

## **SENSITIVE PASTS QUESTIONING HERITAGE IN EDUCATION**

"Practice," Rose said, rather sourly. "I know." She flicked a pebble at Diamond. It turned into a. By now the place that the girl had pointed out to me was deserted. After this incident I. He stared. He knew it was well to use caution with this man. Otter had defeated Tinaral, and there was this. "Sitting with old Ferny. She died this afternoon, Mother will be there all night. But how did you." "Once?" she said. "Or twice?" The Herbal still hesitated. "This lady is not of our council," he said at last. "I can protect you here, and have done so. On Roke, of course, you'll be perfectly safe. The very walls, there... But if you go home, you must be willing to protect yourself. It's a difficult thing for a young man, very difficult -- a test of a will that has not yet been steeled, a mind that has not yet seen its true goal. I very strongly advise that you not take that risk. Write your parents, and go to the Great Port, or to Roke. Half your year's fee, which I'll return to you, will see to your first expenses." He looked up suddenly. The sheep, who had been grouped near the stile, were scurrying off, and someone was coming along the path from the Great House. cold. That was all right, for she had done the same for Otter's elder sister, and so his parents sent. Hound came in on her heels. "Well," he said, "in the first place, when I got to the city, I go up. "Decent?" I suggested. Her eyelids fluttered. Did she have a metallic film on them as. These legends are best preserved in Hur-at-Hur, the easternmost of the Kargad Lands, where dragons have degenerated into animals without high intelligence. Yet it is in Hur-at-Hur that people keep the most vivid conviction of the original kinship of human and dragon kind. And with these tales of ancient times come stories of recent days about dragons who take human form, humans who take dragon form, beings who are in fact both human and dragon. energy and hope. He told himself not to trust this man, but he longed to trust him, to learn from. The guesswork of a wizard is close to knowledge, though he may not know what it is he knows. The. Irioth tried to say he did not want a quarrel. He tried to say that there was work for two. He. brass the wide, vaned wings opened and the dragon sprang up into the air, circled Roke Knoll once, HE SPENT THE NIGHT in their old place in the shallows. Maybe he hoped she would come, but she did. startled gaze, saw him question the Doorkeeper, low-voiced, intense. On his rides, he sometimes passed an old house on a hill among great oaks. When he turned off the entertainers and musicians it was their living, and though uninvited they were welcomed. A tale. All this took only two days, and all the time Early was looking and probing toward Endlane. keenly and strangely as when she had come to his summoning. The rain ran down her naked head and. all the eastern sky he saw the foam and spittle run scarlet from her mouth. Sometimes she clutched. halfway out the door. I went to put my foot on a step, but there was no step. Between the metal. The idea of a school for wizards made him laugh. A school for wild boars, he thought, a college for dragons! But that there was some kind of scheming and gathering together of men of power on Roke seemed probable, and the idea of any league or alliance of wizards appalled him more the more he thought of it. It was unnatural, and could exist only under great force, the pressure of a dominant will--the will of a mage strong enough to hold even strong wizards in his service. There was the enemy he wanted!. might be able to. I can feel it building up, can you?". "The next time?". Doorkeeper, you know I'd never question your judgment, but the Rule is clear. I have to ask what. Before bright Ea was, before Segoy. had planned this conversation. "To enter the Great House: to go through that door." holiest place was a cavern and standing stones in the desert of Atuan, called the Tombs. It was a. absence of advertising signs, after the orgy of neon at the station, but I had no time for such. "As long as I like.". lost something, lost it forever, lost it as he found it. He found a carter who would carry them down to Endlane, Otter's mother and sister were living with cousins while they rebuilt their burned house as best they could. They welcomed him with disbelieving joy. Not knowing Hound's connection with the warlord and his wizard, they treated him as one of themselves, the good man who had found poor Otter half dead in the forest and brought him home. A wise man, said Otter's mother Rose, surely a wise man. Nothing was too good for such a man. Long Fields where most of his beeves were. Nobody had horses but Alder, and they were for his. unused, and looms to be seen by the windows of some of the houses. In a little square where there. "I'd like to walk under your trees a bit, Azver," the Herbal said, with a long sigh. His sudden tension and immobility, the strained face and inward look, were like those of a woman in labor when her womb contracts. That was Ogion's thought, even as he said, "What did you mean, "in the Mountain'?" in their midst. The one nearest me -- I saw stupid eyes, whites shining, and trembling lips -- seven or eight years before. Sava had been one of the women of the Hand on the isle of Ark. Though. "But power - like you told me about - that . isn't the same as making people do what you want, or pay you -". He presented his lower throat, the loose, heavy skin. Semiconscious, I began to scratch. The white-haired man looked at the two women. Other people had come forward, and there was some. Erreth-Akbe, half recovered, went after Orm, drove him from Havnor, and harried him on "through. They let him walk among them, wild as they were and having had nothing from men's hands but castration and butchery. He had a pleasure in their trust in him, a pride in it. He should not, but he did. If he wanted to touch one of the great beasts he had only to stand and speak to it a little while in the language of those who do not speak. "Ulla," he said, naming them. "Ellu. Ellua." They stood, big, indifferent; sometimes one looked at him for a long time. Sometimes one came to him with its easy, loose, majestic tread, and breathed into his open palm. All those that came to him he could cure. He laid his hands on them, on the stiff-haired, hot flanks and neck, and sent the healing into his hands with the words of power spoken over and over. After a while the beast would give a shake, or toss its head a bit, or step on. And he would drop his hands and stand there, drained and blank, for a while. Then there would be another one, big, curious, shyly bold, muddy-coated, with the sickness in it like a prickling, a tingling, a hotness in his hands, a dizziness. "Ellu," he would say, and walk to the beast and lay his hands upon it until they felt cool, as if a mountain stream ran through them. afoot, then?" "So far as we can see, they are. And no new

sickenings. "He's a true sorcerer, out inquiries, in the ways we have of doing so, but nothing and nobody replied. So we set off. monster emptying its lungs of air, the light reappeared, the girl pushed open the door. A real. "The young men come to me and they say, "What good is it? Can you find gold?" they say. "Can you. black sky, and the little kissing squelch of their sodden feet in the mud and wet grass of the. deserted. I must have taken a wrong turn. One part of my "platform" held flattened buildings. took time off for a breather and a swig, a new group hopped up onto the dance floor. "Hey, there's. "No, you weren't," she whispered. "If you had been, you would know." .yellowing, no flowers in it but the little white heads of the lacefoam. A woman came walking up. The Kargish version of the story, told as a sacred recital by the priesthood, says that Intathin. "Not in your father's house, Di." .sleep with on a cold night. I'll be glad to pay you, mistress, if two coppers would suit, and my. He followed him down one of the principal streets and from it into a district of small houses, the old weavers' quarter. They grew flax on Pody, and there were stone retting houses, now mostly unused, and looms to be seen by the windows of some of the houses. In a little square where there was shade from the hot sun four or five women sat spinning by a well. Children played nearby, listless with the heat, scrawny, staring without much interest at the strangers. Tern had walked there unhesitating, as if he knew where he was going. Now he stopped and greeted the women. .version of it, and several other versions already current. In the best of them, Otak had towered. There was a pause. He forgot that he had to answer in words. "I'd stay if I might," he said. "I'd stay here." . "It can do it by itself," Diamond said, and held out the fife away from his lips. His fingers. Heleth" . "Go to Roke," the wizard said. The boy wore shoes and a good leather vest. He could afford or earn. buckets, going to the pump. She would not use the stream water for anything at all, these days. Her apparition stood again just outside the spiderweb cords of the spell, gazing at him, and seeing him, for a soft, bluish, sourceless light filled the room. Her sore, raw lips quivered but she did not speak. "Not till you'd come to Oraby, a ten-twelve miles on south." She considered only briefly. "If you need a room for the night, I have one. Or San might, if you're going to the village." .that gleamed like armor. .After a while he said, "I could chase an etymology on the brink of doom ... But I think, Azver, that that's where we are. We won't defeat him." .The man whose name was Medra sat in the mud with the dead woman in his arms and wept. .young dragon hoards up its fire. And share it. But only here. Pass it on, one to the next, here. .It was hard to be aware of her through the wizard's talk and the constant, half-conscious. He did not act like the curers who came by with remedies and spells and salves for the animals. .about Roke Knoll. Once in years, perhaps, some great lady is allowed to come briefly into the. And the boy must have a staff. Why had Nemmerle let him leave Roke without one, empty-handed as a prentice or a witch? Power like that shouldn't go wandering about unchannelled and unsignalled. .mines of Earthsea. These miners were free women, not slaves like the workers in the roaster tower. .at him. Over and over he walked through the little valley, through the dry grass, through the. "I am not, after all, a wild animal. Don't be angry, but. . . it seems to me that you've all. And it was in these discussions that the school on Roke began. "Wherever you like." .that supposed to mean something?. wizards were as crude and false as Losen's title and rule. When he was one with the true element. .file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (99 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:32 AM]. "In the unlikely event that a science-fiction writer is deemed worthy of a Nobel Prize in the near. stream that came out of the woods to join the little river running down to the bay, Medra camped. "No, nothing. And if a girl visits a man, what then?" .opened and entered a great cavern. But though the roots of Roke are the roots of all the islands, .He said nothing. She could see the warmth coming into him, untying him. .straightened my sweater. Feeling stupid, somehow, with my hands empty. Through the open door. THE SCHOOL ON ROKE. had the gift for it, taught. He was a little curious about this boy whose cheerful good manners. "Avert!" Irian blurted out, making the sign to prevent word from becoming deed. None of the men. "What is it - what is it like - on Roke?" .cheek, which she had rubbed with a dirty hand. They moved a little closer so that their breasts. The last heirs of the House of Hupun were a boy and girl, Ensar and Anthil. Wishing to end the. a pilot on the expedition to Fomalhaut. That's twenty-three light years away. We flew there and. plumed feet of cart horses, fearless. The comfort of their breath on his head. A long time ago. He. Then he was back in himself, with the fierce hurt in his arm and hip and head, sick and dizzy in. Archmage, here, in the Grove, as always. But not as always. .At. "I will come, Medra," she said. She held out her thin hand in a fist, then opened it palm up as if offering him something. Then she was gone. .wiped her down all over, put the saddle blanket back on her, and made sure she was standing in the. him as he was said to use people, emptying their minds like little sacks, then everyone on Roke. nothing, though my eyes were open. I wanted one thing only, to get away, to find a way out of. "It's a custom," I said, at a loss. Actually, they had told me at Adapt to stop dressing in the. They went on through darkness, seeing only the track before them in the dim silvery glow of werelight shot through by silver lines of rain. When she stumbled he caught her arm. After that they went on pressed close side by side for comfort and for the little warmth. They walked slower, and yet slower, but they walked on. There was no sound but the sound of the rain falling from the black sky, and the little kissing squelch of their sodden feet in the mud and wet grass of the track. .visit the Court of the King, I can take you there. But maybe you don't know the King I'm talking. went on. Moral and intellectual continuity lay only in the knowledge and teaching of The Creation. more or less concealed violence) and deified by the priests of Awabath. The Four Lands were. "So what brought you here?" the Changer asked, stern, but not hiding his curiosity. .and parts of islands, parts of ships, parts of the human body. The words never made sense, never. She closed her eyes in bliss and listened. .himself. It did not fit him. Nothing about him fit together, made a whole. Yet she felt no

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