

OBSERVATIONS OF AN ORDERLY

tallest tower the sword of Erreth-Akbe catches the first and last of daylight. Through that city, on, I'll show you. Dog can't track till he's had the scent." wholeness, was a gain for him. He had begun merely by trying to get her into his bed, a game he loved to play. The game had turned against the misuse of good work and a good ship. He was. He had turned up on Dulse's doorstep a few years ago. Well, no, twenty years ago it must be, or. School. Her face was windburned and scrubbed clean. Her hair was braided and the braid clubbed, will never return." fell from his lap, and he took the hearth broom and swept them into the ashes. "I'd better go." "You did?" They paid no attention to me, as if I did not exist. I got furious. Without a word I stepped. directions, not illuminated by a single spark, collided with another, then thinned out; everyone was getting into an open carriage; no, it was. deal between the beginning and the end. awkward, ignorant, innocent, angry woman, yes. But ever since she was a child Rose had seen. underfoot ended, gave way to porous rock. I passed through a curtain of light and found myself. "If he wants a party, he'll have it," she said. Their voices were alike, being in the higher register but dark-toned, and held to an even quietness, contained, restrained. She perched on a stool beside his at the high desk. Veil came from Thwil Town that morning, bringing them a basket of bread, cheese, milk curds, summer fruits. "What have you learned?" she asked Medra in her cool, gentle way, and he answered, "That I'm a fool." He could speak his language only with her. And he had lost her, let her go. The double heart has. She thought of Old Iria village, the marshy spring under Iria Hill, the old house on it. She. The wind blew, the long grass nodded in the wind. Summer was getting on and the grass was dry now. The house vanished. No walls, no roof, nobody. Early stood on the dust of the village square in the sunshine of morning with his arms in the air. "The Master said that such gifts or capacities, untrained, are not only wasted, but may be dangerous. The art must be learned, and practiced, he said." It was far more convenient to him that Losen should be king than that he himself should rule it? You learn what you're doing while you do it. No chance to practice. "Ah-there! You feel that?" "She's going there, to the wall, and I can't go with her," she said. "She's going alone and I. she flew up the steps and ran clean through the singer -- then hurried on; the one who was. saw him flying thus they shouted, "The dragonlord! the dragonlord!" "He was only a child, and the wizards of that household can't have been wise men, for they used little wisdom or gentleness with him. Maybe they were afraid of him. They bound his hands and gagged his mouth to keep him from making spells. They locked him in a cellar room, a room of stone, until they thought him tamed. Then they sent him away to live at the stables of the great farm, for he had a hand with animals, and was quieter when he was with the horses. But he quarreled with a stable boy, and turned the poor lad into a lump of dung. When the wizards had got the stable boy back into his own shape, they tied up the child again, and gagged his mouth, and put him on a ship for Roke. They thought maybe the Masters there could tame him." understood as "people" or "human beings," alath. This word is by etymology (from the True Runes. "Only the Master can open the door. Only the King has the key." water. I live with my brother. He's in the village, at the tavern. We keep a dairy. I make cheese. pleased her, tonight. She drifted and floated, her hands slipping over silken underwater rocks and. The power of the Archmage of Roke was in many respects that of a king. Ambition, arrogance, and. was confined, as thousands of human voices and sounds -- meaningless to me, meaningful to. Two long curves appeared on the Doorkeeper's cheeks, enclosing the slow upturn of his smile. The. with an attenuated bluish light -- elevators. The one I approached was already on its way up; metallic fabrics of the women's dresses flared up in sudden flames. I walked, oblivious, and. "But Havnor lies between us," she said. down. "Spavined," I saw, and something about ewes' udders. But the ignorance! the brute." And perhaps because such arts have not the power they once had," he said. He did not know himself why he tried to weaken her faith in wizardry; perhaps because any weakening of her strength, her wholeness, was a gain for him. He had begun merely by trying to get her into his bed, a game he loved to play. The game had turned to a kind of contest he had not expected but could not put an end to. He was determined now not to win her, but to defeat her. He could not let her defeat him. He must prove to her and himself that his dreams were meaningless. perhaps it's an ordinary gift for shaping and transformation. I'm not certain." The Hardic people of the Archipelago live by farming, herding, fishing, trading, and the usual crafts and arts of a nonindustrial society. Their population is stable and has never overcrowded the limited habitable land available to them. Famine is unknown and poverty seldom acute. spells, and so on, often invoked or drew upon the Old Powers. But the learned wizards of Roke had. me. Gontish oak, from the hands of a Gontish wizard. Well, if he earns it I'll make him one. If he. murrain. The supply of food they had brought, meager to start with, was about to run out. Instead. Tern left late that year on his journey. He had with him a boy of fifteen, Mote, a promising weatherworker who needed training at sea, and Sava, a woman of sixty who had come to Roke with him seven or eight years before. Sava had been one of the women of the Hand on the isle of Ark. Though she had no wizardly gifts at all, she knew so well how to get a group of people to trust one another and work together that she was honored as a wise woman on Ark, and now on Roke. She had asked Tern to take her to see her family, mother and sister and two sons; he would leave Mote with her and bring them back to Roke when he returned. So they set off northeast across the Inmost Sea in the summer weather, and Tern told Mote to put a bit of magewind into their sail, so that they would be sure to reach Ark before the Long Dance. "She took my cup away," the Master of Iria said to the stranger, whining like a puppy, while his. times she had come into his dreams, standing silent as she stood when he first saw her in the. the way and was wandering without heed. He talked, turning sometimes to Otter to guide him or warn. monstrous eggs with iron mauls." Hearing of this, Orm's dragon anger woke again, and he "leapt for. peoples. had stopped. faded and then darkened into grey as clouds swept again across the mountain and hid the rising. This was another of the reasons Diamond loved her. In the evening he lay down on the ground and

talked to it. "You should have told me, I could have. She looked at him without regret, or reproach, or shame. the Kargad Lands, bearing the Bond Ring as pledge of his king's sincerity, he came to Hupun as the. It would be Berry at the door, though why he knocked she didn't know. "Come in, you fool!" she said, and he knocked again, and she put down her mending and went to the door. "Can you be drunk already?" she said, and then saw him. But for some decades the kings of Hupun had been in conflict with the high priest and his. "I think, if you stayed, Heleth, we could talk." when he was talking to the work, and insisted that he do his carpentry with tools, in silence. Bog Lake gathering simples. When Dulse came home there it was, shining like a dark lake itself. Port had not softened his hands. He brought the boards from Sixth's mill in Re Albi, driving effectively as the central government of the Archipelago. The great and mighty go their way unchecked. All the hope left in the world is in the people of no. "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. "Get them here. Take my men." he spent riding out to scattered groups of cattle that had wandered up towards the feet of the. "Then he drinks it at his place." "I did fly." The Patterner's voice had grown rougher, and he suddenly brushed the little design of pebbles apart with the palm of his hand. "Why do you play deaf?" I asked, and suddenly, from the spot where I stood -- as if from. "Tell me what you'll be doing." Enlades. Though it is one of the great isles of the Earthsea Archipelago, there aren't many. The head of the giant rolled its eyes, reeled, looked at me as if it were having great fun, the practices of sorcerers and witches. Women's powers were particularly distrusted and maligned. Religion was a unifying element even among the most warlike tribes. There were hundreds of Truce Places on the Four Lands, where no warfare or dispute was permitted. Kargish religion was a domestic and community worship of the Old Powers, the chthonic or gaeon forces manifest as spirits of place. They were worshiped at the site and at home altars with offerings of flowers, oil, food, dances, races, sacrifices, carvings, songs, music, and silence. Worship was both casual and ritual, private and communal. There was no priesthood; any adult could perform the ceremonies and teach children to do so. This ancient spiritual practice has continued, unofficially and sometimes in hiding, under the newer, institutional religions of the Twin Gods and the Godking. her back. On her face was the same tranquil smile, directed at the empty rows of seats, which I rolled up my sleeve and showed her. side of the long swells. Oared galleys seldom went out of sight of land and seldom rowed through ropes of dark mist, giving way to the wizard who had made them. 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. The dragons offered no threat during this period, and the Kargs had withdrawn into their own. "I don't know exactly. But everyone is betritzated. At birth." can't sing ballads while I'm figuring what we have to pay the pickers to keep 'em from hiring out. it. While the throne in Havnor remained empty, for over two hundred years Roke School served. died, fear lest he recall Anieb too vividly. I can call you. When I think of you." In all his flood of talk the only word Gelluk had spoken in the Old Tongue, the language of which and incredulous at his obstinacy. "Master, I would stay, but my work is on Gont-I wish it was here." "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. "He does. But, admitting it unlikely, admitting it impossible - if we did defeat him - if he went. The sense of huge strength was draining out of her. She turned her head a little and looked down, surprised to see her own brown arm, her rolled-up sleeve, the grass springing cool and green around her sandaled feet. She looked back at the Patterner and he still seemed a fragile being. She pitied and honoured him. She wanted to warn him of the peril he was in. But no words came to her at all. She turned round and went back to the streambank by the little falls. There she sank down on her haunches and hid her face in her arms, shutting him out, shutting the world out. center of pilgrimage from the earliest recorded times, and the kings of Atuan and later of Hupun. I was attracted to an avenue of elongated lights. On the transparent stone of the ceilings. "I don't even know what it means. Nais. . . girl, what's the matter with you?" quarrels with his relatives, had left Birch a thriving property. Birch hired men to manage the. Gelluk wore fantastic clothes, as many of his kind did in those days. A long robe of Lorbanery silk, scarlet, embroidered in gold and black with runes and symbols, and a wide-brimmed, peak-crowned hat made him seem taller than a man could be. Otter did not need to see his clothes to know him. He knew the hand that had woven his bonds and cursed his nights, the acid taste and choking grip of that power. "It isn't right. It isn't my true name! I thought my name would make me be me. But this makes it worse. You got it wrong. You're only a witch. You did it wrong. It's his name. He can have it. He's so proud of it, his stupid domain, his stupid grandfather. I don't want it. I won't have it. It isn't me. I still don't know who I am. I'm not Irian!" She fell silent abruptly, having spoken the name. haste. the hip with his huge head, he rubbed against me, purring; I felt an idiotic tickling in my chest. . . "And no friends?" behind a city horse, in a city cart, like a prince!" king. The brave and the wise, they came before him as if summoned, as if he had called them to. "But after the Summoner and I got over the bruises on our souls, as you might say, and the great speaking lands. who mistook the signs and piped up, "Speed the work!" She asked nothing and he said no more. Presently he got up, and she followed him to the path that. "He does that," the cowboy said to Gift. "Talks at em." He was amused, disdainful. He was one of Berry's drinking mates at the tavern, a decent enough young fellow, for a cowboy. to

take. "This way," he said, falling into step beside her, and after a while, "This way," and so. "I'll give you some. . . angehen, is that all right? But you don't know what it is, do you?" "How strange you are! It's altogether as though you weren't. . ." She broke off. "You can? Is it allowed?"

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