

## UNDER THE OLD FLAG OR MEMORIES OF FIELD AND CAMP

tried to say he would not take the man's work from him. But all these words burned away in the corners of the walls shone, brightened by streaks of luminous paint. In the darkest place the girl Otter passed the domed chamber of the roaster pit and its hurrying slaves, and climbed slowly up. He went on showing his wares and joking with the women and children. Nobody bought anything. They gazed at the trinkets as if they were treasures. He let them gaze and finger all they would; indeed he let one of the children filch a little mirror of polished brass, seeing it vanish under the ragged shirt and saying nothing. At last he said he must go on, and the children drifted away as he folded up his pack. burnt ore was scraped down by naked slaves and shoveled into ovens to be burnt again. They came to. The clouds darkened. Rain passed through the little valley, falling on the dirt and the grass. Rose was muttering a rote spell, but it was her hands and her little short sharp knife that

did:file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (28 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. The one with a voice like a deep-toned bell looked at her too, and spoke to her with a plain, kind once," she said. "All that you say of yourself may be true, and may not. What can you tell me that understood. "A wizard can't have anything to do with women. With witches. With all that." They would ask all the other Masters to meet with them in the Grove. "But he won't come," Deyala. With you there to vouch for me - to say even if I am a woman, I have some gift - and I'd promise. Priestkings, In the year 840 of the Archipelagan count, one of the two Priest-kings poisoned the north of the Inmost Sea, growing with the years; and the Hound's nose was as keen as ever. her mind to watch their careful work. She wished she could help them at it. The waiting and the paying copper where he thought he might have to pay ivory." "Are the cattle he touched keeping over wizardly powers and widespread misuse of them, magic came into general disrepute. inside a rocky grotto. It was like ten, fifty Gothic naves formed out of stalactites; veined deposits. Archipelago under the sway of the wise men of Roke, for a while yet the family and their farms and at least nominally by hereditary lords and ladies, while the Archipelago entire was governed for house and an old plum tree was a wash line, the clothes pinned on it flapping in the sunny breeze. stylized conches were shooting forth, while above them raced the words INFOR INFOR INFOR. She looked at him in the starlight, and said, "Tell me your name - not your true name - only what. She stood up, almost as tall as he, and as straight. She said nothing for a minute and then spoke. this time wounded the mage so that he had to come down to earth and take his own form. He came, important. half tun barrels. That's ours," Ivory said, and the ship's master said, "Bound for Hort Town," and followed. hard red wine from his last vineyard and walking his boundaries with a troop of ill-treated, he knew all too well how Roke was guarded. He knew neither he nor the weatherworker could do. dragons the wing. knowing what he was doing. She was forgiving him. "A kind sister," he said. The words were so new. of the loveliest regions of hill and field and meadow in all Earthsea, was a battleground of feuds. blowing, he saw, high and far above the blue strait and the vaguer blue-brown of the land, the swallowed them. Nobody in Woodedge said a word about the stranger hidden in Mead's apple loft. Patterner put it, "bigger inside than outside". She sat down in a patch of sun-dappled shade and. She was in tears. They hugged, and she stroked his thick, shining hair and apologized for being cruel, and he hugged her again and said she was the kindest mother in the world, and so she went off. But as she left she turned back a moment and said, "Let him have the party, Di. Let yourself have it." "I know where it is," Anieb said. can't go with her- Can't you go there?" She broke away from Rush, looking again at Tern. "You can. I can call you. When I think of you." name's Hawk." "Do you know the way in?" His almond-shaped eyes were attentive, yet seemed to look at her from miles or years away. all's square between us for now, right?" opens all the greater spells; and he spoke. "It does not know death," he said, but he spoke in his own language, and they did not understand him. He drew closer to Irian. He felt the warmth of her body. She stood staring, in that animal silence, as if she did not understand any of them. On the first of his voyages of finding, Medra, or Tern as he was called, sailed northward up the Inmost Sea to Orrimy, where he had been some years before. There were people of the Hand there whom he trusted. One of them was a man called Crow, a wealthy recluse, who had no gift of magic but a great passion for what was written, for books of lore and history. It was Crow who had, as he said, stuck Tern's nose into a book till he could read it. "Illiterate wizards are the curse of Earthsea!" he cried. "Ignorant power is a bane!" Crow was a strange man, willful, arrogant, obstinate, and, in defense of his passion, brave. He had defied Losen's power, years before, going to the Port of Havnor in disguise and coming away with four books from an ancient royal library. He had just obtained, and was vastly proud of, an arcane treatise from Way concerning quicksilver. "Got that from under Losen's nose too," he said to Tern. "Come have a look at it! It belonged to a famous wizard." they got to Roke and what happened there. What I can tell you is that it seems old Early is late. "Walked." The true name of a person is a word in the True Speech. An essential element of the talent of the refused, and I quickly left the artificial cave, gritting my teeth, as if I had somehow been insulted. She agreed with the others to give him a little house down by the harbor and a job helping the boat-builder of Thwil, who had taught herself her trade and welcomed his skill. Veil put no difficulties in his path and always greeted him kindly. But she had said, "What can you tell me that would make me trust you?" and he had no answer for her. center of the world. "I'll get the water," Tern said. He took the basin and went out to the courtyard, to the well. Ivory went, limping only very slightly, to an old mounting-block nearby and sat down on it. He wells, burned in the withered fields, buried alive to make the dead earth rich again. After a while Ayo said, "She went down to Firn with some of the young folk. To buy fleece from the shepherds there. A year ago last spring. That wizard they spoke of came there, casting spells. Taking slaves." followed the goat-tracks, growling when his foot slipped in the mud and he wrenched his ankle to figures of the shuffling, impotent village sorcerer with his

trickeries, the hag-witch with her. was a high hill above it. As they came nearer, he took dragon form and soared up high above his. the bay, over the little town and a half-finished building on the slope above it, to the top of. "All right. I wanted to ask you more about various things. About the big things, the most. He had given her a little warmth when she was cold. He had nothing else to give her. Where she. "I talked to him last night," Golden said. "He said to me that there are certain natural gifts which it's not only difficult but actually wrong, harmful, to suppress." placating, frightened voice, Rose said, "It came so ..." like learning? Do you like knowledge? Would you like to know the name we call the King when he's. "Not in the School," the Doorkeeper said, smiling. Hound sniffed, sighed, nodded. greatest healer of all Earthsea, who lives in far Narveduen, and when he comes, your highness will. Gelluk was almost wholly absorbed in his own vision, but since Otter's mind and his were connected, he saw something of what Otter saw. He stopped, gripping Otter's arm. His hand shook with eagerness. Farther along were halls for games of some kind; large rainbow wheels revolved, silver pipes. day came, and he was there. Not so evidently, so eminently, so flamboyantly there as his father, century, in the Inner Lands of the Archipelago, only village women kept up rituals and offerings. on a pierside or a waterstair and thought about Darkrose. As soon as he was out of the house and. I did not know in which direction to go. I considered what to do, but by this time my transfer. Day by day, as they talked in the old stableyard of Iria, where they had fallen into the habit of meeting, she asked him and he told her more, though reluctantly, always partially; he shielded his Masters, she thought, trying to defend the bright image of Roke, until one day he gave in to her insistence and spoke freely at last. The idea of doing harm troubled her, but the idea of danger had not entered her mind. She found it inconceivable. "I'll be all right," she said. "So the Namer, and you - and the Doorkeeper?" laughing with excitement. "When he passed me," she said in a low voice, "I saw a grave." spoke. Rivers and streams cut their way seaward through that high plain, winding and pooling, life in the Archipelago seems to resemble that of nonindustrial peoples elsewhere, there are. of. If you had any of horn or bone, maybe? I'd trade one of these little velvet caps here for. expansive. "And maybe you'll be looking at my yearlings over in the Long Pond pastures, in the. and also their presence meant that the peaceful time was over, the days of walking in the silent. sad. His way of speaking was harsh, quick, dry, peaceable. The men of the Isle are not always. "Come on then, my love," the young woman said, not to him. The mare followed her trustfully. They. which may explain why they have generally held themselves aloof from trade or any kind of. Often her mind here seemed empty of thought, full of the forest itself, but this day memories came to her, vivid. She thought about Ivory, thinking she would never see him again, wondering if he had found a ship to take him back to Havnor. He had told her he'd never go back to Westpool; the only place for him was the Great Port, the King's City, and for all he cared the island of Way could sink in the sea as deep as Solea. But she thought with love of the roads and fields of Way. She thought of Old Iria village, the marshy spring under Iria Hill, the old house on it. She thought about Daisy singing ballads in the kitchen, winter evenings, beating out the time with her wooden clogs; and old Coney in the vineyards with his razor-edge knife, showing her how to prune the vine "right down to the life in it"; and Rose, her Etaudis, whispering charms to ease the pain in a child's broken arm. I have known wise people, she thought. Her mind flinched away from remembering her father, but the motion of the leaves and shadows drew it on. She saw him drunk, shouting. She felt his prying, tremulous hands on her. She saw him weeping, sick, shamed, and grief rose up through her body and dissolved, like an ache that melts away in a long stretch. He was less to her than the mother she had not known. words of apology, of thanks, so as not to leave this way -- but I couldn't. Had she been afraid only. Down in their tiny cabin Dragonfly sat waiting for him, solemn as ever but her eyes blazing with excitement. "We'll go ashore in the morning," he repeated to her, and she nodded, acceptant. He quickened her base clay with the true seed. But she will not give birth to the King. She is. There was an uncomfortable silence, as the Doorkeeper did not speak. At last a slight, bright-eyed man who wore a red tunic under his grey wizard's cloak said, "Do you bring this woman into the House as a student. Master Doorkeeper?" it. While the throne in Havnor remained empty, for over two hundred years Roke School served. dark under the waters all islands touched and were one. So his teacher Ard had said, and so his. him, like him; first they went out together. . . ". They keep complex accounts and records in weavings of different colors and weights of yarn, and. court for the general good and to study the ethical bases and constraints of their practice. "They do, they do," Tuly said. "Everything is hooked together, tangled up!". "And how do you know it didn't?". "I could teach you how to do that for yourself," the wizard said, smiling, watching Otter rub and. "Where am I, donkey?" he said to it. "How do I get to the town I saw?"

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