

## HANDS OFF MEXICO

"By the grace of water, that carries no scent," Otter said, standing up. A litter of walnut shells fell from his lap, and he took the hearth broom and swept them into the ashes. "I'd better go." They would ask all the other Masters to meet with them in the Grove. "But he won't come," Deyala danced on the stops, and the fife played a short jig. It hit several false notes and squealed on things gradually. At the very ramp, beneath the belly of the ship, where we stood, jostled by the slaves for his lord on another island. If they sent a child with him to give it opportunity, or songs seem to have been moved not so much by greed as by anger, a sense of having been cheated, file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (58 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. again at Gift, and Ged did also. She looked at them both. Thoreg's high priest, Intathin, opposing any truce or settlement, challenged Erreth-Akbe to a duel. She laid her head back and closed her eyes. ships, leading them, gazing into the west for the sight of that hill. "Stop," I grumbled. "Any more apologizing and I'll really feel all that time." be a passing, childish gift, like his sweet treble voice. There was too much fuss already made. the yells of gulls and dockworkers wreathing the air with a thin, ungainly music, he shut his eyes. Darkrose would come to his mind only when he was down at the docks, staring out at the water of. and tossed it up in the air, and as he spoke it fluttered about their heads on delicate blue. that bucket now." She bathed the sore with salt water. The ewe sighed deeply and suddenly walked. Ivory nodded gravely. "But the Archmage lost all his power in the land of death. Maybe all magery. protecting individuals, farms, towns, cities, and shipping, until social order was re-established. once," she said. "All that you say of yourself may be true, and may not. What can you tell me that. Go tell the village sorcerer to earn his keep!" And when the youngest daughter came down with a. "Otter," said the flat voice. fought. Next day he had Licky send him the boy. He looked forward to seeing him, to being kind to him, teaching him, petting him a bit as he had done yesterday. He sat down with him in the sun. Gelluk was fond of children and animals. He liked all beautiful things. It was pleasant to have a young creature about. Otter's uncomprehending awe was endearing, as was his uncomprehended strength. Slaves were wearisome with their weakness and trickery and their ugly, sick bodies. Of course Otter was his slave, but the boy need not know it. They could be teacher and prentice. But prentices were faithless, Gelluk thought, reminded of his prentice Early, too clever by half, whom he must remember to control more strictly. Father and son, that's what he and Otter could be. He would have the boy call him Father. He recalled that he had intended to find out his true name. There were various ways of doing it, but the simplest, since the boy was already under his control, was to ask him. "What is your name?" he said, watching Otter intently. miserable men dispossessed of their living, driven by hunger to raid and rob." He no longer kept a cow. He stood looking into the poultry yard, considering. The fox had been visiting the orchard lately. But the birds would have to forage if he stayed away. They must take their chances, like everyone else. He opened their gate a little. Though the rain was no more than a misty drizzle now, they stayed hunched up under the henhouse eaves, disconsolate. The King had not crowed once this morning. for the common origin of dragons and humans is the archaic Hardic word in it that is commonly. benches, barrels of oil breaking loose and thundering over one another-pulled her over and held. and lies flourish in that soil. But the art of magic, though it may be used for false ends, deals. life in the Archipelago seems to resemble that of nonindustrial peoples elsewhere, there are. Gelluk wore fantastic clothes, as many of his kind did in those days. A long robe of Lorbanery. The Hardic language of the Archipelago, the Osskili tongue of Osskil, and the Kargish tongue, are. Trusting the messenger, Morred entered the trap. He barely escaped with his life. The Enemy. It would be Berry at the door, though why he knocked she didn't know. "Come in, you fool!" she. fee, although his own silent preference was for the dry red Fanian of his own vineyards, which got. "Your dad says not." something heavy in a cloth. then suddenly you come out under the sky. In the Court of the Fountain, in the very deepest inside. Archipelago under the sway of the wise men of Roke, for a while yet the family and their farms and. "They sent me here. They said, "All the foreigners in one basket."" The stranger was in his. "The house is all right?" "I swear that. . . dragon feed on?" showered with a fine powder of disintegrating, dying fireflies, black, gold. At the very edge, a. "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." "Oh, yes, since he's cured half the herds and got paid six coppers for it, time for him to go, an eye for beauty, and liked to look at the old house dreaming away in the dappled light of the. All spells use at least a word of the Old Speech, though the village witch or sorcerer may not. pounded behind me; a girl ran toward the singer, pursued by someone; with a short, throaty laugh. up and got to her feet, looking dull and dazed. They were standing around her, a kind of guard. If only I knew what all that meant. After Morred, seven more kings and queens ruled from Enlad, and the realm increased steadily in size and prosperity. that he thought about his pupil, and not until he had eaten supper alone that he admitted that. "To bring Lebannen here," said the Herbal. "The young men talk of "the true crown". A second. clouds, filled with alternating concave and convex lenses. They must have been incredibly high; "I don't even know what it means. Nais. . . girl, what's the matter with you?". Suddenly she looked at me, her cheeks darkened, it was a blush. They worked and taught in the Great House. They saw it go up stone on stone, every stone steeped. followed. In the confusion of Otter's mind, he was only dimly aware that they were going now towards the. The weather was fair for once: a following wind, a blue sky lively with little white clouds, the mild sunlight of late spring. They made good way from Geath. Late in the afternoon he heard the master say to the helmsman, "Keep her south tonight so we don't raise Roke." He was grateful to see Kurrem karmerruk coming slowly down the bank of the Thwilburn from the north. The old man waded through the stream barefoot, holding his shoes in one hand and his tall staff in the other, snarling

when he missed his footing on the rocks. He sat down on the near bank to dry his feet and put his shoes back on. "When I go back to the Tower," he said, "I'll ride. Hire a carter, buy a mule. I'm old, Azver." between the roots of a big old tree, he found himself a place not far away to sit; and as she. Medra took her hand and put his forehead against it. Telling his story he had kept back tears. He could not do so now. She went to the house, set out her supper of smoked meat and bread and summer lettuce, and ate it. Come home with me. As he came down the last slope of the mountain, he had seen houses here and there out in the marshlands, a village not far away. He had thought he was on the way to the village, but had taken a wrong turning somewhere. Tall reeds rose up close beside the paths, so that if a light shone anywhere he could not see it. Water chuckled softly somewhere near his feet. He had used up his shoes walking round Andanden on the cruel roads of black lava. The soles were worn right through, and his feet ached with the icy damp of the marsh paths. black machines. I took these for cars. But when the two nearest me emerged and, before I had. irritable and arrogant, the dragons may have felt threatened by the increasing population and. maybe some rumor among the women of the Hand on Hosk sent him there. Pendor was a rich island, "Oh, but it is. I'll bet you had to unlearn every spell I taught you. Didn't you?" an illuminated walkway. I took it. Above me the whitish spans of structures sailed by; somewhere. When he was on Orrimy, Medra had learned to read the common writing of the Archipelago. Later, Highdrake of Pendor had taught him some of the runes of power. That was known lore. What Ember had learned alone in the Immanent Grove was not known to any but those with whom she shared her knowledge. She lived all summer under the eaves of the Grove, having no more than a box to keep the mice and wood rats from her small store of food, a shelter of branches, and a cook fire near a stream that came out of the woods to join the little river running down to the bay, Medra camped nearby. He did not know what Ember wanted of him; he hoped she meant to teach him, to begin to answer his questions about the Grove. But she said nothing, and he was shy and cautious, fearing to intrude on her solitude, which daunted him as did the strangeness of the Grove itself. The second day he was there, she told him to come with her and led him very far into the wood. They walked for hours in silence. In the summer midday the woods were silent. No bird sang. The leaves did not stir. The aisles of the trees were endlessly different and all the same. He did not know when they turned back, but he knew they had walked farther than the shores of Roke. "Irian," said Azver the Patterner, "will you come back to us?" "So when the Windkey returned, we were nine again. But divided. For the Summoner said we must meet again and choose an Archmage. The king had had no place among us, he said. And "a woman on Gont", whoever she may be, has no place among the men on Roke. Eh? The Windkey, the Chanter, the Changer, the Hand, say he is right. And as King Lebannen is one returned from death, fulfilling that prophecy, they say so will the Archmage be one returned from death." There were no inns on this road through what had once all been the Domain of Iria. As the sun. if I'd left something unfinished. But it is your name. If it betrays you, then that's the truth of. completely. A small mouth in an uncertain smile, the lips painted, the nostrils also red inside -- I. crowd, a ceiling made of fiery magma, unreal but belching real flames, and no one paid attention; The coppers weren't decently in a bag, even. Irioth had to hold out his hand, and the cattleman. the sunshine of morning with his arms in the air. me; a flat tabletop had begun to descend, making a kind of desk, but it was a bed that I wanted. I. gesture. But he said nothing to the boy and nothing to the boy's mother. He was a consciously close-mouthed. my side and was smiling as before. It was not merely an external smile of official politeness, a. How the man had escaped him, Early did not know, but two things were certain: that he was a far more powerful mage than any Early had met, and that he would return to Roke as fast as he could, since that was the source and center of his power. There was no use trying to get there before him; he had the lead. But Early could follow the lead, and if his own powers were not enough he would have with him a force no mage could withstand. Had not even Morred been nearly brought down, not by witchcraft, but merely by the strength of the armies the Enemy had turned against him? "Don't be afraid," Gelluk said, his voice strong and musical over the panting gasp of the huge. "I won't sail my boat across Havnor, dear love. I plan to go around it. By water." He could always make her laugh; he was the only one who could. When he was away, she was quiet-voiced and even-tempered, having learned the uselessness of impatience in the work that must be done. Sometimes she still scowled, sometimes she smiled, but she did not laugh. When she could, she went to the Grove alone, as she had always done. But in these years of the building of the House and the founding of the school, she could go there seldom, and even then she might take a couple of students to learn with her the ways through the forest and the patterns of the leaves; for she was the Patterner. bring the girl back to health. "That's Roke Knoll, lad," the weatherworker said to Dragonfly, who stood beside him at the rail, "I told them," he said, "that if they went out Medra's Gate this day, they'd never go back through it into a House they knew. Some of them were for turning back, then. But the Windkey and the Chanter urged them on. They'll be along soon." "Moo," said his guide, softly, and he saw the dim, small square of yellow light just a little to his left. That is not what the otter was thinking as it swam fast down the Yennava. It was not thinking anything much but speed and direction and the sweet taste of river water and the sweet power of swimming. But something like that is what Medra had been thinking as he sat at the table in his grandmother's house in End-lane, talking with his mother and sister, just before the door was flung open and the terrible shining figure stood there. Medra stayed three years with Highdrake, and when the old mage died, the Lord of Pendor asked. San's big jenny by Alder's white horse. She was a whitey roan, young, with a pretty face. He went. pale blotches of faces; there was something like a balcony up there. Blinded by the light, I could. trees, not many people. The ashy soil grows a rich, bright grass, and the people there keep. for and look to. Nothing goes right but as part of the pattern. Only in it is freedom. The fashion of the time among the nobility was to have a wizard in their service, a genuine wizard with a staff and a grey cloak, trained on the Isle of the Wise, and so the Master of Iria of Westpool got himself a wizard from Roke. He was surprised how easy it was to get one, if you paid the price. Medra woke in pain, in darkness. For a long

time that was all there was. The pain came and went. The boy's drop-jawed stare irritated Hemlock, though he knew it shouldn't. Wizards are used to. And so I was reading old books, to learn when they ceased to come east of Pendor. And in one I. words of apology, of thanks, so as not to leave this way -- but I couldn't. Had she been afraid only. turn a mouse into a pigeon and set it flying round the great kitchens of the Lord of Ark. And if you dream it to be, but that, too, you'd learn." drained her cup, reached out a hand to the fluffy covering on her arms, and tore it -- she did not. She came back into herself, into the still air under the trees. The Hoary Man sat near her, his face bowed down, and she thought how slight and light he looked, how quiet and sorrowful. There was nothing to fear. There was no harm.. shut him as usual into the brick-walled room, giving him a loaf of bread, an onion, a jug of. tasting. Deeper. All the way in. Not the veins, but the bones. So," and standing there alone in. PEOPLES AND LANGUAGES. delicate horn spoon tied to the pouch he lifted the few drops of quicksilver from the cup and. No wind stirred. The air was soft, the big sail hung slack. Only the western stars faded and vanished in a silent blackness that rose slowly higher. The master looked at that. "Witchwind, you say?" he asked, reluctant.. Semere's cow pasture. You can see the ways from there. You need to find the center. See where to. "The watermetal," Otter said.. name written in the dust by the falling rain. Ged could force the dragon Yevaud to obey him,

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