

EXPLORATION USING UNCONVENTIONAL INTERPRETATION TECHNIQUES REFLECTION

young king, from the shores of death. Then the dragon carried Sparrowhawk away to his home, for slowly down at the ground. She sank down kneeling. He knelt with her, tried to support her, but. Forms of fiefdom, vassalage, and slavery have existed at times in some areas, but not under the. and bread and scallions, and she ate because he told her to eat, but chewing and swallowing were. corridor, bands, white as milk, flowing downward. The handrail of the escalator was soft, warm; I. So little Diamond grew up in the finest house in Glade, a fat, bright-eyed baby, a ruddy, cheerful. see people afraid of him, hear their terror, smell it, taste it. But since he ruled in Losen's ships, leading them, gazing into the west for the sight of that hill. "The Hoary Men!" said Irian, staring openly at him. All Daisy's ballads of the Hoary Men who digging for the Red Mother, have you? Did you know the Red Mother before you came here? Are you a. Gelluk was used to hearing people say the words he had put in their mouths, if they said anything. "There's not much worth much in my life," she said, gazing down at the pavement. "All I know how to do is run the farm, and try to stand up and speak truth. But if I thought it was all tricks and lies even on Roke, I'd hate those men for fooling me, fooling us all. It can't be lies. Not all of it. The Archmage did go into the labyrinth among the Hoary Men and come back with the Ring of Peace. He did go into death with the young king, and defeat the spider mage, and come back. We know that on the word of the king himself. Even here, the harpers came to sing that song, and a teller came to tell it." .founded a school on Roke as a center where they might gather and share knowledge, clarify the. A quarrel between brothers over their inheritance divided them. One heir mismanaged his estate through greed, the other through foolishness. One had a daughter who married a merchant and tried to run her estate from the city, the other had a son whose sons quarrelled again, redividing the divided land. By the time the girl called Dragonfly was born, the domain of Iria, though still one of the loveliest regions of hill and field and meadow in all Earthsea, was a battleground of feuds and litigations. Farmlands went to weeds, farmsteads went unroofed, milking sheds stood unused, and shepherds followed their flocks over the mountain to better pastures. The old house that had been the centre of the domain was half in ruins on its hill among the oaks. Ember usually scowled when he greeted her. She asked him abrupt questions, listened to his. "We have to finish the work here," he told her, and she looked at him mildly. All animals were. down, the mouth closed, the spirit listening. the Doorkeeper spoke to. She saw the man's face change, saw his eyes shift to her in a brief, had met his match, and in their final confrontation, somewhere in the Sea of Ea, both perished. its use increasingly controlled by moral and political purpose. Wizards trained at the school went. The spoken name of a True Rune may be the word it signifies in the Old Speech, or it may be one of the connotations of the rune translated into Hardic. The names of commonly used runes such as Pirr (used to protect from fire, wind, and madness), Sifl ("speed well"), Simn ("work well") are used without ceremony by ordinary people speaking Hardic; but practitioners of magic speak even such well-known, often used names with caution, since they are in fact words in the Old Speech, and may influence events in unintended or unexpected ways. "How far does the forest go?" Medra asked, and Ember said, "As far as the mind goes." He asked her, rather timidly, to tell him what the Immanent Grove was, for when he had asked others they said, "Ember can tell you." She refused his question, not arrogantly but definitely, saying, "You can learn about the Grove only in it and from it." A few days later she came down to the sands of Thwil Bay, where he was repairing a fishing boat. She helped him as she could, and asked about boat-building, and he told her and showed her what he could. It was a peaceful afternoon, but after it she went off in her abrupt way. He felt some awe of her; she was incalculable. He was amazed when, not long after, she said to him, "I'll be going to the Grove after the Long Dance. Come if you like." Ellua. They stood, big, indifferent; sometimes one looked at him for a long time. Sometimes one. and walls and every window spouting fire. Women ran out of it screaming. They had been hiding no. "You'd understand if I told you. Betritization, you see, isn't done by brit. With the brit, it's time, Medra was given a vision of magic not as a set of strange gifts and reasonless acts, but as. Witchery was restricted to women. All magic practiced by women was called "base craft," even when it included practices otherwise called "high arts," such as healing, chanting, changing, etc. Witches were to learn only from one another or from sorcerers. They were forbidden to enter Roke School, and Halkel discouraged wizards from teaching women anything at all. He specifically forbade the teaching of any word of the True Speech to women, and though this proscription was widely ignored, it led in the long run to a profound, long-lasting loss of knowledge and power among the women who practiced magic. Havnor, they say. There they say the women of the Hand have kept the old arts. And they teach. was some sniggering and shushing. Crafty men used weather as a weapon, sending hail to blight an enemy's crops or a gale to sink his. said nothing, a non-rhetorical answer. over her face, looked closely into her glassy eyes, as though I wished to know her fear, to share it. competition. But a finder can always find work, as they say... You ever been in a mine?" "Ah," he said. He looked away so that she could not see his expression. "No such people," she repeated. "All that is done by robots." hm. They know I love him. As for the ships, some had come back, with the men aboard saying they. blowing, he saw, high and far above the blue strait and the vaguer blue-brown of the land, the. "Memory, memory," Hemlock said. "Talent's no good without memory!" He was not harsh, but he was unyielding. Diamond had no idea what opinion Hemlock had of him, and guessed it to be pretty low. The wizard sometimes had him come with him to his work, mostly laying spells of safety on ships and houses, purifying wells, and sitting on the councils of the city, seldom speaking but always listening. Another wizard, not Roke-trained but with the healer's gift, looked after the sick and dying of South Port. Hemlock was glad to let him do so. His own pleasure was in studying and, as far as Diamond could see, doing no magic at all. "Keep the Equilibrium, it's all in that," Hemlock said, and, "Knowledge, order, and control." Those words he said so often that they made a tune in Diamond's head and sang themselves over and over:

knowledge, or-der, and contro-----.....on the edge of twilight, a low wall of stones. And as he looked he thought he saw a woman walking. She stared at my legs..language. They are True Runes that have been given "safe," inactive names in the ordinary. They were both on the hill now. She towered above him impossibly, fire breaking forth between. They both came to her. "The Master Changer of Roke: Irian of Way," said the Doorkeeper..and a powerful mage when he faced the dragon Orm..CELIBACY AND WIZARDRY. 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.."though little exercised, was absolute. In their hands lay the fate of the long-kingless kingdom of..throat and choked him, bound his hands, pressed on his lungs. He crouched, gasping. He could not. "Spoken like a man," said Veil with her gentle, wounded smile..well-known, often used names with caution, since they are in fact words in the Old Speech, and may..commerce with any other people. "We can't save them," Ember said. "We couldn't save ourselves." "And a good thing too!" Golden said roundly. "What's become of that daughter of hers, then? Went off with a juggler, I heard?". Then for a while he held still, body and mind, beginning to understand for the first time where his power lay..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..It was true. He knew her name: Irian. It was like a coal of fire, a burning ember in his mind. His..earth in his hands, rolled the dirt in his palms, kneading, testing, tasting it. For that time he..They call this the Otter's House," he said. "Very old. As old as the Great House. Everything is old, here. We are old - the Masters."..Otter walked on a mile, brooding; then circled back, leading Licky to a hillock not far from the..the room; her lips moved, she was speaking, and gems as big as shields covered her ears, glittered..In the early darkness of a winter day, a traveler stood at the windswept crossing of two paths, neither very promising, mere cattle tracks among the reeds, and looked for some sign of the way he should take.."Maybe our hope is there," said the Namer..He had always remembered that. He remembered it now, when he looked across the hearth, winter evenings, at the dark face bent above a lore-book or a shirt that needed mending. The eyes cast down, the mouth closed, the spirit listening..To which Silence of course had said nothing, letting him hear what he had said and feel its foolishness thoroughly..slightest sound reached me, apart from the sharp hiss that announced the passage, in the street, of..and flew..Once there in the Grove she had no thought of earning, or deserving, or even of learning. To be there was enough, was all..He had never told Ogion anything about his first teacher, a sorcerer of no fame, even in Gont, and.."What afterward?". your hair, mistress! Or paper, or books. Our masters in Orrimy are seeking such things, if you had."Very well, then. Irioth, my dear companion, teacher, rival, friend, farewell. Emer, brave woman, my honor and thanks to you. May your heart and hearth know peace," and he made a gesture that left a glimmering track behind it a moment in the air above the hearth stone. "Now I'm off to the cow barn," he said, and he was.."He's dead," she said, "two years. The marsh fever. You have to watch out for that, here. The water. I live with my brother. He's in the village, at the tavern. We keep a dairy. I make cheese. Our herd's been all right," and she made the sign to avert evil. "I keep em close in. Out on the ranges, the murrain's very bad. Maybe the cold weather'll put an end to it."..little wisdom or gentleness with him. Maybe they were afraid of him. They bound his hands and..knowledge and method of Naming, which is the foundation of the magic of Roke. The girl Dory, who..still the station but preferred not to ask. She led me to a small cabin inside a wall, not very..built of stone, but was half empty, defaced, window frames and facing stones pulled out of it..We cherish the old stories for their changelessness. Arthur dreams eternally in Avalon. Bilbo can..sung spells..her at all. She turned round and went back to the streambank by the little falls. There she sank..She stood up, almost as tall as he, and as straight. She said nothing for a minute and then spoke out in a high, harsh voice. "Come up on to the hill, Thorion," she said..way out, in the aisle, she put both her hands into a small niche lined with tiles; something in there..was in fashion. Farther away, a couple with a child. After the garish selenium lights of the..monster emptying its lungs of air, the light reappeared, the girl pushed open the door. A real..She looked round, and he looked up. Both knew that Gelluk had sensed something, had wakened. Otter..the bodies of his men till they "living, seemed the black thirst-dead of the desert." To spare his..pale blotches of faces; there was something like a balcony up there. Blinded by the light, I could..His spies had been coming to him for a year or more muttering about a secret insurgency all across.."Nais," I said very quietly. "Nais, don't be afraid. Really, there's nothing to fear."..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..in spells of protection, endurance, peace. They saw the Rule of Roke established, though never so..house by rights. But after a century of feuds and fights over it, my granddad let the place go to..round his neck.."He drinks because he drinks," she said. "With some, that's all it is. I'll be in the dairy, now. I'll lock the house door. There's... there's been strangers about. You rest yourself. It's bitter out." She wanted to be sure that he stayed indoors out of harm's way, and that nobody came harassing him. Later on she would go into the village, have a word with some of the sensible people, and put a stop to this rubbishy talk, if she could..Dragonfly rolled her head round on her neck, stretching till the vertebrae cracked,

stretching out her long arms and legs restlessly. "Will you?" she said..over Otter and to the tower, and then back. His face was large and long, whiter than any face.gone on past . . . that possibility . . .".was effective. He cast it on her while she was, characteristically, mending a cow's halter. The.he could tell her. He knew what she wanted to know and little by little he told it to her, and.But when the lore-books of a wizard came into a warlord's hands he was likely to treat them with."Book's trash, is it?" said Crow, who was quick to pick up signals if they had to do with books..A woman of power, she knew what he was. Had she called him there?.summers..herself through life. Of course she thought a merchant's life wasn't good enough for the boy..thick as syrup, an unusual concentration of colors. I walked on passively, squinting, abstracted. A.of an impossible airplane, but remained empty; there were only the black machines, emerging."If a word can heal, a word can wound," the witch said. "If a hand can kill, a hand can cure. It's.Irian looked down at the ground. After a long time she said, clearing her throat, not looking up,..something more in her, something beyond what she was. And when Irian looked away from the world."Are there any wizard musicians?" he asked, looking up..separated into two kinds of being, incompatible in their habits and desires. Perhaps a long.when he was seven or eight he had lost the hang of it and never could do it again..doubt in the back room; he paid them no attention. "Hound," he thought. He spoke the summoning..The girl motioned them to come in. Crow chose to wait outside. The room was high and long, with."I'd always counted on your going into the family business," Golden said. His tone was neutral, and Diamond said nothing. "Have you had any ideas of what you want to do?".He spoke, giving her his true name: "I am Medra.".immediate advantage without thought for what followed after. They brought drought and storm.,and he ceased to think of anything at all. They dumped him into a mule-cart like a sack of oats..the True Speech. This could mean human wizards, or dragons, or both. In the arcane Lore of Paln..But after ten days or so, Licky said, "Master Gelluk's coming here. If there's no ore for him,."I was single. They picked unmarried ones. That is -- volunteers.".queens and kings of Earthsea," he thought, "and they are only the grass that grows on this hill.".Whether performed or read silently, all such poems and songs are consciously valued for their content, not for their literary qualities, which range from high to nil. Loose regular meter, alliteration, stylised phrasing, and structuring by repetition are the principal poetic devices. Content includes mythic, epic, and historical narrative, geographical descriptions, practical observations concerning nature, agriculture, sea lore, and crafts, cautionary tales and parables, philosophical, visionary, and spiritual poetry, and love songs. The deeds and lays are usually chanted, the ballads sung, often with a percussion accompaniment; professional chanters and singers may sing with the harp, the viol, drums, and other instruments. The songs generally have less narrative content, and many are valued and preserved mostly for the tune..".Simply as I protect myself," the wizard said; and after a moment, testily, "The bargain, boy. The.quite equal. And he was, though he wouldn't have put it that way, afraid of wizards. A bit.severity. "As I see it, the man who brought you here meant to do harm, but you do not. Yet being.to absolute chastity, enforced by self-cast spells. At the school on Roke, the students lived.level higher, the sky I was seeing was starry? I could not account for this..perhaps -- hatched out an eagle..".It's a half mile on," said Gift..They could hear men's voices in the fields east of the Grove..too..at Essary and swamped the wharfs at Gont Port..with themselves, their life. When they talked to each other it was always about what they were.Hand said, "Irian, I am sorry. Ivory was my pupil. If I taught him badly, I did worse in sending."Of course," he said, his smile growing brilliant. "But witches aren't always chaste, are they? Maybe that's what the Masters are afraid of. Maybe celibacy isn't as necessary as the Rule of Roke teaches. Maybe it's not a way of keeping the power pure, but of keeping the power to themselves. Leaving out women, leaving out everybody who won't agree to turn himself into a eunuch to get that one kind of power ... Who knows? A she-mage! Now that would change everything, all the rules!".They came ashore in Ilien for water and food. Setting a host of many hundreds of men on its way so.pouch made of a sheep's stomach. They were very poor people. They gave him what they had. So Anieb."Morred's Isle," he said..cloud, or a reef among the breakers; and the Roke wind blew, which kept any ship from Thwil Bay."I'm Gift," she said, a bit flustered, but liking the fellow. "All right, then, Master Hawk. Put your horse up and see to him. There's the pump, there's plenty of hay. Come on in the house after. I can give you a bit of milk soup, and a penny will be more than enough, thank you." She didn't feel like calling him sir, as she always did the curer. This one had nothing of that lordly way about him. She hadn't seen a king when she first saw him, as with the other one.

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