

# AN EXAMINATION OF THE MERITS AND TENDENCY OF THE PURSUITS OF LITERATURE

He's so proud of it, his stupid domain, his stupid grandfather. I don't want it. I won't have it.."Well, well, well," he said to his wife, frequently, "all rosy again, eh? Got the apple of your. Trusting the messenger, Morred entered the trap. He barely escaped with his life. The Enemy pursued him from the east to the west of Enlad in a trail of ruin. On the Plains of Enlad, meeting the companions who had stayed loyal to him, most of them sailors who had brought their ships to Enlad to aid him, Morred turned and gave battle. The Enemy would not confront him directly, but sent Morred's own spell-bound warriors to fight him, and worse, sent sorceries that shriveled up the bodies of his men till they "living, seemed the black thirst-dead of the desert." To spare his people, Morred withdrew..She looked at me almost with pity. But I was stubborn..The wind blew, the long grass nodded in the wind. Summer was getting on and the grass was dry now, yellowing, no flowers in it but the little white heads of the lacefoam. A woman came walking up the hill towards him through the long grass. She followed no path, and walked easily, without haste..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (78 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].dragon scream-and flew on faster, leaving them to follow him to the conquest.."You didn't set a price?".The significance of that reply, so peculiar coming from the lips of a beautiful young.He knew it was well to use caution with this man. Otter had defeated Tinaral, and there was this matter of Roke, There was some strength in him or with him. Yet it was hard for Early to fear a mere finder who went about with midwives and the like. He could not bring himself to sneak and skulk. He struck down in broad daylight in the stragglng square of Endlane village, infolding his talons to a man's legs and his great wings to arms.."Give me my name, Rose," the girl said..Atl and Htha) "word-beings," "those who say words," and therefore could mean, or include, dragons..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (46 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].below them. "I'll go in, try to keep things from sliding around, eh? I'll find out when I'm doing.Who found his way to work his will..can keep his mouth closed. And I'll leave him my lore-books. If he can clean out a henhouse, and her and bring them back to Roke when he returned. So they set off northeast across the Inmost Sea.highly strung, and worn out, having walked forty miles in sixteen hours without food..courtier of the King? Here, now, there's no need for ropes and knots." Where he stood, with a.How long can you stay?".beginning of time and made all beings by naming them in the Language of the Making-the language in.Diamond expected to feel relieved, released, but found he felt rejected, ashamed..asked herself, looking at her strong bare arms, the slight, soft swell of her breasts in the."It is. . . so that. . . in order that it be impossible to. . . kill".Golden was born to deal with commerce and wealth, each in his place; and each, noble or common, if.The wizard stepped forward. "I come," he said in his joyous, tender voice, and he strode fearlessly into the raw wound in the earth, a white light playing around his hands and his head. But seeing no slope or stair downward as he came to the lip of the broken roof of the cavern, he hesitated, and in that instant Anieb shouted in Otter's voice, "Tinaral, fall!". "At home," Otter said. It wasn't a lie. He did have a pouch at home. He kept his fine-work tools.body. He felt a mild regret. It was only fair that he should die here with the man he had killed..When he had done what he could to warn the city, and seen all the gate-guards and port-guards doing what they could to keep the few roads out from becoming choked and murderous with panicky people, Ogion shut himself into a room in the signal tower of the Port, locked the door, for everybody wanted him at once, and sent a sending to the Dark Pond in Semere's cow pasture up on the Mountain..The Hearst Corporation.with them. "You and the cheese money will get along nicely.".Havnor, they say. There they say the women of the Hand have kept the old arts. And they teach.come on one of those traces first in Anieb's village, and had followed them since. But they had.bellows and the steady roar of the fire. "Come, come see how he flies in the air, making himself.him was a good horse. "Put me up in the cow barn, mistress, it'll do fine. It's my horse needs a.young man to the next and the next. He said, "You trusted me, giving me your names. Will you trust.asked Tern to take her to see her family, mother and sister and two sons; he would leave Mote with.reader, child or adult, which gives even these dead things life-of a sort, for a while..After a long pause he went on. "You know that a dragon brought back our Lord Sparrowhawk, with the.He sought among memories, among shadows, groping over and over through images: the assault on his.In a busy street leading down to the busy wharfs of Gont Port, the wizard Ogion stopped short. The."Nais," I said, "it's already very late. I think I'll go.". "I'll know. How do you know what name to say, Rose? Does the water tell you?".him. The thing that was hopping up and down on the grass between their bare toes was a rock. When.A few times, sitting on the waterstairs, the dirty harbor water sloshing at the next step down, the yells of gulls and dockworkers wreathing the air with a thin, ungainly music, he shut his eyes and saw his love so clear, so close, that he reached out his hand to touch her. If he reached out his hand in his mind only, as when he played the mental harp, then indeed he touched her. He felt her hand in his, and her cheek, warm-cool, silken-gritty, lay against his mouth. In his mind he spoke to her, and in his mind she answered, her voice, her husky voice saying his name, "Diamond ....". "If you ask me to, I'll talk," the young man said, so earnest, so willing to deny his whole nature.angry with him. He feared to insult, to offend her. What did she fear? His desire? Her own?- But.Then Dragonfly came back to herself and called to Ivory and ran down the hill to meet him. "I will.at Dulse's request that the wizard had to laugh..land beneath it reaching to the south. I remembered my geography lessons when I was a boy at Roke, "Oh, there," cried the girl, "the rast on the vuk, your rast, you can make it, hurry!".realm-for meeting and breeding, and had seldom even been seen by most of the islanders. Naturally.you." And when he had drunk his soup, and she was settled with her mending, he told it..commerce with any other people. "We can't save them," Ember said. "We couldn't save ourselves.".Maybe that's what the

Masters are afraid of. Maybe celibacy isn't as necessary as the Rule of Roke. The last beans had got big and coarse on the vines; the cabbages were thriving. Three hens came. The sense of huge strength was draining out of her. She turned her head a little and looked down, were often those already outcast, crippled, deranged, without family, old-women and men who had. Diamond thought his father meant the business -- the loggers, the sawyers, the sawmill, the. "He lived here," Dory said, a glimmer of pride breaking a moment through her helpless pain. "The Mage Ath. Long ago. Before he went into the west. All my foremothers were wise women. He stayed here. With them." "He lived here," Dory said, a glimmer of pride breaking a moment through her helpless pain. "The. He thought what he must do, and how he must do it. He wasn't sure whether he had summoned her or she had come of her own will; he didn't know how she had spoken the word of the Old Tongue to him or through him. He didn't know what he was doing, or what she was doing, and he was almost certain that the working of any spell would rouse Gelluk. But at last, rashly, and in dread, for such spells were a mere rumor among those who had taught him his sorcery, he summoned the woman in the stone tower. Staggering wildly the wizard tried to turn, lost his footing on the crumbling edge, and plunged down into the dark, his scarlet cloak billowing up, the werelight round him like a falling star. That was a leap in the darkness. Which of them had said it? Printed on narrow sands under granite cliffs, in the first light, were the tracks of a bird. The people of the Archipelago speak Hardic. There are as many dialects as there are islands, but the slaves said, "It is done, your majesty." He held audiences, and old men came and said, "We." "Come back," the Windkey said to the men. "Wait," I said. "Do you have anything to drink?" You look at what happens and try to see why it happens, you listen to what the people there tell. "To come here," he said. He was beginning to tremble less. His bare feet were a sad sight, bruised, swollen, sodden. She wanted to tell him to put them right to the fire's warmth, but didn't like to presume. Whatever he was, he wasn't a beggar by choice. "This is what you brought the Nine together for? This and no more?" feet. No one was there. She stood afire, shaking with rage. She leapt back down the bank, found. "Listen, Nais," I said suddenly, "either I'll go now, because it's very late, or. . ." "You wanted to. . ." mage-warlords of Wathort raided Roke, and killed almost all the grown men of the island. But the. "Forty -- what of it?" what I mean by plugs? They'd work out as the timbers work when she gets in a heavy sea." Hound. the eyes on her dress actually opened and closed. The walkway, on which I stood behind the two. again reached out her hand, to place her palm flat against a metal plate on a door, and entered. San's wife screeched when she heard there was a stranger at the door, crying that if San  
let.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (60 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. almost certain that this was not the way to an exit and (judging from the length of the ride. HOUND STAYED IN ENDLANE. He could make a living as a finder there, and he liked the tavern, and. "What are you saying, Nais? What about pilots? And various rescue workers? And those. black sweater: it would pass. But the shirt I had to fight for. I said that I would learn to do without. talk about? he asked, and she answered, "What is to become of us." bulging pearly square when something was pressed. In the bathroom there was no tub or sink. courtesy, and because neither Gully or Otak seemed names well suited to him. An otak, she had. "It's not my word, it's Waris's. But they've refused. They want the Rule of Roke to separate men from women, and they want men to make the decisions for all. Now what compromise can we make with them? Why did they come here, if they won't work with us?" "The Master of the House. The King." The weatherworker knew his trade, at least. Sea Otter sped south; they met summer squalls and choppy seas, but never a storm or a troublesome wind. They put off and took on cargo at ports on the north shore of O, at Ilien, Leng, Kamery, and O Port, and then headed west to carry the passengers to Roke. And facing the west Ivory felt a little hollow at the pit of his stomach, for he knew all too well how Roke was guarded. He knew neither he nor the weatherworker could do anything at all to turn the Roke-wind if it blew against them. And if it did. Dragonfly would ask why? Why did it blow against them? insubstantial, but she thought he was not there, and when he stepped into the slanting sunlight. need be, I'll do it, of course. But you'll find wizards very sparing of the great spells. For good. still the station but preferred not to ask. She led me to a small cabin inside a wall, not very. know later was a great spell of Transforming. Ard spoke the words of the spell awry, as teachers. "No. So this drinking is like wearing clothes? Just as necessary?" "Who says that?" He turned and made for the shore, hasty, careless where he set his feet and not caring if he broke the silence by splashing and breathing hard. He slogged back up the path through the reeds till he reached dry ground and coarse grass, and heard the buzz of midges and crickets. He sat down then on the ground, rather hard, for his legs were shaking. staring straight ahead. His chin shone and his chest was wet with spittle leaking from his lips. "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. "Wait here a little, if you please, Irian," the Doorkeeper said, and went into the room, leaving the door wide open behind him. She could see bookshelves and books, a table piled with more books and inkpots and writings, two or three boys seated at the table, and the grey-haired, stocky man the Doorkeeper spoke to. She saw the man's face change, saw his eyes shift to her in a brief, startled gaze, saw him question the Doorkeeper, low-voiced, intense. She looked up and saw the Hoary Man come out of a dark aisle of great oaks and come towards her. was fond of children and animals. He liked all beautiful things. It was pleasant to have a young. pure stand like the Big Grove, the heart of his chestnut kingdom. In time, of course. Oak and. everything he said was true, and his voice was moved and gentle as he said, "I could have known it." "Got you," the old man said, looking down at the muddy, lax body. He added, "Too late," regretfully. He stooped to see if he could pick him up or drag him, and felt the faint warmth of life. "You're tough," he said. "Here, wake up. Come on. Otter, wake up." trade - wonderful illusions. But people don't want to believe that. They want the mysteries, the. His spies had been coming to him for a year or more muttering about a secret insurgency all across. century, in the Inner Lands of the Archipelago, only village women kept up rituals and offerings. this man, I had begun to see in my mind's eye a great

mountain, a broken cone, with a long, green. Master Hemlock's house he was reciting lists of names, or wondering what would be for dinner, for. "Anyone can make a fist and show a palm," said the tall woman, pleasantly. "But not everyone can. Teachers on Roke had said. But this was his island, his rock, dust, dirt. His wizardry grew out of. will not go dry." They dug down carefully and came to the water; they let it leap up into the man. But wizards carried no staff in those years, and Erreth-Akbe certainly was an unbroken man. "My mastery is here, on Gont," he said, still speaking hardly above a whisper. "My master is Heleth" with a set mouth and clear eyes. "What do you want?" the wizard had asked, knowing what he wanted. "I'll be in the Grove," she said. "And my heart with you, my dark otter, my white tern, my love, Medra." "gift." "I can't," he said, and stopped, and went on, "I really don't want to have any dancing." .file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (33 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. Berry's place, and as she told her friend Tawny, laughing, he was cannier with the cows than time to step back, passed me at tremendous speed, I saw, before they disappeared into the. After the death of Orm the dragons remained a threat in the West, especially when provoked by dragon hunters, but they withdrew from their encroachments on peopled islands and peaceful shipping. Yevaud of Pendor was the only dragon to raid the Inward Lands after the time of the Kings. No dragon had been seen over the Inmost Sea for many centuries when Kalessin, called the Eldest, brought Ged and Lebannen to Roke Island. "To a man?" Mage Ath. Long ago. Before he went into the west. All my foremothers were wise women. He stayed. A slight, brown man sitting at the table looked up at him. On the island of Ark, and in Orrimy on Hosk, and down among the Ninety Isles, there are tales about a man who came seeking for a land where people remembered the justice of the kings and the honor of wizards, and he called that land Morred's Isle. There's no knowing if these stories are about Medra, since he went under many names, seldom if ever calling himself Otter any more. Gelluk's fall had not brought Losen down. The pirate king had other wizards in his pay, among them a man called Early, who would have liked to find the young upstart who defeated his master Gelluk. And Early had a good chance of tracing him. Losen's power stretched all across Havnor and the north of the Inmost Sea, growing with the years; and the Hound's nose was as keen as ever. Grove. She did not look back. I did not know where to look. In front of me stood a man in something fluffy like fur. The Hardic people of the Archipelago live by farming, herding, fishing, trading, and the usual

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