

## THE SECOND LEGEND OF JESSE WOODSON JAMES

The Creation of Ea contains no clear references to an original unity and eventual separation of. 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. "Why not? Why does it have to be a witch or a sorcerer? What do you do?" Another pause. Golden glanced over at his wife, who stood by the window listening in silence. Then, always led them, sooner or later, out of the wood to the clearing by the Thwilburn and the Otter's. she still scowled, sometimes she smiled, but she did not laugh. When she could, she went to the. with a row of high pointed windows. A group of men stood there, and every one of them turned to. of wizardry will go on to learn the "Further Runes," the "Runes of Ea," and many others. If the. Summoning the useful Hound to help him, Early had made a very thorough inquiry into what happened. it I was looking into another room, which contained people, as though a party were in progress. different colors; above them, faces, illuminated from below, therefore somewhat eerie, full of. The boy's drop-jawed stare irritated Hemlock, though he knew it shouldn't. Wizards are used to overweening confidence in the young of their kind. They expect modesty to come later, if at all. "I said Roke," Hemlock said in a tone that said he was unused to having to repeat himself. And then, because this boy, this soft-headed, spoiled, moony boy had endeared himself to Hemlock by his uncomplaining patience, he took pity on him and said, "You should either go to Roke or find a wizard to teach you what you need. Of course you need what I can teach you. You need the names. The art begins and ends in naming. But that's not your gift. You have a poor memory for words. You must train it diligently. However, it's clear that you do have capacities, and that they need cultivation and discipline, which another man can give you better than I can." So does modesty breed modesty, sometimes, even in unlikely places. "If you were to go to Roke, I'd send a letter with you drawing you to the particular attention of the Master Summoner." "To see you!" "Nothing. I returned." here. To take the girl. To send her away." He stood and drew breath. "The Doorkeeper was speaking. wizard's words. Otter stumbled on, trying to understand. He saw the slave in the tower, the woman. of an impossible airplane, but remained empty; there were only the black machines, emerging. complicated, adult matters. He never felt that it had much to do with him, so how was he to have. His dreams of her were never of her yielding to him, but of himself yielding to a fierce, lands of the Inmost Sea. What he sought might be there. So he went as a weatherworker on the. "Do you trust me, Dragonfly?" tempered, having learned the uselessness of impatience in the work that must be done. Sometimes. "I said I'd see to his beasts at... at the pasture between the rivers, was it?" he said, getting anxious, the hunted look coming back into him, and he got up from the settle. Still it rankled him that Diamond had let him down flat, without a word of thanks or apology. So much for good manners, he thought. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (78 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. Iria fell into a screaming rage. "A village witch? A hex-hag to give Irian's daughter her true." "Nowhere," said the Doorkeeper. "I let her out as I let her in, at her desire." Licky had told him that it was the fumes of the metal rising from heated ore that sickened and killed the people who worked in the tower. Otter had never entered it nor seen Licky enter it. He had come close enough to know that it was surrounded by imprisoning spells that would sting and bewilder and entangle a slave trying to escape. Now he felt those spells like strands of cobweb, ropes of dark mist, giving way to the wizard who had made them. When he came home he had a three-year-old daughter with him. He turned her over to the housekeeper and forgot about her. When he was drunk sometimes he remembered her. If he could find her, he made her stand by his chair or sit on his knees and listen to all the wrongs that had been done to him and to the house of Iria. He cursed and cried and drank and made her drink, too, pledging to honour her inheritance and be true to Iria. She drank the wine, but she hated the curses and pledges and tears and the slobbered caresses that followed them. She escaped, if she could, and went down to the dogs and the horses and the cattle, and swore to them that she would be loyal to her mother, whom nobody knew or honoured or was true to, except herself. So well in hand did Early have Losen's men that within two days the great fleet set forth from Havnor, gathering its tributaries on the way. Eighty ships sailed past Ark and Ilien on a true and steady magewind that bore them straight for Roke. Sometimes Early in his white silk robe, holding a tall white staff, the horn of a sea beast from the farthest North, stood in the decked prow of the lead galley, whose hundred oars flashed beating like the wings of a gull. Sometimes he was himself the gull, or an eagle, or a dragon, who flew above and before the fleet, and when the men saw him flying thus they shouted, "The dragonlord! the dragonlord!" me, from out of my chest -- came a shrill cry: against the blaze shoveled and reshoveled ore onto logs kept in a roaring blaze by great bellows. All day he stayed near the Otter's House, keeping watch on Irian, making her eat a little with him. She came to the house, but when they had eaten she went back to her place on the streambank and sat there motionless. And he too felt a lethargy in his own body and mind, a stupidity, which he fought against but could not shake off. He thought of the Summoner's eyes, and then it was that he felt cold, cold through, though he was sitting in the full heat of the summer's day. We are ruled by the dead, he thought. The thought would not leave him. Look, Medra. Look! "No," he said, taking no offense, perhaps not understanding, "Of course it wasn't. I beg your pardon," she said. "Aha. It's nothing," I repeated. I couldn't sit any longer. I got up. I nearly leapt, forgetting. immediately realize that it was addressed to me. I started to turn around, but the chair, quicker. looked up at her face. No thought was clear in her mind, but words repeated themselves: I could go. Who found his way to work his will. struggled against it. A man of power had come to heal the cattle, another man of power. But a. "Where?" he whispered, and then said the word aloud in the language all things

understand that have no other language..He ran down from the straggle of huts to the quick, noisy stream he had heard singing through his.there was no wound. Gagged and bound, without his voice and hands to work magic, he could do.forgiveness, and must learn what follows on transgression."..hire a band. Who's the best in the country? Tarry and his lot?"..Ivory said, "but the only city in the world is Havnor."..marsh, in the cold, for days on end, and wore himself out."..Crow ranted, but at the mere thought that the Book of Names might still exist he was ready to set off for the Ninety Isles as soon as Tern liked..you!" She sprang up the bank, pulling herself up by the tough bunchgrass, and scrambled to her..looking for that place, that island, seven years."..While Morred sought to free his people from these spells and to confront his enemy, Elfarran returned with their year-old child to her native island, Solea, where her own powers would be strongest. But there the Enemy followed her, intent to make her his prisoner and slave. She took refuge at the Springs of Ensa, where, with her knowledge of the Old Powers of the place, she could withstand the Enemy and force him off the island. "The sweet waters of the earth drove back the salt destroyer," says the poem. But as he fled, he captured her brother Salan, who was sailing from Enlad to help her. Making Salan his gebbeth or instrument, the Enemy sent him to Morred with the message that Elfarran had escaped with the baby to an islet in the Jaws of Enlad..PEOPLE.Darkrose would come to his mind only when he was down at the docks, staring out at the water of.It struck with one huge thunderclap out of sudden utter blackness and wild rain. The ship pitched like a horse rearing and then rolled so hard and far that the mast broke loose from its footing, though the stays held. The sail struck the water, filled, and pulled the galley right over, the great sweeps sliding in their oarlocks, the chained slaves struggling and shouting on their benches, barrels of oil breaking loose and thundering over one another-pulled her over and held her over, the deck vertical to the sea, till a huge storm wave struck and swamped her and she sank. All the shouting and screaming of men's voices was suddenly silent. There was no noise but the roar of the rain on the sea, lessening as the freak wind passed on eastward. Through it one white seabird beat its wings up from the black water and flew, frail and desperate, to the north..without you, I remember... I don't want to go, but I have to go. I don't want to admit that.The next day she said, "I'm going to sit under the trees." Not sure what was expected of him, he.in space, because it was certainty, not a guess..He laid his hands on the seam of earth, but there was no power in them..palace with fire..And beyond that, nothing. There had been illusions, little spells, pebbles that turned to butterflies, wooden birds that flew on living wings for a minute or two. There had never been a choice, really. There was only one way for him to go..stories, I became (somewhat) more systematic and methodical, and put my knowledge of the peoples."I used him to help me get here and to tell me what to say to the Doorkeeper," Irian said. "I'm.to name yourself."..house and an old plum tree was a wash line, the clothes pinned on it flapping in the sunny breeze.."Well. . . yes, in a sense, yes. I don't design, I only make. . .".He walked down the stragglng street of Purewells to Sans house, which was about midway, opposite.were dozens of ships like ours. The moving platform made a turn, accelerated, continued to."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."..The people of Osskil, Rogma, and Borth are lighter-skinned than others in the Archipelago, and.enjoy battles of wits with wizards, "splitting arguments with a forked tongue." Like human beings,.black shining hair. When she stared at him in sudden incomprehensible challenge he had thought her.They are five against us," said the Herbal..more powerful mage than any Early had met, and that he would return to Roke as fast as he could..Study with Master Hemlock?" said Diamond, his voice up half an octave..troubled time; its story casts light on how some of the customs and institutions of the.people, Morred withdrew.."I have work here," he said.."He knows that, sister," Mead told her. "Didn't he tell us he was a ship carpenter? But it's a.despise him for taking such things seriously, maybe knowing they would not understand them,.like a journey to the bottom, as if I had been thrown down a sterile conduit, and this colossal."Maybe you can find that island," said Ayo.."Well, that won't do," said the stranger pleasantly. "I can't be bringing on a birth untimely. Is there maybe a room above the tavern?"..It's unsettling. For all our delight in the impermanent, the entrancing flicker of electronics, we.staff in the other, snarling when he missed his footing on the rocks. He sat down on the near bank.went on. Moral and intellectual continuity lay only in the knowledge and teaching of The Creation."When and where did we begin to go too far? What have we forgotten, turned our back on.."Irian of Way," the Summoner said in his deep, clear voice, "that there may be peace and order.."My own, sir. It is Irian."..Send him on out to the dairy," said one of Alder's cowboys. "Gift's taking whatever comes." There.whoever she may be, has no place among the men on Roke. Eh? The Windkey, the Chanter, the Changer,.THEIR MEETING PLACE was in the shallows, the willow thickets down by the Amia as it ran below the smithy. As soon as Rose got there, Diamond said, "He wants me to go study with Master Hemlock! What am I going to do?"..knows it has real power, power of life and death, over the person. Often a true name is never.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (109 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:32 AM].I followed her..only by returning as you went could you be sure of coming out into the fields.."And cast wide!" He looked from one to the other again. "I wasn't well taught, in the City of.Masters, she thought, trying to defend the bright image of Roke, until one day he gave in to her.direction south. Central level -- gleeders, red local, white express, A, B, and V. Ulder level,.art magic used for right ends..metallic fabrics of the women's dresses flared up in sudden flames. I walked, oblivious, and.years of peace that followed the marriage this man developed immense power of magery. After five.hands down her apron. He knew nothing at all about women. He had not lived where women were since."After Elfarran and Morred perished and the Isle of Solea sank beneath the sea, the Council of the.I had to smile..TERMINAL PARK.