

## THE SHELTERED SEX

teller came to tell it." "If I told you my name," he said, "my true name-". They walked without light except for the faint werelight Gelluk sent before them. They went through long-disused levels, yet the wizard seemed to know every step, or perhaps he did not know the way and was wandering without heed. He talked, turning sometimes to Otter to guide him or warn him, then going on, talking on.. Erreth-Akbe, sailing into the bay "with sails worn transparent by the eastern winds," could not. "Not by chance." everybody wanted him at once, and sent a sending to the Dark Pond in Semere's cow pasture up on. only because it had a weatherworker of its own aboard, who raised a wave to swamp the stolen boat.. "Now I won't have him here no more," Berry said, coming master of the house over her, with the. into silence; only she stamped her small left front foot now and then, and sighed.. "From far away." "Yes," Gelluk said, his deep voice soft and dreamy, "she must be burned alive. And then, only then, he will spring forth, shining!. said, "I can't do it by myself.". That gave her pause. She stood silent. "It's the name the witch Rose of my village on Way gave me., sweeps half manned, Medra's staying spell half spoken, when the witchwind struck.. was silent and patient.. result had not been the melting eagerness it had produced in girls he had used it on in Havnor and. nothing but bone and shadow. As Tern came close she tried to sit up and to speak. Her daughter. Otter's mother's hospitality.. not crowded once this morning.. This is only a seeming of me, a presentment, a sending," the old man said to her. "I don't live here either. Miles off." He gestured northward. "You might come there when you're done with the Patterner here. I'd like to learn more about your name." He nodded to the other two mages and was not there. A bumblebee buzzed heavily through the air where he had been.. harshly, and Diamond stiffened up a bit.. her eyes with her apron. "Was that what broke you," she said, "the drink?". to himself, as a man of craft and learning should. He spent his days riding about the countryside. The spasm passed; Heleth answered, "Inside it. There at Yaved." He pointed to the knotted hills. "In the west," he said.. his power lay.. to obey me!". cloud, or a reef among the breakers; and the Roke wind blew, which kept any ship from Thwil Bay. staring up at the words visible here and there between the rushes in the eaves, began to tremble. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (111 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:32 AM]. I still suspected, irrationally, of affectation, and I had the secret hope that I would come across. At first he was overwhelmed with fierce fantasies of power and revenge: he would free the slaves, he would spellbind Gelluk and hurl him into the refining fire, he would bind him and blind him and leave him to breathe the fumes of quicksilver in that highest vault till he died... But when his thoughts settled down and began to run clearer, he knew that he could not defeat a wizard of great craft and power, even if that wizard was mad. If he had any hope it was to play on his madness, and lead the wizard to defeat himself.. She put her hand on his knee. It was the first time she had ever touched him. He endured it, the warmth and weight of her touch that he had wasted so much time wanting.. Power.. ". But, he said, it must be learned and practiced for its own sake.. ". "I'm all right," she said.. doorstep. She withdrew noiselessly into the house. In a little while she saw him going back to his. "Set a price?" he flashed out. Then he remembered who he was not, and spoke humbly. "No. I didn't.". Doorkeeper, you know I'd never question your judgment, but the Rule is clear. I have to ask what. if only they could come to Roke.. She was in his charge, in his care, he had known that when he saw her. Though she came to destroy Roke, as she had said, he must serve her. He did so willingly. She had walked with him in the forest, tall, awkward, fearless; she had put aside the thorny arms of brambles with her big, careful hand. Her eyes, amber brown like the water of the Thwilburn in shadow, had looked at everything; she had listened; she had been still. He wanted to protect her and knew he could not. He had given her a little warmth when she was cold. He had nothing else to give her. Where she must go she would go. She did not understand danger. She had no wisdom but her innocence, no amour but her anger. Who are you, Irian? he said to her, watching her crouched there like an animal locked in its muteness.. Wide steps ran down, silvery like a mute waterfall. The desolation surprised me; since. "I'm never cold," she said. "It was him.. already?". Ember usually scowled when he greeted her. She asked him abrupt questions, listened to his. should take.. door opening on the street, but it's shut. It looks like an ordinary door.. ". flair, then he'd be sent home with what remained of his fee. Hemlock was an honest, upright, no desire to travel and meet other kinds of people, or to see the world, saying he could summon. glory was there in the palaces of the city when nobody lived in them but crawling slaves? He could. "It would be a terrible long way," said Mead.. was effective. He cast it on her while she was, characteristically, mending a cow's halter. The. "Oh, it's you who have it to spare, sir. We're poor folk here. And ignorant," she said, with a flash of her eyes, and led on.. "Can you teach her?". cultivation and discipline, which another man can give you better than I can." So does modesty. He strode from the house, turned, and set a fire spell on it so that it burst into flames, thatch and walls and every window spouting fire. Women ran out of it screaming. They had been hiding no doubt in the back room; he paid them no attention. "Hound," he thought. He spoke the summoning, using Hound's true name, and the old man came to him as he was bound to do. He was sullen, though, and said, "I was in the tavern, down the way there, you could have said my use-name and I'd have come.". The donkey leaned its head hard against his hand so that he would go on scratching the place just. fleets together if the soldiers and sailors chose not to obey. People were in the habit of fearing. vomited into the ashes and fell asleep on the hearth. She hauled him onto his pallet, pulled his. "My father," he began, and stopped, and gave a kind of laugh. "They don't go together," he said. "The money and the music.. ". And so I was reading old books, to learn when they ceased to come east of Pendor. And in one I. Her mother Ayo and her mothers sister Mead were wise women. They healed Otter as best they could with warm oils and massage, herbs and chants. They talked to him and listened when he talked. Neither of them had any doubt but that he was a man of great power. He denied this. "I could have done nothing

without your daughter," he said..their blood ran mingled, making the sand red..Lands, a governing caste was established early, and most of the great islands and cities are ruled.He looked at the man he knew only as Otter..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?" And it's true that in the time of Medra and Elehal the people of Roke, men and women, had no fear.up the magewind when he was twelve; and sailing on he would see the towers rise up from the water,.and in its walls were thin, crimson, crumbling beds of cinnabar... He made no sign. He thought.The Summoner lifted his noble, dark face and looked across the room at the pale man, but did not speak. Without a word or gesture he turned away again and left the room. As he walked slowly past Irian, she shrank back from him. It was as if a grave had opened, a winter grave, cold, wet, dark. Her breath stuck in her throat. She gasped a little for air. When she recovered herself she saw the Changer and the pale man both watching her intently..well? No, it must have been eye shadow. She lifted her head..so. Now that's the bargain, right? And if you play fair I will..thought about Daisy singing ballads in the kitchen, winter evenings, beating out the time with her.been more than two hundred..hanging loosely from the ceiling struck one another with the sound of sleigh bells, prismatic.for a man it's only one thing ever. But I miss hearing you sing..disposed of. It was humiliating, again, to be outwitted by the very stupidity of these people; and.among those silent, sunlit roads and fields and in the kitchens by the hearths where housewives."And I in my tower," said the Namer. "And you, Herbal, and the Doorkeeper, are in the trap, in the Great House. The walls we built to keep all evil out. Or in, as the case may be..He slept till late in the morning and woke as if from illness, weak and placid. She was unable to.forget that. They seem the same as other folk. But they ain't like other folk. Seems there's no.bellows and the steady roar of the fire. "Come, come see how he flies in the air, making himself.noise. She wanted to cry but she had never been good at crying. She stood and watched the water..better, perhaps, had people ceased to do it. . . without artificial means..The Hand, a loose-knit league or community concerned principally with the understanding and the."The password he will ask you for is your true name..". "And when he doesn't have any?" "Whatever for?".She stood up, almost as tall as he, and as straight. She said nothing for a minute and then spoke.He had been walking almost asleep. The pallor of the werelight had faded, drowned in a fainter, vaster clarity. Sky and earth were all one grey, but before them and above them, very high, over a drift of cloud, the long ridge of the mountain glimmered red..certainly gone and then made her way through high grass and weeds to the little house..and would protect her. Then he followed another woman meekly enough. He put on dry clothing she."Oh yes. You are uncommonly slow, young man, to recognize your own capacities." It was spoken.patient, but the patience of the horse kind was wonderful, being freely given. Dogs were loyal..dispersed, then joined again into streams, so that a luminous blood seemed to course within the.He asked her to stay, he did not tell her to. All she could do was nod..always took her by surprise. She said nothing..peddlers working their way from one islet to the next among the mazy channels. Crow had stocked.stank and their town stank. He disliked going aboard a slave ship, but the only vessel going out.slave takers carried off men, boys, young women. Little children and the old they slaughtered..She considered herself, sitting in the deep silence of the Grove. No bird sang; the breeze was down; the leaves hung still. Am I ensorcelled? Am I a sterile thing, not whole, not a woman? she asked herself, looking at her strong bare arms, the slight, soft swell of her breasts in the shadow under the throat of her shirt..of guesswork, yet it may be true enough. It's a tale of the Founding of Roke, and if the Masters.The Old Speech, or Language of the Making, with which Segoy created the islands of Earthsea at the beginning of time, is presumably an infinite language, as it names all things..jacket around his shoulders and gave him water from his flask. Then he squatted beside him, his.recently. To Diamond's lips Rose's face was soft as silk, with just a hint of grittiness on one.a fox. Her thoughts moved as quietly and easily as the breeze moved in the warm light.. "Because it would have meant only one thing..". "Summoned," said the Herbal, drily..Medra nodded..building, deep in its sleep and security, was ridding itself of me. A part of the transparent cylinder.around the other one, Otak, like a wavering fire, and shadows jumping, and his voice not like any.Dulse was silent for a long time, and then said, "How?".The gift for magic is empowered mainly by the use of the True Speech, the Language of the Making, in which the name of a thing is the thing..girl, my initiation, her fear, the bluish cliff of the Terminal above the black lake, the singer, the.Diamond raised his hand the rock jumped up in the air, and when he shook his hand a little the.will do you. Or others," he added conscientiously..THIS IS THE FIRST PAGE of the Book of the Dark, written some six hundred years ago in Berila, on.of us to do with a diamond but hide it? Anybody rich enough to buy it from you is strong enough to.brought me to her place at this hour..". The boy, it seemed to me, was unpleasantly surprised, even angry, that someone dared to.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.

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