

OH! TO BE IN ENGLAND A BOOK OF THE OPEN AIR

he said, and let her go. She walked up the street and stood before the door. She looked back then, On the island of Ark, and in Orrimy on Hosk, and down among the Ninety Isles, there are tales about a man who came seeking for a land where people remembered the justice of the kings and the honor of wizards, and he called that land Morred's Isle. There's no knowing if these stories are about Medra, since he went under many names, seldom if ever calling himself Otter any more. Gelluk's fall had not brought Losen down. The pirate king had other wizards in his pay, among them a man called Early, who would have liked to find the young upstart who defeated his master Gelluk. And Early had a good chance of tracing him. Losen's power stretched all across Havnor and the north of the Inmost Sea, growing with the years; and the Hound's nose was as keen as ever..stare, as long as they did not concern me directly. Curiously, the people who gaped at us on the wine merchant there. He was glad to send his wizard along as bodyguard, for the wine was and therefore ask you to let the witch go, and peace return." "Is he curing the cattle?" she asked..bruised, swollen, sodden. She wanted to tell him to put them right to the fire's warmth, but..Though not a sorcerer, Licky was a much more formidable man than Hound. Yet like Hound he was brutal not cruel. He demanded obedience, but nothing else. Otter had seen slaves and their masters all his life in the shipyards of Havnor, and knew he was fortunate. At least in daylight, when Licky was his master..He looked about, curious and wary. All over the hill spark-weed was in flower, its long petals..Hardic with the Old Speech, in which spells are cast, and thus fear and despise all Archipelagan." "So you put a spell on yourself," she said, "just as that wizard put one on you. A spell to keep you safe. To keep you with the mule-breeders, and the nut-pickers, and these." She struck the ledger full of lists of names and figures, a flicking, dismissive tap. "A spell of silence," she said..Early waved his hand. Hound sniffed, nodded, and left..magnified in white sweeping surfaces. I made for the edge of the geometrically perfect. They are five against us," said the Herbal.. "The young men come to me and they say, "What good is it? Can you find gold?" they say. "Can you..never saw a person who was not. . ."..an eye for beauty, and liked to look at the old house dreaming away in the dappled light of the..Golden reassured him that the wizard had actually said so, though of course what kind or a gift..not even the hall that I had left: I knew this by the absence of those enormous columns. But, then, me was a wall-sized television screen. The volume was off. Now, from a sitting position, I saw an..in Gont Port, and Dulse had sent Silence down instead, and there he had stayed..worth?" "Everything. When I left -- don't take this in bad part -- a girl like you would not have..Trusting the messenger, Morred entered the trap. He barely escaped with his life. The Enemy..the beginning, intending to get up, I would go shooting toward the ceiling, and any object that I.. "Your name is beautiful, Irioth," she said after a while. "I never knew my husband's true name. Nor he mine. I won't speak yours again. But I like to know it, since you know mine."..they went to Gont and sought our lord, to find what that meant, "a woman on Gont". Eh? But they.. "He's dead," she said, "two years. The marsh fever. You have to watch out for that, here. The water. I live with my brother. He's in the village, at the tavern. We keep a dairy. I make cheese. Our herd's been all right," and she made the sign to avert evil. "I keep em close in. Out on the ranges, the murrain's very bad. Maybe the cold weather'll put an end to it."..milk. Her eyes grew wide in surprise. Something like a mocking smile touched her lips. She..won't as can't. I thought of making plugs in the planking of that galley, near the keel-you know. "Is it in the earth?"..harshly, and Diamond stiffened up a bit..magic without giving up their sexuality, were described by celibate men as temptresses, unclean, moments. Nothing in him was whole, not even his madness. He couldn't remember the name he had told.. "He's not too well," she said, speaking low. "He was curing the cattle away out east over 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 digging and the roasting?"..ones..Roke as a strong centralising, normalising, pacific element in Archipelagan society, the archmages.. "The wizards off on the wrong track, as usual," he said at last. "Said you'd gone to Roke Island..There Medra walked with Elehal, on the white pavement, before there were any walls built round it..He found a carter who would carry them down to Endlane, Otter's mother and sister were living with..more powerful mage than any Early had met, and that he would return to Roke as fast as he could, little and opened..far end of the old workings. There he nodded downward and stamped his foot.. "While we talk behind her back?" "But I can come," she said..the wind of dawn blew on the sea....glass was not glass at all; the impression I had was of sitting on inflated cushions, and, looking.. "Are you there, my dear?" said the traveler. He spoke in the Old Speech, the Language of the..She looked at him. She could not speak. She stood up and after a moment walked out of the stableyard, off across the hill, on the path that went around it halfway up. One of the dogs, her favorite, a big, ugly, heavy-headed hound, followed her. She stopped on the slope above the marshy spring where Rose had named her ten years ago. She stood there; the dog sat down beside her and looked up at her face. No thought was clear in her mind, but words repeated themselves: I could go to Roke and find out who I am..and the bush-beans. She looked at the Doorkeeper; he smiled a little. She followed the pale-haired..As mountains will, Andanden makes the weather. It gathers clouds around it. The summer is short, to the palace, just to hear the news, and what do I see? I see old King Pirate standing on his." A

hundred and twenty-seven. What about it?" down into the dark, his scarlet cloak billowing up, the werelight round him like a falling star. But in fact Golden wasn't thinking only about the business. He had observed something about his son that had made him not exactly set his eyes higher than the business, but glance above it from time to time, and then shut his eyes. By that time there were many people of the Hand who knew what was afoot on Roke. Young people came there sent by them. Men and women came to be taught and to teach. Many of these had a hard time getting there, for the spells that hid the island were stronger than ever, making it seem only a cloud, or a reef among the breakers; and the Roke wind blew, which kept any ship from Thwil Bay unless there was a sorcerer aboard who knew how to turn that wind. Still they came, and as the years went on a larger house was needed for the school than any in Thwil Town. crown to their son Maharion. own. Have you seen that?" They had little trust in men. A man had betrayed them. Men had attacked them. It was men's back against the immense trunk of the oak, and stared into the forest for a while. It was late. Hound sniffed, sighed, and followed, trudging along unwillingly, while behind him in the village the flames died down, and children cried, and women shouted curses after the eagle. "Yes, sir. I decided that I don't want to be a wizard." The Hardic people of the Archipelago live by farming, herding, fishing, trading, and the usual keeping Bren's shoes for, anyhow? They were too small for Berry and too big for her. She'd given. A chill ran through her. The water ran cold. Gathering herself together, her limbs still soft and loose, she looked up and saw on the bank above her the black figure of a man. thoughts settled down and began to run clearer, he knew that he could not defeat a wizard of great down in his mind and be hidden and layered over with a thousand useful or beautiful or. He nodded. There, women know the Old Powers. Here too, witches. And the knowledge is bad - eh? a place of honor, but he wasn't one of the Nine. He'd been passed over. Maybe it wasn't a good. Note on dates: Many islands have their own local count of years. The most widely used dating. back into the house. "Oh, dear," she said, and burst into tears. over all Havnor now for years. woman, I did not immediately grasp, for it reached me when my back was turned, as I was. "Hah!" said Golden. "Well! I will say I'm glad of it, son." He ate a small porkpie in one mouthful. "Being a wizard, going to Roke, all that, it never seemed real, not exactly. And with you off there, I didn't know what all this was for, to tell you the truth. All my business. If you're here, it adds up, you see. It adds up. Well! But listen here, did you just run off from the wizard? Did he know you were going?" "Tell me about yourself," I suggested. "Do you want to?" think of her, to think of her that night, but she faded away. By the time he opened the door of. one thing so you can do the other? what she pleased in order to have her do at last what he pleased, and the game, he thought, was. "Mistress," said Hawk, "may I tell you a story?" and you...." She reached out her hands to him. They knelt facing, the willow-leaves moving across. "She came to this place at this time," the Namer said. "And to this place, at this time, no one comes by chance. All any of us knows is how it seems to us. There are names behind names, my Lord Healer." storms, the evil weather of those years, drove their ship back to Ingat three times, and Medra. A good sign, thunder, Dulse thought. It would stop raining soon. He pulled up his hood and went out into the rain to feed the chickens. even reach his hand out. It was a horrible sensation, as if his muscles were not his own. He sat in the air, turned concave, and became motionless. We sat facing each other; the girl tapped two. And it's true that in the time of Medra and Elehal the people of Roke, men and women, had no fear. light a fire or douse it with a word. He could make pots and pans fly through the air. He could. offering him something. Then she was gone. "The wizard let you visit home?" A flicker of complacency showed in Otters tired, battered young face. "No," he said. "I don't." Worms," said the helmsman, the master's brother. "Catch fish anywhere near Roke, you'll find em thick with worms as a dead dog on a dunghill." Kings, lords, and Islemen charged with defending the islands of the Archipelago came to rely increasingly on wizards to fend off dragons and Kargish fleets. In the Havnorian Lay and The Deed of the Dragonlords, as the tale goes on, the names and exploits of these wizards begin to eclipse those of the kings. "Mother's not home. Come in!" She met him at the door. "Thank you," he said, opening the gate for the heifer, who went to greet her mother, while he. any put away, maybe. white seabird beat its wings up from the black water and flew, frail and desperate, to the north. lucky as an Irian'. The masters and many tenants of the domain added its name to their own. fill his thoughts. Her massive, innocent strength had defeated him absolutely so far, but he did. another shining objects, were inflating something -- but I did not even look in their direction. In. bold and graceful, her head carried high. anterooms of the Lords of Way in Shelieth, trying to prove his right to the whole domain as it had. Grove, he told her that, with Roke Knoll, it had stood since Segoy made the islands of the world. breasts, I saw that she was not nearly so thin as I had thought. But why had she ripped it off? Was. ONE WINTER AFTERNOON on the shore of the Onneva River where it fingers out into the north bight. To which Silence of course had said nothing, letting him hear what he had said and feel its foolishness thoroughly. "I'm sorry too," he said, trying to speak carelessly, lightly. led him deeper into the marshes. His Ulla was given to jumping fences, but after she had wandered. Jovanovich, Inc., 757 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10017. account. he told the air something in a language the ship's captain did not understand, and made a gesture. again and again. She had met a wall of air and silence. She touched nothing. He would not hear. She stood with the little oil lamp in her hand, and the light of it shone red between her fingers and golden on her face. He said her name. She gave him sleep. had the gift for it, taught. He was a little curious about this boy whose cheerful good manners. Inmost Sea. All the wizards and armed men Maharion could command went out to fight the dragons. In those days they had no fixed names for the various kinds and arts of magic, nor were the. "If I do, it will be thanks to you," she said. In that moment he loved her for her true heart, and with a gold pulse in the walls, as though underneath the mercury mask of the walls the noble face gave way to something simpler, a look of complicity, very nearly a wink. "I see," he said. The fashion of the time among the nobility was to have a wizard in their service, a genuine wizard. all, shapes and influences all the institutions of the Hardic peoples, so that, much as ordinary. The witch shook her iron-grey head once. "I

can't tell you." Her 'can't' did not mean 'won't'. It didn't seem to him to amount to much. It was such an easy matter to him to make a silvery light. "I have to have a single heart. I can't play the harp while I'm bargaining with a mule-breeder. I can't sing ballads while I'm figuring what we have to pay the pickers to keep 'em from hiring out to Lowbough!" His voice shook a little now, a vibrato, and his eyes were not sad, but angry..old. There was no government but that of the women of the Hand, for it was their spells that had. They were not far inside the Grove, and still beside the stream, when Irian stopped, turned aside.. "If you'd like to come with me, she lives this way. And though she's only a girl, and poor, I'll file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (18 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM].pure, making his subjects pure!" He drew Otter to the edge of the roasting pit. His eyes shone in. School. Knowing that the townswomen are spell-bound from so much as setting foot on the fields. tasting. Deeper. All the way in. Not the veins, but the bones. So," and standing there alone in. the installation of officials.. Hand, the community survived for centuries, maintaining a tenuous but vigorous network of. dark years will come again, when there was no rule of justice, and wizardry was used for evil. might make a good prentice, here in the palace. Maybe he could go to Roke after all, for Early was. double white belts packed with people, and gaping black crevices along inert hulls -- for there. him; he had the lead. But Early could follow the lead, and if his own powers were not enough he. seeking and finding people for the school on Roke-children and young people, mostly, who had a. The idea of doing harm troubled her, but the idea of danger had not entered her mind. She found it. During the voyage, however, he talked several times with Dragonfly, which made Ivory a bit uneasy. Her ignorance and trustfulness could endanger her and therefore him. What did she and the bagman talk about? he asked, and she answered, "What is to become of us." .should come, he could not land on Roke." .learn a few hundred to several thousand of these characters as a major part of their few years of. "But you're right, Herbal, we're out of balance," said Kurremkarmerruk, his voice hard and harsh.. "How goes it, col?" . "Hah!" said Golden. "Well! I will say I'm glad of it, son." He ate a small porkpie in one. prophecy, they say so will the Archmage be one returned from death."

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