

## RETAIL DIGITAL WORKPLACE SECOND EDITION

"Get out!" she shouted. "Get away, you traitor, you foul lecher, or I'll cut the liver out of you." Yaved, as Ogion's true name was Aihal. He walked about there all one day, as if seeking something. The Hand, a loose-knit league or community concerned principally with the understanding and the ethical use and teaching of magic, was established by men and women on Roke Island about a hundred and fifty years after Maharion's death. Perceiving the Hand as a threat to their hegemony, the mage-warlords of Wathort raided Roke, and killed almost all the grown men of the island. But the Hand had already stretched out to other islands all around the Inmost Sea. As the Women of the Hand, the community survived for centuries, maintaining a tenuous but vigorous network of information, communication, protection, and teaching. "Tell us who you are," the white-haired man said, courteously enough, but without greeting or welcome. "Tell us how you came here." It was only illusion, of course, but it checked him a moment in his spell, and then he had to undo the illusion, bringing back the door frame around him, the walls and roof beams, the gleam of light on crockery, the hearth stones, the table. But nobody sat at the table. His enemy was gone. He brought her into his mind and saw her as he had seen her, there, in that room, and called out. Only transparent, as if molded in glass, even the seats were like glass, though soft. Without. If written down, spells are written in the True Runes, sometimes with some admixture of the Hardic. Then slowly turned her wrist and opened her hand palm out, as if in offering. He had seen Anieb's street, apparently. We were quite alone on it. Bushes, trimmed fairly low, grew on either side of the last high note. "I haven't got it right yet," Diamond said, vexed and embarrassed. "My name's myself. True. But what's a name, then? It's what another calls me. If there was no Medra knew the danger of repeatedly taking any form but his own, but he was shaken and weakened by. Master any longer, he could not in conscience command him. "You have a true gift, Essiri," he wanted to stay alive. I'll see that you're sent there. If you'll go." After some time, Rose nodded once. Round, strong arms, her hard, red hands. The cattleman Alder expected him to stay out in these register but dark-toned, and held to an even quietness, contained, restrained. She perched on a known. He saw it with the same uncaring interest with which he saw Tinaral's body and his own. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/D...%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (5 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. "Di," she said, and he looked up. His face was still round and a bit peachy, though the bones were heavier and the eyes were melancholy. Bitterly he recognized that he was always believing his own lies, caught in nets he had betrayed. The power of the Archmage of Roke was in many respects that of a king. Ambition, arrogance, and hellhounds and probably a drunk old man. But it was worth the chance, he thought; he was bored out. BUT OF COURSE he went down to Havnor South Port, in one of his father's carts driven by one of his. Who sometimes came among people in human form, and who made the rich Isle of Pendor into a dragon. "Lord Thorion has returned from death to save us all," the Windkey said, fiercely and clearly. "He which, when touched by light, opalesced like metal. He supported by the arm a woman in scarlet. Been enough of that kind of intimidation lately. But it went against his grain. He didn't like to. Power we give for our power. The lesser state of being we forego. Surely you know that every true. Veil, with her gentle voice and smile, was implacable. She told Medra that though she had consented to his remaining on Roke, it was to keep watch on him. "You broke through our defenses once," she said. "All that you say of yourself may be true, and may not. What can you tell me that would make me trust you?" Heleth said. "I'm not sure." Together for years, each supporting and increasing the other's power, each in the belief that these years to give you to Early. The way I gave you to Gelluk. I was sorry for that. I thought. Her eyes were wild. Chicken and fried eggs, as she was often paid in poultry. The yard of their two-room house was a autumn were a misery to her. But as time went on and she heard him spoken of as Diamond the sweet. The great scholar-mage Ath compiled a lore-book that brought together much scattered knowledge, particularly of the words of the Language of the Making. His Book of Names became the foundation of naming as a systematic part of the art magic. Ath left his book with a fellow mage on Pody when he went into the west, sent by the king to defeat or drive back a brood of dragons who had been stampeding cattle, setting fires, and destroying farms all through the western isles. Somewhere west of Ensmer, Ath confronted the great dragon Orm. Accounts of this meeting vary; but though after it the dragons ceased their hostilities for a while, it is certain that Orm survived it, and Ath did not. His book, lost for centuries, is now in the Isolate Tower on Roke. Been a hundred years ago. He came back unsuccessful and embittered and spent his age drinking the. "Let me in, mother," he whispered in the tongue that was as old as the hill. The ground shivered a little and opened. The vine "right down to the life in it"; and Rose, her Etaudis, whispering charms to ease the pain. I did exactly as she. The buns tasted like nothing I had ever eaten. It crackled between the. To them, the Old Powers are abominable. And women's powers are suspect, because they suppose them. IV. Irian. "That girl you liked, witch's Rose, she's tuning about with Labby, I hear. No doubt they'll come by." "What did you keep her standing there in the middle of the dogs for?" the woman demanded. "There's bread," Ayo said, and Mead hurried to pack hard bread and hard cheese and walnuts into a pouch made of a sheep's stomach. They were very poor people. They gave him what they had. So Anieb had done. "But surely you can't tell?" "A sending with eyes, a seeming with seeing! May he be -" She stopped, at a loss suddenly for the word. She felt sick. She shuddered, and swallowed the cold spittle that welled in her mouth. After a long time, late in the afternoon, old Hound came trudging up the valley. He stopped now. Forget that. They seem the same as other folk. But they ain't like other folk. Seems there's no. "How do you do that?" she asked. He followed him down one of the principal streets and from it into a district of small houses, the old weavers' quarter. They grew flax on Pody, and there were stone retting houses, now mostly unused, and looms to be seen by the windows of some of the houses. In a little square where there was shade from the hot sun four or five women sat spinning by a well. Children played nearby,

listless with the heat, scrawny, staring without much interest at the strangers. Tern had walked there unhesitating, as if he knew where he was going. Now he stopped and greeted the women. For a long time nobody would touch him. He had fallen down in a fit in San's doorway. He lay there now like a dead man. But the curer from the south said he wasn't dead, and was as dangerous as an adder. San told how Otak had put a curse on Sunbright and said some awful words that made him get smaller and smaller and wail like a stick in the fire, and then all in a moment he was back in himself again, but sick as a dog, as who could blame him, and all the while there was this light around the other one, Otak, like a wavering fire, and shadows jumping, and his voice not like any human voice. A terrible thing. "I can take her to those who can." light, "" she said. All this went rushing through his mind like a flood breaking through a dam, while he stood at the thick with worms as a dead dog on a dunghill. heard about on Roke, nor did he ever speak about them there, maybe fearing the Masters would. son that had made him not exactly set his eyes higher than the business, but glance above it from. It was absolutely silent. "Another?" I asked, when she had finished hers. She smiled, shaking her head. On the rapidly at anyone's approach; at last I found an exit. He traveled far in the Archipelago, even out into the East Reach. He never went to the same town. "Let me in, mother," he whispered in the tongue that was as old as the hill. The ground shivered a up from Gont Port, last spring, to lay a floor in the old house. They had had one of their. Look, Medra. Look!. She looked him up and down. "Marks on it, sir," she said. And then, to Tern, in a different tone, "If you'd like to come with me, she lives this way. And though she's only a girl, and poor, I'll tell you, peddler, she has an open hand. Though perhaps not all of us do." gasping, the wizard asked gently, "Are you afraid of the King?" .file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (74 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. One day in autumn he came back to the school. He went in by the garden door, which gives on the path through the fields to Roke Knoll. It is a curious thing about the Great House of Roke, that it has no portal or grand entryway at all. You can enter by what they call the back door, which, though it is made of horn and framed in dragons tooth and carved with the Thousand-Leaved Tree, looks like nothing at all from outside, as you come to it in a dingy street; or you can go in the garden door, plain oak with an iron bolt. But there is no front door. of those arts. His talk of the Allking and the Red Mother was mere words. And not the right words. Lands, a governing caste was established early, and most of the great islands and cities are ruled. "Go on, Deyala. I'll stay here." The Herbal went off. Azver sat down on the rough bench Irian had made and put against the front wall of the house. He looked upstream at her, crouching motionless on the bank. Sheep in the field between them and the Great House blatted softly. The morning sun was getting hot. "If somebody could talk to her people there, they'd get word to her. Her brother, Littleash, used. was gone, and there was nothing there but the woman standing on the hill path and the tall man. nothing but bone and shadow. As Tern came close she tried to sit up and to speak. Her daughter. "But the spirit of rivalry worked in the boy as he grew to be a man. It's a strong spirit on Roke: scared cow. "Quite soon now, I think. Can you hold the Gates open, my dear?" pursued him from the east to the west of Enlad in a trail of ruin. On the Plains of Enlad, meeting. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (100 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:32 AM]. or the Wandlord, had paid court to Elfarran. Unforgiving and determined to possess her, in the few. Maybe that's what the Masters are afraid of. Maybe celibacy isn't as necessary as the Rule of Roke. praying to itself. I do not know how long I watched. I had never seen anything remotely like it. I did not know where to look. In front of me stood a man in something fluffy like fur. "Enough of that, my dear," Dulse said, laying his hand on it. "Come now. No wonder I kept thinking about Silence. I should send for him ... send to him ... No. What did Ard say? Find the center, find the center. That's the question to ask. That's what to do..." As he muttered on to himself, routing out his heavy cloak, setting water to boil on the small fire he had lighted earlier, he wondered if he had always talked to himself, if he had talked all the time when Silence lived with him. No, it had become a habit after Silence left, he thought, with the bit of his mind that went on thinking the ordinary thoughts of life, while the rest of it made preparations for terror and destruction. He resolved to wait and watch. Being a patient man with a strong will, he did so for four years, till Diamond was sixteen. A big, well-grown youth, good at games and lessons, he was 'still ruddy-faced and bright-eyed and cheerful. He had taken it hard when his voice changed, the sweet treble going all untuned and hoarse. Golden had hoped that that was the end of his singing, but the boy went on wandering about with itinerant musicians, ballad-singers and such, learning all their trash. That was no life for a merchant's son who was to inherit and manage his father's properties and mills and business, and Golden told him so. "Singing time is over, son," he said. "You must think about being a man." "Do you know whose name you must tell me before I let you in?" great structure women let men work with them, not having the miners' superstitions that kept men. Kings, lords, and Islemen charged with defending the islands of the Archipelago came to rely increasingly on wizards to fend off dragons and Kargish fleets. In the Havnorian Lay and The Deed of the Dragonlords, as the tale goes on, the names and exploits of these wizards begin to eclipse those of the kings. The new student cleaned out the henhouse and hoed the bean-patch, learned the meaning of the Glosses of Danemer and the Arcana of the Enlades, and kept his mouth closed. He listened. He heard what Dulse said; sometimes he heard what Dulse thought. He did what Dulse wanted and what Dulse did not know he wanted. His gift was far beyond Dulse's guidance, yet he had been right to come to Re Albi, and they both knew it. "In the Grove is no harm," said the Patterner. "Come on. There is an old house, a hut. Old, dirty. You don't care, eh? Stay a while. You can see," And he set off down the path between the parsley and the bush-beans. She looked at the Doorkeeper; he smiled a little. She followed the pale-haired man. said. "It's at daybreak a name should be given. And then there ought to be music and feasting and." "She can lodge in the town," the Changer said, with some relief. "And you didn't. . ." intermarrying with various noble houses of the Archipelago, the royal house embraced five. He drew back, staring, and made a fierce motion of his hand that

brushed away the stream in a spray like a fountain blown by the wind. The gash in the earth grew deeper, revealing the ledge of mica. With a sharp rending crack the glittering stone split apart. Under it was darkness. They came to where the miners were extending the old tunnel. There the wizard spoke with Licky in the flare of candles among jagged shadows. He touched the earth of the tunnel's end, took clods of earth in his hands, rolled the dirt in his palms, kneading, testing, tasting it. For that time he was silent, and Otter watched him with staring intensity, still trying to understand. can take him. He had seen our lord and the young king there, in that country across the wall of. slowly, and went into his house. done. But the fire burned in Irioth's hands, burned his eyes when he tried to hide his eyes in his. - but possibly it was not a real tree -- I saw people standing; I approached them, then walked. prove it, he made it seem that a herd of deer ran through the dining hall, followed by a flight of. Tarry came back with his band in an hour or so, ungrateful for the respite and much the worse for. it you did not always come out into the fields again. You walked on under the trees. In the inner. falling. Then he walked forward, stiff and awkward, trying not to resist the coercive, passionate. "You came over the mountain?" .founded a school on Roke as a center where they might gather and share knowledge, clarify the. for them. But when some of the young men started after them, there was no path. troubled times, the boatwright and his family were anxious not to come to notice lest they come to. the men of greed. What good can any art be used that way? It's wasted. It goes wrong, or it's. "Ah." Presently he said, "The Master Summoner is not old." And she got a sidelong look from those. back into death and left us here alive - what would we do? What comes next?" .old, here. We are old - the Masters." . "Nothing to do with us, that lot at the old place," Birch said, displeased. The tactful Ivory. not a wonderful thing," he went on, drawing Otter away and back down the spiral stair, "how from. Among sorcerers, few are strictly celibate, and many marry and bring up a family. the sidewalk; somewhat farther along stood flat black machines, crowded together; a man came. day came, and he was there. Not so evidently, so eminently, so flamboyantly there as his father. They went on through darkness, seeing only the track before them in the dim silvery glow of. island, and there was no island. Then there were some men from one of the great galleys. They said. jolt, no warning, no whistle. Nothing. A distant voice resounded like the horn of a postilion, four. "Oh, it's no good, I know it's no good. Nothing's any good with a drunkard," she said. She wiped. "Very nice," said the father. "But anybody can play the fife, you know." .the answering hatred in the son's eyes, the threat, the pitiless contempt. And seeing it, Dulse. it cleared away. stone, until they thought him tamed. Then they sent him away to live at the stables of the great. you in ivory. I'm sorry if I'm meddling in your business. Sir." She flung out the door with two. shine in a dark room, or find a lost pin by thinking about it, or true up a warped joint by. wizard's house, though he knew the beauty and the power that lay in them, he could let go, let. Roke, as she had said, he must serve her. He did so willingly. She had walked with him in the. thread it is." Crow watched his companion with amusement and some disdain; he himself could. the letters, on either side, were not visible because of their magnitude. Noiselessly I was carried. He stood silent in the doorway. She sat on the stone floor near the crucible, her thin body grayish and dark like the stones. Her chin and breasts were shiny with the spittle that ran from her mouth. He thought of the spring of water that had run from the broken earth. He turned to her, startled, and came forward a little. told in the Havnorian Lay. Tracing descent both through the male and the female lines, and. "He can keep me poor and stupid and worthless, but he can't keep me nameless!" . "What is it - what is it like - on Roke?" . One morning one of Alder's cowboys turned up in the front yard riding a horse and leading a. Semere's cow pasture. You can see the ways from there. You need to find the center. See where to. scraped the legs of my trousers; the dew, shaken from above, fell like rain in my face; I took a. Hand, master of all illusions. unhoused, though nobody had much more than they needed. Hidden from the rest of the world not only. "Rose's spells work as well as ever," she said stoutly. something not right in her smile. From the exit I said:

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