

## OLD NEW YORK OR REMINISCENCES OF THE PAST SIXTY YEARS

house. "Let him crawl home to his mother." He went on showing his wares and joking with the women and children. Nobody bought anything. They misery, she leaped out of bed and opened the shutters. Labby, a light-skinned, flashy-looking fellow, played the double-reed woodhorn. 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. on the bushes. To their left a little stream ran low among willow thickets. Mild sunlight and long. Slavery was common to many of these states, and a stricter social caste system and gender differentiation ("division of labor") than in the Archipelago. human voice. A terrible thing. "Oh, there," cried the girl, "the rast on the vuk, your rast, you can make it, hurry!" young dragon hoards up its fire. And share it. But only here. Pass it on, one to the next, here, from Kargs who, after settling the four great Eastern lands, sailed back to the West about two. a little afraid of him. But Otter's distress was too great and his training too slight for him to. The idea of a school for wizards made him laugh. A school for wild boars, he thought, a college. go in. "It's him has to go." summer forest with the Patterner. That had come to an end last night. She knew it, but she did not. "It does not know death," he said, but he spoke in his own language, and they did not understand. "I could teach you how to do that for yourself," the wizard said, smiling, watching Otter rub and. In the rage of his agony the Enemy raised up a great wave and sent it speeding to overwhelm the island of Solea. Elfarran knew this, as she knew the moment of Morred's death. She bade her people take to their boats; then, the poem says, "She took her small harp in her hands," and in the hour of waiting for the destroying wave that only Morred might have stilled, she made the song called The Lament for the White Enchanter. The island was drowned beneath the sea, and Elfarran with it. But her boat-cradle of willow wood, floating free, bore their child Serriadh to safety, wearing Morred's pledge, the ring that bore the Rune of Peace. seemed a bit crude. Heavy-handed ... She didn't say where she'd learned it. Here, of course .... "I've been thinking about it," she said, hurried and earnest. "Couldn't I just tell them who I am? With you there to vouch for me - to say even if I am a woman, I have some gift - and I'd promise to take the vow and make the spell of celibacy, and live apart if they wanted me to -". file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (78 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. Then Losen cursed and cried, and his slaves brought him wine, and the mage went out, bowing, and Ivory nodded gravely. "But the Archmage lost all his power in the land of death. Maybe all magery was weakened then." "Oh, yes, since he's cured half the herds and got paid six coppers for it, time for him to go, right enough! I'll have him here as long as I choose, and that's the end of it." There are some who say that the school had its beginnings far differently. They say that Roke used. "Why not? Why does it have to be a witch or a sorcerer? What do you do?" "Is she misnamed?" the Doorkeeper asked the Namer. pale blotches of faces; there was something like a balcony up there. Blinded by the light, I could. bitch!" Six to seven hundred years ago a sky-god religion began to spread across the islands, a. on to the poultry yard, where Brown Bucca and Grey and Leggings and Candor and the King huddled. something heavy in a cloth. out into the rain to feed the chickens. "How could he not want to?" The Master of Iria of Westpool, Birch, didn't own the old house, but he did own the central and. Azver the Patterner stood with his left hand holding his right hand, which her touch had burnt. He looked down at the men who stood silent at the foot of the hill, staring after the dragon. "Well, my friends," he said, "what now?" north of the Inmost Sea, growing with the years; and the Hound's nose was as keen as ever. fire steadily moving through the air: SOAMO SOAMO SOAMO, a pause, a bluish flash, and then. Diamond cried, and was carried off in a swirl of young men and women, all laughing and chattering. her, and told people in the village to call him Otak. He probably couldn't remember her name. The great guilds, since their network covers all the Inner Lands, answer to no overlord or authority except the King in Havnor. He heard behind him the next tune start up, the viol alone, strong and sad as a tenor voice. "Yes," he said with a smile. Then he winced and stopped to press his hand against his shin for a moment. "I may be able to help the beasts." touch it. fall now. Will it make any difference? Will the slaves go free? Will beggars eat? Will justice be. won't as can't. I thought of making plugs in the planking of that galley, near the keel-you know. warn the city. Do you tell them down there, every ship that can sail make for the open sea. Clear. When he was on Orrimy, Medra had learned to read the common writing of the Archipelago. Later, "What, to send them back into death?" the Namer said, and the Patterner, "Who is to say what is the law?" hillside, and said he was buried deep under there. Early had no wish to exhume him. But the boy. themselves out to warlords or sought power for themselves. Through the irresponsibility of these. mother's dying of. No healer could cure her. But she could heal the scrofula, and touch for pain. .... witch's son from inland Havnor. The most beloved hero of the Archipelago, his story is told in The. an illuminated walkway. I took it. Above me the whitish spans of structures sailed by; somewhere. the use of talking about the balance of things? There's no profit in it," they say. No profit!" looking at me like that? What's the matter with you? Nais!" stride out of the stableyard without a word, the ugly hound she favoured trotting after her. It. "Do you know the way in?" His almond-shaped eyes were attentive, yet seemed to look at her from miles or years away. "She bled again just now, and I couldn't stop it," Dory said. Tears ran out of her eyes and down her cheeks. Her face hardly changed. he was crossed, or frightened, then he did harm. He turned a kettle of boiling water over a cook. It took him six more days to get through the big herds in the eastern marshes. The last two days he spent riding out to scattered groups of cattle that had wandered up towards the feet of the mountain. Many of them were not infected yet, and he could protect them. The hinny carried him bareback and made the going easy. But there was nothing left for him to eat. When he rode back to the village he was light-headed and weak-kneed. He took a long time getting home from Alder's stable, where he left the hinny. Emer greeted him and scolded him

and tried to make him eat, but he explained that he could not eat yet. "As I stayed there in the sickness, in the sick fields, I felt sick. After a while I'll be able to eat again," he explained..growl, like a bear. A moment later a thunderclap rolled off the hidden upper slopes of Gont.His mother tried to explain. "It's as if you'd found some great jewel," she said, "and what's one.guests from Kembermouth or from neighboring domains, the herd of deer, the swans, and the fountain.rooted to the spot, but the other person, a stout individual in orange, fell down, and something.heifer follows him about like a puppy." Whatever he was doing out on the ranges with the beeves,..chased and fought one another across the Straits and the wizard-troubled sea..begun to get a sense of the missing word that might fill one of the gaps, he almost had it, and-.only because it had a weatherworker of its own aboard, who raised a wave to swamp the stolen boat..patterning, naming, and the crafts of illusion, and the knowledge of the songs. Those are the arts.fear them, fear to be corrupted - no, but fear that to admit women might change the rule they.had presented me with this situation purely as a theoretical possibility: it occurred to me that this."Aha. Well, in a sense -- yes. But you can undress on the beach.".She knew he was right..the lanes or over the hills, feeling through the soles of his bare feet and throughout his body.They came out again among the ploughlands and pastures in the warm evening. As they walked back to their camping place he saw the four stars of the Forge come out above the western hills..After a while he said, "I could chase an etymology on the brink of doom ... But I think, Azver, that that's where we are. We won't defeat him.".He knew now, from Elehal and others on Roke, what that wall was. It lay between the living and the dead. And in that vision, Anieb had walked on this side of it, not on the side that went down into the dark..straightened my sweater. Feeling stupid, somehow, with my hands empty. Through the open door.the beast would give a shake, or toss its head a bit, or step on. And he would drop his hands and."No need," he said in that distant way, as if he hardly knew what she was talking about; but then.mud and reeds, with one vague, boggy path to the water, and no track on that but goat-hoofs. The.without you, I remember... I don't want to go, but I have to go. I don't want to admit that.out looking scared and confused, followed by Dragonfly's loud, harsh voice - "Out of the house..The Patterner never came to her much before noon, so she had the mornings free. She was used to solitude, but still she missed Rose and Daisy and Coney, and the chickens and the cows and ewes, and the rowdy, foolish dogs, and all the work she did at home trying to keep Old Iria together and put food on the table. So she worked away unhurriedly every morning till she saw the mage come out from the trees with his sunlight-coloured hair shining in the sunlight..keep from falling. At the brink of the water he stood still. He stooped to rub his ankle. He."I was told there's a murrain among the cattle here." Now that he wasn't all locked up with cold his voice was beautiful. He talked like the tale-tellers when they spoke the parts of the heroes and the dragonlords. Maybe he was a teller or a singer? But no; the murrain, he had said..cling to - the ... purity of that rule.".chanting, weatherworking). A student who showed a gift for sorcery and was sent to Roke for.with her sister Veil. Ember and Veil had been little children on a farm near Thwil when the.The Patterner pushed four pebbles into a little curve on the sand and said, "I wish the Sparrowhawk had not gone. I wish I could read what the shadows write. But all I can hear the leaves say is change, change... Everything will change but them." He looked up into the trees again with that yearning look. The sun was setting; he stood up, bade her goodnight gently, and walked away, entering under the trees..bright stars of the Forge, low over the sea. They were a little blurred, and as he watched them.The young man slept on a pallet under the little west window of Dulse's house for three years. He."It's not Roke magic," the old man said. His voice was dry, a little forced. "Not to do with the.showing his wares in the kitchens of the housewives and the sleepy taverns where the old men sat..She was wise, and kind. Why had he lived so long among those who were not kind?.sound. She adjusted the back of it, gave me a smile, and left. I sat down. The cushions were.think of using magic to free himself or stop the men's brutality. He flung himself at them and.his love, and Veil, Crow, Dory, all of them, the fountain in the white courtyard, the tree by the.worse. You got it wrong. You're only a witch. You did it wrong. It's his name. He can have it..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..the Houses of Shelieth, Ea, and Havnor; and lastly the House of Ilien. Prince Gemal Seaborn of."Get out!" she shouted. "Get away, you traitor, you foul lecher, or I'll cut the liver out of.And yet Ember said to Medra, "We were our own undoing..".Tonight," Dragonfly said. "At our spring, under Iria Hill. What he doesn't know won't hurt him." Her voice was half-coaxing, half-savage..might make a good prentice, here in the palace. Maybe he could go to Roke after all, for Early was.The man whose name was Medra sat in the mud with the dead woman in his arms and wept..still depths, a colorless, vast emptiness like the clear sky before sunrise..half-tun barrels. That's ours," Ivory said, and the ship's master said, "Bound for Hort Town," and.know that the Moon is the Earth's father? Yes, yes; and he lay with her, as is the father's right..died, eh?".fought against the will that would destroy us.".burnt ore was scraped down by naked slaves and shoveled into ovens to be burnt again. They came to.soon as he saw the old man..".So some wise men say," said Veil mildly, and smiled again, and bade him goodbye..He pulled up some grass and rubbed at the slimy mud on his feet and legs. It was not dry yet, and.He had never told Ogion anything about his first teacher, a sorcerer of no fame, even in Gont, and perhaps of ill fame. There was some mystery or shame connected with Ard. Though he was talkative, for a wizard, Heleth was silent as a stone about some things. Ogion, who respected silence, had never asked him about his teacher..No. There had been a thunderclap, a while ago. This was not thunder. He had had this queer feeling.and commoner, becoming a Mage in the Court of the Lords Regent in the Great Port of Havnor? Golden."Medra," she said. Her sore mouth could not speak clearly. He knelt down and took her hands,.be a passing, childish gift, like his sweet treble voice. There was too much fuss already made.one."

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