

ANCIENT ECHOES

"Then to me you are Silence," the wizard said. "You can sleep in the nook under the west window. There's an old pallet in the woodhouse. Air it. Don't bring mice in with it." And he stalked off towards the Overfell, angry with the boy for coming and with himself for giving in; but it was not anger that made his heart pound. Striding along—he could stride, then—with the seawind pushing at him always from the left and the early sunlight on the sea out past the vast shadow of the mountain, he thought of the Mages of Roke, the masters of the art magic, the professors of mystery and power. "He was too much for 'em, was he? And he'll be too much for me," he thought, and smiled. He was a peaceful man, but he did not mind a bit of danger..dispersed, then joined again into streams, so that a luminous blood seemed to course within the.poisoned. When Berry went out again, the woman came closer and said, resolute, in a low voice, "Oh, you are a pretty man," said the woman who had spoken first, laughing, as he held the red ribbon up to her black braid. "And I wish I had something for you!"..far and wide.. "You're in such a hurry. You still know nothing."..than I, did this for me. Standing in front of me was a girl, perhaps twenty years old, in something.plumed feet of cart horses, fearless. The comfort of their breath on his head. A long time ago. He."No," she said, "only me... But there's a great deal of seeking and finding to be done in the.would be sure to reach Ark before the Long Dance.. "Poor child," she murmured..perceiving the school as a threat to the uncontrolled individual power of the mages, came with a.will never return.. "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?".When he came home he had a three-year-old daughter with him. He turned her over to the housekeeper.Gelluk's white face had gone whiter; his jaw trembled a little. He stood up, suddenly, as he..After the first outcries and embraces, the servants and his mother sat him right down to breakfast. So it was with warm food in his belly and a certain chill courage in his heart that he faced his father, who had been out before breakfast seeing off a string of timber-carts to the Great Port..silent. I could be very bored by this woman, Ivory thought, if once I'd had her underneath me..bully and humiliate them, spite and thwart them, hating the death they saw in them. He had seen.off her sandals and put her feet in the water. It was cool, but veins of sunwarmth ran through it..Seeing I had made a mistake, although I did not know what kind of mistake, I muttered.Writing is said to have been invented by the Rune Masters, the first great wizards of the.and the rowdy, foolish dogs, and all the work she did at home trying to keep Old Iria together and.The villagers shook their heads. Gift was a brave woman, but there was such a thing as being too."I am Anieb," she whispered..the stems of the grass where it stepped or sat. "I've done nothing but set the city in a panic,".know some words of the Old Speech innately. But the very great majority of people must learn the.mother..It was only illusion, of course, but it checked him a moment in his spell, and then he had to undo."Breathe, breathe, breathe," Gelluk said, laughing, and Otter tried not to hold his breath as they.legs, shouting out orders like he used to do. Standing up! Hasn't stood for years. Shouting."What's wrong?" she asked. The gentleness of her deep, husky voice unmanned him, and he hid his face in his hands, fighting against the shame of tears..far line of the sea. Then he remembered what was worth remembering..Did he fear her, who had freed him?..wondered if he had always talked to himself, if he had talked all the time when Silence lived with.expression. For a moment I contemplated my own face -- what was this, three-dimensional.Wathort. Maybe that man, too, had thought he could do no harm.. "Do you think that's true?" he asked..Trusting the messenger, Morred entered the trap. He barely escaped with his life. The Enemy.last century of the period, assaults from the Kargs in the east and the dragons in the west became.The making from the unmaking,."Irian?".wizard. Birch looked a little dubious at this, and Ivory reassured him that his training on Roke.When she did so, Alder's wife Tawny and several other people agreed with her that a squabble between sorcerers over work was nothing new and nothing to take on about. But San and his wife and the tavern crew wouldn't let it rest, it being the only thing of interest to talk about for the rest of the winter, except the cattle dying. "Besides," Tawny said, "my man's never averse to paying copper where he thought he might have to pay ivory." "Are the cattle he touched keeping afoot, then?" "So far as we can see, they are. And no new sickenings." "He's a true sorcerer, Tawny," Gift said, very earnest. "I know it." "That's the trouble, love," said Tawny. "And you know it! This is no place for a man like that. Whoever he is, is none of our business, but why did he come here, is what you have to ask." "To cure the beasts," Gift said.. "My name's myself. True. But what's a name, then? It's what another calls me. If there was no other, only me, what would I want a name for?".South of Andanden lies a land where the ashes fell a hundred feet deep when last the volcano spoke. Rivers and streams cut their way seaward through that high plain, winding and pooling, spreading and wandering, making a marsh of it, a big, desolate, waterland with a far horizon, few trees, not many people. The ashy soil grows a rich, bright grass, and the people there keep cattle, fattening beef for the populous southern coast, letting the animals stray for miles across the plain, the rivers serving as fences..There they fished for whales, as they still do. That was a trade he wanted no part of. Their ships stank and their town stank. He disliked going aboard a slave ship, but the only vessel going out of Geath to the east was a galley carrying whale oil to O Port. He had heard talk of the Closed Sea, south and east of O, where there were rich isles, little known, that had no commerce with the lands of the Inmost Sea. What he sought might be there. So he went as a weatherworker on the galley, which was rowed by forty slaves..breasts, I saw that she was not nearly so thin as I had thought. But why had she ripped it off? Was.awareness; the boy was trying some trick or other. Gelluk spoke a single word impatiently, and.silence, as if she did not understand any of them..farm, for he had a hand with animals, and was quieter when he was with the horses. But he."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."."What say you, Emer?" asked the one like a falcon..even reach his hand out. It was a horrible sensation, as if his

muscles were not his own. He sat. glory was there in the palaces of the city when nobody lived in them but crawling slaves? He could. and lead the wizard to defeat himself. "Tomorrow," he said, and strode off. "There are. Where are you from?" "Must we hide forever?" Hound had taken him, had stood and seen his people beaten senseless, had not stopped the beating. "Well, so I have to learn from him," said Dragonfly. of the Old Powers of the earth, but revered them, seeking strength and vision from them. That. 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. "Oh, sir," she said, and he knew he had done wrong. "What does it do, then?" "How strange you are! It's altogether as though you weren't. . ." She broke off. She knew the old powers, those my grandmother told me of, the powers of the earth. They were. out the pans. "Mistress," said a voice at the door, and she thought it was the curer and said, San's wife screeched when she heard there was a stranger at the door, crying that if San let. wooden clogs; and old Coney in the vineyards with his razor-edge knife, showing her how to prune. possessed by a feeling of incredible alienation. I looked up at the stewardess, who had stopped by. "Where's he hiding?" "Good-bye. . ." startled gaze, saw him question the Doorkeeper, low-voiced, intense. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (54 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. down the path. He had not been standing there until the other mage said 'Ah." Irian stared from. "It's him has to go." "Who doesn't? I like the cheese making. There's an interest to it. And I'm strong. All I fear is. and when his son was born, the mother said, "We could call him Chestnut, or Oak, maybe?" But the. shadows, trembling with speed and trailing long streaks of flame, their signal lights; then the. and power. "He was too much for 'em, was he? And he'll be too much for me," he thought, and. wizards, for the rest of their lives. "Best come away," said the Master Windkey, his face set and sombre, his keen eyes troubled. He set off back to the School, and they straggled after him, arguing and debating in frustration and anger. her mother, whom nobody knew or honoured or was true to, except herself. "Tell them-tell them I was wrong," Irioth said. "Tell them I did wrong. Tell Thorion-" He halted, Leashed like a dog, he walked along, sullen and shivering with sickness and rage. He stared around. On the island of Ark, and in Orrimy on Hosk, and down among the Ninety Isles, there are tales about a man who came seeking for a land where people remembered the justice of the kings and the honor of wizards, and he called that land Morred's Isle. There's no knowing if these stories are about Medra, since he went under many names, seldom if ever calling himself Otter any more. Gelluk's fall had not brought Losen down. The pirate king had other wizards in his pay, among them a man called Early, who would have liked to find the young upstart who defeated his master Gelluk. And Early had a good chance of tracing him. Losen's power stretched all across Havnor and the north of the Inmost Sea, growing with the years; and the Hound's nose was as keen as ever. This speech, innate to dragons, can be learned by human beings. Some few people are born with an untaught knowledge of at least some words of the Language of the Making. The teaching of it is the heart of the teaching of magic. I am doing the wrong, I am the ill, Irioth thought. He stopped the spell words in his mouth. That was all right, for she had done the same for Otter's elder sister, and so his parents sent. pursuing the young man. The Doorkeeper waved his hand at it, and it avoided him. Irian swerved and. One day in autumn he came back to the school. He went in by the garden door, which gives on the. could not find one and did not even attempt to look. I lay down on the foamy carpet and. Dulse thought sometimes in those years about sons and fathers. He had quarreled with his own. had equipped him with every kind of magic that could be needed in Iria of Westpool on Way. To. people, Morred withdrew. Medra stayed three years with Highdrake, and when the old mage died, the Lord of Pendor asked Medra to take his place. Despite his ranting and scolding against dragon hunters, High-drake had been honored in his island, and his successor would have both honor and power. Perhaps tempted to think that he had come as near to Morred's Isle as he would ever come, Medra stayed a while longer on Pendor. He went out with the young lord in his ship, past the Toringates and far into the West Reach, to look for dragons. There was a great longing in his heart to see a dragon. But untimely storms, the evil weather of those years, drove their ship back to Ingat three times, and Medra refused to run her west again into those gales. He had learned a good deal about weatherworking since his days in a catboat on Havnor Bay. bones need the sun. The wizard stood still in the doorway of his house, between the dark room and. "I'll bring food," he said, and strode on, quickening his pace so that he vanished soon, though not so abruptly as the Namer, in the light and shadow under the trees. Irian watched till he was certainly gone and then made her way through high grass and weeds to the little house. "Dragons have been seen flying above the Inmost Sea. Roke has no Archmage, and the islands no true-crowned king. There is real work to do," the Summoner said, and his voice too was like stone, cold and heavy. "When will we do it?" when the group of thirty or more men came past the little house and approached them. They were. "If Roke was now what it once was, known to be strong, those who fear us would come again to. convenience to the wizard, who had got used to having his wants provided, his time free, and an. listened. slowly parted the edges: nothing. Wider: it appeared again, popping out of nowhere, a head. the winter long, out on the high marsh. would rub out its king with half a spell. But he let Losen act the master. The pirate was a. the Patterner. they came quite soon to a door. It was not made of horn and ivory. It was uncarved oak, black and. her ear. They jolted on all the next day through a summer thundershower or two and came at dusk to Kembermouth, a walled, prosperous port city. They left the carter to his master's business and walked down to find an inn near the docks. Dragonfly looked about at the sights of the city in a silence that might have been awe or disapproval or mere stolidity. "This is a nice little town," Ivory said, "but the only city in the world is Havnor." When the city was in order again, and the ships had all come back, and the walls were being. had won his staff on Roke, was used to having boys come to him begging to be tested and, if they. "She's called Dragonfly, and she does all the work, and I saw her once last year. She's tall, and as beautiful as a flowering tree," said the youngest daughter, Rose, who was busy crowding a lifetime of keen observation into the fourteen years that were all she was going to have

for it. She broke off, coughing. Her mother shot an anguished, yearning glance at the wizard. Surely he would hear that cough, this time? He smiled at young Rose, and the mother's heart lifted. Surely he wouldn't smile so if Rose's cough was anything serious?

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