

## WHEN THE WATCHER SHAKES

and the dragonlords. Maybe he was a teller or a singer? But no; the murrain, he had said..She retreated to the wall..who challenge the power of the old. And at the centre, nothing. An empty courtyard. The Archmage.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (46 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. "What will you do?" she asked quietly..must be a merchant. Can you tell me a story? It would be the joy of my life, and the longer the.It was peaceful here with the woman and the cat. He had come to a good house.."Why are we wasting time here?" he demanded, as Tern let the bucket down into the well. "Are you.Cinnabar, that's what you're to nod for. The King's wizard says it's still here somewhere about.The light had come back into Diamond's dark eyes..The heat of the day was beginning to lessen and the shadows of the Grove lay across the grass, though the Otter's House was still in sunlight. Kurrenkarmerruk sat on the bench with his back against the house wall, and Azver on the doorstep..now what it once was- if we had more people of the true art gathered here, teaching and learning.there, for I haven't a penny of copper or ivory, nor seen one for a month."."What is?". "If you stayed here, what would you do?" the black-browed woman asked him..banners were those of captured towns and isles, and the king was the warlord Losen. Losen never.to be a gift?".Another reason he loved her..Now, as otter, he was thinking only that he would like to stay otter, be otter, in the sweet brown."Seemed odd. Old woman from a village inland, never seen the sea, calling the name of an island away off like that".Ayo and Mead were much alike, and Otter saw in them what Anieb might have been: a short, slight, quick woman, with a round face and clear eyes, and a mass of dark hair, not straight like most people's hair but curly, frizzy. Many people in the west of Havnor had hair like that..was half the cheese money, but they would have the luxury of a cabin, for Sea Otter was a decked..looks like nothing at all from outside, as you come to it in a dingy street; or you can go in the.With him were a violist, a tabor-player, and Rose, who played fife. Their first tune was a stampy..When he showed signs of reviving during the journey, one of them bashed him on the head, remarking.Irian had waited some hours in the Doorkeeper's chamber, a low, light, bare room with a small-.She slid out of her clothes, the man's breeches and shirt that were all she had, and slipped naked.and over terrified, gasping for breath, and never able to think coherently. It was utterly dark.. "If you need to read the Mountain," his teacher had told him, "go to the Dark Pond at the top of Semere's cow pasture. You can see the ways from there. You need to find the center. See where to go in."..you find be all you seek!".And so I was reading old books, to learn when they ceased to come east of Pendor. And in one I.girl Rose hung about with Diamond because Tuly encouraged Rose's mother the witch to visit.. "She's Irian of Westpool's mare. You're the wizard, then?".unmoving; her arms hung as if she had forgotten she had them, as if she now had nothing but a.youngest of them tortured, and then burned them where Losen could sit at his window and watch. The.wilderness, in tents and lean-tos made of scraps, or shelterless. "Oh, this won't do," Crow said..ten days starving in the cold to cure his beasts! San's got nothing but copper, but Alder can pay.After a long time the young man said, "What else can I do?".a wide, fine net of resistance. Even now there were strands and knots of that net left. Medra had.and he ceased to think of anything at all. They dumped him into a mule-cart like a sack of oats..whale's..with you-".someone were at my heels. The next street headed up and ended at an escalator. I thought that.The people of Osskil, Rogma, and Borth are lighter-skinned than others in the Archipelago, and."I asked you not to," he said, "and it's not my need I spoke of. I talk enough for two. Never mind. You'll know what to say when the time comes. That's the art, eh? What to say, and when to say it. And the rest is silence."."Sitting with old Ferny. She died this afternoon, Mother will be there all night. But how did you.the hillside with its grass and bushes in the last of the sunlight, but there was no entrance..arms and breasts were submerged in a fluffy cloud; she entered his embrace; they danced. They.excitement. "We'll go ashore in the morning," he repeated to her, and she nodded, acceptant.. "You can. Oh, you can!".moving within for people. They were puppets, for advertising, performing a single action over.Through love, respect, and trust, Dragonfly would never disregard a warning from Rose; but she was unable to see Ivory as perilous. She didn't understand him, but the idea of fearing him, him personally, was not one she could keep in mind. She tried to be respectful, but it was impossible. She thought he was clever and quite handsome, but she didn't think much about him, except for what he could tell her. He knew what she wanted to know and little by little he told it to her, and then it was not really what she had wanted to know, but she wanted to know more. He was patient with her, and she was grateful to him for his patience, knowing he was much quicker than she. Sometimes he smiled at her ignorance, but he never sneered at it or reproved it. Like the witch, he liked to answer a question with a question; but the answers to Rose's questions were always something she'd always known, while the answers to his questions were things she had never imagined and found startling, unwelcome, even painful, altering all her beliefs..He was angry then, very angry, a hungry man whose food is snatched from his hand. He summoned the.now like a dead man. But the curer from the south said he wasn't dead, and was as dangerous as an.stride among them rousing them right and left with his knotted rope. The sail was half down, the.higher levels. Thundering, fluttering the hair of those who were standing with strong gusts of.hands..The wind had come up again. They were both shivering, their teeth chattering. They stood face to face in the black lane, hardly able to see where the other was. Dragonfly put out her groping hand and met the witch's hand. They put their arms round each other in a fierce, long embrace. Then they hurried on, the witch to her hut near the village, the heiress of Iria up the hill to her ruinous house, where all the dogs, who had let her go without much fuss, received her back with a clamour and racket of barking that woke everybody for a half-mile round except the Master, sodden drunk by his cold hearth..Long he lay, forgetful of bright fame and brotherhood..and the last line of the first stanza:.of me a woman pushed away the stewardess, who, with a slow,

automatic motion, as if from the effectively as the central government of the Archipelago. pouch, lifted it to his lips, and drank its contents. He opened his smiling mouth so that Otter. doing what they could to keep the few roads out from becoming choked and murderous with panicky. The slave stood by, motionless. All the people who worked in the heat and fumes of the roaster. gone on past . . . that possibility . . .". happened. I believe this isn't very different from what historians of the so-called real world do. Mage Ath. Long ago. Before he went into the west. All my foremothers were wise women. He stayed. said, and, "Knowledge, order, and control." Those words he said so often that they made a tune in. brother, go wash out that cut, and change your shirt. You stink of the pothouse." And she went. Songs, all of which began as sung or spoken texts, were written down and preserved as texts. They. down in his mind and be hidden and layered over with a thousand useful or beautiful or. have great gifts?" "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 -". stride out of the stableyard without a word, the ugly hound she favoured trotting after her. It. Inmost Sea, said the man from Stormcloud, one straggling after the other like the dogs that lost. "Forgive me for talking about you before your face, young woman," he said, "but I must. Master. as a flowering tree. She was very tall, very sweaty, with big hands and feet and mouth and nose. without you, I remember... I don't want to go, but I have to go. I don't want to admit that. into the water, feeling the push and stir of the current all along her body. She had never swum in. So they sailed south in Hopeful, landing first at malodorous Geath, and then in the guise of. the earth, reminding the wizards and mages that their power was not theirs, but lent to them.. the ground near his legs, which were caked with drying mud. When he looked up and saw Ogion's. When she was thirteen the old vineyarder and the housekeeper, who were all that was left of the household, told the Master that it was time his daughter had her naming day. They asked should they send for the sorcerer over at Westpool, or would their own village witch do. The Master of Iria fell into a screaming rage. "A village witch? A hex-hag to give Irian's daughter her true name? Or a creeping traitorous sorcerous servant of those upstart landgrabbers who stole Westpool from my grandfather? If that polecat sets foot on my land I'll have the dogs tear out his liver, go tell him that, if you like!" And so on. Old Daisy went back to her kitchen and old Coney went back to his vines, and thirteen-year-old Dragonfly ran out of the house and down the hill to the village, hurling her father's curses at the dogs, who, crazy with excitement at his shouting, barked and bayed and rushed after her.. "I used him to help me get here and to tell me what to say to the Doorkeeper," Irian said. "I'm. corrupted by ignorance and misuse and lying. But the jealousy in him was like a stinging fire.. "I'll be in the Grove," she said. "And my heart with you, my dark otter, my white tern, my love, Medra." .took time off for a breather and a swig, a new group hopped up onto the dance floor. "Hey, there's. there maybe a room above the tavern?" .asked around a bit. The father, a longshoreman, had died in the big earthquake, when Silence would. different colors; above them, faces, illuminated from below, therefore somewhat eerie, full of. That was where Hound found him, miles away from the valley, west of Samory, on the edge of the. kind of egg-shaped cocoon. A few other people disappeared into such cubicles. Swollen. "Nothing to do with us, that lot at the old place," Birch said, displeased. The tactful Ivory asked no more. But he wanted to see the girl as beautiful as a flowering tree. He rode past Old Iria regularly. He tried stopping in the village at the foot of the hill to ask questions, but there was nowhere to stop and nobody would answer questions. A wall-eyed witch took one look at him and scuttled into her hut. If he went up to the house he would have to face the pack of hellhounds and probably a drunk old man. But it was worth the chance, he thought; he was bored out of his wits with the dull life at Westpool, and was never slow to take a risk. He rode up the hill till the dogs were yelling around him in a frenzy, snapping at the mare's legs. She plunged and lashed out her hooves at them, and he kept her from bolting only by a staying-spell and all the strength in his arms. The dogs were leaping and snapping at his own legs now, and he was about to let the mare have her head when somebody came among the dogs shouting curses and beating them back with a strap. When he got the lathered, gasping mare to stand still, he saw the girl as beautiful as a flowering tree. She was very tall, very sweaty, with big hands and feet and mouth and nose and eyes, and a head of wild dusty hair. She was yelling, "Down! Back to the house, you carrion, you vile sons of bitches!" to the whining, cowering dogs.. "I'll be in the Grove," she said. "And my heart with you, my dark otter, my white tern, my love,. Diamond had run away.. wrong more often than right, with the wizards warring, using poisons and curses recklessly to gain. want to read the Book of Names, you can come with us." .his bare and narrow little room after a scanty supper of cold pea-porridge -- for this wizard, at. "On Havnor," he said, " far from Roke, in a village on Mount Onn, among people who know nothing of. these old mines. And he wants it. So it's best for us that we find it. Now I'll walk you out. It's. streamlined table strutting on comically bowed legs; it moved forward, glasses of sparkling. Rush glanced from one to the other with her keen, bright eyes. "Not only a handy man," she said,. "Of course you do. You'd better. I'll witch you if you don't." . "Keep her quiet," said the young woman, and left him holding the mare's reins in this deserted place. She returned after some time lugging a heavy bucket, and set to sponging off the mare's leg. "Get the saddle off her," she said, and her tone held the unspoken, impatient, "you fool!" Ivory obeyed, half-annoyed by this crude giantess and half-intrigued. She did not put him in mind of a flowering tree at all, but she was in fact beautiful, in a large, fierce way. The mare submitted to her absolutely. When she said, "Move your foot!" the mare moved her foot. The woman wiped her down all over, put the saddle blanket back on her, and made sure she was standing in the sun. "She'll be all right," she said. "There's a gash, but if you'll wash it with warm salt water four or five times a day, it'll heal clean, I'm sorry." She said the last honestly, though grudgingly, as if she still wondered how he could have let his mare stand there to be assaulted, and she looked straight at him for the first time. Her eyes were clear orange-brown, like dark topaz or amber. They were strange eyes, right on a level with his own.. called him. The sparkweed, past flowering, cast its ashes on the wind. There were streaks of

grey.himself the gull, or an eagle, or a dragon, who flew above and before the fleet, and when the men.all over her yesterday, growling and muttering. Ordered the helm replaced." He meant Losen's chief.small plate in front of each of us and with two lightning movements threw on each plate a portion.of an impossible airplane, but remained empty; there were only the black machines, emerging."How do you know?" she whispered..the same root comes the noun esege, "creative force, breath, poetry.".out of the room..coming home. Hmn, hmn," he went, pleased with his joke. "Late coming home," he repeated, and got.He had power to raise huge waves on the sea, and to stop the tide or bring it early; and his voice.It struck with one huge thunderclap out of sudden utter blackness and wild rain. The ship pitched like a horse rearing and then rolled so hard and far that the mast broke loose from its footing, though the stays held. The sail struck the water, filled, and pulled the galley right over, the great sweeps sliding in their oarlocks, the chained slaves struggling and shouting on their benches, barrels of oil breaking loose and thundering over one another-pulled her over and held her over, the deck vertical to the sea, till a huge storm wave struck and swamped her and she sank. All the shouting and screaming of men's voices was suddenly silent. There was no noise but the roar of the rain on the sea, lessening as the freak wind passed on eastward. Through it one white seabird beat its wings up from the black water and flew, frail and desperate, to the north..judging glance..She knew he was right..the more so as they were conflated with the Old Powers..foreleg. Her hands came away covered with blood-streaked horse sweat. "There, there," she said..submitted to her absolutely. When she said, "Move your foot!" the mare moved her foot. The woman."That's a formality. We senior sorcerers may carry a staff when we're on Roke's business. Which I.they were dragons."."Yes. Of course.".holy? Why do you think I don't have a staff? Why do you think I'm not at the School? Did you."If somebody could talk to her people there, they'd get word to her. Her brother, Littleash, used."Of course," he said, his smile growing brilliant. "But witches aren't always chaste, are they?.knew why he had never sought reconciliation with his father..".Yes," said the Patterner. "What goes too long unchanged destroys itself. The forest is for ever.What do I want? she asked herself, and the answer came not in words but throughout her whole body and soul: the fire, a greater fire than that, the flight, the flight burning -.All spells use at least a word of the Old Speech, though the village witch or sorcerer may not clearly know its meaning. Great spells are made wholly in the Old Speech, and are understood as they are spoken..Of late, entering always deeper into the mysteries of a certain lore-book brought back from the."You won't find out. It's all lies, shams. Old men playing games with words. I wouldn't play their games, so I left. Do you know what I did?" He turned, showing his teeth in a rictus of triumph. "I got a girl, a town girl, to come to my room. My cell. My little stone celibate cell. It had a window looking out on a back-street. No spells - you can't make spells with all their magic going on. But she wanted to come, and came, and I let a rope ladder out the window, and she climbed it. And we were at it when the old men came in! I showed 'em! And if I could have got you in, I'd have showed 'em again, I'd have taught them their lesson!". "What now?".and mother and housekeeper, already made too much of Diamond's talents and accomplishments. Also,.wizard Hemlock, who had known his great-uncle the Mage, came up from South Port to name him. And.a night and a day. Now and then he talked to the statue, telling it that it was a clever lad and.mere toy, such as music or tale-telling, but a practical business, which his business could never.the path continued, I saw faintly gleaming hedges, wet bunches of leaves hung over a metal gate..to her; and she came..There were no inns on this road through what had once all been the Domain of Iria. As the sun neared the western plains, they stopped at a farmhouse that offered stabling for the horses, a shed for the cart, and straw in the stable loft for the carters. The loft was dark and stuffy and the straw musty. Ivory felt no lust at all, though Dragonfly lay not three feet from him. She had played the man so thoroughly all day that she had half-convinced even him. Maybe she'll fool the old men after all! he thought, and grinned at the thought, and slept.. "When the balance is wrong, holding still is not good. It must get more wrong," said the.patience with the animals, which they treated as things, handling them as a log rafter handles.wise, eh?" he said. "Maybe the Doorkeeper." He looked at her now, not glancing but squarely, his.So they talked, that long winter, and others talked with them. Slowly their talk turned from."He's angry," Diamond said, "but he won't do anything"..looked at her as he spoke. "I am Kurremkarmerruk," he said to her. "As the Master Namer here, I

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