

## WHAT IS A DOG

swallowed them. He gasped, as if coming up from drowning..should burn not dead bodies but living ones. Living and conscious. Purity from foulness: bliss."A mage called Highdrake told me that when Ath stayed in Pendor, he told a wizard there that he'd left the Book of Names with a woman in the Ninety Isles for safekeeping."..sheened:."But the Summoner fought him both in body and spirit, and called to me, and I came. Together we..so much before. Could they be flying columns? People were hurrying toward it from all..Veil, with her gentle voice and smile, was implacable. She told Medra that though she had..There were no inns on this road through what had once all been the Domain of Iria. As the sun..everything that had happened to me in the past several hours..commands. The crewmen got up slowly and slowly began to rake the awkward sail in, and the.."To everyone?".."My mastery is here, on Gont," he said, still speaking hardly above a whisper. "My master is.."Oh child, oh lamb," said Rush, taking her into her embrace; but though she hugged Rush, Dory did..A quarrel between brothers over their inheritance divided them. One heir mismanaged his estate through greed, the other through foolishness. One had a daughter who married a merchant and tried to run her estate from the city, the other had a son whose sons quarrelled again, redividing the divided land. By the time the girl called Dragonfly was born, the domain of Iria, though still one of the loveliest regions of hill and field and meadow in all Earthsea, was a battleground of feuds and litigations. Farmlands went to weeds, farmsteads went unroofed, milking sheds stood unused, and shepherds followed their flocks over the mountain to better pastures. The old house that had been the centre of the domain was half in ruins on its hill among the oaks..He checked the henhouse, finding three eggs. Red Bucca was setting. Her eggs were about due to hatch. The mites were bothering her, and she looked scruffy and jaded. He said a few words against mites, told himself to remember to clean out the nest box as soon as the chicks hatched, and went on to the poultry yard, where Brown Bucca and Grey and Leggings and Candor and the King huddled under the eaves making soft, shrewish remarks about rain.."I didn't mean to hurt Father's feelings," he said..They said little, seeming to consult and assent among themselves almost in silence. At last the shorter woman looked with her fierce eyes at Medra. "Stay if you will," she said..A millennium and a half ago or more, the runes of Hardic were developed so as to permit narrative.."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..The wizard kept the name Roke in his memory, and when he heard it again, and in the same connection, he knew Hound had been on a true track again..went off, still walking sore-footed, in Bren's old shoes. It made her heart turn in her, seeing..beneath him. "Let me just open this up," Tern was saying as he spread his pack out on the cobbles.."Then should we go to Gont?" said the Herbal, caught in Azver's passion. "Sparrowhawk is there.".."It is a secret," she said.."I should sap? Sap yourself!".."I'm tired of teaching and talking," he said. "I need silence. Is that enough for you?"..still very sore..passes all the trade and commerce and learning and craft of Earthsea, a wealth not hoarded. There.."Where they come from, I don't know. In your day, was there tap water?"..Ember usually scowled when he greeted her. She asked him abrupt questions, listened to his answers, and said nothing..which the poem was first spoken.."Listen. . ."..as if he had the power to.."hatches; it was as if monsters, chrome-plated fish, were depositing, at regular intervals,

their..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (28 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM].."Nobody loves a sorcerer," said the Archmage. "Well, Irioth! Did I come all this way for you in.."I have no master."..Knowing the Enemy's name, he was able to counter his enchantments and drive him from Enlad, people there would be - I don't know. Of course they're mostly just boys when they go there. But I.."It is not glass, to break," Azver said. "It is breath, it is fire.".."Put it away," she said, with another laugh, and a flurried motion of her hands. "If you can cure the cattle, the cattlemen will pay you, and you can pay me then. Call that surety, if you like. But put it away, sir! It makes me dizzy to look at it. -Berry," she said, as a nobbly, dried-up man came in the door with a gust of cold wind, "the gentleman will stay with us while he's curing the cattle-speed the work! He's given us surety of payment. So you'll sleep in the chimney corner, and him in the room. This is my brother Berry, sir."..circles of ripples from his movement were slight and small. It was shallow for a long way. Then..In these four great islands to the northeast of the main Archipelago, the predominant skin color is light brown to white, with hair dark to fair, and eyes dark to blue or grey..against the house wall, and Azver on the doorstep.."Who's to lay this floor?" he said, now merely querulous..communities from drought, plague, invaders, dragons, and the unscrupulous use of their art..They set off along the wharves, asking for a ship bound south that might take a wizard and his..puffed-out cheeks, playing a flute. It did this so well that I had the impulse to call out to

it..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (82 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]..The boy's drop-jawed stare irritated Hemlock, though he knew it shouldn't. Wizards are used to overweening confidence in the young of their kind. They expect modesty to come later, if at all. "I said Roke," Hemlock said in a tone that said he was unused to having to repeat himself. And then, because this boy, this soft-headed, spoiled, moony boy had endeared himself to Hemlock by his uncomplaining patience, he took pity on him and said, "You should either go to Roke or find a wizard to teach you what you need. Of course you need what I can teach you. You need the names. The art begins and ends in naming. But that's not your gift. You have a poor memory for words. You must train it diligently. However, it's clear that you do have capacities, and that they need cultivation and discipline, which another man can give you better than I can." So does modesty

breed modesty, sometimes, even in unlikely places. "If you were to go to Roke, I'd send a letter with you drawing you to the particular attention of the Master Summoner." given it to her when they married. It had come down through the generations of the descendants of deal between the beginning and the end. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (79 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. prearranged location? dragon scream-and flew on faster, leaving them to follow him to the conquest. "They put something into the blood, I think." "Ah, ah, ah," said the old wizard. Morred s Isle, they call it. But it's not Enlad of the Kings, nor Ea. It's south, not north of Havnor, they say. There they say the women of the Hand have kept the old arts. And they teach them, not keeping them secret each to himself, as the wizards do. "Lovers? Acquaintances? Abs was right after all when he said that I wouldn't be able to manage. have to give up saying spells? I can bring a fever down now too. Why should you have to stop doing. In Veil's words he saw, all at once, the other side of Ember's impatience, her fierceness, her. "Would you like some fresh curds? It makes a good breakfast." She was eyeing him, but not for long, and not meeting his eyes. Like an animal, like a cat, she was, sizing him up but not challenging. There was a cat, a big grey, sitting on his four paws on the hearth gazing at the coals. Irioth accepted the bowl and spoon she handed him and sat down on the settle. The cat jumped up beside him and purred. She had never seen where he lived. He slept wherever he chose to, she imagined, in these warm. at me. Her eyes froze. But to that I had grown accustomed. I asked where the Inner Circle was. He had turned up on Dulse's doorstep a few years ago. Well, no, twenty years ago it must be, or him, stroke him, and he purred louder; behind him flashed another pair of eyes, another lion, no. After spending the next several days trying to recapture the missing word, he had set Silence to studying the Acastan Spells. Together they had finally worked it out, a long toil. "Like ploughing with a blind ox," Dulse said. could he think of her. the vine "right down to the life in it"; and Rose, her Etaudis, whispering charms to ease the pain. All the rumors of Roke had said that it was spell-defended and charm-hidden, invisible to ordinary. "So where is it?" Hound said. The air was darkening around them. The west was only a dull red line, the eastern sky was shadowy above the sea. "No need," he said in that distant way, as if he hardly knew what she was talking about; but then he said, "You work very hard." Enemy's spells, fought one another in bloody and ruinous battles. Next we came to a moving walkway; we stood on it, a strange pair; lights swam by; now. "So some wise men say," said Veil mildly, and smiled again, and bade him goodbye. She knew that King Lebannen used his true name openly. He too had returned from death. Yet that the Summoner should do so continued to shock and disturb her as she thought about it. among us, Medra. They must be settled, and they can't be settled easily. Though a little goodwill. underfoot ended, gave way to porous rock. I passed through a curtain of light and found myself. And he was easy, he was still, he held fast, rock in rock and earth in earth in the fiery dark of the mountain. wouldn't have left the greatest of all the lore-books among boors who'd make that of it! Take us. singer with a droning voice and a droning bagpipe was singing The Deed of the Dragonlord to a. The boy was in fact a workman of the first order, carpenter, cabinetmaker, stonelayer, roofer; he. But something else was occupying me. I sat half supine, my legs stretched out. The voices of the mages talking were like the voices of the stream running. The stream said its words and they said theirs, but none of them were the right words. voice spoke in his mind, stronger and clearer than Gelluk's voice and spells. Through her eyes and brought out a small, soft, thick, leather bag that weighed heavy in his hands. He opened it to. How long had he been standing here? Why was he standing here? He had been thinking about mud. known. He saw it with the same uncaring interest with which he saw Tinaral's body and his own. Three children, two boys of fifteen or sixteen and a girl of twelve, were taken by one of Losen's. "The money and the music." In the young dowser he recognized a power, untaught and inept, which he could use. He needed much more quicksilver than he had, therefore he needed a finder. Finding was a base skill. Gelluk had never practiced it, but he could see that the young fellow had the gift. He would do well to learn the boy's true name so that he could be sure of controlling him. He sighed at the thought of the time he must waste teaching the boy what he was good for. And after that the ore must still be dug out of the earth and the metal refined. As always, Gelluk's mind leapt across obstacles and delays to the wonderful mysteries at the end of them. were dozens of ships like ours. The moving platform made a turn, accelerated, continued to. "I didn't understand," Irioth said, "about the others. That they are other. We are all other. We must be. I was wrong." Trusting the messenger, Morred entered the trap. He barely escaped with his life. The Enemy. "I could teach you how to do that for yourself," the wizard said, smiling, watching Otter rub and flex his aching wrists and work his lips that had been smashed against his teeth for hours. "The Hound told me that you're a lad of promise and might go far with a proper guide. If you'd like to visit the Court of the King, I can take you there. But maybe you don't know the King I'm talking of?" of waiting for the destroying wave that only Morred might have stilled, she made the song called. Oh, it's time, and past time. We must deliver the King. We must find the great lode. It is here; Seven or eight years after Tehanu was published, I was asked to write a story set in Earthsea. A. Not long after that he had given Silence the staff he had made for him, Gontish oak. She stretched, feeling the ease of her body in the warmth, and her mind drifted back to Ivory. She. "But not the words of the Making." Herbal, master of the arts of healing. good. But in the dark years, wizards sold their skills to the highest bidder, pitting their powers. She tried to sit up again, looking up, but the shaking and shuddering seized her and wracked her. She began to gasp for breath. In the red light that shone now from the crest of the mountain and all the eastern sky he saw the foam and spittle run scarlet from her mouth. Sometimes she clutched at him, but she did not speak again. She fought her death, fought to breathe, while the red light faded and then darkened into grey as clouds swept again across the mountain and hid the rising sun. It was broad day and raining when her last hard breath was not followed by another. up the street with him. say. But you should know that leaving Roke may be even harder than coming to it. Prison within. returned to. He had been away from Planet Earth for ten years space-time. But that was 127 years. "Oh no, that's vision. . . ." "To reach out the

Hand to Enlad and Ea. I've never gone there. We know nothing about their."Thorion was the best of us all - a brave heart, a noble mind." The Herbal spoke almost in anger..the Masters and their toadies. And if somehow it succeeded, if he could actually get a woman.And the boy must have a staff. Why had Nemmerle let him leave Roke without one, empty-handed as a prentice or a witch? Power like that shouldn't go wandering about unchannelled and unsignalled..Morred, and Morred's first year on the throne. The capital city of these rulers was Berila, on the.She stood with the little oil lamp in her hand, and the light of it shone red between her fingers and golden on her face. He said her name. She gave him sleep..Of innumerable sacred groves, caves, mountains, hills, springs, and stones on the Four Lands, the.the winter long, out on the high marsh..Copyright ? 1961 by Stanislaw Lem.spirits like a stone. There was nothing here for him except the girl Dragonfly, who had come to.Religion was a unifying element even among the most warlike tribes. There were hundreds of Truce Places on the Four Lands, where no warfare or dispute was permitted. Kargish religion was a domestic and community worship of the Old Powers, the chthonic or gaeian forces manifest as spirits of place. They were worshiped at the site and at home altars with offerings of flowers, oil, food, dances, races, sacrifices, carvings, songs, music, and silence. Worship was both casual and ritual, private and communal. There was no priesthood; any adult could perform the ceremonies and teach children to do so. This ancient spiritual practice has continued, unofficially and sometimes in hiding, under the newer, institutional religions of the Twin Gods and the Godking.. "I've been thinking about it," she said, hurried and earnest. "Couldn't I just tell them who I am?.that of finishing the last bite of a perfectly ripe pear..Hound nodded, as if its location was all that had interested him in Roke..not have dared to do so, since Gelluk knew his name. But she came, even when he was with the.we?" A child ran bawling to its mammy. No one else was about. But Early turned his head, still with something of the eagles quick, stiff turn, staring. Wizard knows wizard, and he knew which house his prey was in. He walked to it and flung the door open..Otter pointed at the low slope that rose before them. "The King's House is there," he said..even know if they were occupied or not, since they had no windows. Six streets led from the.This was a hotel, not the Prometheus. I remembered it all: the labyrinths of the station, the.the sidewalk; somewhat farther along stood flat black machines, crowded together; a man came.PEOPLE.joke. I had had enough of his direct approach and joviality. If asked about it (or so, at least, I.It looked very old. It had been rebuilt and rebuilt again, but not for a long time. Nor had anyone lived in it for a long time, from the feel of it. But it was a pleasant feeling, as if those who had slept there had slept peacefully. As for decrepit walls, mice, cobwebs, and scant furniture, none of that was new to Irian. She found a bald broom and swept out a bit. She unrolled her blanket on the plank bed. She found a cracked pitcher in a skew-doored cabinet and filled it with water from the stream that ran clear and quiet ten steps from the door. She did these things in a kind of trance, and having done them, sat down in the grass with her back against the house wall, which held the heat of the sun, and fell asleep..interchange, other than piratical raids and invasions of the nearer islands of the South Reach and.to be in one place on the isle and sometimes in another, were the oldest trees in the world, and."Maybe I came to destroy Roke.".All the thoughts he had not been able to think for days and weeks were racing through his head, a.impurities fester and run free from their sores. And then when they're burned clean at last they.immensely dangerous. Ordinary people-and dragons-keep their true name secret; wizards hide and.know that? No, I suppose I never mentioned it. But it doesn't make much difference, after all."I was single. They picked unmarried ones. That is -- volunteers.".unless there was a sorcerer aboard who knew how to turn that wind. Still they came, and as the.master's sending him all about the range to do what can be done. It's too late for many.".The donkey leaned its head hard against his hand so that he would go on scratching the place just above its eyes and below its ears. When he did so, it flicked its long right ear. So when he parted from the donkey he took the right hand of the crossroad, though it looked as if it would lead back to the hill; and soon enough he came among houses, and then onto a street that brought him down at last into the town at the head of the bay.. "I said you have a strength in you, a great one," the witch said from the darkness. "And you know.battleground of hereditary feudal princes, governments of small islands and city-states, and.a lighter; for an instant I was seized by a blind rage; I set my jaw, narrowed my eyes, and,.But he made no spell. He had no magic left in him. It was gone, run out of him into this terrible hill, into the terrible ground under him, gone. He was no wizard, only a man like the others, powerless..Next day he had Licky send him the boy. He looked forward to seeing him, to being kind to him, teaching him, petting him a bit as he had done yesterday. He sat down with him in the sun. Gelluk was fond of children and animals. He liked all beautiful things. It was pleasant to have a young creature about. Otter's uncomprehending awe was endearing, as was his uncomprehended strength. Slaves were wearisome with their weakness and trickery and their ugly, sick bodies. Of course Otter was his slave, but the boy need not know it. They could be teacher and prentice. But prentices were faithless, Gelluk thought, reminded of his prentice Early, too clever by half, whom he must remember to control more strictly. Father and son, that's what he and Otter could be. He would have the boy call him Father. He recalled that he had intended to find out his true name. There were various ways of doing it, but the simplest, since the boy was already under his control, was to ask him. "What is your name?" he said, watching Otter intently.

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