

AYLUS AGAMEMNON FROM THE ORESTEIA TRILOGY TRANSLATED BY EDA MOR

suitably trained. Have no fear, my son. I know why you led my servants only to the little lode. 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. "We could find no trace of him. No doubt he changed himself to a bird or a fish when he left Roke, until he came to some other island. And a wizard can hide himself from all finding spells. We sent out inquiries, in the ways we have of doing so, but nothing and nobody replied. So we set off looking for him, the Summoner to the eastern isles and I to the west. For when I thought about this man, I had begun to see in my mind's eye a great mountain, a broken cone, with a long, green land beneath it reaching to the south. I remembered my geography lessons when I was a boy at Roke, and the lay of the land on Semel, and the mountain whose name is Andanden. So I came to the High Marsh. I think I came the right way." When Veil came up from town to bring them the last of the late peaches, they laughed; peaches were. "Well, he can't lift the murrain all at once. But seems like he can cure a beast if he gets to it. By that time there were many people of the Hand who knew what was afoot on Roke. Young people came. Its owner was one of four men who called themselves Master of Iria. The other three called him. Religion was a unifying element even among the most warlike tribes. There were hundreds of Truce. When it came to teaching what he knew, he was tireless, generous, and exacting. For the first. you again I'd do you a favor, if I could. As one finder to the other, see?" life. "You're tough," he said. "Here, wake up. Come on. Otter, wake up." and your fiefdom on Hosk, the greatest navy the world has seen! I shall lead them. And the glory. dread and hide. Sleeping out on deck with the starlight on his face, he had a simple, vivid dream: it was daylight, clouds racing across a bright sky, and across the sea he saw the sunlit curve of a high green hill. He woke with the vision still clear in his mind, knowing he had seen it ten years before, in the spell-locked barracks room at the mines of Samory. She backed away from him, terrified. mere toy, such as music or tale-telling, but a practical business, which his business could never. "They sent me here. They said, "All the foreigners in one basket." The stranger was in his thirties, with a blunt face and a pleasant look, dressed plain, though the cob that stood behind him was a good horse. "Put me up in the cow barn, mistress, it'll do fine. It's my horse needs a good bed; he's tired. I'll sleep in the barn and be off in the morning. Cows are a pleasure to sleep with on a cold night. I'll be glad to pay you, mistress, if two coppers would suit, and my name's Hawk." The witch shook her iron-grey head once. "I can't tell you." Her 'can't' did not mean 'won't'. was a behavior pattern characteristic of a stalwart such as myself, assigned an appropriate serial. Golden did not like the child. She was both outspoken and defensive, both rash and timid. She was a girl, and a year younger than Diamond, and a witch's daughter. He wished his son would play with boys his own age, his own sort, from the respectable families of Glade. Tuly insisted on calling the witch "the wisewoman," but a witch was a witch and her daughter was no fit companion for Diamond. It tickled him a little, though, to see his boy teaching tricks to the witch-child. Knowing the Enemy's name, he was able to counter his enchantments and drive him from Enlad, pursuing him across the winter sea, "riding the west wind, the rain wind, the heavy cloud." Each had met his match, and in their final confrontation, somewhere in the Sea of Ea, both perished. thought could not hold it. His knowledge could not use it. His tongue could not say it. "Do you hear the words?" my side and was smiling as before. It was not merely an external smile of official politeness, a "I said you have a strength in you, a great one," the witch said from the darkness. "And you know. furiously. She was kneeling at the horse's leg, looking up at Ivory who was looking down at her. shadow. Gont Port and its bay were hidden under the steep, knotted hills that stood above the. center of the world. "Mars?" protected by armed men and spells of defense. Sorcerers and witches were drowned in the poisoned. "Best come away," said the Master Windkey, his face set and sombre, his keen eyes troubled. He set. Havnor openly. Men of arms didn't trust men of craft and didn't like to serve them. No matter what. see that I had much choice about that. But having done you a disfavor, I thought if I came across. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (97 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. appreciation. Living with the pirate king, he was sick of boasts and threats, of boasters and theirs, and they'll resent one another. And then, too, there are some true and real divisions. competition. But a finder can always find work, as they say... You ever been in a mine?" Although Otter had not thought the words, Anieb spoke with his voice, the same weak, dull voice: "Only the Master can open the door. Only the King has the key." 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. teaching. As she walked, she listened to the leaves when the wind rustled them or stormed in the. He dreamed of clouds passing over the shores of islands, and a high, round, green hill that stood. "Seems to be a hard place to find," Hound said. He did not act like the curers who came by with remedies and spells and salves for the animals. anything here can be wrong or go wrong, but I have to... I'll go this time, and I will go north, cling to - the ... purity of that rule." He had half-consciously dreaded that Diamond would triumph over him, asserting his power right. woman with a dog; I had never seen such a dog, it was huge, its head like a ball, very ugly; in its. from the concave ceiling seemed practically a glow. I did not know what to do with my hands, so. years, in the minds of most people, all magic was black. alliteration, stylised phrasing, and structuring by repetition are the principal poetic devices. If he dies I die. Something moved on one of the tracks, something big, dark, in the darkness. Day by day, as they talked in the old stableyard of Iria, where they had fallen into the habit of meeting, she asked him and he told her more, though reluctantly, always partially; he shielded his Masters, she thought, trying to defend the bright image of Roke, until one day he gave in to her insistence and spoke freely at last. corridor, bands, white as milk, flowing downward. The handrail of the escalator was soft, warm; I. name's Hawk." He had not known how tired he was until he came to haven. He spent all that day drowsing before. The weather was fair for once: a following wind, a blue sky lively with little

white clouds, the mild sunlight of late spring. They made good way from Geath. Late in the afternoon he heard the master say to the helmsman, "Keep her south tonight so we don't raise Roke." with the dead are counterfeits of magic, glass to the diamond, brass to the gold. They are fraud. Two long curves appeared on the Doorkeeper's cheeks, enclosing the slow upturn of his smile. The "Bregg. Hal Bregg. And yours?" been more than two hundred. The hierarchic and centralising tendency of this religion lent support at first to the ambition of the Kings of Hupun on Karego-At. By force of arms and diplomatic maneuvering, the House of Hupun within a century or so conquered or absorbed most of the other Kargad kingdoms, of which there had been more than two hundred. were reclining, all facing the same way. I went down to the water's edge and saw, on the other. He took the word with a visible shock, but did not deny it. "Keep her quiet," said the young woman, and left him holding the mare's reins in this deserted. It seemed that from Roke Knoll the whole extent of the Grove could be seen, yet if you walked in it you did not always come out into the fields again. You walked on under the trees. In the inner Grove they were all of one kind, which grew nowhere else, yet had no name in Hardic but "tree" In the Old Speech, Ember said, each of those trees had its own name. You walked on, and after a time you were walking again among familiar trees, oak and beech and ash, chestnut and walnut and willow, green in spring and bare in winter; there were dark firs, and cedar, and a tall evergreen Medra did not know, with soft reddish bark and layered foliage. You walked on, and the way through the trees was never twice the same. People in Thwil told him it was best not to go too far, since only by returning as you went could you be sure of coming out into the fields. years before? the sea turned thick too, so that the oarsmen could barely push the oars through it, and they were. the streams at Iria, and she had hated the sea, heaving grey and cold, but this quick water. believe everything I said?" 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. "More likely to kill the beasts that sicken with it," the man said. He sounded a bit sleepy. When she was thirteen the old vineyarder and the housekeeper, who were all that was left of the. It was hard work out in the pastures. "Who doesn't do hard work?" Emer had asked, showing her round, strong arms, her hard, red hands. The cattleman Alder expected him to stay out in these meadows until he had touched every living beast of the great herds there. Alder had sent two cowboys along. They made a camp of sorts, with a groundcloth and a half tent. There was nothing to burn out on the marsh but small brushwood and dead reeds, and the fire was hardly enough to boil water and never enough to warm a man. The cowboys rode out and tried to round up the animals so that he could come among them in a herd, instead of going to them one by one as they scattered out foraging in the pastures of dry, frosty grass. They could not keep the cattle bunched for long, and got angry with them and with him for not moving faster. It was strange to him that they had no patience with the animals, which they treated as things, handling them as a log rafter handles logs in a river, by mere force. there was any on the island." He examined it attentively, and put some seedpods into his pouch. "Come on then, my love," the young woman said, not to him. The mare followed her trustfully. They set off up the rough path round the hillside to an old stone and brick stableyard, empty of horses, inhabited only by nesting swallows that swooped about over the roofs calling their quick gossip. Ard nodded. "It is irrevocable". king. Roke ruled in the kings' stead. "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. 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. do it, he denied his death. So he denies life." fill his thoughts. Her massive, innocent strength had defeated him absolutely so far, but he did. III. Azver. The traveler stood at the crossway and whistled back at the reeds. "I don't live in this House. In any house," the Patterner said. "I live there. The Grove - ah," he said, turning suddenly. The big, white-haired man, Kurremkarmerruk the Namer, was standing just down the path. He had not been standing there until the other mage said 'Ah.' Irian stared from one to the other in blank bewilderment. They met in the lane under Iria Hill in the dark of night, long after sunset, long before dawn. control a storm, as a ship's weatherworker must do. But he thought he'd rather drown in a gale. he saw it, the trembling of the surface all over the pond. Not the round ripples he made, which. The young man, called Ivory, did not actually have his staff and cloak yet; he explained that he was to be made wizard when he went back to Roke. The Masters had sent him out in the world to gain experience, for all the classes in the School cannot give a man the experience he needs to be a wizard. Birch looked a little dubious at this, and Ivory reassured him that his training on Roke had equipped him with every kind of magic that could be needed in Iria of Westpool on Way. To prove it, he made it seem that a herd of deer ran through the dining hall, followed by a flight of swans, who marvellously soared through the south wall and out through the north wall; and lastly a fountain in a silver basin sprang up in the centre of the table, and when the Master and his family cautiously imitated their wizard and filled their cups from it and tasted it, it was a sweet golden wine. "Wine of the Andrades," said the young man with a modest, complacent smile. By then the wife and daughters were entirely won over. And Birch thought the young man was worth his fee, although his own silent preference was for the dry red Fanian of his own vineyards, which got you drunk if you drank enough, while this yellow stuff was just honeywater. Irian, I'll give you that. My name is Etaudis. as well as preserving-. The slave, short and thin, hairless, with running sores on his hands and arms, uncapped a stone cup by the rim of the condensing shaft. Gelluk peered in, eager as a child. "So tiny," he

murmured. "So young. The tiny Prince, the baby Lord, Lord Tures. Seed of the world! Soul-jewel!" see the King flying among his subjects, gathering himself from them!" And he stood up, supple and. "Play the flute," Diamond said promptly, and took out of his pocket the little fife his mother had given him for his twelfth birthday. He put it to his lips, his fingers danced, and he played a sweet, familiar tune from the western coast, "Where My Love Is Going." with women, only women. It did not appear to me to be a powder room, but I had no way of. "He thinks I have this huge great talent. For magic." He bowed. "Ivory, of Havnor Great Port, at your service. May I -". wonders if I might spend a month at home this summer. ".there was enough, was all..hard red wine from his last vineyard and walking his boundaries with a troop of ill-treated, and houses, purifying wells, and sitting on the councils of the city, seldom speaking but always. Hound was down at the door, they said. Early sent for him to come up. "Who's Tern?" he asked as. My teacher had no staff, Dulse thought, and at the same moment thought, He wants his staff from me. Gontish oak, from the hands of a Gontish wizard. Well, if he earns it I'll make him one. If he can keep his mouth closed. And I'll leave him my lore-books. If he can clean out a henhouse, and understand the Glosses of Danemer, and keep his mouth closed.. "I'm not really good on the fife, but I'm good enough. What you didn't teach me, I can fill in. chair, worn but good, strong shoes, and a pair of knit wool stockings to go with them. He put the. "Stop," I grumbled. "Any more apologizing and I'll really feel all that time." when they got close to where the island should be, they came into a fog as thick as wet cloth, and. He looked about, curious and wary. All over the hill spark-weed was in flower, its long petals blazing yellow in the grass. Children on Havnor knew that flower. They called it sparks from the burning of Ilien, when the Firelord attacked the islands, and Erreth-Akbe fought with him and defeated him. Tales and songs of the heroes rose up in Medra's memory as he stood there: Erreth-Akbe and the heroes before him, the Eagle Queen, Heru, Akambar who drove the Kargs into the east, and Serriadh the peacemaker, and Elfarran of Solea, and Morred, the White Enchanter, the beloved king. The brave and the wise, they came before him as if summoned, as if he had called them to him, though he had not called. He saw them. They stood among the tall grasses, among the flame-shaped flowers nodding in the wind of morning.. He knew what he smelled like, and thanked her.. "Now you," Diamond said to Rose, and she started to do what he had done, but the rock only. going all untuned and hoarse. Golden had hoped that that was the end of his singing, but the boy. a few spells of illusion; and when the boy was fifteen or so, the old man took him out into the. "I know Tarry thinks I do." had not said anything for a week or so, a cold, wet week of autumn. He said, "You might keep some. Ivory smiled. He said nothing, but she knew how petty the doings of a village witch appeared to him, who had seen great deeds and powers. She sighed and spoke from her heart - "Oh, if only I wasn't a woman!". "Broom's a village sorcerer. This man is a wise man. He learned the High Arts at the Great House on Roke!". They brought him one boy. The other had jumped from the ship, crossing Havnor Bay, and been killed by a crossbow quarrel. The boy they brought was in such a paroxysm of terror that even Early was disgusted by him. How could he frighten a creature already blind and beshatten with fear? He set a binding spell on the boy that held him upright and immobile as a stone statue, and left him so for a night and a day. Now and then he talked to the statue, telling it that it was a clever lad and might make a good prentice, here in the palace. Maybe he could go to Roke after all, for Early was thinking of going to Roke, to meet with the mages there.

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