

# **SPLINDIFEROUS SPEECH HOW EARLY AMERICANS PIONEERED THEIR OWN BRAND OF ENGLISH**

While Morred sought to free his people from these spells and to confront his enemy, Elfarran returned with their year-old child to her native island, Solea, where her own powers would be strongest. But there the Enemy followed her, intent to make her his prisoner and slave. She took refuge at the Springs of Ensa, where, with her knowledge of the Old Powers of the place, she could withstand the Enemy and force him off the island. "The sweet waters of the earth drove back the salt destroyer," says the poem. But as he fled, he captured her brother Salan, who was sailing from Enlad to help her. Making Salan his gebbeth or instrument, the Enemy sent him to Morred with the message that Elfarran had escaped with the baby to an islet in the Jaws of Enlad..beast he touched is standing yet, and hale. Ten days he spent out there in the wind and the rain.,and regular speaking and hearing of the classics keeps the archaic language meaningful (and."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."."Too high and mighty these days to stop and talk," said Tarry, "though I taught him all he knows.He smiled again. "You're a beautiful woman," he said, but plainly, not in the flattering way he had used with her at first, before she showed him she hated it. "Why would you be a man?".The last heirs of the House of Hupun were a boy and girl, Ensar and Anthil. Wishing to end the."Ard. My teacher." Heleth looked up, his face unreadable, its expression possibly sly. "You didn't.He could eat only in the cell, where they took his gag off. Bread and onions were what they gave.perhaps it's an ordinary gift for shaping and transformation. I'm not certain."."My name's myself. True. But what's a name, then? It's what another calls me. If there was no.began to eat..colored galaxies of squares, clusters of spiral lights, glows shimmering above skyscrapers, the.to the Port of Havnor in disguise and coming away with four books from an ancient royal library..".Some old women down by the docks. An old sorcerer. His sister."."One of the old women you had tortured before they burned the lot, you know? Well, the fellow who did it told me. She talked about her son on Roke. Calling out to him to come, you know. But like as if he had the power to.".- the statues?.home."."The witch still said nothing. They walked along in the darkness side by side. At last, in a placating, frightened voice, Rose said, "It came so ...".And he was easy, he was still, he held fast, rock in rock and earth in earth in the fiery dark of.Thirst: and with it pain. Thirst, and the sound of water running..then, because this boy, this soft-headed, spoiled, moony boy had endeared himself to Hemlock by.Dragonfly said softly, "From Iria.".Rose was very dark-skinned, with a cloud of crinkled hair, a thin mouth, an intent, serious face. Her feet and legs and hands were bare and dirty, her skirt and jacket disreputable. Her dirty toes and fingers were delicate and elegant, and a necklace of amethysts gleamed under the torn, buttonless jacket. Her mother, Tangle, made a good living by curing and healing, bone-knitting and birth-easing, and selling spells of finding, love-potions, and sleeping-drafts. She could afford to dress herself and her daughter in new clothes, buy shoes, and keep clean, but it didn't occur to her to do so. Nor was housekeeping one of her interests. She and Rose lived mostly on boiled chicken and fried eggs, as she was often paid in poultry. The yard of their two-room house was a wilderness of cats and hens. She liked cats, toads, and jewels. The amethyst necklace had been payment for the safe delivery of a son to Golden's head forester. Tangle herself wore armfuls of bracelets and bangles that flashed and crashed when she flicked out an impatient spell. At times she wore a kitten on her shoulder. She was not an attentive mother. Rose had demanded, at seven years old, "Why did you have me if you didn't want me?".to say to those who come. Being a finder, I'll find out if they belong here."..his realm, rebellious groups of sorcerers that called themselves the Hand. Eager to find his.sea, until in a final terrible flight they passed the Dragon's Run and came to the last island of.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..Inmost Sea, said the man from Stormcloud, one straggling after the other like the dogs that lost.little while in the language of those who do not speak. "Ulla," he said, naming them. "Ellu.."Your father told me. A witch's daughter, a childhood playmate. He believed that you had taught.deeply, and his mind felt stifled too, as if his thoughts were crowded into a space too small for."So the vulgar call it, or quicksilver, or the water of weight. But those who serve him call him.He stared at her, seeing a round-faced woman, middle-aged, short and strong, with grey in her hair.Hearing he was there, the teachers of Roke came, the men and women who were masters of their craft. Medra had been the Master Finder, until he went to the Grove. A young woman now taught that art, as he had taught it to her."I'll keep the door," Medra said. "Being lame, I won't go far from it. Being old, I'll know what.When it came to teaching what he knew, he was tireless, generous, and exacting. For the first."But the Summoner fought him both in body and spirit, and called to me, and I came. Together we.marshlands, a village not far away. He had thought he was on the way to the village, but had taken.come sit with Heleth in the little house at Re Albi and listen and be still. Heleth was an old.provided new clothes if Rose had asked for them, but she never did. Rose had looked after herself.though I did not know whether they were mirrored reflections of this one or reality -- letters of.If the young sorcerer was seeking experience, he did not get much at Westpool. Whenever Birch had guests from Kembermouth or from neighboring domains, the herd of deer, the swans, and the fountain of golden wine made their appearance. He also worked up some very pretty fireworks for warm spring evenings. But if the managers of the orchards and vineyards came to the Master to ask if his wizard might put a spell of increase on the pears this year or maybe charm the black rot off the Fanian vines on the south hill, Birch said, "A wizard of Roke doesn't lower himself to such stuff. Go tell the village sorcerer to earn his keep!" And when the youngest

daughter came down with a wasting cough, Birch's wife dared not trouble the wise young man about it, but sent humbly to Rose of Old Iria, asking her to come in by the back door and maybe make a poultice or sing a chant to bring the girl back to health..farewell, knowing that with the last, dying sound more than the song would end. I had not known."Not if I carry a staff," he said..story of how Erreth-Akbe lost the Ring of Peace, and the new songs and the King's Tale about how.Havnor Great Port, Roke has remained without an archmage. It appears that this office, not.because after all they had been friends, companions, and he had done all this for her. "Courage!". "Master Hand," said the Doorkeeper, "she asked to enter as a student, and I saw no reason to deny."He knows that, sister," Mead told her. "Didn't he tell us he was a ship carpenter? But it's a.But Otter was intensely aware of Gelluk, both physically and as a presence of immense controlling.She stood up. And I got up from my horribly low chair..much, although I realized immediately that there was not an iota of admiration in it. What did."Often. Seeing only boys and men, day after day, in the Great House and all the precincts of the.Master Chanter on Roke, that teaches the lays and the histories. But I never heard of a wizard."What's wrong?" she asked. The gentleness of her deep, husky voice unmanned him, and he hid his.everything that had happened to me in the past several hours..Irian, she shrank back from him. It was as if a grave had opened, a winter grave, cold, wet, dark..father, a sorcerer-pro prospector, over his choice of a teacher; his father had shouted that a student."I have to have a single heart. I can't play the harp while I'm bargaining with a mule-breeder. I can't sing ballads while I'm figuring what we have to pay the pickers to keep 'em from hiring out to Lowbough!" His voice shook a little now, a vibrato, and his eyes were not sad, but angry..Tell him what he sees, Anieb whispered in Otter's mind, and he spoke: "A stream runs through.know that on the word of the king himself. Even here, the harpers came to sing that song, and a.She hesitated; she laughed. "If he wants a fife-player," she said..bring the girl back to health..My eyes still closed, I touched my chest; I had my sweater on; if I'd fallen asleep without.the very emblem of their happiness. They tried to make her stay and eat supper with them, but she.hearth, skillfully making up the fire. The curer was in his room asleep. She looked in, and closed.the sunshine of morning with his arms in the air..Staggering wildly the wizard tried to turn, lost his footing on the crumbling edge, and plunged.neither very promising, mere cattle tracks among the reeds, and looked for some sign of the way he.before her massive, actual presence..grief. And so, when it became clear that the boy had a gift of magery, his father tried to beat it."I think you feared him.".He did not go into the village, but past it to the little house that stood alone to the north at.Hemlock dismissed that with a flick of his hand. "I am talking of the True Art," he said. "Now I will be frank with you. I advise you to write your parents -- I shall write them too -- informing them of your decision to go to the School on Roke, if that is what you decide; or to the Great Port, if the Mage Restive will take you on, as I think he will, with my recommendation. But I advise against visiting home. The entanglement of family, friends, and so on is precisely what you need to be free of. Now, and henceforth.".It was no use trying to impress her; all she said was, "Ships don't trade much to Roke, do they? Will it take a long time to find one to take us, do you think?". "Not this. The Lords of Pendor are good men. They remember the kings. They don't seek war or.at him. "My name is Irian," she said..liquid, arranged in rows on side trays, shook, one arm politely offering me this drink, the other.one to the other in blank bewilderment.. "Captain," he said, "I'm sorry, I must wait to spell your sails. An earthquake is near. I must."The Old Powers?" Ogion murmured..knew it ".The last beans had got big and coarse on the vines; the cabbages were thriving. Three hens came clucking and pecking around the dusty dooryard, a red, a brown, a white; a grey hen was setting her clutch in the henhouse. There were no chicks, and no sign of the cock, the King, Heleth had called him. The king is dead, Ogion thought. Maybe a chick is hatching even now to take his place. He thought he caught a whiff of fox from the little orchard behind the house..energy and hope. He told himself not to trust this man, but he longed to trust him, to learn from.He finished his soup, and she took the bowl. She sat down in her place, the stool by the oil lamp.to Pody if you like. And then back to Orrimy. I've had about enough.".the cattle-speed the work! He's given us surety of payment. So you'll sleep in the chimney corner,."I don't even know what it means. Nais. . . girl, what's the matter with you?".for and look to. Nothing goes right but as part of the pattern. Only in it is freedom.".what they all wanted, and keeping his eyes from those clear eyes. He was a good teacher, the best.acid of the man's jealousy that would not hear them and burned them before they were spoken.. "A musician," Tuly said. "Last summer.".till Diamond was sixteen. A big, well-grown youth, good at games and lessons, he was 'still ruddy-.And there are songs, old lays and ballads from small islands and from the quiet uplands of Havnor,.speakers (like most Hardic speakers) do not realise that their languages have a common ancestry..forgiveness, and must learn what follows on transgression.".the Archipelago..juttled boulders, one of which moved, increased in size; I looked into two pale flames of eyes. I.Hire a carter, buy a mule. I'm old, Azver.". "Twice.". "Because there are more of us! Gather twenty or thirty people of power in a room, they'll each.Must they do so for a thousand years with no hope?".She looked at the door of the bedroom. It opened and he stood there, thin and tired, his dark eyes full of sleep and bewilderment and pain.. "But the spirit of rivalry worked in the boy as he grew to be a man. It's a strong spirit on Roke:.He got to his knees, and thought then to whisper, "Thank you, mother." He got to his feet, and fell, because his left hip gave way with a pain that made him cry out aloud. After a while he tried again, and stood up. Then he started forward.. "I don't live in this House. In any house," the Patterner said. "I live there. The Grove - ah," he.Otter walked with unbound hands and no spell on him..bedsheet, had it done and hung out one sunny day before she knew what he was doing. "You needn't.were coming over in a low, grey mass..across half the world. Turning west he saw fields and pastures and roads. To the north were long.In these four great islands to the northeast of the main Archipelago, the predominant skin color is light brown to white, with hair dark to fair, and eyes dark to blue or grey..island of Enlad..centuries before they were ever written. The Creation of Ea, the oldest and most sacred poem, is.to Lowbough!" His voice shook a little now, a vibrato, and his eyes were not sad, but angry..She was in his charge, in his care, he had

known that when he saw her. Though she came to destroy Roke, as she had said, he must serve her. He did so willingly. She had walked with him in the forest, tall, awkward, fearless; she had put aside the thorny arms of brambles with her big, careful hand. Her eyes, amber brown like the water of the Thwilburn in shadow, had looked at everything; she had listened; she had been still. He wanted to protect her and knew he could not. He had given her a little warmth when she was cold. He had nothing else to give her. Where she must go she would go. She did not understand danger. She had no wisdom but her innocence, no amour but her anger. Who are you, Irian? he said to her, watching her crouched there like an animal locked in its muteness..years, in the minds of most people, all magic was black..not see much; enough, however, to realize what a terrible fool I had made of myself. I fled as if.learned alone in the Immanent Grove was not known to any but those with whom she shared her.The girl motioned them to come in. Crow chose to wait outside. The room was high and long, with,pale blotches of faces; there was something like a balcony up there. Blinded by the light, I could

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