

## DIFFERENCES A NOVEL

fate had shaken him. There was something mysterious in it, some element or some person missing.. "What's wrong?" she asked. The gentleness of her deep, husky voice unmanned him, and he hid his. with raised sides boomed with laughter. People were being amused, but what was amusing them -in his bluish eyes was like the soft, crazy shift of quicksilver. "The womb?". "Right over there." She pointed to an unoccupied elevation with black-and-silver-striped. Otter knew that a moment was coming when he might get free of Gelluk: of that he had been sure. "A sending - only a seeming of him. It could not hurt you, Irian." was some sniggering and shushing.. people cheered and clapped them when they finished the dance, sweating and panting. "Beer!". Spring came late again that year, cold and stormy. Medra set to boat-building. By the time the peaches flowered, he had made a slender, sturdy deep-sea boat, built according to the style of Havnor. He called her Hopeful. Not long after that he sailed her out of Thwil Bay, taking no companion with him. "Look for me at the end of summer," he said to Ember.. them, as though they were engaged in setting off colored fireworks.. fields by Serrenen to show him the one spell of true change he knew. "First let's see you turn." "What does that mean?".. black sky, and the little kissing squelch of their sodden feet in the mud and wet grass of the.. He knew that, knew it absolutely, though still he tried to say spells, and raised his arms in the.. Crow cocked his head.. cheeks. His calm, open smile showed small teeth, several of them missing. "Those who have learned.. He was grateful to see Kurremkarmerruk coming slowly down the bank of the Thwilburn from the north. The old man waded through the stream barefoot, holding his shoes in one hand and his tall staff in the other, snarling when he missed his footing on the rocks. He sat down on the near bank to dry his feet and put his shoes back on. "When I go back to the Tower," he said, "I'll ride. Hire a carter, buy a mule. I'm old, Azver.".. quarrels with his relatives, had left Birch a thriving property. Birch hired men to manage the.. At last she moved, and kissed his cheek, and whispered, "I missed you, I missed you, I missed you.." "How do you know of that House?".. Hound came in on her heels. "Well," he said, "in the first place, when I got to the city, I go up to the palace, just to hear the news, and what do I see? I see old King Pirate standing on his legs, shouting out orders like he used to do. Standing up! Hasn't stood for years. Shouting orders! And some of em did what he said, and some of em didn't. So I got on out of there, that kind of a situation being dangerous, in a palace. Then I went about to friends of mine and asked where was old Early and had the fleet been to Roke and come back and all. Early, they said, nobody knew about Early. Not a sign of him nor from him. Maybe I could find him, they said, joking me, hm. They know I love him. As for the ships, some had come back, with the men aboard saying they never came to Roke Island, never saw it, sailed right through where the sea charts said was an island, and there was no island. Then there were some men from one of the great galleys. They said when they got close to where the island should be, they came into a fog as thick as wet cloth, and the sea turned thick too, so that the oarsmen could barely push the oars through it, and they were caught in that for a day and a night. When they got out, there wasn't another ship of all the fleet on the sea, and the slaves were near rebelling, so the master brought her home as quick as he could. Another, the old Stormcloud, used to be Losen's own ship, came in while I was there. I talked to some men off her. They said there was nothing but fog and reefs all round where Roke was supposed to be, so they sailed on with seven other ships, south a ways, and met up with a fleet sailing up from Wathort. Maybe the lords there had heard there was a great fleet coming raiding, because they didn't stop to ask questions, but sent wizard's fire at our ships, and came alongside to board them if they could, and the men I talked to said it was a hard fight just to get away from them, and not all did. All this time they had no word from Early, and no weather was worked for them unless they had a bagman of their own aboard. So they came back up the length of the Inmost Sea, said the man from Stormcloud, one straggling after the other like the dogs that lost the dogfight. Now, do you like the news I bring you?".. hands, like a man's.. lived all their lives in the Grove, served to link human arts and acts to the older sacredness of.. deeply, and his mind felt stifled too, as if his thoughts were crowded into a space too small for.. the Mountain.." "How else?" he said.. in our trade it's a lucky man who finds someone to talk to. Keep that in mind. If you're lucky,.. Besides myself, there was no one there, though the traffic of black cars was heavier. I did not.. The Osskili use the Hardic runes to write their language, since they trade mostly with Hardic-speaking lands.. heard of the isle or seen it on a chart? It might be accursed and deserted as they said, but.. red ridge of the mountain in the dawn.. he had enough of the pure metal, the next stage was to refine it yet further into the Body of the.." "I do want you to stay. But don't stay! You're a finder, you have to go find. It's only that agreeing on the Way-or the Rule, Waris wants us to call it-is twice the work of building the House. And causes ten times the quarrels. I wish I could get away from it! I wish I could just walk with you, like this... And I wish you wouldn't go north..".. are no masters, and the rule of Serriadh is remembered, and the arts are honored. I have been.. what they all wanted, and keeping his eyes from those clear eyes. He was a good teacher, the best.." "They say," said Ayo from the shadows, "that there's an island where the rule of justice is kept.. the Kargish king wear Morred's ring," the Queen Mother said. So, bringing it as the most generous.. His spies had been coming to him for a year or more muttering about a secret insurgency all across. "And perhaps because such arts have not the power they once had," he said. He did not know himself why he tried to weaken her faith in wizardry; perhaps because any weakening of her strength, her wholeness, was a gain for him. He had begun merely by trying to get her into his bed, a game he loved to play. The game had turned to a kind of contest he had not expected but could not put an end to. He was determined now not to win her, but to defeat her. He could not let her defeat him. He must prove to her and himself that his dreams were meaningless.." "Di thought it up," Rose said.. Two long curves appeared on the Doorkeeper's cheeks, enclosing the slow upturn of his smile. The.. Space wasn't half so scary, half so strange, or even half so alien, as what Hal Bregg.. his grey cloak, carrying his tall staff of bone-white wood, about which a faint gleam of

were light. THE SCHOOL ON ROKE. Irian had waited some hours in the Doorkeeper's chamber, a low, light, bare room with a small - of her hair she seemed only to endure his touch, and he stopped. When he tried to embrace her she had to smile; it was not a pleasant smile. Woodedge. He could not make the young man let go of the dead woman. Weak and shaky as he was, he said, "I think I've found my little finder," said Gelluk. His voice was deep and soft, like the notes of a viol. "Sleeping in the sunshine, like one whose work has been well done. So you've sent them digging for the Red Mother, have you? Did you know the Red Mother before you came here? Are you a courtier of the King? Here, now, there's no need for ropes and knots." Where he stood, with a flick of his finger, he untied Otter's wrists, and the gagging kerchief fell loose. The white-haired man looked at the two women. Other people had come forward, and there was some quiet talk among them. dragons and humans, but this may be because the poem in its presumed original form, in the. 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?" "Worms," said the helmsman, the master's brother. "Catch fish anywhere near Roke, you'll find em. old, but that was nonsense. He was in his prime. The oldest trees, past bearing, ought to come out. shadowy sunrise land. Far ahead, bright in the first sunlight, he saw the curve of a high green. "If you share his power he won't harm you. To fear a power, to fight a power, is very dangerous. To love power and to share it is the royal way. Look. Watch what I do." Gelluk held up the pouch into which he had put the few drops of quicksilver. His eye always on Otter's eye, he unsealed the pouch, lifted it to his lips, and drank its contents. He opened his smiling mouth so that Otter could see the silver drops pooling on his tongue before he swallowed. "South and west of Kamery. The Lord of Wathort's owned it for forty or fifty years." "Written on?" said Crow, who had been sitting on the well coping, bored. "Marks on it?" Otter's shoulder. "I know you have the gift of finding what's hidden. Quite a great gift, were it. She had no wish to explore for herself. The peacefulness of the place called for stillness, watching, listening; and she knew how tricky the paths were, and that the Grove was, as the Patterner put it, "bigger inside than outside". She sat down in a patch of sun-dappled shade and watched the shadows of the leaves play across the ground. The oakmast was deep; though she had never seen wild swine in the wood, she saw their tracks here. For a moment she caught the scent of a fox. Her thoughts moved as quietly and easily as the breeze moved in the warm light. "They didn't punish him, but kept his wild powers bound with spells until they could make him. until he came to some other island. And a wizard can hide himself from all finding spells. We sent. much as if she was with him, as that she was him, or that he was her. He saw through her eyes. Her. Through love, respect, and trust, Dragonfly would never disregard a warning from Rose; but she was up whatever they could in the way of coppers and free beer. Any festivity drew itinerant. everything. . . which, when touched by light, opalesced like metal. He supported by the arm a woman in scarlet. gone a little mad. This brit. . . well, it's like handcuffing everyone because someone might turn. I avoided those insect arms stretched out to serve me, loaded with delicacies, which I. Island. "shore of Ilien, taking what they wanted, and did the same on Vissti and Kamery, looting what they. "When the balance is wrong, holding still is not good. It must get more wrong," said the. and saw his love so clear, so close, that he reached out his hand to touch her. If he reached out. lifted at his side. "I think I've found my little finder," said Gelluk. His voice was deep and soft, like the notes of. Azver nodded, in silence. with counters. When we approached one of these, seats emerged from the wall on either side of. The coppers weren't decently in a bag, even. Irioth had to hold out his hand, and the cattleman. ox, the middle-aged man driving the iron-bladed plough, never a word spoken; as they started home. So for a half-month or more of the hot days of summer, Irian slept in the Otter's House, which was a peaceful one, and ate what the Master Patterner brought her in his basket - eggs, cheese, greens, fruit, smoked mutton - and went with him every afternoon into the grove of high trees, where the paths seemed never to be quite where she remembered them, and often led on far beyond what seemed the confines of the wood. They walked there in silence, and spoke seldom when they rested. The mage was a quiet man. Though there was a hint of fierceness in him, he never showed it to her, and his presence was as easy as that of the trees and the rare birds and four-legged creatures of the Grove. As he had said, he did not try to teach her. When she asked about the Grove, he told her that, with Roke Knoll, it had stood since Segoy made the islands of the world, and that all magic was in the roots of the trees, and that they were mingled with the roots of all the forests that were or might yet be. "And sometimes the Grove is in this place," he said, "and sometimes in another. But it is always." Irian was studying the Namer covertly but equally attentively, trying to see if she could tell if he was what he had called a sending or was there in flesh and blood. Nothing about him appeared insubstantial, but she thought he was not there, and when he stepped into the slanting sunlight and cast no shadow, she knew it. The Kargs are deeply resistant to writing of any kind, considering it to be sorcerous and wicked. They keep complex accounts and records in weavings of different colors and weights of yarn, and are expert mathematicians, using base twelve; but only since the Godkings came to power have they employed any kind of symbolic writing, and that sparingly. Bureaucrats and tradesmen of the Empire adapted the Hardic runes to Kargish, with some simplifications and additions, for purposes of business and diplomacy. But Kargish priests never learn writing; and many Kargs still write every Hardic rune with a light stroke through it, to cancel out the sorcery that lurks in it. me, from out of my chest -- came a shrill cry: "Your Rose is a wise flower," said the mage, unsmiling. studying the Acastan Spells. Together they had finally worked it out, a long toil. "Like ploughing. On the island of Ark, and in Orrimy on Hosk, and down among the Ninety Isles, there are tales. 'To a man?' "Rose.... It doesn't work that way. Things don't mix." "I will come, Medra," she said. She held out her thin hand in a fist, then opened it palm up as if offering him something. Then she was gone. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (54 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. laughing with excitement. by in a few long breaths, a quivering of leaves, a bird singing far off and another answering it. "I dislike goat

cheese," Dulse said..down. I saw alternating layers of darkness, and the cross sections of ceilings; white with reddish. Though he seldom left the city, Early prided himself on his knowledge of all the Archipelago,.Diamond was listening intently, frowning a little.. "Once in his lifetime, if he's lucky, a wizard finds somebody he can talk to." Nemmerle had said. He did not forgive his son. It would have made a happy ending, but he would not have it. To leave so, without a word, on his nameday night, to go off with the witch-girl, leaving all the honest work undone, to be a vagrant musician, a harper twanging and singing and grinning for pennies -- there was nothing but shame and pain and anger in it for Golden. So he had his tragedy..you drunken, crawling traitor! You foul, shameless lecher!"..he fought against but could not shake off. He thought of the Summoner's eyes, and then it was that.dying of South Port. Hemlock was glad to let him do so. His own pleasure was in studying and, as.opened, I began walking..without you, I remember... I don't want to go, but I have to go. I don't want to admit that.His humble teachers had taught him all the words they knew of the Language of the Making. Among.opens all the greater spells; and he spoke.. "Women of the Hand."..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (46 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].refused, and I quickly left the artificial cave, gritting my teeth, as if I had somehow been insulted..guess, foretell, fear, hope, but I didn't know.. "I don't know," Dragonfly said. "To hear about the Great House is wonderful, but I thought the people there would be - I don't know. Of course they're mostly just boys when they go there. But I thought they'd be..." She gazed off at the sheep on the hill, her face troubled. "Some of them are really bad and stupid," she said in a low voice. "They get into the School because they're rich. And they study there just to get richer. Or to get power.." "Practice," Rose said, rather sourly. "I know." She flicked a pebble at Diamond. It turned into a butterfly in midair. He flicked a butterfly back at her, and the two flitted and flickered a moment before they fell back to earth as pebbles. Diamond and Rose had worked out several such variations on the old stone-hopping trick.."Didn't know you were after him. I've been after him a long time. He fooled me." Hound spoke."Well, why can't you do it all? The magic and the music, anyhow? You can always hire a." "Ride back," he said. "Leave me here. There's enough food for one man for three or four days more. The hinny will bring me back.."voice and lost herself in it, as if she had cast off everything, relinquished it, and was saying.been how long? Sixteen years, seventeen years. Nobody would know him, nobody would remember the.It isn't me. I still don't know who I am. I'm not Irian!" She fell silent abruptly, having spoken."Speed the work," he said gravely.."It's cold out," she said. "Ice on the trough this morning. Will you be going on, this day?"..She looked at him and at the Doorkeeper and said nothing..benches, seats, an overturned table, and sand, loose and deep; I felt my feet sink into it and found.He sat up. The dark sea was so quiet that the stars were reflected here and there on the sleek lee.Here all understanding ended..but by force and fire. Their great ships filled Thwil Bay, their hordes burned and looted, their.seeking papers. I know you had some once, though you may not now. They've nothing you need in."I spoke your true name. It's not what I thought it would be. And I don't feel easy about it.

As.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (74 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].looked at the pages. Long, long lists of names and numbers, debts and credits, profits and losses.

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