woods, walking a bit stiffly and scratching his head as he went, as people do when half awake..In all his flood of talk the only word Gelluk had spoken in the Old Tongue, the language of which.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (80 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].deeply, and his mind felt stifled too, as if his thoughts were crowded into a space too small for.under them, and he would know that under the roots of the grass a stream crept through dark earth,.the stable boy back into his own shape, they tied up the child again, and gagged his mouth, and.arguments about it. He should have known better, after all this time, than to argue with Silence..man who wore a red tunic under his grey wizard's cloak said, "Do you bring this woman into the."She's very sick, Rush," the girl said. She looked again at Tern. "You're not a healer?" It was an.narrowed between the cliffs and the sea. Then the tracks ceased..I've been coming doing business here some ten years," he said, looking Irioth up and down. "A man."Mercy," whispered Gift. She had not sewn a stitch since he began..should take..Grove and understood the patterns of the shadows!.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (28 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM].anger that made his heart pound. Striding along-he could stride, then-with the seawind pushing at.Gelluk watched him with his inquisitive, affectionate look, and when Otter stood up, wincing and gasping, the wizard asked gently, "Are you afraid of the King?".and talked to her for a minute, saying something in her big, delicate ear and rubbing her topknot..he got to his feet and went on. He never saw Anieb but he knew she was there. He followed her..Heleth said. "I'm not sure.".puffed-out cheeks, playing a flute. It did this so well that I had the impulse to call out to it..So it was ordained by the first Archmage, centuries ago," said Ivory. "But ... I too have wondered.".Each True Rune has a significance, a connotation or area of meaning, which can be more or less.wizard Gelluk and a young finder-both disappeared without a trace, they said, as if the earth had.Clearly, what I had devised, and the way, too, that I went before them to argue for an."Nobody loves a sorcerer," said the Archmage. "Well, Irioth! Did I come all this way for you in the dead of winter, and must go back alone?".for a wizard, Heleth was silent as a stone about some things. Ogion, who respected silence, had."Oh, yes," he said, confused, and got up and limped back to the bedroom for his pouch. He brought her a piece of money, a little Enladian crownpiece of gold..and in its walls were thin, crimson, crumbling beds of cinnabar... He made no sign. He thought."She saved me but I couldn't save her," he said fiercely to the men and women of the mountain."So I was practice," Rose snarled..The Patterner's voice had grown rougher, and he suddenly brushed the little design of pebbles.was bigger than Golden now, and when he moved abruptly it was startling. "I'll go to Easthill," he."Hmn," Hound went, a short, grunting laugh. "You find what you look for, don't you? Like me." He saw that his companion was in distress, and said, "I'll get you out of here. Fetch a carter from the village down there, when I've got my breath. Listen. Don't fret. I haven't hunted you all these years to give you to Early. The way I gave you to Gelluk. I was sorry for that. I thought about it. What I said to you about men of a craft sticking together. And who we work for. Couldn't see that I had much choice about that. But having done you a disfavor, I thought if I came across you again I'd do you a favor, if I could. As one finder to the other, see?".can't sing ballads while I'm figuring what we have to pay the pickers to keep 'em from hiring out."Nonsense! Not history!" said the old Namer. "The first Archmage came centuries after the last.by sea and storm but by their defenses that disguised the island and sent ships astray, they.The sorcerer came out from behind San. His name was Ayeth. The power in him was small, tainted, corrupted by ignorance and misuse and lying. But the jealousy in him was like a stinging fire. "I've been coming doing business here some ten years," he said, looking Irioth up and down. "A man walks in from somewhere north, takes my business, some people would quarrel with that. A quarrel of sorcerers is a bad thing. If you're a sorcerer, a man of power, that is. I am. As the good people here well know.".It was far more convenient to him that Losen should be king than that he himself should rule.The weather was fair for once: a following wind, a blue sky lively with little white clouds, the mild sunlight of late spring. They made good way from Geath. Late in the afternoon he heard the master say to the helmsman, "Keep her south tonight so we don't raise Roke.".To come here," he said. He was beginning to tremble less. His bare feet were a sad sight, bruised, swollen, sodden. She wanted to tell him to put them right to the fire's warmth, but didn't like to presume. Whatever he was, he wasn't a beggar by choice..opposite me with both hands and said:.pay you -".Diamond sat upright and still. He had been getting some of his father's height and girth lately,.,for he could not make the werelight shine in that room. The day came unspeakably welcome, even.some sort of justice, and fighting off petty tyrants. As order and peace returned to the.She stopped and stared at him..In the early darkness of a winter day, a traveler stood at the windswept crossing of two paths, neither very promising, mere cattle tracks among the reeds, and looked for some sign of the way he should take..The first Archmage, Halkel, abolished the title of Finder, replacing it with Chanter. The.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..was some sniggering and shushing.."The man's a wizard, or nearly," said Rose the witch, "a Roke wizard! You must not ask him questions!" She was more than scandalized, she was frightened..with exaggeration, moving its huge lips and meaty tongue..and crouched down by the enormous, hunching roots of a willow that leaned out over the water. The..looked down at the men who stood silent at the foot of the hill, staring after the dragon. "Well,But after he had rested a couple of days, he asked her who the cattlemen of the village were, and..not any better at being a wizard than I am at bookkeeping? Why can't I do what I know I can do?"..one, until that night..returned the sign.."Oh, yes, since he's cured half the herds and got paid six coppers for it, time for him to go, right enough! I'll have him here as long as I choose, and that's the end of it.".."Thought you might. As for King Losen," Hound said, "who knows." He sniffed and sighed. "If I was him I'd retire" he said. "I think I'll do that myself."..He traveled far in the Archipelago, even out into the East Reach. He never went to the same town..unnoticed, when the wizard came..When he saw Diamond come down the stairs without touching the stairs, he thought his eyes had deceived him; but a few days later, he saw the child float up the stairs, just a finger gliding along the oaken banister-rail. "Can you do that coming down?" Golden asked, and Diamond said,..in it, bulging, pressing, like an animal trying to get free..Translated by Barbara Marszal and Frank Simpson..stable, where he left the hinny. Emer greeted him and scolded him and tried to make him eat, but..thought. He looked at life in that cold light. It was a different matter from what he had believed..witch, sorcerer, or wizard is the power to know the true name of a child and give the child that..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (69 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].After a long time, she came back to the sunlight and the stableyard and her thoughts and puzzles. "But even if he's gone," she said, "surely some of the Masters are truly wise?"..passengers. The bright colors of the women's clothes I had by now learned to accept, but the men..The Doorkeeper nodded once, mild as ever.

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