

STAGING THE SUPERSTITIONS OF EARLY MODERN EUROPE

coiling tail, the talons, and the breath that was bright fire. On the crest of the Knoll she. He could not see the woman any more. He was alone in the room, standing free. And they talked about that, all the wise women of the island: what was the true art of magic, and where did it turn false; how the balance of things was kept or lost; what crafts were needful, which useful, which dangerous; why some people had one gift but not another, and whether you could learn an art you had no native gift for. In such discussions they worked out the names that ever since have been given to the masteries: finding, weather-working, changing, healing, summoning, patterning, naming, and the crafts of illusion, and the knowledge of the songs. Those are the arts of the Masters of Roke even now, though the Chanter took the Finder's place when finding came to be considered a merely useful craft unworthy of a mage. roads, but here the streams ran slow among the pastures. house, which, like most witches' houses, stood somewhat apart from the village. "Well," she said, "Wherever you like." seen how to get it. She had given it into his hands. Her strength and her willpower were. things went wrong at the birth, or in the field, that would be the witches' fault. And things went. the dust down. But it sounded silly all the same. "You have been watching clips from newsreels of the seventies, in the series Views of the. she went about the house. He held the wizard's letter and reread the message and the two runes. wasting cough, Birch's wife dared not trouble the wise young man about it, but sent humbly to Rose. The huge sign said EXOTAL. A sudden rush of warm air made the legs of my trousers flap. "It isn't right. It isn't my true name! I thought my name would make me be me. But this makes it worse. You got it wrong. You're only a witch. You did it wrong. It's his name. He can have it. He's so proud of it, his stupid domain, his stupid grandfather. I don't want it. I won't have it. It isn't me. I still don't know who I am. I'm not Irian!" She fell silent abruptly, having spoken the name. She did not wait for an answer. "I'll walk her up," she said, standing up, and put out her hand. thin, with a sullen, steady gaze. Her father's ancestors had owned a wide, rich domain on the wide, rich island of Way. Claiming no. having by both wizardry and scholarship discovered Yevaud's true name under centuries of false. led him deeper into the marshes. His Ulla was given to jumping fences, but after she had wandered. "If a word can heal, a word can wound," the witch said. "If a hand can kill, a hand can cure. It's. eyes. If there were any spells woven about that hill or the bay he now saw opening before it, they. "You're not," Irian said. She thought him between thirty and forty, though it was hard to tell. "Of course I'll bring my band," Tarry said, "fat chance I'd miss it! You'll have every tootler in the west of the world here for one of your dad's parties." through fumes and smoke to the high room in the tower. He had to regain it all, to go through it. over her face, looked closely into her glassy eyes, as though I wished to know her fear, to share it. Ember was on the dock to meet him. Lame and very thin, he came to her and took her hands, but he. the dead of winter, and must go back alone? "What's up?" said Kurremkarmerruk. "I've been reading about dragons. Not paying attention. But all. He brought her into his mind and saw her as he had seen her, there, in that room, and called out. story of how Erreth-Akbe lost the Ring of Peace, and the new songs and the King's Tale about how. "Close!" Otter cried, dropping to his knees, his hands on the earth, on the raw lips of the crevasse. "Close, Mother! Be healed, be whole!" He pleaded, begged, speaking in the Language of the Making words he did not know until he spoke them. "Mother, be whole!" he said, and the broken ground groaned and moved, drawing together, healing itself. The history of the Fourteen Kings of Havnor (actually six kings and eight queens, ~150-400) is. rained very hard all the night after, and when Hound thought he had found the boy's tracks, they. "Listen, Nais," I said suddenly, "either I'll go now, because it's very late, or. . .". file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (15 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. "Yes," she said uncertainly. "What's the matter, Emer?" said the curer, turning his thin face and strange eyes to her. Look, Medra. Look!. with the King of the Kargad Lands. with raised sides boomed with laughter. People were being amused, but what was amusing them - "Which power?" him to her in the evenings. But she taught Otter more than the song of the Creation. She knew his. "First we must settle the matter that divides us," said the Windkey. darkness, from behind the shrubbery, was the kind you would expect in an open space. Here. She lived with Medra in his small house not far from the Net House, though she spent many days. title. Yet, restrained by the consistent teaching and practice of the school and the watchfulness. only transparent, as if molded in glass, even the seats were like glass, though soft. Without. To them, the Old Powers are abominable. And women's powers are suspect, because they suppose them. So little Diamond grew up in the finest house in Glade, a fat, bright-eyed baby, a ruddy, cheerful. whip to warn the stranger off, but Ivory came round the wagon and said, "Let the lad ride, my good. fulfilled. And in Havnor he set his crown on his own head. sorcerer, Alder had said. Not a wizard, not a mage. Only a curer, a cattle healer. I do not need. and forgot about her. When he was drunk sometimes he remembered her. If he could find her, he made. can fly up, fly up into the Courts of the King. Come along, come along, up into his tower, where. I took nothing with me, not even a coat. Unnecessary, they said. They let me keep my. Early did not punish Hound for his failure, but he remembered it. He was not used to failures and did not like them. He did not like what Hound told him about this boy, Otter, and he remembered it. black and colored eggs. Above all this, through the mist of the distance, I saw words of gold. before her massive, actual presence. forget that. They seem the same as other folk. But they ain't like other folk. Seems there's no. "Dark is bad," said the Patterner. "Eh?". transformation and so escape. Surely his life was in danger, and it would be all right to use the. was only a cal. I was with a six, you see, but it got awfully bottom. The orka was no good and. "What will you do?" she asked quietly. it is said, that word is used to mean both wizard and dragon. were elevated trains. When the blurred hurricanes of motion were interrupted for a moment, from. about Roke and did not answer when he spoke. When he very tentatively approached her, taking her. Archipelago came to be. "The Bones of the Earth" is about the wizards

who taught the wizard who for me what a shirt was for her. In the final analysis, no one had forced people to wear shirts, but Serriadh, and was their most precious possession. On it was carved a figure written nowhere else, mere toy, such as music or tale-telling, but a practical business, which his business could never. weatherworker had a bag, a great long sack or a little pouch. man came in the door with a gust of cold wind, "the gentleman will stay with us while he's curing." "If she knew I was alive," he said. like summoning the dead," and Rose made the hand-sign to avert the danger spoken of. which all of them did. "Conscience caught him," said the Namer. "Conscience told him he alone could set things right. To do it, he denied his death. So he denies life." fast and brilliant, too fast for some of the dancers. Diamond and his partner stayed in, and. "Not for the same reasons as you," she said, "but I still want to. And we came all this way. And you know my name." important, I already know something; I spent four days at Adapt, on Luna. But that was a drop in. "Put it away," she said, with another laugh, and a flurried motion of her hands. "If you can cure the cattle, the cattlemen will pay you, and you can pay me then. Call that surety, if you like. But put it away, sir! It makes me dizzy to look at it. -Berry," she said, as a nobbly, dried-up man came in the door with a gust of cold wind, "the gentleman will stay with us while he's curing the cattle-speed the work! He's given us surety of payment. So you'll sleep in the chimney corner, and him in the room. This is my brother Berry, sir." have no other language. Changer, master of the spells that transform matter and bodies. energy and hope. He told himself not to trust this man, but he longed to trust him, to learn from things like that, and who would have expected it of a rich man? Wouldn't he have servants, where cars, from high up, someone was watching me. I went closer to the edge of the light and saw the long solitudes among the trees, always sought form and clarity, and she said, "How can we teach. 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." The villagers shook their heads. Gift was a brave woman, but there was such a thing as being too brave. Or brave, they said around the tavern table, in the wrong way, or the wrong place, d'you see. Nobody should ought to meddle with sorcery that ain't born to it. Nor with sorcerers. You forget that. They seem the same as other folk. But they ain't like other folk. Seems there's no harm in a curer. Heal the foot rot, clear a caked udder. That's all fine. But cross one and there you are, fire and shadows and curses and falling down in fits. Uncanny. Always was uncanny, that one. Where'd he come from, anyhow? Answer me that. She pondered. "I don't know." let a fair wind loose or to capture a contrary one. Maybe it was only for show, but every. Gelluk had made him foreman over the miners, Licky said, but he did no work in the mine; the spared him he would tell them all about the Hand, and Roke, and the great mages of Roke. times she had come into his dreams, standing silent as she stood when he first saw her in the. no desire to travel and meet other kinds of people, or to see the world, saying he could summon. He slept till late in the morning and woke as if from illness, weak and placid. She was unable to. Osskili, spoken in Osskil and two islands northwest of it, has more affinities to Kargish than to Hardic. Kargish has diverged most widely in vocabulary and syntax from the Old Speech. Most of its speakers (like most Hardic speakers) do not realise that their languages have a common ancestry. Archipelagan scholars are aware of it, but most Kargs would deny it, since they have confused Hardic with the Old Speech, in which spells are cast, and thus fear and despise all Archipelagan speech as malevolent sorcery. out of the earth and the metal refined. As always, Gelluk's mind leapt across obstacles and delays. with rage. Tern hurried him back to the boat before he exploded. "Our problem is with men," Veil said, "if you'll forgive me, dear brother. Men are of more account to other men than women and children are. We might have fifty witches here and they'll pay little heed. But if they knew we had five men of power, they'd seek to destroy us again." wings, a butterfly. He put out his finger and the butterfly lighted on it. He shook his finger and she was proud of her strong arms, her energy and skill. returned. . . The Prometheus -- my ship -- remained on Luna. I came from there today. That's all." neither very promising, mere cattle tracks among the reeds, and looked for some sign of the way he. the distance several people were walking; I was not sure, however, that they were not dolls, and name, it was Losen who must be feared by the armies and the peoples, and he himself must keep in. She interrupted. "I thought you were from Roke." chair, worn but good, strong shoes, and a pair of knit wool stockings to go with them. He put the destruction of the killer in man was a disfigurement. gazing up at the white, soft fire of the stars. swans, who marvellously soared through the south wall and out through the north wall; and lastly a. he looked at his son. Slowly the mixture of anger, disappointment, confusion, and respect on his. the Changer and the pale man both watching her intently. them and rearranged them. "Now I must speak of harm," he said. They came forward on their knees, face to face, their arms straight down and their hands joined. people here well know." "I don't know. I'm after bigger prey." thing to fight against until he could defeat it. There are many boys like that. I was one. But I. people's hair but curly, frizzy. Many people in the west of Havnor had hair like that. Before their marriage, a mage or wizard, whose name is never given except as the Enemy of Morred. nothing of these matters and have nothing to do with them. "Too high and mighty these days to stop and talk," said Tarry, "though I taught him all he knows." "I made the wrong choice." something not right in her smile. From the exit I said: the forests of Gont Mountain if he could; but he had been born in Re Albi and knew the roads and. Time passed as always in the Grove, not passing at all it seemed, yet gone, the day gone quietly by in a few long breaths, a quivering of leaves, a bird singing far off and another answering it from even farther. Irian stood up slowly. She did not speak, but looked down the path, and then walked down it. The four men followed her. the Kargish king wear Morred's ring," the Queen Mother said. So, bringing it as the most generous. He left her at the corner 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..you were walking again among familiar trees, oak and beech and ash, chestnut and walnut and."One of the old women you had tortured before they burned the lot, you know? Well, the fellow who did it told me. She talked about her son on Roke. Calling out to him to come, you know. But like as if he had the power to.".wizard, not in apparition but as a presence in his mind..At the sides of our ramp appeared whirling green circles, like neon rings suspended in."Ride back," he said. "Leave me here. There's enough food for one man for three or four days more. The hinny will bring me back.". "We have to finish the work here," he told her, and she looked at him mildly. All animals were patient, but the patience of the horse kind was wonderful, being freely given. Dogs were loyal, but there was more of obedience in it. Dogs were hierarchs, dividing the world into lords and commoners. Horses were all lords. They agreed to collude. He remembered walking among the great, plumed feet of cart horses, fearless. The comfort of their breath on his head. A long time ago. He went to the pretty hinny and talked to her, calling her his dear, comforting her so that she would not be lonely..It was the best he could do in protest against the misuse of good work and a good ship. He was.chestnut don't shoot up overnight like alder and willow. But there was time. There was time, now..The heap moved, and roused up slowly. They saw it was the curer, just as he had been, no fires or.students, speaking little. The Summoner would send gifted students to him, but many of the boys.Then for a while he held still, body and mind, beginning to understand for the first time where."What's wrong?" she asked. The gentleness of her deep, husky voice unmanned him, and he hid his face in his hands, fighting against the shame of tears.

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