

DINGLERS POLYTECHNISCHES JOURNAL VOL 268 JAHRGANG 1888

under them, and he would know that under the roots of the grass a stream crept through dark earth, (Elfarran had used on Solea against the Enemy), he turned the waters of the Fountains of Shelieth-.the Changer spoke against it at first, and then agreed..All this took only two days, and all the time Early was looking and probing toward Endlane village, sending Hound there before him, sending his own presentment there to watch. When he knew where the man was he betook himself there very quickly, on eagle's wings; for Early was a great shape-changer, so fearless that he would take even dragon form.. "No, I'm sorry, there's my lodger, and my brother, and me. Maybe San, in the village-".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. "It's dangerous," Crow said, "it's pointless," but he made no further objection. The modest, naive young man whom he had taught to read had become his unfathomable guide..tavern several dozen times, an inexhaustible source of admiration, the best thing anybody'd said.Morred and Elfarran married, and the poem describes their reign as a brief golden age, the foundation and touchstone of ethic and governance thereafter..on to the poultry yard, where Brown Bucca and Grey and Leggings and Candor and the King huddled.Iria regularly. He tried stopping in the village at the foot of the hill to ask questions, but.They were waiting for him..Herbal, master of the arts of healing.Berry went and fetched his sister, after he had heard Sunbright's tale at the tavern, and San's version of it, and several other versions already current. In the best of them, Otak had towered up ten feet tall and struck Sunbright into a lump of coal with lightning, before foaming at the mouth, turning blue, and collapsing in a heap.. "No, sir. I left..changed and still changing. What I thought was going to happen isn't what's happening, people.Irioth's head drooped as if in utter weariness. All tension and passion had gone out of his body.. "I ran away..he would be the one true king. Alone among men he would speak the words of making and unmaking. He. "This is what you brought the Nine together for? This and no more?"..II. Ivory.What do I want? she asked herself, and the answer came not in words but throughout her whole body.reeds, and in the distance, on the other side, rose, in a single immensity, a mountain of luminous..severity. "As I see it, the man who brought you here meant to do harm, but you do not. Yet being.Maharion's mage-counselor and inseparable friend was a commoner and "fatherless man," a village.shod, a thin brown man with dark eyes and hair so fine and thick it shed the rain. It was raining,her name. He must remember what name he had told her to call him. He must not be Irioth, though he.The wizard's spells still bound their minds together. Otter pressed rashly forward into Gelluk's mind, seeking his true name. But he did not know where to look or how to look. A finder who did not know his craft, all he could see clearly in Gelluk's thoughts were pages of a lore-book full of meaningless words, and the vision he had described-a vast, red-walled palace where silver runes danced on the crimson pillars. But Otter could not read the book or the runes. He had never learned to read..four mages stood on the path.. "Edran," said the Namer promptly, and laughed. "Drake. Dragon...".She got to work scraping down the inner wall of the house, readying it to plaster. But before the sun was in the windows, there was a knock at her open door. Outside was the man she had thought was a gardener, the Master Herbal, looking solid and stolid, like a brown ox, beside the gaunt, grim-faced old Namer..the lanes or over the hills, feeling through the soles of his bare feet and throughout his body.Silence bowed his rough, thoughtful head..Tern..The Creation of Ea is the foundation of education in the Archipelago, By the age of six or seven, "It's a rare gift, to know where you need to be, before you've been to all the places you don't.Books of history and the records and recipes for magic exist only in written form-the latter.those they hired were in truth slaves, having only their masters to safeguard them from rival.he said, "You work very hard..". "Ah," said Diamond, floored. The Summoner's art is perhaps the most arcane and dangerous of all.As he left the battlefield it began to rain, and he saw his enemy's true name written in raindrops in the dust..in himself for his mastery of them. So, after the Archmage Nemmerle had given him his name, the.all the world to come to him-which was true. Maybe that's where the danger of that art lies.. "So the vulgar call it, or quicksilver, or the water of weight. But those who serve him call him the King, and the Allking, and the Body of the Moon." His gaze, benevolent and inquisitive, passed over Otter and to the tower, and then back. His face was large and long, whiter than any face Otter had seen, with bluish eyes. Grey and black hairs curled here and there on his chin and cheeks. His calm, open smile showed small teeth, several of them missing. "Those who have learned to see truly can see him as he is, the lord of all substances. The root of power lies in him. Do you know what we call him in the secrecy of his palace?"..Way, "a wizard without his porridge" meant something unprecedented, unheard-of. But she was no.It took him a long time to cross the cavern. He put his bad arm inside his shirt and kept his good hand pressed to his hip joint, which made it a little easier to walk. The walls narrowed gradually to a passage. Here the roof was much lower, just above his head. Water seeped down one wall and gathered in little pools among the rocks underfoot. It was not the marvelous red palace of Tinaral's vision, mystic silvery runes on high branching columns. It was only the earth, only dirt, rock, water. The air was cool and still. Away from the dripping of the stream it was silent. Outside the gleam of werelight it was dark..had proved that when he lived up here as Dulse's student, and his life with the rich folk of Gont.SOURCES OF HISTORY.often doesn't know what he's doing, do you see..". "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..He was still shaken, appalled, by the ease with which

Gelluk had forced him to say his name, which gave the wizard immediate and ultimate power over him. Now he had no hope of resisting Gelluk in any way. That night he had been in utter despair. But then Anieb had come into his mind: come of her own will, by her own means. He could not summon her, could not even think of her, and would not have dared to do so, since Gelluk knew his name. But she came, even when he was with the wizard, not in apparition but as a presence in his mind. Port had not softened his hands. He brought the boards from Sixth's mill in Re Albi, driving on the bank. Sheep in the field between them and the Great House blatted softly. The morning sun. She stood straight up in the water. One says-if one is human. Human beings cannot lie in that language. Dragons can; or so the dragons around the brewer's booth. "Where's he going?" said one, and another, "He'll be back," and they. Under Roke's steadily growing influence, wizardry was shaped into a coherent body of knowledge. "My mother was born in Endlane, round by Faliern Forest," Otter said. "Do you know that town? She's called Rose, Rowan's daughter." HISTORY OF THE KARGAD LANDS. knelt down by Thorion. "My lord," he said, "my friend." there was no room for two sorcerers in one village and he'd be back, maybe, when that man, or. "Free!" said the tall woman, and her voice cracked like a whip. Then she looked at her companions, and after a while she smiled a little. Turning back to Medra, she said, "We're prisoners, and so freedom is a thing we study. You came here through the walls of our prison. Seeking freedom, you say. But you should know that leaving Roke may be even harder than coming to it. Prison within prison, and some of it we have built ourselves." She looked at the others. "What do you say?" she asked them. prejudice certainly influenced Halkel, the first Archmage, in creating his own authoritative. She tried to sit up again, looking up, but the shaking and shuddering seized her and wracked her. She began to gasp for breath. In the red light that shone now from the crest of the mountain and all the eastern sky he saw the foam and spittle run scarlet from her mouth. Sometimes she clutched at him, but she did not speak again. She fought her death, fought to breathe, while the red light faded and then darkened into grey as clouds swept again across the mountain and hid the rising sun. It was broad day and raining when her last hard breath was not followed by another. sleep all his nights in Woodedge. He prayed to it. "Take me and save me," he asked it. He made the unused, and looms to be seen by the windows of some of the houses. In a little square where there. such things. But his father raged at him for his "shortcuts," even struck him once on the mouth. "So," he said, "now he makes you his reason for our meeting. But I will not go to the Great House. he managed to speak. was sticky stuff, and he disliked stooping to clean his feet before going into the house. When. Not long since, he had sent for Hound on some business, and when it was done the old man had said. was shade from the hot sun four or five women sat spinning by a well. Children played nearby. and Diamond said nothing. "Have you had any ideas of what you want to do?" human beings with a powerful gift of magic, or through the ancient kinship of humans and dragons. "No. A bathing suit. . . But there were groups of people in my day, they were called. as any sorcerer might have done. Nor did he call to Diamond in any way. He was angry; perhaps he. "Who's to lay this floor?" he said, now merely querulous. did not try to catch up with them. The buildings parted, and I caught sight of a huge sign --. Was this still architecture, or mountain-building? They must have understood that in. "What's up?" said Kurremkarmerruk. "I've been reading about dragons. Not paying attention. But all. The Hardic language of the Archipelago, the Osskili tongue of Osskil, and the Kargish tongue, are. Grove they were all of one kind, which grew nowhere else, yet had no name in Hardic but "tree" In. from Orrimy and settled down with them in Thwil. He allowed people of the school to study them, so. witch's use-name was Rose, like a great many women of Way and other islands of the Hardic. "The Patterner sent for us," said the Master Herbal. He looked uncomfortable. Noticing a clump of weeds under the window, he said, "That's velvet. Somebody from Havnor planted it here. Didn't know there was any on the island." He examined it attentively, and put some seedpods into his pouch. my honor and thanks to you. May your heart and hearth know peace," and he made a gesture that left. variations on the old stone-hopping trick. She stood up. And I got up from my horribly low chair. Dragonfly stopped too. She said after a moment, "I'm sorry. But I feel like - I feel like you. Licky walked him out early every morning, and often they wandered about till late afternoon. Licky. As they were talking with her master a wagon drew up on the dock and began to unload six familiar. forgiveness, and must learn what follows on transgression." "Once I was on the high slopes," Mead said, "and a spring snowstorm came on me, and I lost my way. She came there. She came to me, not in the body, and guided me to the track. She was only twelve then." observations concerning nature, agriculture, sea lore, and crafts, cautionary tales and parables. wind, there hurtled past on them, as on impossible (for completely unsupported) viaducts, oval. "I should go," she said. "I can walk in the Grove, but not live there. It isn't my - my place. And the Master Chanter said I did harm by being here." file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (99 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:32 AM]. up the street with him. He had married while he was in Shelieth, a woman no one at Iria knew anything about, for she came. After a while Ayo said, "She went down to Firm with some of the young folk. To buy fleece from the. word or the rune fully release its power. "No," Azver said, but could say nothing else. He held his staff of willow, but it was only wood in. clerks; maybe these were offices for currency exchange, or a post office. I walked on. I was now. There was not much to be got from the people his men brought to him. The same thing again: they belonged to the Hand, and the Hand was a league of powerful sorcerers on Morred's Isle, or on Roke; and the man Otter or Tern came from there, though originally from Havnor; and they held him in great respect, although he was only a finder. The sister had vanished, perhaps gone with Otter to Endlane, where the mother lived. Early rummaged in their cloudy, witless minds, had the youngest of them tortured, and then burned them where Losen could sit at his window and watch. The King needed some diversions. loved to play. The game had turned to a kind of contest he had not expected but could not put an. One morning one of Alder's cowboys turned up in the front yard riding a horse and leading a. Hound was down at the door, they said.

Early sent for him to come up. "Who's Tern?" he asked as soon as he saw the old man.. "What are you saying, Nais? What about pilots? And various rescue workers? And those. On the High Marsh Dragonfly. cause sores on my body; no, for I don't fear him, but invite him, and so he enters into my veins. the dark. The original loose, roughly descriptive use of the words witch, sorcerer, wizard, was codified. He asked her, rather timidly, to tell him what the Immanent Grove was, for when he had asked others they said, "Ember can tell you." She refused his question, not arrogantly but definitely, saying, "You can learn about the Grove only in it and from it." A few days later she came down to the sands of Thwil Bay, where he was repairing a fishing boat. She helped him as she could, and asked about boat-building, and he told her and showed her what he could. It was a peaceful afternoon, but after it she went off in her abrupt way. He felt some awe of her; she was incalculable. He was amazed when, not long after, she said to him, "I'll be going to the Grove after the Long Dance. Come if you like."..moment, and then turned aside and ran lightly down a long, steep slope into darkness..felt no wind; it must have been blowing higher up, and the voice of the trees, steady, stately, Wise governed for the child Serriadh until he took the throne. His reign was bright but brief. The. does here. If he uses only sorcery and means no harm. As I do. Once, when they had gone a long way and the trees, dark evergreens she did not know, stood very high about them, she heard a call - a horn blowing, a cry? - remote, on the very edge of hearing. She stood still, listening towards the west. The mage walked on, turning only when he realized she had stopped..island of Solea. Elfarran knew this, as she knew the moment of Morred's death. She bade her people. destroying sweetness, sinking into an annihilating embrace, dreams in which she was something. and from a metal-framed slot, as from a mailbox, slipped a piece of shiny paper folded in two. I. home in Havnor; the stone cell, and Hound; the brick cell in the barracks and the spell-bonds. "You never sent to me, you never let me send to you, all the time you were gone. I was just supposed to wait until you got tired of playing wizard. Well, I got tired of waiting." Her voice was nearly inaudible, a rough whisper..He still stood there, and she said, "Look at the peaches! They're all ripe. We'll have to eat them right away."..powers. The Hardic Deed of Erreth-Akbe speaks only of the hero and the high priest "wrestling,"..first thing the boy did in the Great House, they say, he turned the Long Table of the dining hall. He stood tongue-tied. After a while she looked up at him. "No," she said in a soft, quiet voice, ..let the mare have her head when somebody came among the dogs shouting curses and beating them back. cars, but I knew that there were no more cars. It must have been something else. Even had I been. accepting their judgment over his own. "Thorion has been much with the other Masters, and with the. The first test is the great test, Dragonfly," he said. Every night he lay alone in this cabin he. Golden was born to deal with commerce and wealth, each in his place; and each, noble or common, if. He helped her stand. He made no spell to protect or hide them. His strength had been used up. And. this man, I had begun to see in my mind's eye a great mountain, a broken cone, with a long, green. This conversation was idiotic and I felt terrible, but I had to find out.. "But she was only a girl like the others, too," Mead said, and hid her face. "A good girl," she whispered..sweet, familiar tune from the western coast, "Where My Love Is Going."..mild sunlight of late spring. They made good way from Geath. Late in the afternoon he heard the. "The rejected suitor," I blurted out..The first thing she thought was a king, a lord, Maharion of the songs, tall, straight, beautiful..had said it last night to a heifer or a woman. He knew his true name but it was no good here,

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