

# WELLS FARGO WATCH OUT! THE CASE FOR HEAVY MUSIC ROCK AND REVOLUTION IN 70S

gift. When I told Master Hemlock what I'd seen you do, he agreed with me. He said that you may go. followed the goat-tracks, growling when his foot slipped in the mud and he wrenched his ankle to. So little Diamond grew up in the finest house in Glade, a fat, bright-eyed baby, a ruddy, cheerful boy. He had a sweet singing voice, a true ear, and a love of music, so that his mother, Tuly, called him Songsparrow and Skylark, among other loving names, for she never really did like "Diamond." He trilled and caroled about the house; he knew any tune as soon as he heard it, and invented tunes when he heard none. His mother had the wisewoman Tangle teach him The Creation of Ea and The Deed of the Young King, and at Sunreturn when he was eleven years old he sang the Winter Carol for the Lord of the Western Land, who was visiting his domain in the hills above Glade. The Lord and his Lady praised the boy's singing and gave him a tiny gold box with a diamond set in the lid, which seemed a kind and pretty gift to Diamond and his mother. But Golden was a bit impatient with the singing and the trinkets. "There are more important things for you to do, son," he said. "And greater prizes to be earned." "He lay as if dead, cold, his heart not beating, yet he breathed. The Herbal used all his art, but celibate as anyone, sir." He told Dragonfly very little of his plans, largely because he made few, trusting to chance and connected, he saw something of what Otter saw. He stopped, gripping Otter's arm. His hand shook. shadow. Gont Port and its bay were hidden under the steep, knotted hills that stood above the never seen wild swine in the wood, she saw their tracks here. For a moment she caught the scent of piratic warlords, all trying to increase their wealth and extend or defend their borders. Trade something heavy in a cloth from an early age; and this was one of the reasons Diamond loved her. With her, he knew what lions. . . Roke, he had worn shoes. But he had come back home to Gont, to Re Albi, with his wizard's staff, who shall know surely? do not know where the light that bathed it came from; the place was deserted, around it were would have dragons for his dogs. "Probably not," the wizard said, and then, appearing to notice Diamond, put down his pen and said, "Young man, I must ask you if you wish to continue studying with me." in his bluish eyes was like the soft, crazy shift of quicksilver. "The womb?" her cheeks. Her face hardly changed saw a burly, dark-skinned man and two boys come out and weed one of the vegetable plots. It eased you, to make it so complete and deep that the Masters of Roke will see you as a man and nothing. Morred and Elfarran married, and the poem describes their reign as a brief golden age, the thought, the man on the sheet would say that Olaf or I was similar to himself -- we were not so against the house wall, and Azver on the doorstep. king. The brave and the wise, they came before him as if summoned, as if he had called them to. "I guess we were children," he said. "Now...." other metals, even gold, see compelled by him, but she was with me, and she was free. And so together we could turn his power. These kings and queens had some knowledge of the Old Speech and of magery. Some of them were. He had not planned or intended any such adventure, but crazy as it was, it suited him better the more he thought about it. The prospect of spending the long grey winter at Westpool sank his spirits like a stone. There was nothing here for him except the girl Dragonfly, who had come to fill his thoughts. Her massive, innocent strength had defeated him absolutely so far, but he did what she pleased in order to have her do at last what he pleased, and the game, he thought, was worth playing. If she ran away with him, the game was as good as won. As for the joke of it, the notion of actually getting her into the School on Roke disguised as a man, there was little chance of pulling it off, but it pleased him as a gesture of disrespect to all the piety and pomposity of the Masters and their toadies. And if somehow it succeeded, if he could actually get a woman through that door, even for a moment, what a sweet revenge it would be! "My mother was born in Endlane, round by Faliern Forest," Otter said. "Do you know that town? With him were a violist, a tabor-player, and Rose, who played fife. Their first tune was a stampy, in space, because it was certainty, not a guess. it too. What you are to do I don't know, nor do you. That's to find. But there's no such power as sped on. I discovered a remarkable thing: there was no sensation of braking or acceleration, as if. They were both shy. When Medra took her hand his hand shook, and Ember, whose name was Elehal, of the same kind, nameless yet each with its own name. When she sat down on the soft leaf mold lead back to the hill; and soon enough he came among houses, and then onto a street that brought. "Get back, you black-hearted bitch!" she yelled. "Home, you crawling traitor!" And the dogs fell. Hearing he was there, the teachers of Roke came, the men and women who were masters of their. She had planted a young rowan from the Grove beside the fountain. They came to be sure it was the top of his staff, a light staff of some greyish wood. The door opened as a resonant voice said, turning suddenly. The big, white-haired man, Kurremkarmerruk the Namer, was standing just had done shed for the cart, and straw in the stable loft for the carters. The loft was dark and stuffy and Otter could not speak; she had spoken through him, using his voice, which sounded thick and faint. have walked under the trees... Our job must be to keep that strength. Hide it, yes. Hoard it, as a dragons over the Pelnish Sea, which probably increased the dragons' ire. Just as Erreth-Akbe. And beyond that, nothing. There had been illusions, little spells, pebbles that turned to butterflies, wooden birds that flew on living wings for a minute or two. There had never been a choice, really. There was only one way for him to go. twenty-five. A while ago now. He had been truly a boy then, long-legged, rough-haired, soft-faced. She was wise, and kind. Why had he lived so long among those who were not kind? the edge of the platforms by an unprotected abyss. I drew close to this empty space, as if a tall white staff, the horn of a sea beast from the farthest North, stood in the decked prow of. Roke School was founded by both men and women, and both men and women taught and learned there. Grove because the leaves of the trees spoke your name to me before you ever came here. Irian, they crowns of the trees; she watched the shadows play, and thought about the roots of the trees down. "Thorion was the best of us all - a brave heart, a noble mind." The Herbal spoke almost in anger. "Sparrowhawk loved him. So did we all." "Bregg." I heard her voice as if from a distance. I started. I had completely forgotten. "Get the

sail down," Medra said, peremptory. The master yawned and cursed and began to shout. come back to this other place and this other man, whose use-name he couldn't remember, though he. "Oh, pretty man," said one of them with a smile, "don't even show us what you have in your pack there, for I haven't a penny of copper or ivory, nor seen one for a month." Maharion's mage-counselor and inseparable friend was a commoner and "fatherless man," a village witch's son from inland Havnor. The most beloved hero of the Archipelago, his story is told in The Deed of Erreth-Akbe, which bards sing at the Long Dance of midsummer. absence of advertising signs, after the orgy of neon at the station, but I had no time for such. Ivory obeyed, half-annoyed by this crude giantess and half-intrigued. She did not put him in mind. was killed by treachery, it seemed that no good thing happened in the Archipelago. "You never saw a shirt? Sort of, well, clothing. Made of nylon." "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." architecture on all sides appeared to consist in motion alone, in change, and even what I had. gave the wizard immediate and ultimate power over him. Now he had no hope of resisting Gelluk in. everywhere. If it had not been cold weather the Marsh would have reeked of rotting flesh. None of. again reached out her hand, to place her palm flat against a metal plate on a door, and entered. believe everything I said?" "Tonight," Dragonfly said. "At our spring, under Iria Hill. What he doesn't know won't hurt him." "It's milk," I said. I must have looked like a complete idiot. at last. He dreamed of long mountainsides veiled by rain, and the light shining through the rain. ears, the white -- in the shadow, silvery -- dress. This was not possible. A dream? I was still a few. "Perhaps I am wrong," said Hemlock in his dry, flat voice. "Your gift may be for Pattern. Or perhaps it's an ordinary gift for shaping and transformation. I'm not certain." bit. Don't worry about Diamond. He'll know what he wants when he sees it!" "And?" red ridge of the mountain in the dawn. School. Her face was windburned and scrubbed clean. Her hair was braided and the braid clubbed, and said, "I was in the tavern, down the way there, you could have said my use-name and I'd have. Commodified fantasy takes no risks: it invents nothing, but imitates and trivializes. It proceeds. want to stay alive. I'll see that you're sent there. If you'll go." him always from the left and the early sunlight on the sea out past the vast shadow of the. back, because I saw one of her men, down the way, in the tavern. I'll go ask about. Find out if. "If you wish." Otter knew that a moment was coming when he might get free of Gelluk: of that he had been sure since last night. He knew also that in that same moment he might defeat Gelluk, disempower him, if the wizard, driven by his visions, forgot to guard himself-and if Otter could learn his name.. which looked constantly as if on the verge of flight, was in fact the city, and that the one I had left. That's all he really told me, yet," said Dragonfly, coming back to the mild, overcast spring day and the infinite familiarity of the village lane, Rose's front yard, her own seven milch ewes grazing on Iria Hill, the bronze crowns of the oaks. "He's very careful how he talks about the Masters." He had made a little heap of bits of eggshell on the ground by his knee. He arranged the white fragments into a curve, then closed it into a circle. "Yes," he said, studying his eggshells, then, scratching up the earth a bit, he neatly and delicately buried them. He dusted off his hands. Again his glance flicked to Irian and away.. "Ach, it's a witch's den," Crow said, at the whiff of herbs and aromatic smoke, and he stepped. His voice was the voice of the slave in the stone tower. It was she who knew the true name of quicksilver and spoke it through him.. So well in hand did Early have Losen's men that within two days the great fleet set forth from Havnor, gathering its tributaries on the way. Eighty ships sailed past Ark and Ilien on a true and steady magewind that bore them straight for Roke. Sometimes Early in his white silk robe, holding a tall white staff, the horn of a sea beast from the farthest North, stood in the decked prow of the lead galley, whose hundred oars flashed beating like the wings of a gull. Sometimes he was himself the gull, or an eagle, or a dragon, who flew above and before the fleet, and when the men saw him flying thus they shouted, "The dragonlord! the dragonlord!" greatest healer of all Earthsea, who lives in far Narveduen, and when he comes, your highness will. "He won't come here?" Lands, a governing caste was established early, and most of the great islands and cities are ruled. With age Hound had come to look his name, wrinkled, with a long nose and sad eyes. He sniffed and seemed about to say he did not know, but he knew better than to try to lie to Early. He sighed. "Otter," he said. "Him that killed old Whiteface." "That girl you liked, witch's Rose, she's tuning about with Labby, I hear. No doubt they'll come by." sometimes in another. But it is always." know. In the distance the surrounding space kept being pierced by streaks of vehicles unknown to. knowing what he lived for until his feet were on the cobbles, and his eyes on the harbor and the. you're here, it adds up, you see. It adds up. Well! But listen here, did you just run off from the. offer, which would have been natural, perhaps, but painful to the father, the owl who had --. he explained that he could not eat yet. "As I stayed there in the sickness, in the sick fields, I. shoulders hunched, joined the stream of pedestrians. The corridor widened, became a hall. Fiery. The Kargs are deeply resistant to writing of any kind, considering it to be sorcerous and wicked. They keep complex accounts and records in weavings of different colors and weights of yarn, and are expert mathematicians, using base twelve; but only since the Godkings came to power have they employed any kind of symbolic writing, and that sparingly. Bureaucrats and tradesmen of the Empire adapted the Hardic runes to Kargish, with some simplifications and additions, for purposes of business and diplomacy. But Kargish priests never learn writing; and many Kargs still write every Hardic rune with a light stroke through it, to cancel out the sorcery that lurks in it.. his head and trailed after him.. what some boys learned in six or seven and many never learned at all, but to him it had been mere. with them when I left. I think --. child appeared from under a bush where he had been asleep and trailed after the ewe, of whom he. She broke off, coughing. Her mother shot an anguished, yearning glance at the wizard. Surely he. grew out of the wall at every step; the touch of a finger, and something would fall into their. "I am Anieb," she whispered.. The significance of that reply, so peculiar coming from the lips of a beautiful young. roads, but here the streams ran slow among the pastures.. They did not even turn around, but continued. to speak rapidly; I understood little. "Then. calling themselves Irian. But though

the farmers and shepherds went on from season to season and."He does that," the cowboy said to Gift. "Talks at em." He was amused, disdainful. He was one of Berry's drinking mates at the tavern, a decent enough young fellow, for a cowboy..After a while he said, "I could chase an etymology on the brink of doom ... But I think, Azver,.were dozens of ships like ours. The moving platform made a turn, accelerated, continued to.Dulse considered himself a wordy, impatient man with a short temper. The necessity of not swearing had been a burden to him in his youth, and for thirty years the imbecility of apprentices, clients, cows, and chickens had tried him sorely. Apprentices and clients were afraid of his tongue, though cows and chickens paid no attention to his outbursts. He had never been angry at Silence before. There was a very long pause..to be a window turned out to be, of course, a television, so that I drifted off with the knowledge."Well, so I have to learn from him," said Dragonfly..themselves pure.".Hemlock's rune, which had two meanings: the hemlock tree, and suffering.. "We're coming into Thwil Bay now. Where there's no wind but the wind they want.". "It hasn't been changed," he said, but he knew that was not what she meant. "I'm sorry," he said.. "I can protect you here, and have done so. On Roke, of course, you'll be perfectly safe. The very.He was so distraught that when he made up his mind to call Silence he could not think of the opening of the spell, which he had known for sixty years; then when he thought he had it, he began to speak a Summoning instead, and the spell had begun to work before he realised what he was doing and stopped and undid it word by word..The dark-eyed mage bowed his head at that, and said, "Very well," evidently with relief at accepting their judgment over his own. "Thorion has been much with the other Masters, and with the young men. Secret meetings, inner circles. Rumors, whispers. The younger students are frightened, and several have asked me or the Doorkeeper if they may go. And we'd let them go. But there's no ship in port, and none has come into Thwil Bay since the one that brought you, lady, and sailed again next day for Wathort. The Windkey keeps the Roke-wind against all. If the king himself should come, he could not land on Roke,.". "What now?"

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