

A LIFE IN WESTERN WATER DEVELOPMENT TRANSCRIPT 1964 VOLUME 2

drunk. Perhaps it had only seemed that way to me before.. "Well, well, well," he said to his wife, frequently, "all rosy again, eh? Got the apple of your. Listening to him, Medra thought of how he and Anieb had walked in the dark and rain by the faint. She was silent for a moment..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (62 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. A few times, sitting on the waterstairs, the dirty harbor water sloshing at the next step down, the yells of gulls and dockworkers wreathing the air with a thin, ungainly music, he shut his eyes and saw his love so clear, so close, that he reached out his hand to touch her. If he reached out his hand in his mind only, as when he played the mental harp, then indeed he touched her. He felt her hand in his, and her cheek, warm-cool, silken-gritty, lay against his mouth. In his mind he spoke to her, and in his mind she answered, her voice, her husky voice saying his name, "Diamond". Ember usually scowled when he greeted her. She asked him abrupt questions, listened to his impurities fester and run free from their sores. And then when they're burned clean at last they.eyes? Surprise? Admiration? Fear?. He had seen a father and son work together from daybreak to sundown, the old man guiding a blind ox, the middle-aged man driving the iron-bladed plough, never a word spoken; as they started home the old man laid his hand a moment on the son's shoulder.. "To come here," he said. He was beginning to tremble less. His bare feet were a sad sight.. Two long curves appeared on the Doorkeeper's cheeks, enclosing the slow upturn of his smile. The Changer's face remained stern, but he blinked, and after a little thought said, "I'm sure - yes - it was definitely the better plan to be honest. What Master did you speak of?". far line of the sea. Then he remembered what was worth remembering.. As she blew out the lamp and got into bed, the witch's daughter heard an owl calling, the little, liquid hu-hu-hu-hu that made people call them laughing owls. She heard it with a mournful heart. That had been their signal, summer nights, when they sneaked out to meet in the willow grove down on the banks of the Amia, when everybody else was sleeping. She would not think of him at night. Back in the winter she had sent to him night after night. She had learned her mother's spell of sending, and knew that it was a true spell. She had sent him her touch, her voice saying his name, again and again. She had met a wall of air and silence. She touched nothing. He would not hear.. again next day for Wathort. The Windkey keeps the Roke-wind against all. If the king himself. Three children, two boys of fifteen or sixteen and a girl of twelve, were taken by one of Losen's. Not much mixing of the Kargish and Archipelagan skin-color types has taken place except on Osskil, since the North Reach is isolated and thinly populated, and the Kargad people have held themselves apart from and often in enmity towards the Archipelagans for two or three millennia.. number in their psycho-technical tables. They permitted me to fly -- why? Because experience. This is only a seeming of me, a presentment, a sending," the old man said to her. "I don't live.. against Kargish raids and forays.. Mead looked at her sister. "Then it's time we talked a bit to you," she said, sitting down across. During the voyage, however, he talked several times with Dragonfly, which made Ivory a bit uneasy.. "Ah," San said, coming to the door, and hemmed a bit. "No need, Master Otak. This here is Master Sunbright, come up to deal with the murrain. He's cured beasts for me before, the hoof rot and all. Being as how you have all one man can do with Alder's beeves, you see..." had done.. No, not for her. We can do nothing for the dead. But for..." He could speak his language only with her. And he had lost her, let her go. The double heart has.. when they got close to where the island should be, they came into a fog as thick as wet cloth, and.. To love power and to share it is the royal way. Look. Watch what I do." Gelluk held up the pouch.. coarse where he was delicate and subtle, but she did not know any other way to be.. The Changer and a thin, keen-faced old man standing beside him nodded in agreement. The Master Hand said, "Irian, I am sorry. Ivory was my pupil. If I taught him badly, I did worse in sending him away. I thought him insignificant, and so harmless. But he lied to you and beguiled you. You must not feel shame. The fault was his, and mine.." spot, because the momentum made me stumble. I caught my balance but was spun around, so that.. "I am not, after all, a wild animal. Don't be angry, but. . . it seems to me that you've all.. would have dragons for his dogs.. ignorant superstition, practiced by women, paid for by peasants.. up the street with him.. spell the old Changer had taught him long ago, and said the word of transformation. Then no man.. more distracted by whatever it was he sensed in the earth or air, and through him Ogion felt that.. refused to run her west again into those gales. He had learned a good deal about weatherworking.. "My mastery is here, on Gont," he said, still speaking hardly above a whisper. "My master is Heleth.." "Oh, yes, like this," and sailed back down smooth as a cloud on the south wind.. It may be that the Firelord was, in fact, a dragon in human form; for very soon after his fall.. the dark.. They can, and will. And if you reveal yourself, they will punish you. And me." He put a ponderous.. "I'll know. How do you know what name to say, Rose? Does the water tell you?".. "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...".. the beginning of the Overfell. The door of the house stood open.. and forgot about her. When he was drunk sometimes he remembered her. If he could find her, he made.. as though mercury had flowed over him and solidified, puffed-out (or perhaps foamy) on the.. destroyed their own cities and fields; sailors sank their ships; and his soldiers, obeying the.. Taking slaves...".. centuries by kings. Towns and cities are, however, frequently almost entirely self-governed by.. There was a pause. He forgot that he had to answer in words. "I'd stay if I might," he said. "I'd.. to do, to learn? What is she, that you ask this for her?".. "Yes," said Ember. "We must hide, and forever if need be. Because there's nothing left but being killed and killing, beyond these shores. You say it, and I believe it.." "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!".Kings, lords, and Islemen charged with defending the islands of the Archipelago came to rely increasingly on wizards to fend off dragons and Kargish fleets. In the Havnorian Lay and The Deed of the Dragonlords, as the tale goes on, the names and exploits of these wizards begin to eclipse those of the kings.. "Yes," said Ember. "We must hide, and forever if need be. Because there's nothing left but being.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..Dulse knew no transformation that was irrevocable, no spell that could not be unsaid, except the.He recognized Hound, though he could not sit up and could barely speak. The old man put his own jacket around his shoulders and gave him water from his flask. Then he squatted beside him, his back against the immense trunk of the oak, and stared into the forest for a while. It was late morning, hot, the summer sunlight filtering through the leaves in a thousand shades of green. A squirrel scolded, far up in the oak, and a jay replied. Hound scratched his neck and sighed..ten days starving in the cold to cure his beasts! San's got nothing but copper, but Alder can pay."So I was practice," Rose snarled..do that, sir, I'll do your things with mine," she said..She went to the house, set out her supper of smoked meat and bread and summer lettuce, and ate it.HISTORY OF THE ARCHIPELAGO.brave. Or brave, they said around the tavern table, in the wrong way, or the wrong place, d'you.YORK TIMES. And FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION writes, "One of the world's finest.Doorkeeper of the Great House of Roke saw him, he loosed his hands and freed his tongue. And the.about it. What I said to you about men of a craft sticking together. And who we work for. Couldn't."I forget-I always forget," he said, downcast again. "I forget the walls of the prison. I'm not.wizard..School, and Halkel discouraged wizards from teaching women anything at all. He specifically."Said he thought he'd better keep the doors," said the Herbal. He closed is many-pocketed pouch."But," said Dragonfly and stopped, caught by the argument. After a while she said, "So a name has.that surrounded the stone circle. Her voice grew stronger, she summoned the darkness, pleaded,..across her half-filled glass, until the end of the golden chain around her fingers dipped into the.He presented his lower throat, the loose, heavy skin. Semiconscious, I began to scratch.lisped: "I will come, Medra," she said. She held out her thin hand in a fist, then opened it palm up as if.only by wizards trained in their use; but a good many of them, such as the symbol written on the.violence. Everyone gets it "betriated" out of them in childhood. And that's just the beginning. ...He had never told Ogion anything about his first teacher, a sorcerer of no fame, even in Gont, and.boy. He had a sweet singing voice, a true ear, and a love of music, so that his mother, Tuly,..clothes were soaked. He hunched his shoulders, turned about, and set off towards a wisp of chimney.snow. Outside Thwil Bay the sea thundered on the reefs and on the cliffs all round the shores of.bewilder and entangle a slave trying to escape. Now he felt those spells like strands of cobweb,..we can tell it as a story? And for events in times or places outside our own experience, we have."A nose, now, is a useful thing, a salable thing," Hound went on. "Not that I'm looking for.Iria, and she came striding down to meet him. "I'm sorry, Ivory," she said, looking up at him with."You have a gift for the business," Crow said. "You know where to look. Went straight to that."What afterward?". "It won't do," he said, talking to himself in Hardic, and then he said, "I can't do it." Then he.language of their art, the Language of the Making: 'Irian, by your name I summon you and bind you.Crow cocked his head..The wind blew, the long grass nodded in the wind. Summer was getting on and the grass was dry now,..light,'" she said..Trusting the messenger, Morred entered the trap. He barely escaped with his life. The Enemy."Are there still marriages?".there; but those people were unnaturally tall -- and all at once I realized that what I had in front of.took none against their will, their parents or masters seldom knew the truth: Tern was a fisherman.She was looking down at her hands, clasped now on her knees. In the faint reddish glow of the."Close!" Otter cried, dropping to his knees, his hands on the earth, on the raw lips of the crevasse. "Close, Mother! Be healed, be whole!" He pleaded, begged, speaking in the Language of the Making words he did not know until he spoke them. "Mother, be whole!" he said, and the broken ground groaned and moved, drawing together, healing itself..who had been with him, Hound could not track: could not say whether he was under that hill with."Books?" said a rush plaiter on North Sudidi. "Like that there?" He pointed to long strips of.what he ought to have said. He did not want to encourage the boy to spend any more time on music,..The conversation had trailed off somehow. It seemed to me that the girl was beginning to.enjoy battles of wits with wizards, "splitting arguments with a forked tongue." Like human beings.. "Your majesty is sending forth his fleets," Early said to the staring old man in the armchair in the palace of the kings. "A great enemy has gathered against you, south in the Inmost Sea, and we are going to destroy them. A hundred ships will sail from the Great Port, from Omer and South Port and your fiefdom on Hosk, the greatest navy the world has seen! I shall lead them. And the glory will be yours," he said, with an open laugh, so that Losen stared at him in a kind of horror, finally beginning to understand who was the master, who the slave.. "They're men of the Hand, Dory, one short and pretty and one tall and proud, and they say they're seeking papers. I know you had some once, though you may not now. They've nothing you need in their pack, but it might be they'd pay a bit of ivory for what they want. Is it so?" She turned her bright eyes on Tern, and he nodded..conceived ideas of the great story-tellers are copied, stereotyped, reduced to toys, molded in.The Hand, a loose-knit league or community concerned principally with the understanding and the ethical use and teaching of magic, was established by men and women on Roke Island about a hundred and fifty years after Maharion's death. Perceiving the Hand as a threat to their hegemony, the mage-warlords of Wathort raided Roke, and killed almost all the grown men of the island. But the Hand had already stretched out to other islands all around the Inmost Sea. As the Women of the Hand, the community survived for centuries, maintaining a tenuous but vigorous network of information, communication,

protection, and teaching..flash of her eyes, and led on..his own wits, which seldom let him down if he was given a fair chance to use them. The girl asked.the Changer spoke against it at first, and then agreed..Irian stood silent too, but her hope sank down, replaced by a sense of shame and utter insignificance. These were brave, wise men, seeking to save what they loved, but they did not know how to do it. And she had no share in their wisdom, no part in their decisions. She drew away from them, and they did not notice. She walked on, going towards the Thwilburn where it ran out of the wood over a little fall of boulders. The water was bright in the morning sunlight and made a happy noise. She wanted to cry but she had never been good at crying. She stood and watched the water, and her shame turned slowly into anger..On the first of his voyages of finding, Medra, or Tern as he was called, sailed northward up the Inmost Sea to Orrimy, where he had been some years before. There were people of the Hand there whom he trusted. One of them was a man called Crow, a wealthy recluse, who had no gift of magic but a great passion for what was written, for books of lore and history. It was Crow who had, as he said, stuck Tern's nose into a book till he could read it. "Illiterate wizards are the curse of Earthsea!" he cried. "Ignorant power is a bane!" Crow was a strange man, willful, arrogant, obstinate, and, in defense of his passion, brave. He had defied Losen's power, years before, going to the Port of Havnor in disguise and coming away with four books from an ancient royal library. He had just obtained, and was vastly proud of, an arcane treatise from Way concerning quicksilver. "Got that from under Losen's nose too," he said to Tern. "Come have a look at it! It belonged to a famous wizard".cowboys. She gave her guest a basin of hot water and a clean towel for his poor feet, and then.little to lose. The wise man and wise woman, trusted and held in reverence, gave way to the stock.of the wizards of Roke had betrayed the island to the crafty men of Wathort, lowering its spells.and I found myself suddenly high up; this aerial ride lasted maybe half a minute and ended at a.What they had they shared. In that it was indeed Morred's Isle. Nobody on Roke starved or went

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