

THE AUK VOL 27 A QUARTERLY JOURNAL OF ORINTHOLOGY

feel like calling him sir, as she always did the curer. This one had nothing of that lordly way. Something happened. I heard raised voices. I leaned out of my seat. Several rows in front. . . Lem has accomplished the difficult illusion of showing us a future world which may. 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." "Thank you, mistress," he muttered, crouching at the fire. She brought him a bowl of broth. He drank from it eagerly yet warily, as if long unaccustomed to hot soup. He hard-boiled the three new eggs and one already in the larder and put them into a pouch along with four apples and a bladder of resinated wine, in case he had to stay out all night. He shrugged arthritically into his heavy cloak, took up his staff, told the fire to go out, and left. . . knowledge. She lived all summer under the eaves of the Grove, having no more than a box to keep. seven or eight years before. Sava had been one of the women of the Hand on the isle of Ark. Though. shoulders and clung to them elastically. I knew already that furniture accommodated every. Early laughed. "I'll be waiting for him," he said; his man's legs turned to yellow talons, his. Hound sniffed, sighed, and followed, trudging along unwillingly, while behind him in the village. He gave a sharp look at his staff, which leaned in the corner behind the door. He put the eggs in the larder, ate an apple quickly because he was hungry, and took his staff. It was yew, bound at the foot with copper, worn to silk at the grip. Nemmerle had given it to him. . . he would spellbind Gelluk and hurl him into the refining fire, he would bind him and blind him and. "Come to the shallows," he said. . . exerted considerable political power. On the whole this power was used benevolently. Maintaining. powers. The Hardic Deed of Erreth-Akbe speaks only of the hero and the high priest "wrestling,". The sorcerer looked at Dragonfly, who stood straight as a tree and said nothing. . . There was an uncomfortable silence, as the Doorkeeper did not speak. At last a slight, bright-eyed. betrayed. "You have?" "You have a gift for the business," Crow said. "You know where to look. Went straight to that." "You went wrong. You've come back. But you're tired, Irioth, and the way's hard when you go alone. Come home with me." Telio, built of rosy sandstone, and fields and orchards that should have been fertile. But the. adder. San told how Otak had put a curse on Sunbright and said some awful words that made him get. them the School sprawled grey and many-roofed on its lower hill. The grove of trees towered before. It is said that Segoy first wrote the True Runes in fire on the wind, so that they are coeval with. people there would be - I don't know. Of course they're mostly just boys when they go there. But I. from delicate veins, like the luminescence of a single giant trembling leaf. Doors opened in all. There were many such isles in the Archipelago, made barren and desolate by rival wizards' blights and curses; they were evil places to come to or even to pass, and Medra thought no more about this one, until that night. . . Ember was on the dock to meet him. Lame and very thin, he came to her and took her hands, but he. and a powerful mage when he faced the dragon Orm. . . one to the other in blank bewilderment. . . eyes? Surprise? Admiration? Fear?. then. "He did not ask if Otter was picking up any sign of the ore; he did not ask whether he was seeking the ore or pretending to seek it. Otter himself could not have answered the question. In these aimless wanderings the knowledge of the underground would enter him as it used to do, and he would try to close himself off to it. "I will not work in the service of evil!" he told himself. Then the summer air and light would soften him, and his tough, bare soles would feel the dry grass under them, and he would know that under the roots of the grass a stream crept through dark earth, seeping over a wide ledge of rock layered with sheets of mica, and under that ledge was a cavern, and in its walls were thin, crimson, crumbling beds of cinnabar. . . He made no sign. He thought that maybe the map of the earth underfoot that was forming in his mind could be put to some good use, if he could find how to do it. "Something toxic, you understand. Strong. Alcohol. . . or don't they drink it any more?" "Why would you come to the Marsh?" she asked. She had a right to ask, having taken him in, yet she felt a discomfort in pressing the question. . . and her shame turned slowly into anger. . . Otters uncle said, he kept the shipwrights busy. They were grateful to have work in a time when. know. In the distance the surrounding space kept being pierced by streaks of vehicles unknown to. "Got you," the old man said, looking down at the muddy, lax body. He added, "Too late," regretfully. He stooped to see if he could pick him up or drag him, and felt the faint warmth of life. "You're tough," he said. "Here, wake up. Come on. Otter, wake up." "Magic won't die on Roke," said Veil. "On Roke all spells are strong. So said Ath himself. And you have walked under the trees. . . Our job must be to keep that strength. Hide it, yes. Hoard it, as a young dragon hoards up its fire. And share it. But only here. Pass it on, one to the next, here, where it's safe, and where the great robbers and killers would least look for it, since no one here is of any account. And one day the dragon will come into its strength. If it takes a thousand years. . . and forgot about her. When he was drunk sometimes he remembered her. If he could find her, he made. Equilibrium but by holding still. We have gone too far. For the Archmage and Lebannen to go bodily. spell the old Changer had taught him long ago, and said the word of transformation. Then no man. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (94 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. you." And when he had drunk his soup, and she was settled with her mending, he told it. . . shine in a dark room, or find a lost pin by thinking about it, or true up a warped joint by. "Are there still marriages?". had the gift for it, taught. He was a little curious about this boy whose cheerful good manners. knowledge. Then Rose feared her, and feared for her. . . passage. . . little like models of wartime

searchlights.. "Very well," said the Herbal, with his patient, troubled look; and he went aside a little, and knelt to look at some small plant or fungus on the forest floor.. "Of course," he said, his smile growing brilliant. "But witches aren't always chaste, are they? Maybe that's what the Masters are afraid of. Maybe celibacy isn't as necessary as the Rule of Roke teaches. Maybe it's not a way of keeping the power pure, but of keeping the power to themselves. Leaving out women, leaving out everybody who won't agree to turn himself into a eunuch to get that one kind of power ... Who knows? A she-mage! Now that would change everything, all the rules!". For Golden looked on the Art Magic with genuine humility as something quite beyond him -- not a. In Endlane and the villages round the foot of Onn on Havnor, women spinning and weaving sing a. What the commodifiers of fantasy count on and exploit is the insuperable imagination of the. Now, as otter, he was thinking only that he would like to stay otter, be otter, in the sweet brown. know that the Moon is the Earth's father? Yes, yes; and he lay with her, as is the father's right.. to him, "Did you ever hear of Roke Island?". "If Roke was now what it once was, known to be strong, those who fear us would come again to. patterning, naming, and the crafts of illusion, and the knowledge of the songs. Those are the arts. accusation.. Her guest came out of the house. It was a bright, misty morning, the marshes hidden by gleaming. Dragonfly said softly, "From Iria.". "I don't know. It's why I wanted to come to Roke. To find out.". "And were you. . . betratized?". "I'll see you then," said Diamond, looking big and handsome and indifferent, and walked off.. somewhere, col?". choppy seas, but never a storm or a troublesome wind. They put off and took on cargo at ports on. destroy us," said Veil.. "Thought you might. As for King Losen," Hound said, "who knows." He sniffed and sighed. "If I was. of thirty usually have children. And there were. . . other considerations.". He could speak his language only with her. And he had lost her, let her go. The double heart has no true speech. From now on he could talk only the language of duty: the getting and the spending, the outlay and the income, the profit and the loss.. up on quick, laboring wings to the top of the cliffs. Then, possessed by flight, he flew on over a. nothing of these matters and have nothing to do with them.. Tawny," Gift said, very earnest. "I know it." "That's the trouble, love," said Tawny. "And you. When he showed signs of reviving during the journey, one of them bashed him on the head, remarking. "Child, don't be ridiculous.". "I've been thinking about it," she said, hurried and earnest. "Couldn't I just tell them who I am? With you there to vouch for me - to say even if I am a woman, I have some gift - and I'd promise to take the vow and make the spell of celibacy, and live apart if they wanted me to -". For there had been times when he felt that, as he had summoned her living, so dead she might. Thirty years before, the pirate lords of Wathort had sent a fleet to conquer Roke, not for its wealth, which was little, but to break the power of its magery, which was reputed to be great. One of the wizards of Roke had betrayed the island to the crafty men of Wathort, lowering its spells of defense and warning. Once those were breached, the pirates took the island not by wizardries but by force and fire. Their great ships filled Thwil Bay, their hordes burned and looted, their slave takers carried off men, boys, young women. Little children and the old they slaughtered. They fired every house and field they came to. When they sailed away after a few days they left no village standing, the farmsteads in ruins or desolate.. "Of course I'll bring my band," Tarry said, "fat chance I'd miss it! You'll have every tootler in." "I know nothing," Irian said. She stepped forward again, facing the mage directly. Tell me who I. He had tried to look at Ember as untouchable while he longed to touch her soft brown skin, her. say; and if they are lying, does that not prove that what they say is true?. Hand said, "Irian, I am sorry. Ivory was my pupil. If I taught him badly, I did worse in sending. "While we talk behind her back?". As she blew out the lamp and got into bed, the witch's daughter heard an owl calling, the little.. Inmost Sea, said the man from Stormcloud, one straggling after the other like the dogs that lost. waking up, it occurred to me: I was on Earth.. The wind rattled the dry leaves on the scrub-oak bushes. The sun was behind the hill, and clouds. "Wait," I said. "Do you have anything to drink?". Tinaral's vision, mystic silvery runes on high branching columns. It was only the earth, only. She broke off, coughing. Her mother shot an anguished, yearning glance at the wizard. Surely he. them, yes. We can send to them a voice or a presentment, a seeming, of ourself. But we do not. those they hired were in truth slaves, having only their masters to safeguard them from rival. That would be unwise," he said, with a good imitation of the Master Changer's terse solemnity. "If need be, I'll do it, of course. But you'll find wizards very sparing of the great spells. For good reason.". who had mistreated him.". often doesn't know what he's doing, do you see.". Ivory clapped his hand to his right leg. A dog's tooth had ripped his breeches at the calf, and a. "Keep her quiet," said the young woman, and left him holding the mare's reins in this deserted place. She returned after some time lugging a heavy bucket, and set to sponging off the mare's leg. "Get the saddle off her," she said, and her tone held the unspoken, impatient, "you fool!" Ivory obeyed, half-annoyed by this crude giantess and half-intrigued. She did not put him in mind of a flowering tree at all, but she was in fact beautiful, in a large, fierce way. The mare submitted to her absolutely. When she said, "Move your foot!" the mare moved her foot. The woman wiped her down all over, put the saddle blanket back on her, and made sure she was standing in the sun. "She'll be all right," she said. "There's a gash, but if you'll wash it with warm salt water four or five times a day, it'll heal clean, I'm sorry." She said the last honestly, though grudgingly, as if she still wondered how he could have let his mare stand there to be assaulted, and she looked straight at him for the first time. Her eyes were clear orange-brown, like dark topaz or amber. They were strange eyes, right on a level with his own.. The tall woman smiled a little. "My sister has never taught a man before" she said. She glanced at him, and gazed away, over the summery fields. "She's never looked at a man before," she said.. four mages stood on the path.. we would say Semen." He smiled again and patted Otter's hand. "For he is the seed and fructifier.. purple, brown, and violet shapes, unlike anything I knew, like abstract sculptures come to life.. Inside stood two of the wheelless cars; a few lamps shone, and under them three people. He was in fact a town boy, born in Gont Port. He had said nothing about himself, but Dulse had asked around a bit. The father, a longshoreman, had died in the big earthquake, when Silence would have been seven or eight; the mother was a cook at a waterfront

inn. At twelve the boy had got into some kind of trouble, probably messing about with magic, and his mother had managed to prentice him to Ellassen, a respectable sorcerer in Valmouth. There the boy had picked up his true name, and some skill in carpentry and farmwork, if not much else; and Ellassen had had the generosity, after three years, to pay his passage to Roke. That was all Dulse knew about him..Kargs have maintained a society that appears to be little influenced, except negatively, by their..and the other myths and hero-stories, and in the preservation of crafts and skills: among them the..she had released me from an invisible chain, as if she had put a knife into my hand, a knife I..or with this girl; he spent too much already, and neither of them would help him get anywhere in."He's ten times the use and company to me my brother is," she said. "And a kind true man, as I told you. Sir.". "If I was with you, I could use it.".Crafty men used weather as a weapon, sending hail to blight an enemy's crops or a gale to sink his..violence. Everyone gets it "bettrizated" out of them in childhood. And that's just the beginning. . . .Ayeth's stare grew more insolent as he watched Irioth stammer. He began to say something to San.,The history of the Fourteen Kings of Havnor (actually six kings and eight queens, ~150-400) is told in the Havnorian Lay. Tracing descent both through the male and the female lines, and intermarrying with various noble houses of the Archipelago, the royal house embraced five principalities: the House of Enlad, the oldest, tracing direct descent from Morred and Serriadh; the Houses of Shelieth, Ea, and Havnor; and lastly the House of Ilien. Prince Gemal Seaborn of Ilien was the first of his house to take the throne in Havnor. His granddaughter was Queen Heru; her son, Maharion (reigned 430-452), was the last king before the Dark Time..corridor, bands, white as milk, flowing downward. The handrail of the escalator was soft, warm; I."He tricked and killed a great mage, my master. He's dangerous. I want vengeance. Who did he talk

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