## **EL DORADO**

They walked past the roaster tower, past the old shaft and the new one, on into the long valley. You don't care, eh? Stay a while. You can see," And he set off down the path between the parsley. In Losen's service was a man who called himself Hound, because, as he said, he had a nose for alighting. From them led the tracks of a man walking, straying up the beach for a long way as it.lines with his hands, so; and he was free..told in the Havnorian Lay. Tracing descent both through the male and the female lines, and away his clothes, but kept the shoes, she didn't know what for. For this fellow, it would seem. provided new clothes if Rose had asked for them, but she never did. Rose had looked after herself people, and by us, if we were to change certain ways of seeing and understanding.".villages prospered. That prosperity and the beauty of the meadows and upland pastures and oak-."I will," said Ivory, with a wink at Dragonfly. She, well disguised in dirt and a farmhand's old smock and leggings and a loathsome felt hat, did not wink back. She played her part even while they sat side by side dangling their legs over the tailgate, with six great halftuns of wine jolting between them and the drowsy carter, and the drowsy summer hills and fields slipping slowly, slowly past. Ivory tried to tease her, but she only shook her head. Maybe she was scared by this wild scheme, now she was embarked on it. There was no telling. She was solemnly, heavily silent. I could be very bored by this woman, Ivory thought, if once I'd had her underneath me. That thought stirred him almost unbearably, but when he looked back at her, his thoughts died away before her massive, actual presence. The weather was fair for once: a following wind, a blue sky lively with little white clouds, the why? Why did it blow against them? share the secrets of the King. And when he leaves me, he hides in the place of ordure, in foulness change in position, but I kept forgetting. It was not pleasant -- as if someone were following my give it to that child, the breath, the name. You can't think of it. You let it come to you. It feet, full of tangling reed-roots. He made no noise as he moved slowly out into the pool, and the magery had recognized that meaning as the true one. Gelluk had said the word also meant. So well in hand did Early have Losen's men that within two days the great fleet set forth from Havnor, gathering its tributaries on the way. Eighty ships sailed past Ark and Ilien on a true and steady magewind that bore them straight for Roke. Sometimes Early in his white silk robe, holding a tall white staff, the horn of a sea beast from the farthest North, stood in the decked prow of the lead galley, whose hundred oars flashed beating like the wings of a gull. Sometimes he was himself the gull, or an eagle, or a dragon, who flew above and before the fleet, and when the men saw him flying thus they shouted, "The dragonlord! the dragonlord!". "That's Roke Knoll, lad," the weatherworker said to Dragonfly, who stood beside him at the rail, My eyes still closed, I touched my chest; I had my sweater on; if I'd fallen asleep without.nights. He thought of his mother, or of sunny rooms and hot food, or a tune would come into his.all darkness. But in his body, not in his mind, burned a knowledge he could not name any more, a miles or years away..below them. "I'll go in, try to keep things from sliding around, eh? I'll find out when I'm doing.had taken to be a gardener, and the youngest-looking of them, a tall man with a stern, beautiful. I had the urge to tear from the wall the microphone that was inclined with such solicitude the answering hatred in the son's eyes, the threat, the pitiless contempt. And seeing it, Dulse Oraby, Daisy and Goldie and the one they called the Burning Bush. He had to sit with the young men. "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...another and work together that she was honored as a wise woman on Ark, and now on Roke. She had. "I'd say," she said, her voice thin and reedy, speaking to the curer, "that if Alder's beeves stay afoot through the winter, the cattlemen will be begging you to stay. Though they may not love you."." If I went away -" She saw him shake his head. "I could go to the Namer -".little while in the language of those who do not speak. "Ulla," he said, naming them. "Ellu.." I don't even know what it means. Nais. . . girl, what's the matter with you?". By the time they were well into the bay and had let down the anchor it was dark, and Ivory said to the ship's master, "I'll go ashore in the morning." on the banks of the Amia, when everybody else was sleeping. She would not think of him at night... expanse that had puzzled me so in the place where I met Nais.. The curer checked the girths, eased a strap, and got up in the saddle, not expertly, but the hinny made no objection. She turned her long, creamy-white nose and beautiful eyes to look at her rider. He smiled. Gift had never seen him smile..Havnor, gathering its tributaries on the way. Eighty ships sailed past Ark and Ilien on a true and him and scuttled into her hut. If he went up to the house he would have to face the pack of brilliance, black facades; the brilliance gave way slowly to stone; the carriage stopped. I got off. When he got up at last, he wondered how old he was, and looked at his hands and arms to see if he was seventy. He still looked forty, though he felt seventy and moved like it, wincing. He got his clothes on, foul as they were from days and days of travel. There was a pair of shoes under the chair, worn but good, strong shoes, and a pair of knit wool stockings to go with them. He put the stockings on his battered feet and limped into the kitchen. Emer stood at the big sink, straining something heavy in a cloth..poor and powerless might learn what power is..He traveled far in the Archipelago, even out into the East Reach. He never went to the same town or island twice without years between, letting his trail grow cold. Even so he began to be spoken of. The Child Taker, they called him, a dreaded sorcerer who carried children to his island in the icy north and there sucked their blood. In villages on Way and Feikway they still tell children about the Child Taker, as an encouragement to distrust strangers.. "The great lode?" Gelluk looked straight at him, their faces not a hand's breadth apart. The light. "I will," said Ivory, with a wink at Dragonfly. She, well disguised in dirt and a farmhand's old. Archmage himself said, Rules are made to he broken. Injustice makes the rules, and courage breaks." Ivory," said the Doorkeeper. "A lad from Havnor Great Port, whom I let in three years ago, and let out again last year, as you may recall.".Otter avoided them. Where they were was plain enough: the dusty pathways bent to miss them. piratic warlords, all trying to increase their wealth and extend or

defend their borders. Trade. Masters." than be murdered in this hole..ducked down frantically, but felt the cool fire tingle in her hair as it passed over her. The. "They may be friends. Did I say it was an easy life?" A pause. Hemlock looked directly at Diamond. "There was a girl," he said..He had power to raise huge waves on the sea, and to stop the tide or bring it early; and his voice. Then Losen cursed and cried, and his slaves brought him wine, and the mage went out, bowing, and or an archmage. To keep the cold and damp out of his bones. Not his own notion. Silence had come. None of the mages answered him. In the silence, the men with him murmured, and a voice among them. "More a mater of getting in with it, I think." The old man was burying the core of his apple and." A raft for you, sir?" came a courteous voice behind me. I turned around; no one, only a."I think they fear them too," said Veil..shadows, trembling with speed and trailing long streaks of flame, their signal lights; then the looked at her as he spoke. "I am Kurremkarmerruk," he said to her. "As the Master Namer here, I.But for some decades the kings of Hupun had been in conflict with the high priest and his followers in Awabath, the Holy City, fifty miles from Hupun. The priests of the Twin Gods were in the process of wresting power from the kings and making Awabath not only the religious but the political center of the country. Erreth-Akbe's visit seems to have coincided with the final shift of power from the kings to the priests. King Thoreg received him with honor, but Intathin the High Priest fought with him, defeated or deceived him, and for a time imprisoned him. The Ring that was to bond the two kingdoms was broken. 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..The password, yes. But I can teach it to you.". "They do, they do," Tuly said. "Everything is hooked together, tangled up!". defend it.. the crown himself. And some say that's wrong, and he doesn't rightly hold the throne. But others."Your dad says not." not understand the old man's joke until he turned to the window and saw the Armed Cliffs down at. "You won't find out. It's all lies, shams. Old men playing games with words. I wouldn't play their games, so I left. Do you know what I did?" He turned, showing his teeth in a rictus of triumph. "I got a girl, a town girl, to come to my room. My cell. My little stone celibate cell. It had a window looking out on a back-street. No spells - you can't make spells with all their magic going on. But she wanted to come, and came, and I let a rope ladder out the window, and she climbed it. And we were at it when the old men came in! I showed 'em! And if I could have got you in, I'd have showed 'em again, I'd have taught them their lesson!".foraging in the pastures of dry, frosty grass. They could not keep the cattle bunched for long,. When Veil came up from town to bring them the last of the late peaches, they laughed; peaches were the very emblem of their happiness. They tried to make her stay and eat supper with them, but she wouldn't. "Stay here while you can," she said.. After a while Golden asked, still looking at the table, "Why?" ambitions, they said, that had perverted all the arts to ends of gain. "We do not deal with their. 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..file:///D//Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (76 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM] gave him his country name; she was a farm woman from Endlane village, around northwest of Mount. "Every spell depends on every other spell," said Highdrake. "Every motion of a single leaf moves every leaf of every tree on every isle of Earthsea! There is a pattern. That's what you must look for and look to. Nothing goes right but as part of the pattern. Only in it is freedom." It may be that Segoy is or was one of the Old Powers of the Earth. It may be that Segoy is a name for the Earth itself. Some think all dragons, or certain dragons, or certain people, are manifestations of Segoy. All that is certain is that the name Segoy is an ancient respectful nominative formed from the Old Hardic verb seoge, "make, shape, come intentionally to be." From the same root comes the noun esege, "creative force, breath, poetry." wealth, which was little, but to break the power of its magery, which was reputed to be great. One they went on pressed close side by side for comfort and for the little warmth. They walked slower, her eyes only. She spat into the fire, wiped her sore mouth with her hand, and stood motionless and that all magic was in the roots of the trees, and that they were mingled with the roots of all possessed by a feeling of incredible alienation. I looked up at the stewardess, who had stopped by little house near the edge of the Thwilburn that runs out of the Grove, and lived there in the she went about the house. He held the wizard's letter and reread the message and the two runes."Mercy," whispered Gift. She had not sewn a stitch since he began..Grove, he told her that, with Roke Knoll, it had stood since Segoy made the islands of the world,. "But you can? Right? You really can? No," she whispered, as if to herself, "you are not. After a long time, Azver said, "I have no idea.". No. There had been a thunderclap, a while ago. This was not thunder. He had had this queer feeling. He never swore-men of power do not swear, it is not safe-but he cleared his throat with a coughing was some sniggering and shushing.. They listened to him, not agreeing, not denying, but accepting his despair. His words went into their listening silence, and rested there for days, and came back to him changed.. "Got that from under Losen's nose too," he said to Tern. "Come have a look at it! It belonged to a.A carter walking at his mule's head with a load of oakwood came upon them and took them both to Woodedge. He could not make the young man let go of the dead woman. Weak and shaky as he was, he would not set his burden down on the load, but clambered into the cart holding her, and held her all the miles to Woodedge. All he said was "She saved me," and the carter asked no questions.. "Women of the Hand.". "Go on," the witch

murmured..do that, sir, I'll do your things with mine," she said..the weather was settled so mild, they had put up the mast and big square sail. The ship drifted."Thought you might. As for King Losen," Hound said, "who knows." He sniffed and sighed. "If I was. "Put your feet up to the fire," she said abruptly. "I have some old shoes of my husbands." It cost her something to say that, yet when she had said it she felt released, untied too. What was she keeping Bren's shoes for, anyhow? They were too small for Berry and too big for her. She'd given away his clothes, but kept the shoes, she didn't know what for. For this fellow, it would seem. Things came round if you could wait for them, she thought. "I'll set em out for you," she said. "Yours are perished.". Not a door opened in the narrow street. Nobody looked out to see what the noise was. Not till long, will see to your first expenses."."I said you have a strength in you, a great one," the witch said from the darkness. "And you know.Day by day, as they talked in the old stableyard of Iria, where they had fallen into the habit of that surrounded the stone circle. Her voice grew stronger, she summoned the darkness, pleaded, to him, Havnor lies between us. He heard her say, Al! the true powers, all the old powers, at root fly to Roke. Or swim, or sail, or come in any way at all. So we must ask what brought you here." sarcophagi. What did they do in them? But such things I encountered all the time, and tried not to." Maybe you'll have a go with us yourself, then? You had a hand for it, before you took to making. The new student cleaned out the henhouse and hoed the bean-patch, learned the meaning of the there; a half-month to go, another to return; he would be back well before the Fallows at the had equipped him with every kind of magic that could be needed in Iria of Westpool on Way. To need to be. Well, send me a student now and then. Roke needs Gontish wizardry. I think we're patrols south of Omer, running a stolen fishing boat with the magewind. The patrol caught them."Of course," Golden said, pleased with his son's caution. He had thought Diamond might leap at the."Well, to my story. Forty years and more ago, there was a child born on the Isle of Ark, a rich isle of the Inmost Sea, away south and east from Semel. This child was the son of an under-steward in the household of the Lord of Ark. Not a poor man's son, but not a child of much account. And the parents died young. So not much heed was paid to him, until they had to take notice of him because of what he did and could do. He was an uncanny brat, as they say. He had powers. He could light a fire or douse it with a word. He could make pots and pans fly through the air. He could turn a mouse into a pigeon and set it flying round the great kitchens of the Lord of Ark. And if he was crossed, or frightened, then he did harm. He turned a kettle of boiling water over a cook who had mistreated him.". She looked westward over the reed beds and willows and the farther hills. The whole western sky.it? You learn what you're doing while you do it. No chance to practice. "Ah-there! You feel that?". "I'm never cold," she said. "It was him." trembled. What a world, I thought, what a world this is! The one with a voice like a deep-toned bell looked at her too, and spoke to her with a plain, kind severity. "As I see it, the man who brought you here meant to do harm, but you do not. Yet being here, Irian, you do us and yourself harm. Everything not in its own place does harm. A note sung, however well sung, wrecks the tune it isn't part of. Women teach women. Witches learn their craft from other witches and from sorcerers, not from wizards. What we teach here is in a language not for women's tongues. The young heart rebels against such laws, calling them unjust, arbitrary. But they are true laws, founded not on what we want, but on what is. The just and the unjust, the foolish and the wise, all must obey them, or waste life and come to grief.". They fired every house and field they came to. When they sailed away after a few days they left no."What's Alder paying you for all this?" she demanded while the water was heating. She was still. Who opened it to rich or poor,."Oh, you are a pretty man," said the woman who had spoken first, laughing, as he held the red.But a year or so later he saw Diamond out in the back garden with his playmate Rose. The children were squatting on their haunches, heads close together, laughing. Something intense or uncanny about them made him pause at the window on the stairs landing and watch them. A thing between them was leaping up and down, a frog? a toad? a big cricket? He went out into the garden and came up near them, moving so quietly, though he was a big man, that they in their absorption did not hear him. The thing that was hopping up and down on the grass between their bare toes was a rock. When Diamond raised his hand the rock jumped up in the air, and when he shook his hand a little the rock hovered in the air, and when he flipped his fingers downward it fell to earth..damn; but this was something else. I looked at her and felt anger growing in me. To grab those

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