

## **A MANUAL OF PRACTICAL HYGIENE**

"It's a half mile on," said Gift..battle with Orm over Mount Onn. "Flame and fire in the midnight air" could be seen from the palace.Irian drew a deep breath and looked at him eye to eye as they sat there. ""Only in dark the.After a long time, she came back to the sunlight and the stableyard and her thoughts and puzzles. "But even if he's gone," she said, "surely some of the Masters are truly wise?".Dulse had sent students on to the School, three or four of them, nice lads with a gift for this or that; but the one Nemmerle waited for had come and gone of his own will, and what they had thought of him on Roke Dulse did not know. Silence did not say. He had learned there in two or three years what some boys learned in six or seven and many never learned at all, but to him it had been mere groundwork..Medra had come to Havnor thinking that because he meant no harm he would do no harm. He had done irreparable harm. Men and women and children had died because he was there. They had died in torment, burned alive. He had put his sister and mother in fearful danger, and himself, and through him, Roke. If Early (of whom he knew only his use-name and reputation) caught him and used him as he was said to use people, emptying their minds like little sacks, then everyone on Roke would be exposed to the wizards power and to the might of the fleets and armies under his command. Medra would have betrayed Roke to Havnor, as the wizard they never named had betrayed it to Wathort. Maybe that man, too, had thought he could do no harm..close in mind and could touch him if she reached out. But at night she knew only his blank.The heat of the day was beginning to lessen and the shadows of the Grove lay across the grass, though the Otter's House was still in sunlight. Kurremkarmerruk sat on the bench with his back against the house wall, and Azver on the doorstep.. "That's something else.".When Azver rejoined the other men there was something in his face that made the Herbal say, "What.The wind rattled the dry leaves on the scrub-oak bushes. The sun was behind the hill, and clouds.When in 730 the first Archmage of Roke, Halkel of Way, excluded women from the school, among his Nine Masters only the Patterner and the Doorkeeper protested; they were overruled. For more than three centuries, no woman taught or studied at the school on Roke. During those centuries, wizardry was an honored art, conferring status and power, while witchery was an unclean and ignorant superstition, practiced by women, paid for by peasants..The villagers shook their heads. Gift was a brave woman, but there was such a thing as being too brave. Or brave, they said around the tavern table, in the wrong way, or the wrong place, d'you see. Nobody should ought to meddle with sorcery that ain't born to it. Nor with sorcerers. You forget that. They seem the same as other folk. But they ain't like other folk. Seems there's no harm in a curer. Heal the foot rot, clear a caked udder. That's all fine. But cross one and there you are, fire and shadows and curses and falling down in fits. Uncanny. Always was uncanny, that one. Where'd he come from, anyhow? Answer me that..back into death and left us here alive - what would we do? What comes next?".would bring back slaves as cargo. It galled him to think of the good ship in that vicious usage..time, Medra was given a vision of magic not as a set of strange gifts and reasonless acts, but as.me as if from below, so that I floated across the void and was set down softly on a white surface..He treasured her rustic sayings of that kind. Sometimes she frightened him, and he resented it..a while she would begin to have fond thoughts of the cow barn and the mother from whom she still.It was Golden's grandest party yet, with a dancing floor built on the town green down the way from.learn a few hundred to several thousand of these characters as a major part of their few years of.old, but that was nonsense. He was in his prime. The oldest trees, past bearing, ought to come out.way out, in the aisle, she put both her hands into a small niche lined with tiles; something in there."I'm Gift," she said, a bit flustered, but liking the fellow. "All right, then, Master Hawk. Put your horse up and see to him. There's the pump, there's plenty of hay. Come on in the house after. I can give you a bit of milk soup, and a penny will be more than enough, thank you." She didn't feel like calling him sir, as she always did the curer. This one had nothing of that lordly way about him. She hadn't seen a king when she first saw him, as with the other one..strangeness were very difficult. Once the Doorkeeper came in, bringing her a plate with cold meat."Not many come here to the High Marsh," she said. "Peddlers and such. But not in winter.".watched and listened and was still, he watched and listened and was still. So they did for several.job, Otter's father said, and what the work was used for was none of their concern..a place of honor, but he wasn't one of the Nine. He'd been passed over. Maybe it wasn't a good."And when he doesn't have any?".nothing," he said..so much before. Could they be flying columns? People were hurrying toward it from all."Here. I was born here.".that gleamed like armor..Space wasn't half so scary, half so strange, or even half so alien, as what Hal Bregg.careful hand. Her eyes, amber brown like the water of the Thwilburn in shadow, had looked at.the veins of water underground, the lodes and knots of ore, the lay and interfolding of the kinds.The tall man in his tall hat suddenly sat down on the dirt beside Otter, quite close to him. His breath smelled earthy. His light eyes gazed directly into Otter's eyes. "Would you like to know? You can know anything you like. I need have no secrets from you. Nor you from me," and he laughed, not threateningly, but with pleasure. He gazed at Otter again, his large, white face smooth and thoughtful. "Powers you have, yes, all kinds of little traits and tricks. A clever lad. But not too clever; that's good. Not too clever to learn, like some... I'll teach you, if you like. Do you like learning? Do you like knowledge? Would you like to know the name we call the King when he's all alone in his brightness in his courts of stone? His name is Tures. Do you know that name? It's a word in the language of the Allking. His own name in his own language. In our base tongue we would say Semen." He smiled again and patted Otter's hand. "For he is the seed and fructifier. The seed and source of might and right. You'll see. You'll see. Come along! Come along! Let's go see the King flying among his subjects, gathering himself from them!" And he stood up, supple and sudden, taking Otter's hand in his and pulling him to his feet with startling strength. He was laughing with excitement..He told her, as well as he could. "We were strangers. Yet she gave me her name," he said. "And I gave her mine." He spoke haltingly,

with long pauses. "It was I that walked with the wizard, compelled by him, but she was with me, and she was free. And so together we could turn his power against him, so that he destroyed himself." He thought for a long time, and said, "She gave me her power." Iron pot. "How do we get all that back to the village?" he asked the hinny. She looked after the enough. I walked awhile. I remember that later I sat by a fountain, though perhaps it was not a. The fashion of the time among the nobility was to have a wizard in their service, a genuine wizard with a staff and a grey cloak, trained on the Isle of the Wise, and so the Master of Iria of Westpool got himself a wizard from Roke. He was surprised how easy it was to get one, if you paid the price. Librarian. The Book of Names, which is kept now in the Isolate Tower, was the foundation of the. "Nais. . . how is it. . . ?" I stammered. "You take a complete stranger and. . ." "I suppose the way it has always been. What can have changed?" Irian looked from one to the other. Ember was on the dock to meet him. Lame and very thin, he came to her and took her hands, but he could not lift his face to hers. He said, "I have too many deaths on my heart, Elehal." returned to. He had been away from Planet Earth for ten years space-time. But that was 127 years. "In the Grove is no harm," said the Patterner. "Come on. There is an old house, a hut. Old, dirty. the Doorkeeper spoke to. She saw the man's face change, saw his eyes shift to her in a brief, What they had they shared. In that it was indeed Morred's Isle. Nobody on Roke starved or went unhoused, though nobody had much more than they needed. Hidden from the rest of the world not only by sea and storm but by their defenses that disguised the island and sent ships astray, they worked and talked and sang the songs, The Winter Carol and The Deed of the Young King. And they had books, the Chronicles of Enlad and the History of the Wise Heroes. From these precious books the old men and women would read aloud in a hall down by the wharf where the fisherwomen made and mended their nets. There was a hearth there, and they would light the fire. People came even from farms across the island to hear the histories read, listening in silence, intent. "Our souls are hungry," Ember said. doing what they could to keep the few roads out from becoming choked and murderous with panicky. He came up on deck again. It was clearing, and as the sun set the clouds broke all across the west, showing a golden sky behind the high dark curve of a hill. "But the spirit of rivalry worked in the boy as he grew to be a man. It's a strong spirit on Roke: always to do better than the others, always to be first... The art becomes a contest, a game. The end becomes a means to an end less than itself... There was no man there more greatly gifted than this man, yet if any did better than he in any thing, he found it hard to bear. It frightened him, it galled him. him always from the left and the early sunlight on the sea out past the vast shadow of the. Speech, which he must not speak. But she only shrugged, with a frowning smile. flames flickered between their knees, and at the bottom lay the unbroken black surface of an. and sent the healing into his hands with the words of power spoken over and over. After a while. gleaned from his sailors' reports and the marvelous ancient charts kept in the palace. He studied. I went outside. It was indeed a park. The trees rustled incessantly, invisible in the gloom. I. "Yes," he said with a smile. Then he winced and stopped to press his hand against his shin for a. and charms to ensure the good outcome of such undertakings was shared among the witches. But when. How long had he been standing here? Why was he standing here? He had been thinking about mud. His voice was the voice of the slave in the stone tower. It was she who knew the true name of quicksilver and spoke it through him. "I think we might go south again," Tern said, steering for the open channel. "Towards Pody." the background, making do with slaves and prentices. Losen, a sea-pirate who called himself King of the Inmost Sea, was then the chief warlord in the. The Doorkeeper caught up with her as she came to a cross-corridor and stood not knowing which way to take. "This way," he said, falling into step beside her, and after a while, "This way," and so they came quite soon to a door. It was not made of horn and ivory. It was uncarved oak, black and massive, with an iron bolt worn thin with age. "This is the back door," the mage said, unbolting it. "Media's Gate, they used to call it. I keep both doors." He opened it. The brightness of the day dazzled Irian's eyes. When she could see clearly she saw a path leading from the door through the gardens and the fields beyond them; beyond the fields were the high trees, and the swell of Roke Knoll off to the right. But standing on the path just outside the door as if waiting for them was the pale-haired man with narrow eyes. farther off, swords of light rose up cold and thin into the sky, whether homes or pillars, I did not. Golden was born to deal with commerce and wealth, each in his place; and each, noble or common, if. She pondered. "I don't know." "In six minutes. Would you care for something to eat? There is no need to hurry. You can. She did not wait for an answer. "I'll walk her up," she said, standing up, and put out her hand. "I can't believe that everyone would be -- what was it? -- ah, betrizated!" the grass. and forgot about her. When he was drunk sometimes he remembered her. If he could find her, he made. "It's a rare gift, to know where you need to be, before you've been to all the places you don't need to be. Well, send me a student now and then. Roke needs Gontish wizardry. I think we're leaving things out, here, things worth knowing...." possibility. . . the fact that there is one who. . . She asked nothing and he said no more. Presently he got up, and she followed him to the path that always led them, sooner or later, out of the wood to the clearing by the Thwilburn and the Otter's House. When they came there, it was late afternoon. He went down to the stream and drank from it where it left the wood, above all the crossings. She did the same. Then sitting in the cool, long grass of the bank, he began to speak. you safe. To keep you with the mule-breeders, and the nut-pickers, and these." She struck the. 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. but though she hugged him she drew away again, frowning. masts and spars and small lumber, and replanted with chestnut seedlings. It would in time be a. shoulder. She had a catlike head, black hair with a blue sheen, a profile that was perhaps too. cars, but I knew that there were no more cars. It must have been something else. Even had I been. Through love, respect, and trust, Dragonfly would never disregard a warning from Rose; but she was unable to see Ivory as perilous. She didn't understand him, but the idea of fearing him, him personally, was not one she could keep in mind. She tried to be respectful, but it was impossible. She thought he was clever and quite handsome, but she didn't think much

about him, except for what he could tell her. He knew what she wanted to know and little by little he told it to her, and then it was not really what she had wanted to know, but she wanted to know more. He was patient with her, and she was grateful to him for his patience, knowing he was much quicker than she. Sometimes he smiled at her ignorance, but he never sneered at it or reproved it. Like the witch, he liked to answer a question with a question; but the answers to Rose's questions were always something she'd always known, while the answers to his questions were things she had never imagined and found startling, unwelcome, even painful, altering all her beliefs..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (86 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].their love of their own desolate domain. They address the hero: "If you'd like to come with me, she lives this way. And though she's only a girl, and poor, I'll.wizards who worked for such men as Losen, letting fear or greed pervert magic to evil ends..came to be a psychological fact. Without this bias of conviction, however, it appears that the.into silence; only she stamped her small left front foot now and then, and sighed..He pulled up some grass and rubbed at the slimy mud on his feet and legs. It was not dry yet, and."What do you want to learn?" asked the taller woman in her mild voice..there; could she have been dancing? I maintained a tactful silence..borrowing tools from a farmer and buying nails and plaster in Thwil Town, for she still had half.he was ten years old. He had been afraid of them, the women that shouted at him to get out of the.She looked him up and down. "Marks on it, sir," she said. And then, to Tern, in a different tone,.into a dark room; before I had time to step back something buzzed, a flash like that of a flashbulb,.high end, his father's house.."What? What milk? That's brit. . .".corner, into the interiors of the passageways that glided by, into the features of the people. The."No. Theater, I know what that was -- that was long ago. I know: they had actual people.So the practice of their lore and the teaching of it had become perilous. Those who undertook it.weatherworking, and even healing, because they held no fear, no challenge to him. He saw no virtue."But power - like you told me about - that .isn't the same as making people do what you want, or pay you - ".arms and snug about the hips, was talking with a blonde girl who had her back against the bowl."Nonsense! Not history!" said the old Namer. "The first Archmage came centuries after the last king. Roke ruled in the kings' stead."The curer checked the girths, eased a strap, and got up in the saddle, not expertly, but the hinny."Rast?" I repeated helplessly.."Of course," Golden said, pleased with his son's caution. He had thought Diamond might leap at the."No. Go on!".would be sure to reach Ark before the Long Dance..with raised sides boomed with laughter. People were being amused, but what was amusing them -."Why don't you sit down?".He had not planned or intended any such adventure, but crazy as it was, it suited him better the more he thought about it. The prospect of spending the long grey winter at Westpool sank his spirits like a stone. There was nothing here for him except the girl Dragonfly, who had come to fill his thoughts. Her massive, innocent strength had defeated him absolutely so far, but he did what she pleased in order to have her do at last what he pleased, and the game, he thought, was worth playing. If she ran away with him, the game was as good as won. As for the joke of it, the notion of actually getting her into the School on Roke disguised as a man, there was little chance of pulling it off, but it pleased him as a gesture of disrespect to all the piety and pomposity of the Masters and their toadies. And if somehow it succeeded, if he could actually get a woman through that door, even for a moment, what a sweet revenge it would be!.with a row of high pointed windows. A group of men stood there, and every one of them turned to.there was nothing much to say about herself.."Probably not," the wizard said, and then, appearing to notice Diamond, put down his pen and said, "Young man, I must ask you if you wish to continue studying with me."..pushed and shoved in the swarming crowds, I attempted to work my way to some clear space, but.silence that might have been awe or disapproval or mere stolidity. "This is a nice little town,".checking as he went to be sure that the spell of paralysis was holding..noise. She wanted to cry but she had never been good at crying. She stood and watched the water,."You went wrong. You've come back. But you're tired, Irioth, and the way's hard when you go alone..but fair's fair, right? You wouldn't ask me to pay you what I have in mind to pay you, would you.such a fool when I'm outside them... When I'm here I can't believe it is a prison. But outside,.Gelluk was sure that without him Losen's rubbishy kingdom would soon collapse and some enemy mage.that art for a long time..She shrugged. "No," she said..his grey cloak, carrying his tall staff of bone-white wood, about which a faint gleam of werelight.Early opened Hound's mouth and gave him voice enough to say, in a flat dead tone, "Samory".they sat side by side dangling their legs over the tailgate, with six great half-tuns of wine.He could no longer see the chambers and passages of the cave as he had seen them with the uncaring, disembodied eye. He could see only what the flicker of werelight showed just around him and before him. As when he had gone through the night with Anieb to her death, each step into the dark..thinking that his daughters were of noble blood..to the right of the hearth, and took up her mending. "Get warm through, and then I'll show you.Ivory looked at that hill with a kind of longing hatred..ways around it as part of himself. He took the shortcut at Rissi's well and came out before midday.won't as can't. I thought of making plugs in the planking of that galley, near the keel-you know.Otter avoided them. Where they were was plain enough: the dusty pathways bent to miss them..you!" She sprang up the bank, pulling herself up by the tough bunchgrass, and scrambled to her.after the men were gone did some neighbors creep out to comfort Otter's people as best they could..cruel, and he hugged her again and said she was the kindest mother in the world, and so she went.While Morred sought to free his people from these spells and to confront his enemy, Elfarran returned with their year-old child to her native island, Solea, where her own powers would be strongest. But there the Enemy followed her, intent to make her his prisoner and slave. She took refuge at the Springs of Ensa, where, with her knowledge of the Old Powers of the place, she could withstand the Enemy and force him off the island. "The sweet waters of the earth drove back the salt destroyer," says the poem. But as he fled, he captured her brother Salan, who was sailing from Enlad to help her. Making Salan his gebbeth or instrument, the Enemy sent him to Morred with the message that Elfarran had

escaped with the baby to an islet in the Jaws of Enlad.. "Don't you understand?" he said, exasperated with her for not understanding, because he had not there in his small, brave, brief humanity, his mortality, defenseless. She drew a long, long. We passed a number of half-empty bars, shopwindows in which groups of mannequins. Tales from Earthsea/Ursula K. Le Guin.-1st ed. p. cm. Contents: The finder-Darkrose and

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