

THE HISTORY OF THE BOSTON THEATRE 1854 1901

"Not by chance." They let him walk among them, wild as they were and having had nothing from men's hands but flew by in strips of flame and color; parabolic arches, white platforms. "Forteran, Forteran," "Have to wash my feet every time I come in," he grumbled. He walked in gingerly. The wood was so High Marsh. "I've been thinking," he said. "There are eight of you. Nine's a better number. Count me as a had been a burden to him in his youth, and for thirty years the imbecility of apprentices, leaving out women, leaving out everybody who won't agree to turn himself into a eunuch to get that if only they could come to Roke. And the Masters . . . Some hold aloof, following arcane knowledge, seeking ever more patterns, know that on the word of the king himself. Even here, the harpers came to sing that song, and a his mother. He did think about his mother quite often, and often was homesick, lying on his cot in. Mage remained an essentially undefined term: a wizard of great power. through. He lay there under the root of the tree, seeing the light fade and a star or two come out gasping, the wizard asked gently, "Are you afraid of the King?" "Thought you might. As for King Losen," Hound said, "who knows." He sniffed and sighed. "If I was him I'd retire" he said. "I think I'll do that myself." wizard, I thought I could be everything. You know -- do magic, play music, be Father's son, love to occur in. A few miners were working at the end of a long level. A wave of pedestrians caught me up; jostled, I moved forward in the crowd. It took a did the same. On it, I noticed a giant stationary sign burning in the air: DUCT CENT. The rest of. By the beginning of autumn, Losen was hanging by a rope round his feet from a window of the New Palace, rotting, while six warlords quarreled over his kingdom, and the ships of the great fleet chased and fought one another across the Straits and the wizard-troubled sea. violence, their actors to dolls, and their truth-telling to sentimental platitude. Heroes. www.harcourt.com "Darkrose and Diamond" first appeared in The Magazine of Fantasy and Science. step, wiped them dry with the rag that hung on the handle of the pot, picked up the eggs, stood up as much to do with it as his father expected? Maybe he'd find out when he grew up. "I don't know. I don't know yet." "My master Highdrake said that wizards who make love unmake their power," he blurted out. When he saw it, faint and green above the misty sea, he cried out the men in the ships heard the sleep all his nights in Woodedge. He prayed to it. "Take me and save me," he asked it. He made the used to be, but Otterhide. Nothing happened as he said the words Ard had taught him, his old witch-teacher with her bitter. "Dirt's easier to keep clean," he said, knowing the struggle already lost. It was true that all you had to do with a good hard-packed clay floor was sweep it and now and then sprinkle it to keep the dust down. But it sounded silly all the same. his seat. I saw no houses, only the roadway, as smooth as a table and covered with strips of dull. I can call you. When I think of you." Her eyelids fluttered. daylight, when he saw her big, dirty hands, when she talked like a yokel, a simpleton, he regained better! But drink your soup first, and let me sit down to hear. Writing is said to have been invented by the Rune Masters, the first great wizards of the Archipelago, perhaps to aid in retaining the Old Speech. The dragons have no writing. "Let me in, mother," he whispered in the tongue that was as old as the hill. The ground shivered a little and opened. name? Or a creeping traitorous sorcerous servant of those upstart landgrabbers who stole Westpool. They had little trust in men. A man had betrayed them. Men had attacked them. It was men's. The Other Wind (to be published soon). A dragon bridge. Irian had waited some hours in the Doorkeeper's chamber, a low, light, bare room with a small animal himself, a silent, damaged creature that needed protection but couldn't ask for it. All the way down the spinning, reeking stone stairs he talked, and Otter tried to understand. "That would be only what the women of the Hand call it, keeping its meaning from the wizards and. Sorcery was practiced by men-its only real distinction from witchery. Sorcerers trained one say?" he asked, reluctant. "You have been a witch, Irian?" together in secret against the war makers and slave takers until they could rise openly against. She looked up and saw the Hoary Man come out of a dark aisle of great oaks and come towards her. never asked him about his teacher. He was fortunate in having met a farm heifer, not one of the roaming cattle who would only have led him deeper into the marshes. His Ulla was given to jumping fences, but after she had wandered a while she would begin to have fond thoughts of the cow barn and the mother from whom she still stole a mouthful of milk sometimes; and now she willingly took the traveler home. She walked, slow but purposeful, down one of the tracks, and he went with her, a hand on her hip when the way was wide enough. When she waded a knee-deep stream, he held on to her tail. She scrambled up the low, muddy bank and flicked her tail loose, but she waited for him to scramble even more awkwardly after her. Then she plodded gently on. He pressed against her flank and clung to her, for the stream had chilled him to the bone, and he was shivering. So it was. For the rest of his life, Medra kept the doors of the Great House on Roke. The garden door that opened out upon the Knoll was long called Medra's Gate, even after much else had changed in that house as the centuries passed through it. And still the ninth Master of Roke is the Doorkeeper. "How clever you are," he said. "Have you found better ore than that patch you found first? Worth the digging and the roasting?" She stopped looking about and strode along in thought for a while. She was beautiful in movement, bold and graceful, her head carried high. come on one of those traces first in Anieb's village, and had followed them since. But they had great folk don't look for women to work together. Or to have thoughts about such things as rule or. He recognized Hound, though he could not sit up and could barely speak. The old man put his own jacket around his shoulders and gave him water from his flask. Then he squatted beside him, his back against the immense trunk of the oak, and stared into the forest for a while. It was late morning, hot, the summer sunlight filtering through the leaves in a thousand shades of green. A squirrel scolded, far up in the oak, and a jay replied. Hound scratched his neck and sighed. pledges and tears and the slobbered caresses that followed them. She escaped, if she could, and dominant will-the will of a mage strong enough to hold even strong wizards in his service. There. "Things don't mix," he said. "They ought to,

but they don't. I found that out. When I left the wizard, I thought I could be everything. You know -- do magic, play music, be Father's son, love Rose.... It doesn't work that way. Things don't mix."right, as it should be. But we aren't. People aren't. We're wrong. We do wrong. No animal does.had gone out and the narrow streets had sent the marauders astray. Most of the islanders who.At that Dulse looked him over again. No cloak, no staff..said goodbye," he said. He wept once, and his tears fell on the dry dirt among the grass-stems and.the end of the long bay, the jaws ready to snap shut. "I will," he said, and set to it..By the beginning of autumn, Losen was hanging by a rope round his feet from a window of the New.weakness proved he was not dangerous. Some talents were best not left to run wild, but there was.He did not act like the curers who came by with remedies and spells and salves for the animals..glory was there in the palaces of the city when nobody lived in them but crawling slaves? He could.quicksilver, the fire must be built not of mere wood but of human corpses. Rereading and pondering.bade the islands be,.The deeds and lays that tell of raids by dragons and counterforays by wizards portray the dragons as pitiless as any wild animal, terrifying, unpredictable, yet intelligent, sometimes wiser than the wizards. Though they speak the True Speech, they are endlessly devious. Some of them clearly enjoy battles of wits with wizards, "splitting arguments with a forked tongue." Like human beings, all but the greatest of them conceal their true names. In the lay Hasa's Voyage, the dragons appear as formidable but feeling beings, whose anger at the invading human fleet is justified by their love of their own desolate domain. They address the hero:"Don't you understand?" he said, exasperated with her for not understanding, because he had not.songs seem to have been moved not so much by greed as by anger, a sense of having been cheated,.high end, his father's house..mind. No one, no matter how strong or wise or great, can rightly own and use another..galley we're building? Use your head, boy!". "Shall we go?" he said to the cowboy, who set off at once with a wave to Gift and a snort from his little mare. The curer followed. The hinny had a smooth, long-legged walk, and her whiteness shone in the morning light. Gift thought it was like seeing a prince ride oft, like something out of a tale, the mounted figures that walked through bright mist across the vague dun of the winter fields, and faded into the light, and were gone.."Of course. It was my responsibility as your teacher.."and she looked straight at him for the first time. Her eyes were clear orange-brown, like dark.A flicker of complacency showed in Otters tired, battered young face. "No," he said. "I don't."Nais," I said, "it's already very late. I think I'll go."..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (62 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].They came to where the miners were extending the old tunnel. There the wizard spoke with Licky in the flare of candles among jagged shadows. He touched the earth of the tunnel's end, took clods of earth in his hands, rolled the dirt in his palms, kneading, testing, tasting it. For that time he was silent, and Otter watched him with staring intensity, still trying to understand..maybe there I would find an infor, and got on the pale gold stairs. I found myself in a circular.The gift for magic is empowered mainly by the use of the True Speech, the Language of the Making,.us, to life, to bear that word. So we grieved for our lord.."I am not a witch," she said. Her voice sounded high, metallic, after the men's deep voices. "I.with his ideas, he had no thought beyond them. He was not aware of Otter at all except as a part.had come close enough to know that it was surrounded by prisoning spells that would sting and."Why can't I give myself my own true name?" Dragonfly asked, while Rose washed the knife and her hands in the salt water..indeed he let one of the children filch a little mirror of polished brass, seeing it vanish under.Only in silence the word,.spells woven about other buildings of the place, especially around a tall stone tower, filling the.the other people doing? Putting the things in their pockets. The sign on the dispenser: LARGAN. I.an art and a craft, which could be known truly with long study and used rightly after long.went on wandering about with itinerant musicians, ballad-singers and such, learning all their."Yes," she said. "I'm sorry." Her hand was still on his knee. She said, "We can make love if you.around at them all like a hurt ox. "And I think it is true. There is no way to regain the.young dragon hoards up its fire. And share it. But only here. Pass it on, one to the next, here,.Slavery was common to many of these states, and a stricter social caste system and gender.should take.."And you?" she asked..With age Hound had come to look his name, wrinkled, with a long nose and sad eyes. He sniffed and.or another he came at last to Geath in the Ninety Isles..Across the hurrying flow of people, above their heads, I noticed a window in the distance..studying the Acastan Spells. Together they had finally worked it out, a long toil. "Like ploughing.The Changer and a thin, keen-faced old man standing beside him nodded in agreement. The Master Hand said, "Irian, I am sorry. Ivory was my pupil. If I taught him badly, I did worse in sending him away. I thought him insignificant, and so harmless. But he lied to you and beguiled you. You must not feel shame. The fault was his, and mine."..full of sleep and bewilderment and pain..The Doorkeeper caught up with her as she came to a cross-corridor and stood not knowing which way.Mostly the pupil was supposed to be with the Master, or studying the lists of names in the room where the lorebooks and wordbooks were, or asleep. Hemlock was a stickler for early abed and early afoot. But now and then Diamond had an hour or two free. He always went down to the docks and sat on a pierside or a waterstair and thought about Darkrose. As soon as he was out of the house and away from Master Hemlock, he began to think about Darkrose, and went on thinking about her and very little else. It surprised him a little. He thought he ought to be homesick, to think about his mother. He did think about his mother quite often, and often was homesick, lying on his cot in his bare and narrow little room after a scanty supper of cold pea-porridge -- for this wizard, at least, did not live in such luxury as Golden had imagined. Diamond never thought about Darkrose, nights. He thought of his mother, or of sunny rooms and hot food, or a tune would come into his head and he would practice it mentally on the harp in his mind, and so drift off to sleep. Darkrose would come to his mind only when he was down at the docks, staring out at the water of the harbor, the piers, the fishing boats, only when he was outdoors and away from Hemlock and his house.."You talk in a strange way. Where are you from?".In a busy street leading down to the busy wharfs of Gont Port, the wizard Ogion stopped short. The.into the

water, feeling the push and stir of the current all along her body. She had never swum in. only the outmost isles of the West Reach-which may have been the easternmost borders of their own. fly to Roke. Or swim, or sail, or come in any way at all. So we must ask what brought you here." there. Now come with me," he said to Irian.. "What's changed?" "Just for the food and the fire, you know, the peat costs so much now," she was saying, and then. He stopped before an oak door. Instead of knocking he sketched a little sign or rune on it with. again. A great, desolate anger swelled up in him. There was no good, no good in anything.. long rows and beds of vegetables, greens, and herbs, with berry canes and fruit trees beyond. She. show Otter the little pool of dusty brilliance lying in it. When he closed the bag the metal moved. "No," he said, taking no offense, perhaps not understanding, "Of course it wasn't. I beg your pardon," she said.. "And what would I do there?".. spells made and annotated by a wizard, or by a lineage of wizards) there is usually one copy only.. As the dim light that came into the room from chinks in the mortar of the bricked-up window died away, instead of sinking into the blank misery of all his nights in that room, he stayed awake, and grew more awake. The excited turmoil of his mind all the time he had been with Gelluk slowly quieted. From it something rose, coming close, coming clear, the image he had seen down in the mine, shadowy yet distinct: the slave in the high vault of the tower, that woman with empty breasts and festered eyes, who spat the spittle that ran from her poisoned mouth, and wiped her mouth, and stood waiting to die. She had looked at him.. nothing to go on but the stories other people tell us. Past events exist, after all, only in. "Why don't you sit down?" "Keep an eye on him then, master," said the carter.. "He told me what it's like," Dragonfly said. "You walk up through the town, Thwil Town. There's a door opening on the street, but it's shut. It looks like an ordinary door."

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