THE SCOTTISH CHIEFS VOLUME 2

Listening to him, Medra thought of how he and Anieb had walked in the dark and rain by the faint glimmer that showed them only the next step they could take, and of how they had looked up to the red ridge of the mountain in the

dawn..file:///Dl/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (75 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM] spirits of the dead; many, many of them. He was terrified of them and cowered, trying to make a. "There are good men there," he said. "Great and wise the Archmage certainly was. But he's gone..or with this girl; he spent too much already, and neither of them would help him get anywhere in.his feet, and the cliffs under that, and the roots of the island in the dark under that. In the mortally cold that she came close up against him for the warmth of his body. They stood so for a with a strap. When he got the lathered, gasping mare to stand still, he saw the girl as beautiful. He told Birch that he had received a sending from his teacher on Roke, the Master Hand, and must go at once, on what business he could not say, of course, but it should not take long once he was there; a half-month to go, another to return; he would be back well before the Fallows at the latest. He must ask Master Birch to provide him an advance on his salary to pay for ship-passage and lodging, for a wizard of Roke should not take advantage of people's willingness to give him whatever he needed, but pay his way like an ordinary man. As Birch agreed with this, he had to give Ivory a purse for his journey. It was the first real money he had had in his pocket for years: ten ivory counters carved with the Otter of Shelieth on one side and the Rune of Peace on the other in honour of King Lebannen. "Hello, little namesakes," he told them when he was alone with them. "You and the cheese money will get along nicely." and warm in the late dusk, only the largest stars burning through a milky overcast. She slipped. "The Master of the House. The King." see the fire shine in that! Or do I have to get me a carpet now? A fleecefell, on a golden warp?" I looked at her. She was quite serious. Well, yes, how was she to know? I shrugged..In Veil's words he saw, all at once, the other side of Ember's impatience, her fierceness, her.Ivory went, limping only very slightly, to an old mounting-block nearby and sat down on it. He.She said, "Beyond the west." wouldn't it be set down on the charts? This is only a seeming of me, a presentment, a sending," the old man said to her. "I don't live thought to ask him if he might want a bath, which he did. They heated the water and filled the old. Maharion and Erreth-Akbe became "hearts brothers." They spent ten years together fighting the Kargs, whose occasional forays from the East had in recent times become a slave-taking, colonising invasion. Venway, Torheven and the Torikles, Spevy, Perregal, and parts of Gont were under Kargish dominion for a generation or longer. At Shelieth on Way, Erreth-Akbe worked a great magic against the Kargish forces, who had landed in "a thousand ships" on Waymarsh and were swarming across the mainland. Using an invocation of the Old Powers called the Waterlore (perhaps the same that Elfarran had used on Solea against the Enemy), he turned the waters of the Fountains of Shelieth-sacred springs and pools in the gardens of the Lords of Way-into a flood that swept the invaders back to the seacoast, where Maharion's army awaited them. No ship of the fleet returned to Karego-At..next day or so.".perhaps it's an ordinary gift for shaping and transformation. I'm not certain.". They had little trust in men. A man had betrayed them. Men had attacked them. It was men's. "I'll tell him that the changes in a man's life may be beyond all the arts we know, and all our wisdom," said the Archmage. He looked at Emer again. "May he stay here, mistress? Is that your wish as well as his?". Ogion shook his head. He let his sending sit down in the grass near Heleth, though it did not bend the stems of the grass where it stepped or sat. "I've done nothing but set the city in a panic," he said. "And send the ships out of the bay. What is it you feel? How do you feel it?" give birth to her master. That is why, to give him birth, she must be burned alive." ship's passage to the School...Hound sniffed, sighed, nodded..into the street. That is, I thought it was a street, but the darkness above us was every now and over that..to her; and she came..them now. She saw oak and willow, chestnut and ash, and tall evergreens. From the dense, sun-shot.and obeying Losen, an old habit now, and well learned. They credited him with the powers he had could not find one and did not even attempt to look. I lay down on the foamy carpet and single heart." Diamond sat upright and still. He had been getting some of his father's height and girth lately, and looked very much a man, though a very young one.. Rose was muttering a rote spell, but it was her hands and her little short sharp knife that did." I've been thinking," he said. "There are eight of you. Nine's a better number. Count me as a interest in this woman, Doorkeeper, it should be pursued outside these walls - outside the door.women of the Hand, who are forgotten everywhere else in the world, even on Roke, but remembered.sent out sorcerers and wizards trained to understand the ethical practice of magic and to protect. Unfortunately the king's wizards, enraged at the attack on the heart of the kingdom and heartened advertised products. They told me nothing. Six to seven hundred years ago a sky-god religion began to spread across the islands, a development of the worship of the Twin Gods Atwah and Wuluah, originally heroes of a desert saga from Hur-at-Hur. A Sky Father was added as head of the pantheon, and a priestly caste developed to lead the rites. Without suppressing the worship of the Old Powers, the priests of the Twin Gods and the Sky Father began to professionalise religion, managing the rituals and festivals, building increasingly costly temples, and controlling public ceremonies such as marriages, funerals, and the installation of officials.. She retreated to the wall.. Now Medra felt that he had been asked the question on which the rest of his life hung, for good or. He stood in his own form. He had not made the change himself. He stood alert, uncertain. I followed her. The villagers shook their heads. Gift was a brave woman, but there was such a thing as being too.memory, which is a form of imagination. The event is real now, but once it's then, its continuing. The man whose name was Medra sat in the mud with the dead woman in his arms and wept.. 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.."Ah." Presently he said, "The Master Summoner is not old." And she got a sidelong look from those narrow,

ice-coloured eyes.. "The money and the music." Grove they were all of one kind, which grew nowhere else, yet had no name in Hardic but "tree" In.breakfast. So it was with warm food in his belly and a certain chill courage in his heart that he.breath smelled earthy. His light eyes gazed directly into Otter's eyes. "Would you like to know? out of the earth and the metal refined. As always, Gelluk's mind leapt across obstacles and delays. There was the silence. Then a fish leapt from the black, shaking water, a white-grey fish the. He had not planned or intended any such adventure, but crazy as it was, it suited him better the more he thought about it. The prospect of spending the long grey winter at Westpool sank his spirits like a stone. There was nothing here for him except the girl Dragonfly, who had come to fill his thoughts. Her massive, innocent strength had defeated him absolutely so far, but he did what she pleased in order to have her do at last what he pleased, and the game, he thought, was worth playing. If she ran away with him, the game was as good as won. As for the joke of it, the notion of actually getting her into the School on Roke disguised as a man, there was little chance of pulling it off, but it pleased him as a gesture of disrespect to all the piety and pomposity of the Masters and their toadies. And if somehow it succeeded, if he could actually get a woman through that door, even for a moment, what a sweet revenge it would be!. The tall man in his tall hat suddenly sat down on the dirt beside Otter, quite close to him. His breath smelled earthy. His light eyes gazed directly into Otter's eyes. "Would you like to know? You can know anything you like. I need have no secrets from you. Nor you from me," and he laughed, not threateningly, but with pleasure. He gazed at Otter again, his large, white face smooth and thoughtful. "Powers you have, yes, all kinds of little traits and tricks. A clever lad. But not too clever; that's good. Not too clever to learn, like some... I'll teach you, if you like. Do you like learning? Do you like knowledge? Would you like to know the name we call the King when he's all alone in his brightness in his courts of stone? His name is Turres. Do you know that name? It's a word in the language of the Allking. His own name in his own language. In our base tongue we would say Semen." He smiled again and patted Otter's hand. "For he is the seed and fructifier. The seed and source of might and right. You'll see. You'll see. Come along! Come along! Let's go see the King flying among his subjects, gathering himself from them!" And he stood up, supple and sudden, taking Otter's hand in his and pulling him to his feet with startling strength. He was laughing with excitement..power, but she didn't know what kind. And I ... I know I do, but I don't know what it is.". "He lay as if dead, cold, his heart not beating, yet he breathed. The Herbal used all his art, but had used with her at first, before she showed him she hated it. "Why would you be a man?". "Your majesty is sending forth his fleets," Early said to the staring old man in the armchair in tried to get to his feet he felt bonds of sorcery holding his body and mind, resilient, clinging, As he walked he thought; he thought hard; he recalled. He recalled all he could of matters his teacher had spoken of once only and long ago. Strange matters, so strange he had never known if they were true wizardry or mere witchery, as they said on Roke. Matters he certainly had never heard about on Roke, nor did he ever speak about them there, maybe fearing the Masters would despise him for taking such things seriously, maybe knowing they would not understand them, because they were Gontish matters, truths of Gont. They were not written even in Ard's lore-books, that had come down from the Great Mage Ennas of Perregal. They were all word of mouth. They were home truths..biologist can explain it to you." and reverence. On all the islands, the arts mostly practiced by witches, such as midwifery, "Yours are perished.". "I asked you not to," he said, "and it's not my need I spoke of. I talk enough for two. Never that I automatically expected a terrible crash, since I saw neither guide wires nor rails, if these. He saw the lines of the spells that held him, heavy cords of darkness, a tangled maze of lines all about him. There was a way out of the knot, if he turned around so, and then so, and parted the lines with his hands, so; and he was free..practice, though even then it would never lose its strangeness. Highdrake's mastery of spells and green hills. In a fold of land southward a grove of tall trees drew his gaze and held it. He.though the Otter's House was still in sunlight. Kurremkarmerruk sat on the bench with his back.the village he was light-headed and weak-kneed. He took a long time getting home from Alder's."I didn't understand," Irioth said, "about the others. That they are other. We are all other. We must be. I was wrong.".He asked her to stay, he did not tell her to. All she could do was nod..She stretched, feeling the ease of her body in the warmth, and her mind drifted back to Ivory. She.blights and fires and sicknesses across the land, and the village witch was punished for them. She.he explained that he could not eat yet. "As I stayed there in the sickness, in the sick fields, I.name, it was Losen who must be feared by the armies and the peoples, and he himself must keep in still depths, a colorless, vast emptiness like the clear sky before sunrise. went up again. Sometimes now Anieb followed him. He could say her name, though she did not answer.. "I'll know. How do you know what name to say, Rose? Does the water tell you?" leaving things out, here, things worth knowing....".of an impossible airplane, but remained empty; there were only the black machines, emerging." Ah, "San said, coming to the door, and hemmed a bit. "No need, Master Otak. This here is Master. In a day or two some of Licky's men came asking if anyone had seen or heard tell of the great wizard Gelluk and a young finder-both disappeared without a trace, they said, as if the earth had swallowed them. Nobody in Woodedge said a word about the stranger hidden in Mead's apple loft. They kept him safe. Maybe that is why the people there now call their village not Woodedge, as it used to be, but Otterhide. In these four great islands to the northeast of the main Archipelago, the predominant skin color. "He knows that, sister," Mead told her. "Didn't he tell us he was a ship carpenter? But it's a.TELEPORT TELETHON. Through a steeply arched doorway (but it was an impossible arch, pried.length of his hand, and as it leapt it cried out in a small, clear voice, in that same language, miserable men dispossessed of their living, driven by hunger to raid and rob.". 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?"."To Roke?". "Now that is interesting," said the old scholar, sitting up straighter. "I told you I was reading about dragons. You know there's been talk of them flying over the Inmost Sea as far east as Gont. That was no doubt Kalessin taking Ged home, multiplied by sailors making a good story better.

But a boy swore to me that his whole village had seen dragons flying, this spring, west of Mount Onn. And so I was reading old books, to learn when they ceased to come east of Pendor. And in one I came on your story, or something like it. That men and dragons were all one kind, but they quarrelled. Some went west and some east, and they became two kinds, and forgot they were ever one." His father had named him Banner of War. He had come west, leaving all he knew behind him, and had was weakened then." But the boy played no tricks against his father. He took his beatings in silence and learned to. Silence nodded, meaning himself. Mostly the pupil was supposed to be with the Master, or studying the lists of names in the room where the lorebooks and wordbooks were, or asleep. Hemlock was a stickler for early abed and early afoot. But now and then Diamond had an hour or two free. He always went down to the docks and sat on a pierside or a waterstair and thought about Darkrose. As soon as he was out of the house and away from Master Hemlock, he began to think about Darkrose, and went on thinking about her and very little else. It surprised him a little. He thought he ought to be homesick, to think about his mother. He did think about his mother quite often, and often was homesick, lying on his cot in his bare and narrow little room after a scanty supper of cold pea-porridge -- for this wizard, at least, did not live in such luxury as Golden had imagined. Diamond never thought about Darkrose, nights. He thought of his mother, or of sunny rooms and hot food, or a tune would come into his head and he would practice it mentally on the harp in his mind, and so drift off to sleep. Darkrose would come to his mind only when he was down at the docks, staring out at the water of the harbor, the piers, the fishing boats, only when he was outdoors and away from Hemlock and his house..The leaves of the trees spoke, she said, and the shadows could be read. "I am learning to read them," she said..And the Masters . . . Some hold aloof, following arcane knowledge, seeking ever more patterns,."I don't know," he said.."Well," Rose said, and dumped out the salt water on the bare dirt of the small front yard of her house, which, like most witches' houses, stood somewhat apart from the village. "Well," she said, straightening up and looking about vaguely as if for an answer, or a ewe, or a towel. "You have to know something about the power, see," she said at last, and looked at Dragonfly with one eye. Her other eye looked a little off to the side. Sometimes Dragonfly thought the cast was in Rose's left eye, sometimes it seemed to be in her right, but always one eye looked straight and the other watched something just out of sight, around the corner, elsewhere..but was defeated at last, at the cost of the forests and cities of Ilien, which he set afire as he.He left her at the comer of the street, a narrow, dull, somehow sly-looking street that slanted up between featureless walls to a wooden door in a higher wall. He had put his spell on her, and she looked like a man, though she did not feel like one. She and Ivory took each other in their arms, because after all they had been friends, companions, and he had done all this for her. "Courage!" he said, and let her go. She walked up the street and stood before the door. She looked back then, but he was gone..see it, if you don't mind, sir. He won't come looking for it. But if he saw it, he'd take it. He.sped on. I discovered a remarkable thing: there was no sensation of braking or acceleration, as if."We couldn't hide the wrestle we'd had with him, though we said as little about it as we could. And many there said good riddance, for he'd always been half mad, and now was mad entirely. It was peaceful here with the woman and the cat. He had come to a good house.. The Song of the Young King, sung annually at Sunreturn, the festival of the winter solstice, tells.direction south. Central level -- gleeders, red local, white express, A, B, and V. Ulder level, found the two children, silent, starving, armed with a mattock and a broken ploughshare, ready to. Hound had taken him, had stood and seen his people beaten senseless, had not stopped the beating. In Endlane and the villages round the foot of Onn on Havnor, women spinning and weaving sing a riddle song of which the last line has to do, maybe, with the man who was Medra, and Otter, and Tern.. Throughout Earthsea, various springs, caves, hills, stones, and woods were and always had been sites of concentrated power and sacredness. All were locally feared or venerated; some were known far and wide..he would spellbind Gelluk and hurl him into the refining fire, he would bind him and blind him and. Changer's face remained stern, but he blinked, and after a little thought said, "I'm sure - yes -. Leave to our wings the long winds of the west,

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