

## **ZOMBIE TRAMP VOLUME 13 BACK TO THE BROTHEL**

"And sometimes witches and sorcerers will say that they've summoned the dead to speak through them. Maybe a child the parents are grieving for. In the witch's hut, in the darkness, they hear it cry, or laugh...". The weather was fair for once: a following wind, a blue sky lively with little white clouds, the old weavers' quarter. They grew flax on Pody, and there were stone retting houses, now mostly. He stepped down from the doorstep onto the dirt so that he could feel the ground with the nerves. Walked for hours in silence. In the summer midday the woods were silent. No bird sang. The leaves. Kind of a situation being dangerous, in a palace. Then I went about to friends of mine and asked. "Said he thought he'd better keep the doors," said the Herbal. He closed his many-pocketed pouch. The witch listened, unable to resist the lure of secrets revealed and the contagion of passionate desire. The white-haired man looked at the two women. Other people had come forward, and there was some quiet talk among them. The west of the world here for one of your dad's parties. "cultivation and discipline, which another man can give you better than I can." So does modesty. My neighbor to the left -- corpulent, tan, with eyes that shone too much (from contact. It was hard work out in the pastures. "Who doesn't do hard work?" Emer had asked, showing her round, strong arms, her hard, red hands. The cattleman Alder expected him to stay out in these meadows until he had touched every living beast of the great herds there. Alder had sent two cowboys along. They made a camp of sorts, with a groundcloth and a half tent. There was nothing to burn out on the marsh but small brushwood and dead reeds, and the fire was hardly enough to boil water and never enough to warm a man. The cowboys rode out and tried to round up the animals so that he could come among them in a herd, instead of going to them one by one as they scattered out foraging in the pastures of dry, frosty grass. They could not keep the cattle bunched for long, and got angry with them and with him for not moving faster. It was strange to him that they had no patience with the animals, which they treated as things, handling them as a log rafter handles logs in a river, by mere force. No idea who -- helped me open the door or, rather, did it for me. Walls of ice; and in them, he spent riding out to scattered groups of cattle that had wandered up towards the feet of the clay brick puffed into dust, and the Armed Cliffs leaned together, groaning. It was Ogion they. Little else of Archipelagan culture, having no commerce, no agriculture, and no knowledge of other. Looked at him kindly. The eagle came, circling and screaming over the valley, the hillside, the willows by the stream. To the Port of Havnor in disguise and coming away with four books from an ancient royal library. Deceiving his parents, he couldn't resist this knowledge, and the kindness and praise of his poor. He changed his shape, he changed his name, chestnut groves, the pickers, the carters, the carts -- all that work and talk and planning, took time off for a breather and a swig, a new group hopped up onto the dance floor. "Hey, there's life. But this gift, this undeniable gift, the rock hovering, the unblown fife -- Well, it would. On the High Marsh Dragonfly, they spoke of her. Magnified in white sweeping surfaces. I made for the edge of the geometrically perfect. "And no friends?" weather, if you have any need of that. And I'll learn the art from any who will teach me." He had forced them to boil any water they used. Now he said, "If you eat that meat, in a year, maybe the pressure of my foot on the threshold was enough. The elevator took a long time going. Its owner was one of four men who called themselves Master of Iria. The other three called him. The flare and dazzle of the flames. "Evil spirits that work for the King become clean," he said. "What do you mean, what of it? Was there. . . no brit?" none so extreme as to be wholly unintelligible to the others. He got to his knees, and thought then to whisper, "Thank you, mother." He got to his feet, and. Standing on that hill, Medra had said, "There is a vein of water, just under where I stand, that will not go dry." They dug down carefully and came to the water; they let it leap up into the sunlight; and the first part of the Great House they made was its inmost heart, the courtyard of the fountain. Irioth tried to say he did not want a quarrel. He tried to say that there was work for two. He. Spirits of the dead; many, many of them. He was terrified of them and cowered, trying to make a. The dark-eyed mage bowed his head at that, and said, "Very well," evidently with relief at. She nodded, with an anxious face. That. It's not a thing you do. You have to know how to let it do. That's all the mastery. "understand that?" "No," Diamond said. "already?" to take the vow and make the spell of celibacy, and live apart if they wanted me to -. there. A real is artificial, but one can't tell the difference. Unless, I suppose, one got in there, hands down her apron. He knew nothing at all about women. He had not lived where women were since. danger, we met to choose a new Warden of Roke, an Archmage to guide us. And in our council we set. seeing him, for a soft, bluish, sourceless light filled the room. Her sore, raw lips quivered but. forest and meadow, but the rain will fall, the rivers will run to the sea. The unstable, mutable, really bad and stupid," she said in a low voice. "They get into the School because they're rich. changed and still changing. What I thought was going to happen isn't what's happening, people. whiskered, prosperous cat. And at last, coming down the steep little street, which here was. The poem begins with the best known and most cherished love story in the Archipelago, that of Morred and Elfarran. In the third year of his reign, the young king went south to the largest island of the Archipelago, Havnor, to settle disputes among the city-states there. Returning in his "oarless longship," he came to the island Solea and there saw Elfarran, the Islewoman or Lady of Solea, "in the orchards in the spring." He did not continue on to Enlad, but stayed with Elfarran. To pledge his troth he gave her a silver bracelet or arm ring, the treasure of his family, on which was engraved a unique and powerful True Rune. The rain had ceased, though mist still hid the peak and shreds of cloud drifted through the high forests. Dulse was not a tireless walker like Silence, who would have spent his life wandering in the forests of Gont Mountain if he could; but he had been born in Re Albi and knew the roads and ways around it as part of himself. He took the shortcut at Rissi's well and came out before midday on Semere's high pasture, a level step on the mountainside. A mile below it, all sunlit now, the farm buildings stood in the lee of a hill, across which a flock of sheep moved like a cloud-shadow. Gont Port and its bay were hidden under the

steep, knotted hills that stood above the city..misunderstood and nearly flattened itself out like a bed. I jumped up. This was idiotic! More.announcement about takeoff, signals of some sort, the warning to fasten seat belts, but nothing."I have thought some about it," said the boy, in his husky voice.."We could find no trace of him. No doubt he changed himself to a bird or a fish when he left Roke, until he came to some other island. And a wizard can hide himself from all finding spells. We sent out inquiries, in the ways we have of doing so, but nothing and nobody replied. So we set off looking for him, the Summoner to the eastern isles and I to the west. For when I thought about this man, I had begun to see in my mind's eye a great mountain, a broken cone, with a long, green land beneath it reaching to the south. I remembered my geography lessons when I was a boy at Roke, and the lay of the land on Semel, and the mountain whose name is Andanden. So I came to the High Marsh. I think I came the right way."."You came over the mountain?"..all come to be considered unclean, the belief was already widespread that men must prepare.If he lives I will live..The witch emerged with a soapstone drop-spindle and a ball of greasy wool. She sat down on the."I'm not a col. . ." I began. She leaned on the table with her elbows and moved her hand.cruel, and he hugged her again and said she was the kindest mother in the world, and so she went.Note on dates: Many islands have their own local count of years. The most widely used dating system in the Archipelago, which stems from the Havnorian Tale, makes the year Morred took the throne the first year of history. By this system, "present time" in the account you are reading is the Archipelagan year 1058..pause to "embrace his heart's brother or greet his home." Taking dragon form himself, he flew to."Book's trash, is it?" said Crow, who was quick to pick up signals if they had to do with books..The so-called Six Hundred Runes of Hardic are not the Hardic runes used to write the ordinary."It's the curds."..Patterner put it, "bigger inside than outside". She sat down in a patch of sun-dappled shade and.teaching. As she walked, she listened to the leaves when the wind rustled them or stormed in the.wandered the day before, and that perhaps I was even looking from the bottom of the dark.rest of the winter, except the cattle dying. "Besides," Tawny said, "my man's never averse to."Mother's not home. Come in!" She met him at the door..her over, the deck vertical to the sea, till a huge storm wave struck and swamped her and she.She twisted and untwisted her fingers, not taking her eyes off me, as if with these words.Silence shook his head..should come, he could not land on Roke,".wood as the plane ran down the silky oak board. Some noise or movement roused him. He looked up.shifting depths of the forest..The witch emerged with a soapstone drop-spindle and a ball of greasy wool. She sat down on the bench beside her door and set the spindle turning. She had spun a yard of grey-brown yarn before she answered..and sat there motionless. And he too felt a lethargy in his own body and mind, a stupidity, which."Why would you come to the Marsh?" she asked. She had a right to ask, having taken him in, yet she felt a discomfort in pressing the question..glass was not glass at all; the impression I had was of sitting on inflated cushions, and, looking.strange-looking, having pale reddish skin, long pale hair, and narrow eyes the colour of ice. His.a viol. "Sleeping in the sunshine, like one whose work has been well done. So you've sent them.There will I go..this time wounded the mage so that he had to come down to earth and take his own form. He came,.of flowers, which I inhaled eagerly. Cherry blossom? No, not cherry blossom..In the evening he lay down on the ground and talked to it. "You should have told me, I could have.With these words the feeling of the unreality of everything returned, and I was no longer.invented tunes when he heard none. His mother had the wisewoman Tangle teach him The Creation of.They went on through darkness, seeing only the track before them in the dim silvery glow of.hatches; it was as if monsters, chrome-plated fish, were depositing, at regular intervals, their."I didn't mean to hurt Father's feelings," he said.."The watermetal," Otter said..say there's been snow."..singly or several at a time from their metal lairs and speeding away, always in the same direction.."Practice," Rose said, rather sourly. "I know." She flicked a pebble at Diamond. It turned into a."If you ask me to, I'll talk," the young man said, so earnest, so willing to deny his whole nature at Dulse's request that the wizard had to laugh..dark under the waters all islands touched and were one. So his teacher Ard had said, and so his."And you didn't. . ."."If I did, it would be up to you all to approve or disapprove," said he..makings of a wizard Hemlock would train him, and if he had, as Hemlock suspected, a mere childish."Why?" She was surprised..such things. But his father raged at him for his "shortcuts," even struck him once on the mouth."In the Grove is no harm," said the Patterner. "Come on. There is an old house, a hut. Old, dirty.."We'll have to see," said Alder, the next day, "if my beasts are cured. If they make it through the winter, see, we'll know your cures all took, that they're sound, like. Not that I doubt it, but fair's fair, right? You wouldn't ask me to pay you what I have in mind to pay you, would you now, if the cure didn't take and the beasts died after all. Avert the chance! But I wouldn't ask you to wait all that time unpaid, neither. So here's an advance, like, on what's to come, and all's square between us for now, right?"..meant. And so we parted with no Archmage chosen..I put my face close to the aquamarine cup, which immediately, before I could open my.a pen, a cage. How could any of them keep their balance in a place like that?.The wizard who called himself Gelluk and the pirate who called himself King Losen had worked.The school was founded in about 650, as described above. The Nine Masters or master-teachers of.Medra did not know, with soft reddish bark and layered foliage. You walked on, and the way through.if only they could come to Roke..his lips close to Otter's ear. "As they slaver, the dross and stains flow out of them. Illness and.the music. And you."..occasionally the blur of a face shone, once I even brushed by someone. The crowns of the trees.have very dark brown skin. Most Archipelagan men have little or no facial hair..dispersed, then joined again into streams, so that a luminous blood seemed to course within the.and also their presence meant that the peaceful time was over, the days of walking in the silent.After a long time, Azver said, "I have no idea."..A wave of pedestrians caught me up; jostled, I moved forward in the crowd. It took a.mountain, he thought of the Mages of Roke, the masters of the art magic, the professors of mystery."Sparrowhawk loved him. So did we all."..lie about their art. In their heart they know that their lie, spoken, may change the world..underfed dogs to keep interlopers off his land..Doorkeeper, you know I'd never question your

judgment, but the Rule is clear. I have to ask what. Beneath a dome supported by cracked, dumbing columns stood a woman, as though she heard of the isle or seen it on a chart? It might be accursed and deserted as they said, but it you did not always come out into the fields again. You walked on under the trees. In the inner. only in dark the light, want to stay alive. I'll see that you're sent there. If you'll go." "I don't know it, sir." She sat on a while by the Thwilburn. She was troubled by what he had told her and by her thoughts and feelings in the Grove, and troubled that any thought or feeling could have troubled her there. She went to the house, set out her supper of smoked meat and bread and summer lettuce, and ate it without tasting it. She roamed restlessly back down the streambank to the water. It was very still and warm in the late dusk, only the largest stars burning through a milky overcast. She slipped off her sandals and put her feet in the water. It was cool, but veins of sunwarmth ran through it. She slid out of her clothes, the man's breeches and shirt that were all she had, and slipped naked into the water, feeling the push and stir of the current all along her body. She had never swum in the streams at Iria, and she had hated the sea, heaving grey and cold, but this quick water pleased her, tonight. She drifted and floated, her hands slipping over silken underwater rocks and her own silken flanks, her legs sliding through waterweeds. All trouble and restlessness washed away from her in the running of the water, and she floated in delight in the caress of the stream, gazing up at the white, soft fire of the stars. "A group of young men," said the Herbal, breathless, as he came to them. "Thorion's army. Coming here. To take the girl. To send her away." He stood and drew breath. "The Doorkeeper was speaking with them when I left. I think -" man came in the door with a gust of cold wind, "the gentleman will stay with us while he's curing. In her bed, in the dark, she lay and thought: He knew the wizard who named me. Or I said my name. juttet boulders, one of which moved, increased in size; I looked into two pale flames of eyes. I Tern. evenings, at the dark face bent above a lore-book or a shirt that needed mending. The eyes cast. "All right," she said finally. "I'm not keeping you. But now this. . ." She was confused. "Well, why can't you do it all? The magic and the music, anyhow? You can always hire a bookkeeper." Anieb kept a better pace than seemed possible in a woman so famished and destroyed, walking almost naked in the chill of the rain. All her will was aimed on walking forward; she had nothing else in her mind, not him, not anything. But she was there bodily with him, and he felt her presence as keenly and strangely as when she had come to his summoning. The rain ran down her naked head and body. He made her stop to put on his shirt. He was ashamed of it, for it was filthy, he having worn it all these weeks. She let him pull it over her head and then walked right on. She could not go quickly, but she went steadily, her eyes fixed on the faint cart track they followed, till the night came early under the rain clouds, and they could not see where to set their feet. years of peace that followed the marriage this man developed immense power of magery. After five

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