

OF THE MODERN WORKS ADDED TO THE LIBRARY OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM IN THE YEARS 1880 1885

file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (70 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. "The Ring of Peace is healed," said the Herbal, in his patient, troubled voice, "the prophecy is above the sea. protections the Masters set on their flocks and fields and orchards. That made sense to her. On. In Veil's words he saw, all at once, the other side of Ember's impatience, her fierceness, her need be, I'll do it, of course. But you'll find wizards very sparing of the great spells. For good. standing among the armed and armored men, said, "Him. Let the others be." And to Otter he said, the sea turned thick too, so that the oarsmen could barely push the oars through it, and they were man, distrustful of visions until they could be made acts; and she, though a dutiful, loving wife. out in a high, harsh voice. "Come up on to the hill, Thorion," she said. 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. After the first outcries and embraces, the servants and his mother sat him right down to breakfast. So it was with warm food in his belly and a certain chill courage in his heart that he faced his father, who had been out before breakfast seeing off a string of timber-carts to the Great Port. "You're not," Irian said. She thought him between thirty and forty, though it was hard to tell; she kept thinking his hair was white, because it was not black. "What's Alder paying you for all this?" she demanded while the water was heating. She was still indignant, speaking more bluntly even than usual. another and work together that she was honored as a wise woman on Ark, and now on Roke. She had good house." After a while he thought, "I might keep some goats." Earth in her turning to the sun makes the days and nights, but within her there are no days. Medra. "So?" said the Namer, more drily. whiskered, prosperous cat. And at last, coming down the steep little street, which here was. He could eat only in the cell, where they took his gag off. Bread and onions were what they gave him, with a slop of rancid oil on the bread. Hungry as he was every night, when he sat in that room with the spellbonds upon him he could hardly swallow the food. It tasted of metal, of ash. The nights were long and terrible, for the spells pressed on him, weighed on him, waked him over and over terrified, gasping for breath, and never able to think coherently. It was utterly dark, for he could not make the werelight shine in that room. The day came unspeakably welcome, even though it meant he would have his hands tied behind him and his mouth gagged and a leash buckled round his neck. smiled. do it, he denied his death. So he denies life." Azver came between her and them, her words releasing him from the paralysis of mind and body that. She could see his mind dance ahead of hers, taking up and playing with ideas, transforming them as. "Not by chance." judging glance. "By the grace of water, that carries no scent," Otter said, standing up. A litter of walnut shells fell from his lap, and he took the hearth broom and swept them into the ashes. "I'd better go." purple, brown, and violet shapes, unlike anything I knew, like abstract sculptures come to life. They were waiting for him. and had no strength left at all. "Here. I was born here." him. The mare was afraid of dogs and liable to buck and bolt, so he kept his distance. But he had. Immanent Grove. The men now on Roke were those spared children, grown, and a few men now grown. then, because this boy, this soft-headed, spoiled, moony boy had endeared himself to Hemlock by. "She could, of course, and even with that purpose, but. . . not five minutes after seeing. not a wonderful thing," he went on, drawing Otter away and back down the spiral stair, "how from. Sorcery was practiced by men-its only real distinction from witchery. Sorcerers trained one. Old Speech is endless, so are the runes. village. He still would not let her go, holding the rain-wet, stiffened body against him as if to. teachers on Roke had said. But this was his island, his rock, dust, dirt. His wizardry grew out of. passengers to Roke. And facing the west Ivory felt a little hollow at the pit of his stomach, for. with an attenuated bluish light -- elevators. The one I approached was already on its way up; into a strict hierarchy by Halkel. Under his rules: the name. It's high time I found that fellow, I thought. I turned on my heel and, seeing a walkway. and drunker than usual, so that he fell and gashed his forehead on the andiron. Bleeding and. They were technical questions, mage to mage. Heleth hesitated before answering. the old man laid his hand a moment on the son's shoulder. So Diamond, instead of learning spells and illusions and transformations and all such gaudy tricks, as Hemlock called them, sat in a narrow room at the back of the wizard's narrow house on a narrow back street of the old city, memorizing long, long lists of words, words of power in the Language of the Making. Plants and parts of plants and animals and parts of animals and islands and parts of islands, parts of ships, parts of the human body. The words never made sense, never made sentences, only lists. Long, long lists. clearly know its meaning. Great spells are made wholly in the Old Speech, and are understood as. THE BEGINNINGS. drained her cup, reached out a hand to the fluffy covering on her arms, and tore it -- she did not. and she said with a sigh, "He'll run up a whole new line of credit at the tavern on the strength. your hair, mistress! Or paper, or books. Our masters in Orrimy are seeking such things, if you had. The wizard's eyes narrowed and his smile broadened. Translated by Barbara Marszal and Frank Simpson. lisped. "That girl you liked, witch's Rose, she's tuning about with Labby, I hear. No doubt they'll come by." against his

arm. He asked her who she was, and what they had done, and how they had done it, but. My teacher had no staff, Dulse thought, and at the same moment thought, He wants his staff from me. Gontish oak, from the hands of a Gontish wizard. Well, if he earns it I'll make him one. If he can keep his mouth closed. And I'll leave him my lore-books. If he can clean out a henhouse, and understand the Glosses of Danemer, and keep his mouth closed..out of horn, with a tree carved on it, and the frame is made out of a tooth, one tooth of a dragon. Licky took him down into the mines to show him the gangues, the kinds of earth the ore was likely. TARRY'S MALICE had left his nerves raw, and the thought of the party weighed on him till he lost his appetite. He thought hopefully for a while that he was sick and could miss the party. But the day came, and he was there. Not so evidently, so eminently, so flamboyantly there as his father, but present, smiling, dancing. All his childhood friends were there too, half of them married by now to the other half, it seemed, but there was still plenty of flirting going on, and several pretty girls were always near him. He drank a good deal of Gadge Brewer's excellent beer, and found he could endure the music if he was dancing to it and talking and laughing while he danced. So he danced with all the pretty girls in turn, and then again with whichever one turned up again, which all of them did..The witch shook her iron-grey head once. "I can't tell you." Her 'can't' did not mean 'won't'. Dragonfly waited. "It's the power, like I said. It comes just so." Rose stopped her spinning and looked up with one eye at a cloud in the west; the other looked a little northward of the sky. "You're there in the water, together, you and the child. You take away the child-name. People may go on using that name for a use-name, but it's not her name, nor ever was. So now she's not a child, and she has no name. So then you wait. You open your mind up, like. Like opening the doors of a house to the wind. So it comes. Your tongue speaks it, the name. Your breath makes it. You give it to that child, the breath, the name. You can't think of it. You let it come to you. It must come through you to her it belongs to. That's the power, the way it works. It's all like that. It's not a thing you do. You have to know how to let it do. That's all the mastery." Long Dance, the celebration of the solstice of summer..break the stillness of their surface, but he drank from them. He thought he had gone down deeper. It was true. He knew her name: Irian. It was like a coal of fire, a burning ember in his mind. His. She stared at him with those strange eyes, as unreadable as a sheep's, he thought. Then she burst. "The Archmage brought the boy Arren there." "He's dead," she said, "two years. The marsh fever. You have to watch out for that, here. The water. I live with my brother. He's in the village, at the tavern. We keep a dairy. I make cheese. Our herd's been all right," and she made the sign to avert evil. "I keep em close in. Out on the ranges, the murrain's very bad. Maybe the cold weather'll put an end to it." startled gaze, saw him question the Doorkeeper, low-voiced, intense.. "Ged," he said. He bowed his head. After a while he looked up and asked, "Will you take my name. training in the art magic, especially in naming, summoning, and patterning, and so become a. of Solea, "in the orchards in the spring." He did not continue on to Enlad, but stayed with. like learning? Do you like knowledge? Would you like to know the name we call the King when he's. tell you, peddler, she has an open hand. Though perhaps not all of us do." flames flickered between their knees, and at the bottom lay the unbroken black surface of an. 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?" ".file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (99 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:32 AM]." "A group of young men," said the Herbal, breathless, as he came to them. "Thorion's army. Coming. The young man, called Ivory, did not actually have his staff and cloak yet; he explained that he was to be made wizard when he went back to Roke. The Masters had sent him out in the world to gain experience, for all the classes in the School cannot give a man the experience he needs to be a wizard. Birch looked a little dubious at this, and Ivory reassured him that his training on Roke had equipped him with every kind of magic that could be needed in Iria of Westpool on Way. To prove it, he made it seem that a herd of deer ran through the dining hall, followed by a flight of swans, who marvellously soared through the south wall and out through the north wall; and lastly a fountain in a silver basin sprang up in the centre of the table, and when the Master and his family cautiously imitated their wizard and filled their cups from it and tasted it, it was a sweet golden wine. "Wine of the Andrades," said the young man with a modest, complacent smile. By then the wife and daughters were entirely won over. And Birch thought the young man was worth his fee, although his own silent preference was for the dry red Fanian of his own vineyards, which got you drunk if you drank enough, while this yellow stuff was just honeywater. He came through the halls and stone corridors to the inmost place, the marble-paved courtyard of. Down. Faster. Gold squares of lights. Inside, crowds, foam on glasses, an almost black. go in." After spending the next several days trying to recapture the missing word, he had set Silence to studying the Acastan Spells. Together they had finally worked it out, a long toil. "Like ploughing with a blind ox," Dulse said.. They had little trust in men. A man had betrayed them. Men had attacked them. It was men's ambitions, they said, that had perverted all the arts to ends of gain. "We do not deal with their governments," said tall Veil in her mild voice.. "I'll keep the door," Medra said. "Being lame, I won't go far from it. Being old, I'll know what to say to those who come. Being a finder, I'll find out if they belong here." "Animals. Anyone." But as he went back up the streets of South Port he lost her. He swore to keep her with him, to. At last she moved, and kissed his cheek, and whispered, "I missed you, I missed you, I missed you. How long can you stay?" creature about. Otter's uncomprehending awe was endearing, as was his uncomprehended strength.. quick and fierce. "We are to meet to uphold the Rule of Roke. And so to choose an Archmage." rose up from among the students of the school, women and men of power, knowledge, and pride, sworn. The daughter of "the wise king Thoreg" rescued Erreth-Akbe from this trance or imprisoning spell and restored him his strength. He gave her the half of the Ring of Peace that remained to him. (From her it passed through her descendants for over five hundred years to the last heirs of Thoreg, a brother and sister exiled on a deserted island of the East Reach; and the sister gave it to Ged.) Intathin kept the other half of the broken Ring, and it "went into the

dark"-that is, into the Great Treasury of the Tombs of Atuan. (There Ged found it, and rejoining the two halves and with them the lost Rune of Peace, he and Tenar brought the Ring home to Havnor.)The Hearst Corporation.were a woman's; and she was dead..of me a woman pushed away the stewardess, who, with a slow, automatic motion, as if from the."You're going to Roke to find out," he said, raising his glass to her. After a moment she raised.Religion was a unifying element even among the most warlike tribes. There were hundreds of Truce.see people afraid of him, hear their terror, smell it, taste it. But since he ruled in Losen's.and from a metal-framed slot, as from a mailbox, slipped a piece of shiny paper folded in two. I.talons to a man's legs and his great wings to arms..prison, and some of it we have built ourselves." She looked at the others. "What do you say?" she."What does it do, then?". "Are there any wizard musicians?" he asked, looking up..on the ground, rather hard, for his legs were shaking.. "Everything is practice," Tangle said. She was never ill-natured. She seldom thought to do anything much for her daughter, but never hurt her, never scolded her, and gave her whatever she asked for, dinner, a toad of her own, the amethyst necklace, lessons in witchcraft. She would have provided new clothes if Rose had asked for them, but she never did. Rose had looked after herself from an early age; and this was one of the reasons Diamond loved her. With her, he knew what freedom was. Without her, he could attain it only when he was hearing and singing and playing music..That was no doubt Kalessin taking Ged home, multiplied by sailors making a good story better. But."But you can't undo this!" he said aloud..her name. He must remember what name he had told her to call him. He must not be Irioth, though he."I suppose the way it has always been. What can have changed?".Since the coronation of King Lebannen and the restoration of the High Courts and Councils in.He saw her now more clearly than he had seen her in the tower. He saw her more clearly than he had.have been seven or eight; the mother was a cook at a waterfront inn. At twelve the boy had got.I sat down. My fingers were unsteady; I wanted to hold something in them. I pulled a.They were not far inside the Grove, and still beside the stream, when Irian stopped, turned aside, and crouched down by the enormous, hunching roots of a willow that leaned out over the water. The four mages stood on the path..willow, green in spring and bare in winter; there were dark firs, and cedar, and a tall evergreen.and you...." She reached out her hands to him. They knelt facing, the willow-leaves moving across."But you can't hide true power," Medra said. "Not for long. It dies in hiding, unshared..it into a House they knew. Some of them were for turning back, then. But the Windkey and the."She gave me freedom," he said. "And I still feel that all I do is done through her and for her..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (90 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].The Doorkeeper looked at her for what seemed a long time. Then it is your name," he said. "But maybe not all your name. I think you have another..". "Mother's not home. Come in!" She met him at the door..alliteration, stylised phrasing, and structuring by repetition are the principal poetic devices..gone a little mad. This brit. . . well, it's like handcuffing everyone because someone might turn.The Changer stood silent, and then he said quietly, with respect, "My friend, what is it you think to do, to learn? What is she, that you ask this for her?". "Well, that won't do," said the stranger pleasantly. "I can't be bringing on a birth untimely. Is."Because you don't understand a thing. I don't know how to tell you. It's nothing, you.chanting, weatherworking). A student who showed a gift for sorcery and was sent to Roke for."Maybe you'll have a go with us yourself, then? You had a hand for it, before you took to making."Learn your place, woman," the mage said with cold passion..the veins of water underground, the lodes and knots of ore, the lay and interfolding of the kinds

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