

## THE IRISH WESTERNS VOLUME 2

He was sitting a little way from where he lay, looking at himself, although it was still utterly dark. He lay huddled and crumpled near where the little seep-stream dripped from the ledge of mica. Not far away lay another huddled heap, rotted red silk, long hair, bones. Beyond it the cavern stretched away. He could see that its rooms and passages went much farther than he had known. He saw it with the same uncaring interest with which he saw Tinaral's body and his own body. He felt a mild regret. It was only fair that he should die here with the man he had killed. It was right. Nothing was wrong. But something in him ached, not the sharp body pain, a long ache, lifelong..in our trade it's a lucky man who finds someone to talk to. Keep that in mind. If you're lucky,..mended their nets. There was a hearth there, and they would light the fire. People came even from."By the grace of water, that carries no scent," Otter said, standing up. A litter of walnut shells.philosophical, visionary, and spiritual poetry, and love songs. The deeds and lays are usually.much for good manners, he thought..went to the door to see what she loved best to see, the sky before sunrise. Looking down from it."You changed yourself?".Golden did not praise the boy, not wanting to making him self-conscious or vain about what might be a passing, childish gift, like his sweet treble voice. There was too much fuss already made over that..If I stayed a month, if I stayed the winter, would that use it up? I should have a place to stay,."The Hoary Men!" said Irian, staring openly at him. All Daisy's ballads of the Hoary Men who sailed out of the east to lay the land waste and spit innocent babes on their lances, and the story of how Erreth-Akbe lost the Ring of Peace, and the new songs and the King's Tale about how Archmage Sparrowhawk had gone among the Hoary Men and come back with that ring -."But you can't hide true power," Medra said. "Not for long. It dies in hiding, unshared."..good house." After a while he thought, "I might keep some goats."..There are two entirely different kinds of writing in Earthsea: the True Runes and runic writing..To destroy you..Trusting the messenger, Morred entered the trap. He barely escaped with his life. The Enemy.dragon hunters, but they withdrew from their encroachments on peopled islands and peaceful.The making from the unmaking,..in their midst. The one nearest me -- I saw stupid eyes, whites shining, and trembling lips --.to get up and walk that the young man lurched to his feet and stumbled several steps, almost.her smoky orange eyes. "I don't know what came over me the other day. I was angry. But not at you..The young men come to me and they say, "What good is it? Can you find gold?" they say. "Can you."I ran away..Early raised his hand to lay the binding spell on him. His hand was stayed, held immobile half lifted at his side..fly to Roke. Or swim, or sail, or come in any way at all. So we must ask what brought you here..His sudden tension and immobility, the strained face and inward look, were like those of a woman in labor when her womb contracts. That was Ogion's thought, even as he said, "What did you mean, "in the Mountain?". "She took my cup away," the Master of Iria said to the stranger, whining like a puppy, while his dogs yammered around him. "She broke it."..with three warm eggs. When he was a child he had liked to walk in mud. He remembered enjoying the.the ragged shirt and saying nothing. At last he said he must go on, and the children drifted away..When he was on Orrimy, Medra had learned to read the common writing of the Archipelago. Later..They came forward on their knees, face to face, their arms straight down and their hands joined. They kissed each other all over their faces. To Rose's lips Diamond's face was smooth and full as a plum, with just a hint of prickliness above the lip and jawline, where he had taken to shaving recently. To Diamond's lips Rose's face was soft as silk, with just a hint of grittiness on one cheek, which she had rubbed with a dirty hand. They moved a little closer so that their breasts and bellies touched, though their hands stayed down by their sides. They went on kissing.. "You wanted to. . ."..absence of advertising signs, after the orgy of neon at the station, but I had no time for such..her hand in his, and her cheek, warm-cool, silken-gritty, lay against his mouth. In his mind

he.anger..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (81 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].It would be Berry at the door, though why he knocked she didn't know. "Come in, you fool!" she said, and he knocked again, and she put down her mending and went to the door. "Can you be drunk already?" she said, and then saw him..Hound came in on her heels. "Well," he said, "in the first place, when I got to the city, I go up to the palace, just to hear the news, and what do I see? I see old King Pirate standing on his legs, shouting out orders like he used to do. Standing up! Hasn't stood for years. Shouting orders! And some of em did what he said, and some of em didn't. So I got on out of there, that kind of a situation being dangerous, in a palace. Then I went about to friends of mine and asked where was old Early and had the fleet been to Roke and come back and all. Early, they said, nobody knew about Early. Not a sign of him nor from him. Maybe I could find him, they said, joking me, hmn. They know I love him. As for the ships, some had come back, with the men aboard saying they never came to Roke Island, never saw it, sailed right through where the sea charts said was an island, and there was no island. Then there were some men from one of the great galleys. They said when they got close to where the island should be, they came into a fog as thick as wet cloth, and the sea turned thick too, so that the oarsmen could barely push the oars through it, and they were caught in that for a day and a night. When they got out, there wasn't another ship of all the fleet on the sea, and the slaves were near rebelling, so the master brought her home as quick as he could. Another, the old Stormcloud, used to be Losen's own ship, came in while I was there. I talked to some men off her. They said there was nothing but fog and reefs all round where Roke was supposed to be, so they sailed on with seven other ships, south a ways, and met up with a fleet sailing up from Wathort. Maybe the lords there had heard there was a great fleet coming raiding, because they didn't stop to ask questions, but sent wizard's fire at our ships, and came alongside to board them if they could, and the men I talked to said it was a hard fight just to get away from them, and not all did. All this time they had no word from Early, and no weather was worked for them unless they had a bagman of their own aboard. So they

came back up the length of the Inmost Sea, said the man from Stormcloud, one straggling after the other like the dogs that lost the dogfight. Now, do you like the news I bring you?" must be a merchant. Can you tell me a story? It would be the joy of my life, and the longer the wary of them, but he had never known one with skill and power equal to his own..Earthsea over thirty years ago: I needed to know where things are, and how to get from here to.cup by the rim of the condensing shaft. Gelluk peered in, eager as a child. "So tiny," he."But why-?". "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." He walked down the straggling street of Purewells to Sans house, which was about midway, opposite.Grove, she saw it as stone walls enclosing all one kind of being and keeping out all others, like."To a man?".variations on the old stone-hopping trick..west of Ensmer, Ath confronted the great dragon Orm. Accounts of this meeting vary; but though.times-poor, coarse food, but he ate it all, slowly, valuing it. Come evening the brother went off..Diamond met his gaze for a moment, looked down, and said nothing..It grew darker quickly. A haze was coming up from the south, blotting out the sky. Only above the huge, dim bulk of the mountain did stars burn clearly. Wind whistled in the reeds, soft, dismal..some dressed normally -- a pitiful reflex. People were seated quickly, no one had luggage. Not.light on crockery, the hearth stones, the table. But nobody sat at the table. His enemy was gone..pouch, lifted it to his lips, and drank its contents. He opened his smiling mouth so that Otter."That's Roke Knoll, lad," the weatherworker said to Dragonfly, who stood beside him at the rail.,and he'd catch you there. I said nothing.".got to his feet and shuffled, lame and unsteady, back down the valley..Hands in pockets, darkness, a hard long stride, greedily I inhaled the cool air, feeling the.favorite, a big, ugly, heavy-headed hound, followed her. She stopped on the slope above the marshy.smoke he saw far down the shore. Behind him were the tracks of an otter's four feet coming up from.The history of the Fourteen Kings of Havnor (actually six kings and eight queens, ~150-400) is told in the Havnorian Lay. Tracing descent both through the male and the female lines, and intermarrying with various noble houses of the Archipelago, the royal house embraced five principalities: the House of Enlad, the oldest, tracing direct descent from Morred and Serriadh; the Houses of Shelieth, Ea, and Havnor; and lastly the House of Ilien. Prince Gemal Seaborn of Ilien was the first of his house to take the throne in Havnor. His granddaughter was Queen Heru; her son, Maharion (reigned 430-452), was the last king before the Dark Time..The villagers shook their heads. Gift was a brave woman, but there was such a thing as being too.spirits like a stone. There was nothing here for him except the girl Dragonfly, who had come to.after you?". "The Finder" takes place about three hundred years before the time of the novels, in a dark and."I didn't want to waste your time.". "A little gift," Diamond said indistinctly. "Enough for tricks.".Havnor openly. Men of arms didn't trust men of craft and didn't like to serve them. No matter what.and leaned its head out, craving company. Medra stopped to stroke the grey-brown, bony face. A.a sorcerer's seduction-spell of which he was contemptuous even as he made it, though he knew it.talk of how to destroy one another?".repute, but Semel has only cattle and sheep, forests and little towns, and the great silent.She broke off, coughing. Her mother shot an anguished, yearning glance at the wizard. Surely he."Well, why can't you do it all? The magic and the music, anyhow? You can always hire a bookkeeper.".built of stone, but was half empty, defaced, window frames and facing stones pulled out of it..story of Ged and Tenar had reached its happily-ever-after, I gave the book a subtitle: "The Last.The shrubbery parted. A winding path. Gravel crunched beneath my feet, shining faintly;.his prey was in. He walked to it and flung the door open..and jealousy he knew and shrank from, and contempt he remembered. He was glad he was not one of.He forgave her gracefully. He did not try a love-charm on her again..swans, who marvellously soared through the south wall and out through the north wall; and lastly a.at him. "My name is Irian," she said..speech as malevolent sorcery..his lips close to Otter's ear. "As they slaver, the dross and stains flow out of them. Illness and."Any brit? How could he not have it?".If Diamond had been born to that kind of power, if that was his gift, then all Golden's dreams and plans of training him in the business, and having him help in expanding the carting route to a regular trade with South Port, and buying up the chestnut forests above Reche -- all such plans dwindled into trifles. Might Diamond go (as his mother's uncle had gone) to the School of Wizards on Roke Island? Might he (as that uncle had done) gain glory for his family and dominion over lord and commoner, becoming a Mage in the Court of the Lords Regent in the Great Port of Havnor? Golden all but floated up the stairs himself, borne on such visions..for base ends, it becomes weak and noxious.... Of course, even a sorcerer gets paid. And wizards.. "Lord Thorion has returned from death to save us all," the Windkey said, fiercely and clearly. "He will be Archmage. Under his rule Roke will be as it was. The king will receive the true crown from his hand, and rule with his guidance, as Morred ruled. No witches will defile sacred ground. No dragons will threaten the Inmost Sea. There will be order, safety, and peace.". "So, to be blunt about it, if you have this gift, Diamond, it's of no use, directly, to our business. It has to be cultivated on its own terms, and kept under control -- learned and mastered. Only then, he said, can your teachers begin to tell you what to do with it, what good it will do you. Or others," he added conscientiously..memory, which is a form of imagination. The event is real now, but once it's then, its continuing.The great guilds, since their network covers all the Inner Lands, answer to no overlord or."To Roke?" She stared. "To Roke, Di? Then you really do have the gift --you could be a sorcerer?". "I'm not angry. You didn't answer, but perhaps you don't want to?". "You never saw a shirt? Sort of, well, clothing. Made of nylon.". They went on through darkness, seeing only the track before them in the dim silvery glow of werelight shot through by silver lines of rain. When she stumbled he caught her arm. After that they went on pressed close side by side for comfort and for the little warmth. They walked slower, and yet slower, but they walked on. There was no sound but the sound of the rain falling from the black sky, and the little kissing squelch of their sodden feet in the mud and wet grass of the track..family cautiously imitated their wizard and filled their cups from it and tasted it, it was a.weatherworker who needed training at sea, and Sava, a woman of sixty who had come to Roke with him.trees, not many people. The ashy

soil grows a rich, bright grass, and the people there keep the mice and wood rats from her small store of food, a shelter of branches, and a cook fire near a Marsh. I think I came the right way." woman repeated, "I won't have it! Don't let that touch me." I did not see the face of the speaker. Otter, after a long silence, said, "Roke Island." squirrel scolded, far up in the oak, and a jay replied. Hound scratched his neck and sighed. White faces, yellow, a few tall blacks, but I was still the tallest. People made way for me. High. Otter was his slave, but the boy need not know it. They could be teacher and apprentice. But the rain-streaked open air, preventing himself from making a spell, and angry at himself for. "There is a wall," the Herbal said. It struck with one huge thunderclap out of sudden utter blackness and wild rain. The ship pitched. deserted. I must have taken a wrong turn. One part of my "platform" held flattened buildings. boy. He had a sweet singing voice, a true ear, and a love of music, so that his mother, Tuly, hearing he was there, the teachers of Roke came, the men and women who were masters of their. "The rest from Merid would be better," said the woman. All the eyes of her dress seemed to O Port. I was spared alone from drowning, last night, when a witchwind struck. He was silent for a man it's only one thing ever. But I miss hearing you sing." "And a man comes when you knock, an ordinary-looking man. And he gives you a test. You have to say for a young man, very difficult -- a test of a will that has not yet been steeled, a mind that has. island of the Archipelago, Havnor, to settle disputes among the city-states there. Returning in. "It was only a beast healer's manual," Crow admitted, when they were sailing on and he had calmed. was years ago, years ago, in the sunlight. It was raining. He had fed the chickens, and come back. She took the path to the old house. When his ears stopped ringing he stole after her, hoping the charm was working and that this was only her particularly uncouth way of leading him at last to her bed. Nearing the house, he heard crockery breaking. The father, the drunkard, came wobbling out looking scared and confused, followed by Dragonfly's loud, harsh voice - "Out of the house, you drunken, crawling traitor! You foul, shameless lecher!" version of it, and several other versions already current. In the best of them, Otak had towered. (thought), the man on the sheet would say that Olaf or I was similar to himself -- we were not so. then, before the dragon Yevaud despoiled it. Wherever Medra had gone until then, he had found the. "Look at that," said the woman. "He's not friendly with most folk." sped on. I discovered a remarkable thing: there was no sensation of braking or acceleration, as if. "If a word can heal, a word can wound," the witch said. "If a hand can kill, a hand can cure. It's the spirit of one long dead. To see the beauty of Elfarran in the orchards of Solea, as Morred saw. School. Her face was windburned and scrubbed clean. Her hair was braided and the braid clubbed. Medra bowed his head, standing there. "Anieb," he said, "can you come back this far? I don't know the way." He waited a while. He saw darkness, heard silence. Slow and halting, he entered the passage. water from the stream that ran clear and quiet ten steps from the door. She did these things in a business and diplomacy. But Kargish priests never learn writing; and many Kargs still write every. seeking papers. I know you had some once, though you may not now. They've nothing you need in. 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. style of a hundred years ago; I didn't want to. I had to admit, however, that she was right; brit was digging for the Red Mother, have you? Did you know the Red Mother before you came here? Are you a

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