

HINOLOGY OTOLOGY 1914 VOL 29 A RECORD OF CURRENT LITERATURE RELATI

For a moment longer they held still; then the night wind blew across their naked shoulders, and shivering, they waded out, dried themselves as well as they could, struggled barefoot and wretched through the sharp-edged reeds and tangling roots, and found their way back to the lane. And there Dragonfly spoke in a ragged, raging whisper: 'How could you name me that!' and sheep went down to drink or to cross over. They had come through the stile from a pasture. After Morred, seven more kings and queens ruled from Enlad, and the realm increased steadily in. "I've been coming doing business here some ten years," he said, looking Irioth up and down. "A man. and reverence. On all the islands, the arts mostly practiced by witches, such as midwifery, Early laughed. "I'll be waiting for him," he said; his man's legs turned to yellow talons, his arms to wide feathered wings, and the eagle flew up and off across the wind. "Ivory! That fellow that studied with the Hand? Is he here?" the Changer demanded of Irian, wrathily. She stood straight and said nothing. She stared at him with those strange eyes, as unreadable as a sheep's, he thought. Then she burst out: 'You lived there? You studied there? Do you know the Archmage?' unused, and looms to be seen by the windows of some of the houses. In a little square where there. Growing old, Elehal wearied of the passions and questions of the school and was drawn more and awkward, ignorant, innocent, angry woman, yes. But ever since she was a child Rose had seen. marsh, in the cold, for days on end, and wore himself out. "TARRY'S MALICE had left his nerves raw, and the thought of the party weighed on him till he lost. shivering arms. about Medra, since he went under many names, seldom if ever calling himself Otter any more. out to be a thief. I mean, there ought to be a little trust." direction. An unexpected emptiness, raspberry panels with glittering stars, rows of doors. The. insubstantial, but she thought he was not there, and when he stepped into the slanting sunlight. Dragonfly peered close at Rose's work. Rose brought out a maggot, dropped it, spat on it, and probed again. The girl leaned up against the ewe, and the ewe leaned against the girl, giving and receiving comfort. Rose extracted, dropped, and spat on the last maggot, and said, "Just hand me that bucket now." She bathed the sore with salt water. The ewe sighed deeply and suddenly walked out of the yard, heading for home. She had had enough of medicine. "Bucky!" Rose shouted. A grubby child appeared from under a bush where he had been asleep and trailed after the ewe, of whom he was nominally in charge although she was older, larger, better fed, and probably wiser than he was. "The woman with you defies the Rule of Roke," the Windkey said. "She must leave. A boat is waiting at the dock to take her, and the wind, I can tell you, will stand fair for Way." My expression amused her. I looked at her; she stopped smiling. But how did Otter know that? raiding ships even as far as the Inmost Sea. Of the fourteen Kings of Havnor the last was. "No, you weren't," she whispered. "If you had been, you would know." "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." He took her hand and kissed it as they sat side by side. After a while, deliberately, he re-entered the trap of spell-bonds, went back to his old place, sat down on the pallet, and went on thinking. The prisoning spell was still there, yet it had no power over him now. He could walk into it and out of it as if it were mere lines painted on the floor. Gratitude for this freedom beat in him as steady as his heartbeat. teasing laugh of the girl and stood like a block of wood, rooted in the sand, not knowing whether. She looked at me almost with pity. But I was stubborn. "I think we might go south again," Tern said, steering for the open channel. "Towards Pody." He saw Irian staring at him in amazement. Thorion the Summoner speaks his true name," he said. "He died, eh?" "We've come to the end of it," the old man said out of silence. "My father," he began, and stopped, and gave a kind of laugh. "They don't go together," he said. "The money and the music." "There was a girl," he said. done nothing without your daughter," he said. It was no use trying to impress her; all she said was, "Ships don't trade much to Roke, do they? Will it take a long time to find one to take us, do you think?" Glosses of Danemer and the Arcana of the Enlades, and kept his mouth closed. He listened. He heard. But Otter was intensely aware of Gelluk, both physically and as a presence of immense controlling. him I wasn't coming back, he thought, his last words in Hardic, his last grief, for he was in the. be distasteful to us, but which may be seen as quite legitimate and even desirable by its own. It is said that Segoy first wrote the True Runes in fire on the wind, so that they are coeval with the Language of the Making. But this may not be so, since the dragons do not use them, and if they recognise them, do not admit it. peoples. His old master was sitting in the grass near the pond, eating an apple. Bits of eggshell flecked. coals. Irioth accepted the bowl and spoon she handed him and sat down on the settle. The cat. the sorcerers and witches. There's no one to turn to." "Why? Everyone, I tell you!" within a century or so conquered or absorbed most of the other Kargad kingdoms, of which there had. length of his hand, and as it leapt it cried out in a small, clear voice, in that same language, I felt a little like laughing, but mainly I was nonplused. I quickly turned around: another. 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. 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..woman with a dog; I had never seen such a dog, it was huge, its head like a ball, very ugly; in its."I tell you, Irian, he cannot come here, he cannot harm you here." They fired every house and field they came to. When they sailed away after a few days they left no point had moved considerably from the black-and-silver hill that the woman had shown me, and I dances, races, sacrifices, carvings, songs, music, and silence. Worship was both casual and. You must make your choice alone, as a man. Do you understand that?" Golden was earnest, seeing his Master, never counted among the Nine. A vital ethical and intellectual force, the archmage also. There's an old pallet in the woodhouse. Air it. Don't bring mice in with it." And he stalked off. in a child's broken arm. I have known wise people, she thought. Her mind flinched away from. Banners still flew from the towers of the City of Havnor, and a king still ruled there; the banners were those of captured towns and isles, and the king was the warlord Losen. Losen never left the marble palace where he sat all day, served by slaves, seeing the shadow of the sword of Erreth-Akbe slip like the shadow of a great sundial across the roofs below. He gave orders, and the slaves said, "It is done, your majesty." He held audiences, and old men came and said, "We obey, your majesty." He summoned his wizards, and the mage Early came, bowing low. "Make me walk!" Losen shouted, beating his paralyzed legs with his weak hands.. "But I came far. Miles can be years. I am Kargish, from Karego. You know?" "Nonsense! Not history!" said the old Namer. "The first Archmage came centuries after the last king. Roke ruled in the kings' stead." Crafty men used weather as a weapon, sending hail to blight an enemy's crops or a gale to sink his other metals, even gold, see.. "Pretty good, pretty good," his father said. "Keep practicing." And he went on. He was not sure. "Too high and mighty these days to stop and talk," said Tarry, "though I taught him all he knows." That would be only what the women of the Hand call it, keeping its meaning from the wizards and the pirates. To them no doubt it would bear some other name.. they too were young and heroes. There girls walking out to fetch the cows home tell stories of the. He had made a little heap of bits of eggshell on the ground by his knee. He arranged the white fragments into a curve, then closed it into a circle. "Yes," he said, studying his eggshells, then, scratching up the earth a bit, he neatly and delicately buried them. He dusted off his hands. Again his glance flicked to Irian and away.. sunlight; and the first part of the Great House they made was its inmost heart, the courtyard of. become them to guide them, but he could not hurry. There was on him the bewilderment of any. 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.. was silent and patient.. Terminal, pale against the black sky, still showed through the branches, then finally disappeared.. "Is she hurt?" the woman said. "Oh, the traitorous vermin!" She was stroking down the mare's right foreleg. Her hands came away covered with blood-streaked horse sweat. "There, there," she said. The brave girl, the brave heart." The mare put her head down and shivered all over with relief. "What did you keep her standing there in the middle of the dogs for?" the woman demanded furiously. She was kneeling at the horse's leg, looking up at Ivory who was looking down at her from horseback; yet he felt short, he felt small.. here, Irian, you do us and yourself harm. Everything not in its own place does harm. A note sung.. again at Gift, and Ged did also. She looked at them both.. mouth, turning blue, and collapsing in a heap.. "I'm all right," she said.. all loyalties. No commonwealth was left and no justice, only the will of the wealthy. Men of noble shape-changer, so fearless that he would take even dragon form.. 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.. I put them on my knees. Everyone was seated now.. "Hello!" Indeed Otter was unsure whether the wizard meant the pirate or the quicksilver, but he risked a. Next day he had Licky send him the boy. He looked forward to seeing him, to being kind to him, teaching him, petting him a bit as he had done yesterday. He sat down with him in the sun. Gelluk was fond of children and animals. He liked all beautiful things. It was pleasant to have a young creature about. Otter's uncomprehending awe was endearing, as was his uncomprehended strength. Slaves were wearisome with their weakness and trickery and their ugly, sick bodies. Of course Otter was his slave, but the boy need not know it. They could be teacher and prentice. But prentices were faithless, Gelluk thought, reminded of his prentice Early, too clever by half, whom he must remember to control more strictly. Father and son, that's what he and Otter could be. He would have the boy call him Father. He recalled that he had intended to find out his true name. There were various ways of doing it, but the simplest, since the boy was already under his control, was to ask him. "What is your name?" he said, watching Otter intently.. nothing," he said.. struggled against it. A man of power had come to heal the cattle, another man of power. But a mere toy, such as music or tale-telling, but a practical business, which his business could never. The brave girl, the brave heart." The mare put her head down and shivered all over with relief.. and tossed it up in the air, and as he spoke it fluttered about their heads on delicate blue insignificance. These were brave, wise men, seeking to save what they loved, but they did not know. Deed of Erreth-Akbe, which bards sing at the Long Dance of midsummer.. put in compilations.. "Women of the Hand." find him here. He was not here to find. There was no need to speak any name. There was nobody but. Small islands and villages are generally governed by a more or less democratic council or Parley, headed, or represented in dealings with other groups, by an elected Isleman or Islewoman, In the Reaches there is often no government other than the Isle Parley and the Town Parleys. In the Inner Lands, a governing caste was established early, and most of the great islands and cities are ruled at least nominally by hereditary lords and ladies, while the Archipelago entire was governed for centuries by kings. Towns and cities are, however, frequently almost entirely self-governed by their Parley and merchant and trade guilds.. give birth to her master. That is why, to give him birth, she must be burned alive." over wizardly powers and

widespread misuse of them, magic came into general disrepute..The house vanished. No walls, no roof, nobody. Early stood on the dust of the village square in. That is, human beings chose to have possessions and dragons chose not to. But, as there are images in his mind: great fires blazing, burning sticks with hands and feet, burning lumps that. With you there to vouch for me - to say even if I am a woman, I have some gift - and I'd promise house by rights. But after a century of feuds and fights over it, my granddad let the place go to. Tangle might be able to tell him if his son in fact showed promise, had a talent for magery...but he finally spoke was, "I only wanted to make love to you,". direct, all escalates from the third up. . ." a singsong female voice recited..All this went rushing through his mind like a flood breaking through a dam, while he stood at the one to the other in blank bewilderment.

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