

WOMEN AND THE ALPHABET A SERIES OF LITERARY COLLECTIONS

reeds, and in the distance, on the other side, rose, in a single immensity, a mountain of luminous, signs glowing in the air: LOCAL CIRCUITS. I came to an escalator that held quite a few people..High Marsh.. "What's Alder paying you for all this?" she demanded while the water was heating. She was still. "Nothing. I returned."..indeed he let one of the children filch a little mirror of polished brass, seeing it vanish under.were drawn in Berila about twelve hundred years ago..vaster clarity. Sky and earth were all one grey, but before them and above them, very high, over a. "Go on," the witch murmured..The Windkey stood silent, but the group of men muttered, angry, and some of them moved forward. Azver came between her and them, her words releasing him from the paralysis of mind and body that had held him. "Tell Thorion we will meet him on Roke Knoll," he said. "When he comes, we will be there. Now come with me," he said to Irian..into a blaze. "That I know. But our lives are short, and the patterns very long. If only Roke was..He looked his question..All he saw was a mist on the water, all across the sea beyond the mouth of the bay. As he watched..The donkey leaned its head hard against his hand so that he would go on scratching the place just above its eyes and below its ears. When he did so, it flicked its long right ear. So when he parted from the donkey he took the right hand of the crossroad, though it looked as if it would lead back to the hill; and soon enough he came among houses, and then onto a street that brought him down at last into the town at the head of the bay..betrayed me."..really bad and stupid," she said in a low voice. "They get into the School because they're rich.."Where?"..Ever since he had walked on the green hill above the town and had seen the bright shadows in the grass, his heart had been easy. He was expectant, full of a sense of great strangeness, but not frightened. He stood still and looked at the people who came to meet him..Irian stood silent too, but her hope sank down, replaced by a sense of shame and utter insignificance. These were brave, wise men, seeking to save what they loved, but they did not know how to do it. And she had no share in their wisdom, no part in their decisions. She drew away from them, and they did not notice. She walked on, going towards the Thwilburn where it ran out of the wood over a little fall of boulders. The water was bright in the morning sunlight and made a happy noise. She wanted to cry but she had never been good at crying. She stood and watched the water, and her shame turned slowly into anger..which looked constantly as if on the verge of flight, was in fact the city, and that the one I had left..like an old shoe. I'll join you this evening." And he was gone..The True Runes used in the Archipelago embody words of the Speech of the Making. True Runes are not symbols only, but reifactors: they can be used to bring a thing or condition into being or bring about an event. To write such a rune is to act. The power of the action varies with the circumstances. Most of the True Runes are found only in ancient texts and lore-books, and used only by wizards trained in their use; but a good many of them, such as the symbol written on the door lintel to protect a house from fire, are in common use, familiar to unlearned people..boy Otter, except Otter's mother and father and sister, if they were still alive. And surely there..In the young dowsler he recognized a power, untaught and inept, which he could use. He needed much."Where? Near here?"..As he left the battlefield it began to rain, and he saw his enemy's true name written in raindrops..spells to try to defend her husband and brothers, who would not hide but fought the raiders. They..Medra stayed three years with Highdrake, and when the old mage died, the Lord of Pendor asked..The huge sign said EXOTAL. A sudden rush of warm air made the legs of my trousers flap..While Morred sought to free his people from these spells and to confront his enemy, Elfarran..He had just obtained, and was vastly proud of, an arcane treatise from Way concerning quicksilver.."I'll be going to Easthill with Sul's mules."..After a long time, late in the afternoon, old Hound came trudging up the valley. He stopped now..What they had they shared. In that it was indeed Morred's Isle. Nobody on Roke starved or went..day came, and he was there. Not so evidently, so eminently, so flamboyantly there as his father..Crow ranted, but at the mere thought that the Book of Names might still exist he was ready to set..TWO..by Halkel (finding, mending, dowsing, animal healing, etc.) and some high arts (human healing,..island. Later, with the help of the high priestess of the Tombs of Atuan, Arha-Tenar, Ged was able.."It is. They did that? Good."..I'll destroy him."..steaming water into the bath. "He has ivory," she said. "Tell him ivory it has to be. Out there..students to learn with her the ways through the forest and the patterns of the leaves; for she was..adapted the Hardic runes to Kargish, with some simplifications and additions, for purposes of..But something else was occupying me. I sat half supine, my legs stretched out..The Summoner, who had been standing with his back to them, facing the fireless hearth, turned..decide, act as a man or as a wizard against the wizard who hunted him..The Windkey stood silent, but the group of men muttered, angry, and some of them moved forward.."The problem is..."..After a while, searching for words, he went on: "Dirt. Rocks. It's a dirty magic. Old. Very old. As old as Gont Island."..sound. She adjusted the back of it, gave me a smile, and left. I sat down. The cushions were..him that he couldn't despise Hound..He had power to raise huge waves on the sea, and to stop the tide or bring it early; and his voice could enchant whole populations, bringing all who heard him under his control. So he turned Morred's people against him. Crying out that their king had betrayed them, the villagers of Enlad destroyed their own cities and fields; sailors sank their ships; and his soldiers, obeying the Enemy's spells, fought one another in bloody and ruinous battles..Chanter's task is the preservation and teaching of all the oral deeds, lays, songs, etc., and the..librarian. The Book of Names, which is kept now in the Isolate Tower, was the foundation of the..Patterner. "Until -" He made a quick gesture of reversal with his open hands, down going up and up..He came through the halls and stone corridors to the inmost place, the marble-paved courtyard of..him. Gelluk was powerful, masterful, strange, yet he had set him free. For the first time in weeks..he came from? But he was no more trouble than the cat. He washed his own clothes, even his..Silence nodded, acceptant as always..Her mother Ayo and her mothers sister Mead were wise women. They healed Otter as best they could with warm oils and massage, herbs and chants. They talked to him and listened when he talked.

Neither of them had any doubt but that he was a man of great power. He denied this. "I could have done nothing without your daughter," he said..him home. A wise man, said Otter's mother Rose, surely a wise man. Nothing was too good for such a..seven or eight years before. Sava had been one of the women of the Hand on the isle of Ark. Though..In a day or two some of Licky's men came asking if anyone had seen or heard tell of the great..(used to protect from fire, wind, and madness), Sifl ("speed well"), Simn ("work well") are used..Power."..find him here. He was not here to find. There was no need to speak any name. There was nobody but..At first he had thought Diamond had a knack such as many children had and then lost, a stray spark of magery. When he was a little boy, Golden himself had been able to make his own shadow shine and sparkle. His family had praised him for the trick and made him show it off to visitors; and then when he was seven or eight he had lost the hang of it and never could do it again..Language of the Making. Plants and parts of plants and animals and parts of animals and islands..Otter stated it as an unfortunate fact, not as a moral assertion. Hound looked at him with..like that, she seemed to enter that place or time or being beyond herself, utterly beyond Rose's..How long had he been standing here? Why was he standing here? He had been thinking about mud, about the floor, about Silence. Had he been out walking on the path above the Overfell? No, that was years ago, years ago, in the sunlight. It was raining. He had fed the chickens, and come back to the house with three eggs, they were still warm in his hand, silky brown lukewarm eggs, and the sound of thunder was still in his mind, the vibration of thunder was in his bones, in his feet. Thunder?..She followed the Doorkeeper down a stone passageway. Only at the end of it did she think to turn back to see the light shine through the thousand leaves of the tree carved in the high door in its bone-white frame..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/Desktop/Ursula%20K.%20%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt."Thank you," he said, opening the gate for the heifer, who went to greet her mother, while he stumbled across the dark houseyard to the door..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..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (98 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]..going to do in town, in Oraby, when they got paid off. He heard a good deal about the whores in..disposed of. It was humiliating, again, to be outwitted by the very stupidity of these people; and..Because they were smaller than men and could move more easily in narrow places, or because they..difficulties in his path and always greeted him kindly. But she had said, "What can you tell me..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (64 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]..grief. And so, when it became clear that the boy had a gift of magery, his father tried to beat it..to obey me!"..brought me to her place at this hour."..They let him walk among them, wild as they were and having had nothing from men's hands but castration and butchery. He had a pleasure in their trust in him, a pride in it. He should not, but he did. If he wanted to touch one of the great beasts he had only to stand and speak to it a little while in the language of those who do not speak. "Ulla," he said, naming them. "Ellu. Ellua." They stood, big, indifferent; sometimes one looked at him for a long time. Sometimes one came to him with its easy, loose, majestic tread, and breathed into his open palm. All those that came to him he could cure. He laid his hands on them, on the stiff-haired, hot flanks and neck, and sent the healing into his hands with the words of power spoken over and over. After a while the beast would give a shake, or toss its head a bit, or step on. And he would drop his hands and stand there, drained and blank, for a while. Then there would be another one, big, curious, shyly bold, muddy-coated, with the sickness in it like a prickling, a tingling, a hotness in his hands, a dizziness. "Ellu," he would say, and walk to the beast and lay his hands upon it until they felt cool, as if a mountain stream ran through them..no mark of distinction but only a barrier to communication, to the simplest exchange of words..,"I'll stay here if I may," he said in that princely way, with his teeth chattering, holding on to.."Here. I was born here."..prophecy, they say so will the Archmage be one returned from death."..darkness, from behind the shrubbery, was the kind you would expect in an open space. Here..,semblance of a fine staff, coppershod and his own height exactly. "What is the wood?" Dragonfly..This is a tale of those times. Some of it is taken from the Book of the Dark, and some comes from..On the Isle of the Wise."..Listen, what is this Cavut?"..the way and was wandering without heed. He talked, turning sometimes to Otter to guide him or warn.."A sending - only a seeming of him. It could not hurt you, Irian.".."Oh yes. You are uncommonly slow, young man, to recognize your own capacities." It was spoken harshly, and Diamond stiffened up a bit..In the confusion of Otter's mind, he was only dimly aware that they were going now towards the entrance of the mine. They went underground. The passages of the mine were a dark maze like the wizard's words. Otter stumbled on, trying to understand. He saw the slave in the tower, the woman who had looked at him. He saw her eyes..mouth and her long, lean arms, the words spoken awry then, spoken truly now.."Yes," Irioth said. "I understand. You are a kind woman." She was talking about him, about his not knowing what he was doing. She was forgiving him. "A kind sister," he said. The words were so new to him, words he had never said or thought before, that he thought he had spoken them in the True Speech, which he must not speak. But she only shrugged, with a frowning smile..wealth, which was little, but to break the power of its magery, which was reputed to be great. One..Otter had seen, with bluish eyes. Grey and black hairs curled here and there on his chin and..Maharion's mage-counselor and inseparable friend was a commoner and "fatherless man," a village..wizardry. And he had learned a man's name..meant. And so we parted with no Archmage chosen.."To Roke?" She stared. "To Roke, Di? Then you really do have the gift --you could be a sorcerer?"..The trees parted, and before I saw the water, I smelled it, the odor of mud, of rotting, or..they came quite soon to a door. It was not made of horn and ivory. It was uncarved oak, black and..ores and metals--these great things had always been in the charge of women. A rich lore of spells.- but possibly it was not a real tree -- I saw people standing; I approached them, then

walked. magic without giving up their sexuality, were described by celibate men as temptresses, unclean. The gift for magic is empowered mainly by the use of the True Speech, the Language of the Making. the wizard, driven by his visions, forgot to guard himself- and if Otter could learn his name. down the path. He had not been standing there until the other mage said 'Ah.' Irian stared from. seek to have their way. And you put men who've always had their way together with women who've had. "Witchery," they said, "sacrilege, defilement." between sorcerers over work was nothing new and nothing to take on about. But San and his wife and. turned away scowling. Then she touched his hand very lightly. When he stroked the sleek black flow. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (77 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. her and bring them back to Roke when he returned. So they set off northeast across the Inmost Sea. The wizard's spells still bound their minds together. Otter pressed rashly forward into Gelluk's mind, seeking his true name. But he did not know where to look or how to look. A finder who did not know his craft, all he could see clearly in Gelluk's thoughts were pages of a lore-book full of meaningless words, and the vision he had described- a vast, red-walled palace where silver runes danced on the crimson pillars. But Otter could not read the book or the runes. He had never learned to read. "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. When she said nothing, and some time had passed, he said, "In the shadow of these trees is no. After a while Ayo said, "She went down to Firm with some of the young folk. To buy fleece from the. words of apology, of thanks, so as not to leave this way -- but I couldn't. Had she been afraid only. sung spells. Three children, two boys of fifteen or sixteen and a girl of twelve, were taken by one of Losen's. choking grip of that power. had met his match, and in their final confrontation, somewhere in the Sea of Ea, both perished. "Your fear. Did you think I would attack you, or what? But that's ridiculous!" whose master would carry the wizard for goodwill and the prentice for half-price. Even half-price. cleared away and wiped up, the towels hung before the fire. She'd never known a man to look after. Magic was a wild talent before the time of Morred, who as both king and mage established. "Your dad says not." But when they came out into the daylight again his head kept on spinning in the dark, and after a few steps he doubled over and vomited on the ground. time he must waste teaching the boy what he was good for. And after that the ore must still be dug. Telio, in the twilight, beside the wall of stones. mild sunlight of late spring. They made good way from Geath. Late in the afternoon he heard the. He nodded. "Left myself halfway," he said. He looked up; the Patterner was coming towards them, wide awake now. "I think they fear them too," said Veil.

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