

## WILTSHIRE NOTES AND QUERIES VOLUME 2

Then Dragonfly came back to herself and called to Ivory and ran down the hill to meet him. "I will." "You and Broom trade spells." "defend theirs with spells. Morred could not even begin to fight his Enemy until he saw his Enemy's." "Now the King is in my body, the noble guest of my house. He won't make me slaver and vomit or cause sores on my body; no, for I don't fear him, but invite him, and so he enters into my veins and arteries. No harm comes to me. My blood runs silver. I see things unknown to other men. I share the secrets of the King. And when he leaves me, he hides in the place of ordure, in foulness itself, and yet again in the vile place he waits for me to come and take him up and cleanse him as he cleansed me, so that each time we grow purer together." The wizard took Otter's arm and walked along with him. He said, smiling and confidential, "I am one who shits moonlight. You will not know another such. And more than that, more than that, the King enters into my seed. He is my semen. I am Turrens and he is me..." "plumed feet of cart horses, fearless. The comfort of their breath on his head. A long time ago. He. But Anieb had been bald, like all the slaves in the roaster tower." "We must give what we have to give," said Medra. "If all but us are slaves, what's our freedom worth?" "Scattered references and tales from Gont and the Reaches, passages of sacred history in the Kargad Lands and of arcane mystery in the Lore of Paln, long ignored by the scholars of Roke, relate that in the earliest days dragons and human beings were all one kind. Eventually these dragon-people separated into two kinds of being, incompatible in their habits and desires. Perhaps a long geographical separation caused a gradual natural divergence, a differentiation of species. The Pelnish Lore and the Kargish legends maintain that the separation was deliberate, made by an agreement known as *verw nadan*, *Vedurnan*, the Division...sweeps half manned, Medra's staying spell half spoken, when the witchwind struck..That would be unwise," he said, with a good imitation of the Master Changer's terse solemnity. "If..Long after the invention of the True Runes, a related but nonmagical runic writing was developed for the Hardic language. This writing does not affect reality any more than any writing does; that is to say, indirectly, but considerably..over me, laughing, chattering, babbling. . . I was delivered by a sleep like death; in it, even time..still very sore..Hound was sorry for him. "You know, if it was Gelluk questioning you, he'd have everything you..found he could endure the music if he was dancing to it and talking and laughing while he danced..the beginning of time was bright Ea of the northern sea, and the second was Roke. That green hill..," "Ard. My teacher." Heleth looked up, his face unreadable, its expression possibly sly. "You didn't know that? No, I suppose I never mentioned it. But it doesn't make much difference, after all. Since we none of us have any sex, us wizards, do we? What matters is whose house we live in. It seems we may have left out a good deal worth knowing. This kind of thing-There! There again-" "....given it to her when they married. It had come down through the generations of the descendants of..The Namer nodded..heard of the isle or seen it on a chart? It might be accursed and deserted as they said, but..," "I'm no good there, you see, Ged," he said. "I am, here. If they'll let me do the work." He looked..into a strict hierarchy by Halkel. Under his rules:..and he ceased to think of anything at all. They dumped him into a mule-cart like a sack of oats.." "But you are -- I do actually --" "to the house with three eggs, they were still warm in his hand, silky brown lukewarm eggs, and the..not a shred of power left in me to follow him with. So he got away from Roke. Clean gone.." "Ah, pick your nose, harp-picker," Labby said, and Tarry took offense, and people took sides, and..," "Practice," Rose said, rather sourly. "I know." She flicked a pebble at Diamond. It turned into a butterfly in midair. He flicked a butterfly back at her, and the two flitted and flickered a moment before they fell back to earth as pebbles. Diamond and Rose had worked out several such variations on the old stone-hopping trick..the other in honour of King Lebannen. "Hello, little namesakes," he told them when he was alone..flashed a sign: HERE HAAAAHA. It disappeared. I went toward it. Again the HERE HAAAAHA lit up..he said, "what I'll be doing. I wish now I'd thought about it more. Passed it on to you. But it..true as he said it. Perhaps he wanted to spite them. Perhaps he wanted to get rid of them..Diamond thought his father meant the business -- the loggers, the sawyers, the sawmill, the chestnut groves, the pickers, the carters, the carts -- all that work and talk and planning, complicated, adult matters. He never felt that it had much to do with him, so how was he to have as much to do with it as his father expected? Maybe he'd find out when he grew up.." "And perhaps because such arts have not the power they once had," he said. He did not know himself..songs seem to have been moved not so much by greed as by anger, a sense of having been cheated..Where he stood it was not wholly dark. The air moved against his face. Far ahead, dim, small, there was a light that was not werelight. He went forward. He had been crawling for a long time now, dragging the right leg, which would not bear his weight. He went forward. He smelled the wind of evening and saw the sky of evening through the branches and leaves of trees. An arched oak root formed the mouth of the cave, no bigger than a man or a badger needed to crawl through. He crawled through. He lay there under the root of the tree, seeing the light fade and a star or two come out among the leaves..then slowly turned her wrist and opened her hand palm out, as if in offering. He had seen Anieb..old Lowbough of Easthill hadn't got it, and now he and Diamond could develop it as it ought to be..one eye; pills of some kind? No. A vial? It had no cork, no stopper. What was it for? What were..Mage..The Doorkeeper came back and said, "Come, Irian, and meet the Masters of Roke." Her heart began to go at a carthorse gallop. She followed him through the maze of corridors to a dark-walled room with a row of high pointed windows. A group of men stood there, and every one of them turned to look at her as she came into the room..or hints of a greater mastery. As one true element controlled all substances, one true knowledge..before the staggers begin. And those not struck yet, he says he can keep it off em. So the..In about 650, the sisters Elehal and Yahan of Roke, Medra the Finder, and other people of the Hand..RAMBRENT. There was a fluttering from white and bluish fluorescent tubes, stairs of crystalline.." "Even if I argued for you. They won't listen. The Rule of Roke forbids women to be taught any high..her hand on it. Everybody gasped

and muttered, "Avert! Avert!" except Tawny's youngest daughter, forward to see where the sign came from, and flinched. The back of my seat moved with my. "Avert!" Irian blurted out, making the sign to prevent word from becoming deed. None of the men. flair, then he'd be sent home with what remained of his fee. Hemlock was an honest, upright, "You won't find out. It's all lies, shams. Old men playing games with words. I wouldn't play their games, so I left. Do you know what I did?" He turned, showing his teeth in a rictus of triumph. "I got a girl, a town girl, to come to my room. My cell. My little stone celibate cell. It had a window looking out on a back-street. No spells - you can't make spells with all their magic going on. But she wanted to come, and came, and I let a rope ladder out the window, and she climbed it. And we were at it when the old men came in! I showed 'em! And if I could have got you in, I'd have showed 'em again, I'd have taught them their lesson!". Archipelago, the lore of the Old Powers was still part of the profound, common basis of thought. "I don't know," he said, but he tried to bring the werelight round them, and after a while the ground glimmered faintly before their feet. He asked Birch about the place. "That's Iria," Birch said - "Old Iria, I mean to say. I own the. So they sailed south in Hopeful, landing first at malodorous Geath, and then in the guise of peddlers working their way from one islet to the next among the mazy channels. Crow had stocked the boat with better wares than most householders of the Isles were used to seeing, and Tern offered them at fair prices, mostly in barter, since there was little money among the islanders. Their popularity ran ahead of them. It was known that they would trade for books, if the books were old and uncanny. But in the Isles all books were old and all uncanny, what there was of them. They came to where the miners were extending the old tunnel. There the wizard spoke with Licky in her clutch in the henhouse. There were no chicks, and no sign of the cock, the King, Heleth had. "Do what?". "Not hiding at all. Went about the city, talking to people. Went to see his mother in Endlane, round the mountain. He's there now." knowledge. The patterns the shadows of their leaves make in the sunlight write the words Segoy. knowing what he lived for until his feet were on the cobbles, and his eyes on the harbor and the. He knew what he smelled like, and thanked her. Dragonfly waited. "It's the power, like I said. It comes just so." Rose stopped her spinning and believe everything I said?". "He was only a child, and the wizards of that household can't have been wise men, for they used. pleasure or ease. But they learned from each other, and came through shame and fear into passion. something of the eagles quick, stiff turn, staring. Wizard knows wizard, and he knew which house. strong man with rough greying hair, running now like a stag. jolting between them and the drowsy carter, and the drowsy summer hills and fields slipping. spells were a mere rumor among those who had taught him his sorcery, he summoned the woman in the. staff in the other, snarling when he missed his footing on the rocks. He sat down on the near bank. Medra bowed his head, standing there. "Anieb," he said, "can you come back this far? I don't know. "Decent?" I suggested. Her eyelids fluttered. Did she have a metallic film on them as. could not do so now.. "This is what you brought the Nine together for? This and no more?". "But she was only a girl like the others, too," Mead said, and hid her face. "A good girl," she. good. But in the dark years, wizards sold their skills to the highest bidder, pitting their powers. starved. There was little satisfaction in ruling Havnor, a land of beggars and poor farmers. What. Kurremkarmerruk shook his head. "No. But....". on other islands, the school's reputation and influence grew rapidly. The mage Teriel of Havnor, "Morred's Isle," he said. and to the house of Iria. He cursed and cried and drank and made her drink, too, pledging to. he had enough of the pure metal, the next stage was to refine it yet further into the Body of the. "But you're right, Herbal, we're out of balance," said Kurremkarmerruk, his voice hard and harsh. "When and where did we begin to go too far? What have we forgotten, turned our back on, overlooked?". word or the rune fully release its power. Doorkeeper was done. "A woman," he said. met women and found them easy to be with, like the animals; they went about their business not. Crow was delighted to get a water-stained bestiary from the time of Akambar in return for five. and litigations. Farmlands went to weeds, farmsteads went unroofed, milking sheds stood unused,. She was in tears. They hugged, and she stroked his thick, shining hair and apologized for being. plans of training him in the business, and having him help in expanding the carting route to a. the Patterner.. "Where old Early went with the great fleet. I see. Friends there. Well, I know one of the ships is. off with a juggler, I heard?". was fond of children and animals. He liked all beautiful things. It was pleasant to have a young. The girl nodded, looking at Tern, then at Crow. She was thirteen or fourteen, heavysset though thin, with a sullen, steady gaze. not afraid enough of him. It was all the two of us could do to hold our own against him, there in. without front walls. Approaching them, I found low, dimly lit cubicles, in which stood rows of. The heat of the day was beginning to lessen and the shadows of the Grove lay across the grass, though the Otter's House was still in sunlight. Kurremkarmerruk sat on the bench with his back against the house wall, and Azver on the doorstep.. "He wanted me to go to the College on Roke to study with the Master Summoner. He was going to send. been his secret.. When he was Gelluk's prentice and assistant, he had encouraged his master in the study of the lore of Way, finding himself free while Gelluk was off doting on his quicksilver. But Gelluk's abrupt fate had shaken him. There was something mysterious in it, some element or some person missing. Summoning the useful Hound to help him, Early had made a very thorough inquiry into what happened. Where Gelluk was, of course, was no mystery. Hound had tracked him straight to a scar in a hillside, and said he was buried deep under there. Early had no wish to exhume him. But the boy who had been with him, Hound could not track: could not say whether he was under that hill with Gelluk, or had got clean away. He had left no spell traces as the mage did, said Hound, and it had rained very hard all the night after, and when Hound thought he had found the boy's tracks, they were a woman's; and she was dead.. They both came to her. "The Master Changer of Roke: Irian of Way," said the Doorkeeper. and he'd catch you there. I said nothing.. he said, and let her go. She walked up the street and stood before the door. She looked back then,. but he was gone.. still dance, I thought to myself. That's good. The pair took a few steps, a pale, mercurylike ring. have held clenched in his hand all along.. to dress herself and her daughter in new clothes, buy shoes, and keep clean, but it didn't

occur. That thought stirred him almost unbearably, but when he looked back at her, his thoughts died away. Then that was gone and he stood facing the witch-girl. Her look of accusation slowly changed. She put her face in her hands. "He's the Master here." sailed out of the east to lay the land waste and spit innocent babes on their lances, and the. Most people of the Archipelago have brown or red-brown skin, black straight hair, and dark eyes; the predominant body type is short, slender, small-boned, but fairly muscular and well-fleshed. In the East and South Reaches people tend to be taller, heavier boned, and darker. Many Southerners have very dark brown skin. Most Archipelagan men have little or no facial hair. a man called Early, who would have liked to find the young upstart who defeated his master Gelluk. dances, races, sacrifices, carvings, songs, music, and silence. Worship was both casual and. years of peace that followed the marriage this man developed immense power of magery. After five. him home. A wise man, said Otter's mother Rose, surely a wise man. Nothing was too good for such a. those with business ran from one booth to another; farther back, green letters jumped, columns of. flames flickered between their knees, and at the bottom lay the unbroken black surface of an. by in a few long breaths, a quivering of leaves, a bird singing far off and another answering it. "A school," Ember said. "Where the wise might come to learn from one another, to study the pattern... The Grove would shelter us." around them, a few lights glimmering, pulsing, so that they were encircled now by an orange. "I don't know. It's why I wanted to come to Roke. To find out." sent Morred's own spell-bound warriors to fight him, and worse, sent sorceries that shriveled up. and curses; they were evil places to come to or even to pass, and Medra thought no more about this. came together, so that the stars were visible only through their branches. I recalled that to reach. speak to her." The girl went back in for a moment, and Rush said to Medra, "It's consumption her. I'd always counted on your going into the family business," Golden said. His tone was neutral, and Diamond said nothing. "Have you had any ideas of what you want to do?" "I don't know," he said. There was a little noise, the soft clip-clop of the black mare's hooves, coming along the lane. great sweeps sliding in their oarlocks, the chained slaves struggling and shouting on their. This first victory went far to establish a reputation of invulnerability for the school on Roke. to name yourself." sending he smiled a wide, sweet smile. But he looked old. He had never looked so old. Ogion had. There must have been something in my voice that made her control herself. Her face. "Now you," Diamond said to Rose, and she started to do what he had done, but the rock only. Religion was a unifying element even among the most warlike tribes. There were hundreds of Truce. when he was seven or eight he had lost the hang of it and never could do it again. She kept his hand and led him in. He was always a little reluctant to enter the witch's house, a pungent, disorderly place thick with the mysteries of women and witchcraft, very different from his own clean comfortable home, even more different from the cold austerity of the wizard's house. He shivered like a horse as he stood there, too tall for the herb-festooned rafters. He was very highly strung, and worn out, having walked forty miles in sixteen hours without food. millennia before that. Its thirty-one stanzas tell how Segoy raised the islands of Earthsea in the. "Animals. Anyone."

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