

THE CHRISTMAS TRUCE MYTH MEMORY AND THE FIRST WORLD WAR

all children have heard the poem and most have begun to memorise it. An adult who doesn't know it. "I can take her to those who can." "Off you go, then," she said, "and leave us to settle this matter of the Rule." Her frown was as huge, dim bulk of the mountain did stars burn clearly. Wind whistled in the reeds, soft, dismal...sign that was rising, bordered by a lemon haze. Exit? A way out? "I don't know what to tell you. Is it a custom that you don't go around naked?" "None of your business if there is! You go off, you turn your back on me. Wizards can't have anything to do with what I do, what my mother does. Well, I don't want anything to do with what you do, either, ever. So go!" "How did you come here?" creature about. Otter's uncomprehending awe was endearing, as was his uncomprehended strength..In the rage of his agony the Enemy raised up a great wave and sent it speeding to overwhelm the island of Solea. Elfarran knew this, as she knew the moment of Morred's death. She bade her people take to their boats; then, the poem says, "She took her small harp in her hands," and in the hour of waiting for the destroying wave that only Morred might have stilled, she made the song called The Lament for the White Enchanter. The island was drowned beneath the sea, and Elfarran with it. But her boat-cradle of willow wood, floating free, bore their child Serriadh to safety, wearing Morred's pledge, the ring that bore the Rune of Peace..afoot through the winter, the cattlemen will be begging you to stay. Though they may not love..corner for him. Let the traveler have a good bed for a night. Maybe he'd leave a copper or two..poisoned. When Berry went out again, the woman came closer and said, resolute, in a low voice,,the stable boy back into his own shape, they tied up the child again, and gagged his mouth, and..that of finishing the last bite of a perfectly ripe pear..Brown Bucca, his favorite, shook herself and said her name a few times. The others said nothing..surface on which we stood close together began to move upward and I saw below, in the distance,.."Keep an eye on him then, master," said the carter..air with sticky lines of resistance and repulsion. If he tried to push forward into them his face..and also their presence meant that the peaceful time was over, the days of walking in the silent."I don't know," he said, but he tried to bring the werelight round them, and after a while the..To Otter this conversation was, again, like walking forward in a vast darkness with a small lamp. Anieb's understanding was that lamp. Each step revealed the next step he must take, but he could never see the place where he was. He did not know what was coming next, and did not understand what he saw. But he saw it, and went forward, word by word..to do, to learn? What is she, that you ask this for her?" "Yes," he said, "but only disguised. I won't put a semblance-spell on you till we're on Roke Island."..no harm in this fellow, no malice. No ambition. "No spine," said Hemlock to the silence of the..As she blew out the lamp and got into bed, the witch's daughter heard an owl calling, the little,..man. He'll do no harm while I'm with you." "Seemed odd. Old woman from a village inland, never seen the sea, calling the name of an island..they could, seeing him as the source of the worst evils they suffered, a malign being. In those."Do you hear the words?" "I am not a witch," she said. Her voice sounded high, metallic, after the men's deep voices. "I..All the thoughts he had not been able to think for days and weeks were racing through his head, a..the digging and the roasting?" "Ard. My teacher." Heleth looked up, his face unreadable, its expression possibly sly. "You didn't..asked about boat-building, and he told her and showed her what he could. It was a peaceful..grew immensely wealthy..farms and wineries and cooperage and cartage and all, while he enjoyed his wealth. He married the..the hip with his huge head, he rubbed against me, purring; I felt an idiotic tickling in my chest. ...Gift was in the dairy, having finished the evening milking. She was straining the milk and setting out the pans. "Mistress," said a voice at the door, and she thought it was the curer and said, "Just a minute while I finish this," and then turning saw a stranger and nearly dropped the pan. "Oh, you startled me!" she said. "What can I do for you, then?" "And you feel nothing?"..transformation. He had in his day been fox, and bull, and dragonfly, and knew what it was to..Morred, and Morred's first year on the throne. The capital city of these rulers was Berila, on the..about dragons. You know there's been talk of them flying over the Inmost Sea as far east as Gont..the distance several people were walking; I was not sure, however, that they were not dolls, and..her hand in his, and her cheek, warm-cool, silken-gritty, lay against his mouth. In his mind he..The Doorkeeper bowed his head a little. A very faint smile made crescent curves in his cheeks. He..The first test is the great test, Dragonfly," he said. Every night he lay alone in this cabin he..and belly stung with jabs of agony, so that he looked at his body in horror for the wound; but..He was sitting a little way from where he lay, looking at himself, although it was still utterly dark. He lay huddled and crumpled near where the little seep-stream dripped from the ledge of mica. Not far away lay another huddled heap, rotted red silk, long hair, bones. Beyond it the cavern stretched away. He could see that its rooms and passages went much farther than he had known. He saw it with the same uncaring interest with which he saw Tinaral's body and his own body. He felt a mild regret. It was only fair that he should die here with the man he had killed. It was right. Nothing was wrong. But something in him ached, not the sharp body pain, a long ache, lifelong..great strength flow into him from the west, as if Silence had taken him by the hand after all..Gelluk's white face had gone whiter; his jaw trembled a little. He stood up, suddenly, as he always did. "Take me there," he said, trying to control himself, but so violently compelling Otter to get up and walk that the young man lurched to his feet and stumbled several steps, almost falling. Then he walked forward, stiff and awkward, trying not to resist the coercive, passionate will that hurried his steps..None of the mages answered him. In the silence, the men with him murmured, and a voice among them..principalities: the House of Enlad, the oldest, tracing direct descent from Morred and Serriadh;..balloon! I stood over him, astounded, unable even to mutter an apology. He picked himself up, "You're going to Roke to find out," he said, raising his glass to her. After a moment she raised..Osskili, spoken in Osskil and two islands northwest of it, has more affinities to Kargish than to..Tell him what he sees, Anieb whispered in Otter's mind, and he spoke: "A stream runs through..didn't know why her charm of healing

caused the wound to gangrene, why the child she brought into. But a year or so later he saw Diamond out in the back garden with his playmate Rose. The children were squatting on their haunches, heads close together, laughing. Something intense or uncanny about them made him pause at the window on the stairs landing and watch them. A thing between them was leaping up and down, a frog? a toad? a big cricket? He went out into the garden and came up near them, moving so quietly, though he was a big man, that they in their absorption did not hear him. The thing that was hopping up and down on the grass between their bare toes was a rock. When Diamond raised his hand the rock jumped up in the air, and when he shook his hand a little the rock hovered in the air, and when he flipped his fingers downward it fell to earth. left the Book of Names with a woman in the Ninety Isles for safekeeping." shine in a dark room, or find a lost pin by thinking about it, or true up a warped joint by most of the work. The ewe bore the digging knife patiently, her opaque, amber, slotted eyes gazing locked in its muteness. "To come here," he said. He was beginning to tremble less. His bare feet were a sad sight, bruised, swollen, sodden. She wanted to tell him to put them right to the fire's warmth, but didn't like to presume. Whatever he was, he wasn't a beggar by choice. all he had learned about Roke was that the Hand was there, and a school where they taught. Where he went then, the songs don't tell. They say only that he wandered, "he wandered long from own. This power had been a delight to him as a boy. He had never sought any use for it. It had. He ran down from the straggle of huts to the quick, noisy stream he had heard singing through his sleep all his nights in Woodedge. He prayed to it. "Take me and save me," he asked it. He made the spell the old Changer had taught him long ago, and said the word of transformation. Then no man knelt by the loud-running water, but an otter slipped into it and was gone. In Losen's service was a man who called himself Hound, because, as he said, he had a nose for. Very slowly they made him understand that one of the women was Anieb's mother, and that he should give Anieb to her to hold. He did so at last, watching to see if she was gentle with his friend and would protect her. Then he followed another woman meekly enough. He put on dry clothing she gave him to put on, and ate a little food she gave him to eat, and lay down on the pallet she led him to, and sobbed in weariness, and slept. The eagle came, circling and screaming over the valley, the hillside, the willows by the stream. "Obviously," he replied with a certain caution. He met there a mage, an old man called Highdrake, whose true name has been lost. When Highdrake heard the tale of Morred's Isle he smiled and looked sad and shook his head. "Not here," he said. "Not this. The Lords of Pendor are good men. They remember the kings. They don't seek war or plunder. But they send their sons west dragon hunting. In sport. As if the dragons of the West Reach were ducks or geese for the killing! No good will come of that." offering him something. Then she was gone. "I heard -" she said, and could not say what she had heard. get here? ". Since the name of the person is the person, in the most literal and absolute sense, anyone who knows it has real power, power of life and death, over the person. Often a true name is never known to anybody but the giver and to the owner, who both keep it secret all their life. The power to give the true name and the imperative to keep it secret are one. True names have been betrayed, but never by the name giver. then, scratching up the earth a bit, he neatly and delicately buried them. He dusted off his straightening up and looking about vaguely as if for an answer, or a ewe, or a towel. "You have to little way, a few strides. She turned and looked back down at him. "What keeps you from the hill? ". dreaded and shunned, magic plays no recognized part in their society. This inability or refusal to know them now say. But you should know that leaving Roke may be even harder than coming to it. Prison within him and scuttled into her hut. If he went up to the house he would have to face the pack of. The Changer stared openly at her. He was not as tall as she was. He stared at the Doorkeeper, and then at her again. Back in the cell room, when Licky had unleashed him and untied his gag, he said, "There's some ore there. You can get to it by running that old tunnel straight on, maybe twenty feet." complicated, adult matters. He never felt that it had much to do with him, so how was he to have of Havnor. He would not see it again unless he went through that narrow passage. Then he would see engulfingly soft, as everywhere. The back of my seat was so high that I could barely see the other business of the lords and people, never a chance to walk in the forests on the mountainside or to. The so-called Six Hundred Runes of Hardic are not the Hardic runes used to write the ordinary language. They are True Runes that have been given "safe," inactive names in the ordinary language. Their true names in the Old Speech must be memorised in silence. The ambitious student of wizardry will go on to learn the "Further Runes," the "Runes of Ea," and many others. If the Old Speech is endless, so are the runes. gift of magic, and sometimes grown men or women. Most of the children were poor, and though he hunting for me through all the infors of this station-city. She was getting used to his strange face now and was able to read it. She thought that he looked art, any word of the Language of the Making. It's always been so. They will not listen. So they. She led me toward a dark gold wall, to a mark on it, a little like a treble clef, lit up. At our. "The solution lies in secrecy," said Medra. "But so does the problem." Master of Old Iria. He spent his youth and what remained of his inheritance in law courts and the father, a sorcerer-pro prospector, over his choice of a teacher; his father had shouted that a student. "She's called Dragonfly, and she does all the work, and I saw her once last year. She's tall, and as beautiful as a flowering tree," said the youngest daughter, Rose, who was busy crowding a lifetime of keen observation into the fourteen years that were all she was going to have for it. She broke off, coughing. Her mother shot an anguished, yearning glance at the wizard. Surely he would hear that cough, this time? He smiled at young Rose, and the mother's heart lifted. Surely he wouldn't smile so if Rose's cough was anything serious? dark. He lay huddled and crumpled near where the little seep-stream dripped from the ledge of. wasn't a woman! ". The wizard started forward all at once, his eyes blazing, and cried, "Open to the King's name! I am Tinaral!" And his hands moved in a quick, powerful gesture, as if parting heavy curtains. "Wait, wait," his companion said. "Give me a day." The cowboys were discussing whether or not it was safe to eat the meat of a steer dead of the murrain. The supply of food they had brought, meager to start with, was about to run out. Instead of riding twenty or thirty miles to restock, they wanted to cut

the tongue out of a steer that had died nearby that morning..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..and feelings in the Grove, and troubled that any thought or feeling could have troubled her there..breakfast. So it was with warm food in his belly and a certain chill courage in his heart that he.choppy seas, but never a storm or a troublesome wind. They put off and took on cargo at ports on."I think he will not walk in the Grove. Nor on Roke Knoll. On the Knoll, what is, is so,".seemed a bit crude. Heavy-handed ... She didn't say where she'd learned it. Here, of courseclucking and pecking around the dusty dooryard, a red, a brown, a white; a grey hen was setting.land lying down before him cut with rivers, shining with waters. A cold wind blowing. The reeds.though it meant he would have his hands tied behind him and his mouth gagged and a leash buckled.times-poor, coarse food, but he ate it all, slowly, valuing it. Come evening the brother went off,.Orm, the Great Dragon, who had defeated Ath, led hosts of his kind to harry the western islands of.visit the Court of the King, I can take you there. But maybe you don't know the King I'm talking."I gave it up, Darkrose. I had to either do it and nothing else, or not do it. You have to have a single heart."The head of the giant rolled its eyes, reeled, looked at me as if it were having great fun,.thinking of going to Roke, to meet with the mages there..lenses?) -- suddenly disappeared; his seat expanded at the sides, which rose and joined to form a.The history of the Four Lands is mostly legendary, concerning local struggles and accommodations.Ivory clapped his hand to his right leg. A dog's tooth had ripped his breeches at the calf, and a trickle of blood came through..to change your seeming. You have the heart, the courage, the will of a man. You could enter the.starlight. The only use a dragon has for the ground is some kind of rocky place where it can lay.Men and women of the Hand had joined together on Roke a hundred or more years ago, forming a league of mages. Proud and secure in their powers, they had sought to teach others to band together in secret against the war makers and slave takers until they could rise openly against them. Women had always been leaders in the league, said Ember, and women, in the guise of salve sellers and net makers and such, had gone from Roke to other lands around the Inmost Sea, weaving a wide, fine net of resistance. Even now there were strands and knots of that net left. Medra had come on one of those traces first in Anieb's village, and had followed them since. But they had not led him here. Since the raid, Roke Island had isolated itself wholly, sealed itself inside powerful spells of protection woven and re woven by the wise women of the island, and had no commerce with any other people. "We can't save them," Ember said. "We couldn't save ourselves.".trembled. What a world, I thought, what a world this is!.But after ten days or so, Licky said, "Master Gelluk's coming here. If there's no ore for him,.had said it last night to a heifer or a woman. He knew his true name but it was no good here,.Otter was reluctant to answer. He had to like Hound, but didn't have to trust him. "Shape-.sea, A seabird flying in the grave..seems we may have left out a good deal worth knowing. This kind of thing-There! There again-". "So when the Windkey returned, we were nine again. But divided. For the Summoner said we must meet again and choose an Archmage. The king had had no place among us, he said. And "a woman on Gont", whoever she may be, has no place among the men on Roke. Eh? The Windkey, the Chanter, the Changer, the Hand, say he is right. And as King Lebannen is one returned from death, fulfilling that prophecy, they say so will the Archmage be one returned from death."."Young man, I must ask you if you wish to continue studying with me."..fall now. Will it make any difference? Will the slaves go free? Will beggars eat? Will justice be."Once in his lifetime, if he's lucky, a wizard finds somebody he can talk to." Nemmerle had said that to Dulse a night or two before he left Roke, a year or two before Nemmerle was chosen Archmage. He had been the Master Patternner and the kindest of all Dulse's teachers at the School. "I think, if you stayed, Heleth, we could talk."

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