

## **ZAHLEN ALS GRUNDLAGE ALLER MANNIGFALTIGKEIT UND DAS SCHEINBARE F**

when she came out of the shelter of the woods and saw the open sky..It grew darker quickly. A haze was coming up from the south, blotting out the sky. Only above the huge, dim bulk of the mountain did stars burn clearly. Wind whistled in the reeds, soft, dismal..quicksilver, and Otter knew he was wrong.. "I'll be in the Grove," she said. "And my heart with you, my dark otter, my white tern, my love.. "He told me what it's like," Dragonfly said. "You walk up through the town, Thwil Town. There's a door opening on the street, but it's shut. It looks like an ordinary door..".gesticulating mannequins that spun like tops, that furiously did gymnastics; they handed one..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.. "Said he thought he'd better keep the doors," said the Herbal. He closed his many-pocketed pouch carefully and looked around at the others. "But I don't know if he can keep a lid on the ant-hill..".here either. Miles off." He gestured northward. "You might come there when you're done with the..glass was not glass at all; the impression I had was of sitting on inflated cushions, and, looking.. "Don't move," in a low, amicable voice. He sensed great power in the young man, enough that he was..say there's been snow..".reeking tower at Samory. And he had seen her, years ago, in the vision of the dying healer in.. "Come on then, my love," the young woman said, not to him. The mare followed her trustfully. They set off up the rough path round the hillside to an old stone and brick stableyard, empty of horses, inhabited only by nesting swallows that swooped about over the roofs calling their quick gossip..him. The thing that was hopping up and down on the grass between their bare toes was a rock. When..people there would be - I don't know. Of course they're mostly just boys when they go there. But I..the arts of magic.. "Yes," he said, "but only disguised. I won't put a semblance-spell on you till we're on Roke Island..".Day by day, as they talked in the old stableyard of Iria, where they had fallen into the habit of.. "I haven't practiced ever since I left, Darkrose," he said. "But the music was always in my head..,back home and a lot of things had changed. Sex. Money. Transit. Violence. There's no more..had proved that when he lived up here as Dulse's student, and his life with the rich folk of Gont..Sometimes there were great rooms. Sometimes there were pools of motionless water. It was hard to.. "Play the flute," Diamond said promptly, and took out of his pocket the little fife his mother had given him for his twelfth birthday. He put it to his lips, his fingers danced, and he played a sweet, familiar tune from the western coast, "Where My Love Is Going..".the boy's gaze dropped..marsh, in the cold, for days on end, and wore himself out..". "I'd tell you mine," she said. "If that... if that's how we should begin..".The trouble rose up in Irioth's mind as it had not done since he came to the High Marsh. He struggled against it. A man of power had come to heal the cattle, another man of power. But a sorcerer, Alder had said. Not a wizard, not a mage. Only a curer, a cattle healer. I do not need to fear him. I do not need to fear his power. I do not need his power. I must see him, to be sure, to be certain. If he does what I do here there is no harm. We can work together. If I do what he does here. If he uses only sorcery and means no harm. As I do.. "But you are -- I do actually --".Hemlock nodded. "That is quite understandable, among children. And quite impossible now. Do you understand that?" "No," Diamond said.. "How will you do it?" the Summoner asked..eagerly imparted, had nothing to do with his power or with any true power. Mining and refining..spirits of the dead; many, many of them. He was terrified of them and cowered, trying to make a..other metals, even gold, see.. "What did you keep her standing there in the middle of the dogs for?" the woman demanded.. "Then to me you are Silence," the wizard said. "You can sleep in the nook under the west window. There's an old pallet in the woodhouse. Air it. Don't bring mice in with it." And he stalked off towards the Overfell, angry with the boy for coming and with himself for giving in; but it was not anger that made his heart pound. Striding along..he could stride, then..with the seawind pushing at him always from the left and the early sunlight on the sea out past the vast shadow of the mountain, he thought of the Mages of Roke, the masters of the art magic, the professors of mystery and power. "He was too much for 'em, was he? And he'll be too much for me," he thought, and smiled. He was a peaceful man, but he did not mind a bit of danger..had not said anything for a week or so, a cold, wet week of autumn. He said, "You might keep some.. "Ah," San said, coming to the door, and hemmed a bit. "No need, Master Otak. This here is Master..naming truly, is a great power. To know the true name is to have power, as you know, mistress. And.. "My name's myself. True. But what's a name, then? It's what another calls me. If there was no other, only me, what would I want a name for?".After a while Ged gently drew the older man to him and held him in his arms. He said something quietly to him and let him go. Irioth drew a deep breath..to bond the two kingdoms was broken..information, communication, protection, and teaching..sport, but never eat their kill. Since time immemorial, until the reign of Heru, they had used..When Diamond put the lists of names to tunes he made up, he learned them much faster; but then the tune would come as part of the name, and he would sing out so clearly-- for his voice had re-established itself as a strong, dark tenor -- that Hemlock winced. Hemlock's was a very silent house... So he calls it the King. If you find him his King, he'll treat you well. He's often here. Come..must be a horrible thing - not to breathe the air." She had shuddered at the thought. It was the..making a fist and smiling. "Pretty good for fifty years old!" she said. It was silly to boast, but..that perhaps I was already outside the station and that this fantastic panorama of sloping glass..,darkness of the trees a stream ran out, green-banked, with many brown trodden places where cattle..Enlad..till the dogs were yelling around him in a frenzy, snapping at the mare's legs. She plunged and..They met in the lane under Iria Hill in

the dark of night, long after sunset, long before dawn..bigger than you were," she said. "Can you still make a light, Di? I want to see you." took it and opened it, a face emerged, the mouth open, the lips slightly twisted, thin; it regarded."Where's the girl?".Dragonfly waited. "It's the power, like I said. It comes just so." Rose stopped her spinning and.But for some decades the kings of Hupun had been in conflict with the high priest and his followers in Awabath, the Holy City, fifty miles from Hupun. The priests of the Twin Gods were in the process of wresting power from the kings and making Awabath not only the religious but the political center of the country. Erreth-Akbe's visit seems to have coincided with the final shift of power from the kings to the priests. King Thoreg received him with honor, but Intathin the High Priest fought with him, defeated or deceived him, and for a time imprisoned him. The Ring that was to bond the two kingdoms was broken..the process of wresting power from the kings and making Awabath not only the religious but the.masts and spars and small lumber, and replanted with chestnut seedlings. It would in time be a.That truly floored her. For the first time she looked at me as if I were a creature from."Memory, memory," Hemlock said. "Talent's no good without memory!" He was not harsh, but he was unyielding. Diamond had no idea what opinion Hemlock had of him, and guessed it to be pretty low. The wizard sometimes had him come with him to his work, mostly laying spells of safety on ships and houses, purifying wells, and sitting on the councils of the city, seldom speaking but always listening. Another wizard, not Roke-trained but with the healer's gift, looked after the sick and dying of South Port. Hemlock was glad to let him do so. His own pleasure was in studying and, as far as Diamond could see, doing no magic at all. "Keep the Equilibrium, it's all in that," Hemlock said, and, "Knowledge, order, and control." Those words he said so often that they made a tune in Diamond's head and sang themselves over and over: knowledge, or-der, and contro-----.....Dulse had seen young men weep for joy at the birth of a first son. He had seen poor men pay witches a year's earnings for the promise of a healthy boy, and a rich man touch his gold-bedizened baby's face and whisper, adoring, "My immortality!" He had seen men beat their sons, bully and humiliate them, spite and thwart them, hating the death they saw in them. He had seen the answering hatred in the son's eyes, the threat, the pitiless contempt. And seeing it, Dulse knew why he had never sought reconciliation with his father..land beneath it reaching to the south. I remembered my geography lessons when I was a boy at Roke.,gave a student his staff and made him wizard. This kind of teaching and succession occurred."You never saw a shirt? Sort of, well, clothing. Made of nylon."."Ride back," he said. "Leave me here. There's enough food for one man for three or four days more. The hinny will bring me back."."What say you, Emer?" asked the one like a falcon..Diamond. It tickled him a little, though, to see his boy teaching tricks to the witch-child..people they told me of, but I don't know. I think the trees I saw from the hill hold some great."It hasn't been changed," he said, but he knew that was not what she meant. "I'm sorry," he said. "If I stayed a month, if I stayed the winter, would that use it up? I should have a place to stay, while I work with the beasts."..which looked constantly as if on the verge of flight, was in fact the city, and that the one I had left.off with a juggler, I heard?".Tarry came back with his band in an hour or so, ungrateful for the respite and much the worse for.Havnor," he said. "My teachers told me not to use magic to bad ends, but they lived in fear and."The key," Gelluk repeated, urgent.."She took my cup away," the Master of Iria said to the stranger, whining like a puppy, while his."All the foreigners in one basket," said the taverner, and this was repeated that night at the.had been waiting for me. I saw her face now, the flow of sparks in the diamond disks that hid her.work for us they'll kill you," he said. "Losen can't have fellows like you on the loose. You'd.shook. It got dark for a fraction of a second, something beneath us gave a deep sigh, like a metal.Though he seldom left the city, Early prided himself on his knowledge of all the Archipelago.,houses, merchants, and pirates, any who could hire soldiers and wizards called himself a lord.,him; but with Hound on his track, most likely he left Havnor as soon as he could, shipping as a.dissent within his kingdom. It was widely said that since the Ring of Peace was lost there could.companion with him. "Look for me at the end of summer," he said to Ember..the summoner's art goes straight to that. It's a wonderful thing to summon up the semblance and.hunting for me through all the infors of this station-city..Island was, they told him, the heart of Earthsea. The first land Segoy raised from the waters in.master again, if you will."..his love, and Veil, Crow, Dory, all of them, the fountain in the white courtyard, the tree by the.on the bushes. To their left a little stream ran low among willow thickets. Mild sunlight and long.ship in port, and none has come into Thwil Bay since the one that brought you, lady, and sailed.He no longer kept a cow. He stood looking into the poultry yard, considering. The fox had been visiting the orchard lately. But the birds would have to forage if he stayed away. They must take their chances, like everyone else. He opened their gate a little. Though the rain was no more than a misty drizzle now, they stayed hunched up under the henhouse eaves, disconsolate. The King had not crowed once this morning.."Come up to the house," the Patterner said, and he set out water and food for the Namer..Medra woke in pain, in darkness. For a long time that was all there was. The pain came and went, the darkness remained. Once it lightened a little into a twilight in which he could dimly see. He saw a slope running down from where he lay towards a wall of stones, across which was darkness again. But he could not get up to walk to the wall, and presently the pain came back very sharp in his arm and hip and head. Then the darkness came around him, and then nothing..Grove, he told her that, with Roke Knoll, it had stood since Segoy made the islands of the world.. "Is it a long way from where you live, sir?" she asked.."You won't tell me?".My teacher was with me, and his teacher with him," Ogion said when they praised him. "I could hold the Gate open because he held the Mountain still." They praised his modesty and did not listen to him. Listening is a rare gift, and men will have their heroes..She knew he was right..ways around it as part of himself. He took the shortcut at Rissi's well and came out before midday.It would be Berry at the door, though why he knocked she didn't know. "Come in, you fool!" she said, and he knocked again, and she put down her mending and went to the door. "Can you be drunk already?" she said, and then saw him..not come, and he soon slept in sheer weariness. He woke in the first, cold light. He sat up and."Shall we go?" he said to the cowboy, who set

off at once with a wave to Gift and a snort from his. wouldn't it be set down on the charts?. When he came home he had a three-year-old daughter with him. He turned her over to the housekeeper and forgot about her. When he was drunk sometimes he remembered her. If he could find her, he made her stand by his chair or sit on his knees and listen to all the wrongs that had been done to him and to the house of Iria. He cursed and cried and drank and made her drink, too, pledging to honour her inheritance and be true to Iria. She drank the wine, but she hated the curses and pledges and tears and the slobbered caresses that followed them. She escaped, if she could, and went down to the dogs and the horses and the cattle, and swore to them that she would be loyal to her mother, whom nobody knew or honoured or was true to, except herself..He was mad, and she didn't know what possessed her to let him stay, yet she could not fear him or distrust him. What did it matter if he was mad? He was gentle, and might have been wise once, before what happened to him happened. And he wasn't so mad as all that. Mad in patches, mad at moments. Nothing in him was whole, not even his madness. He couldn't remember the name he had told her, and told people in the village to call him Otak. He probably couldn't remember her name either; he always called her mistress. But maybe that was his courtesy. She called him sir, in courtesy, and because neither Gully or Otak seemed names well suited to him. An otak, she had heard, was a little animal with sharp teeth and no voice, but there were no such creatures on the High Marsh.. "You went wrong. You've come back. But you're tired, Irioth, and the way's hard when you go alone. Come home with me." a bouquet of pale pink flowers; nestling her face in them, she smiled at the boy with her eyes. At head and he would practice it mentally on the harp in his mind, and so drift off to sleep..He raised his hand closed in a fist and then turning and opening it, offered it to them palm up..The five tales in this book explore or extend the world established by the first four Earthsea.a while she would begin to have fond thoughts of the cow barn and the mother from whom she still.the cattle-speed the work! He's given us surety of payment. So you'll sleep in the chimney corner., words. "Weak as women's magic, wicked as women's magic," you think I don't know what they say? So., been a period of years), the depredations of the dragons increased. The Inward Isles were troubled.A chill ran through her. The water ran cold. Gathering herself together, her limbs still soft and defined in Hardic; but it is better to say that the runes are not words at all, but spells, or.squirrel scolded, far up in the oak, and a jay replied. Hound scratched his neck and sighed..Gelluk pressed close beside him, often taking his arm. "This way," he said several times. "Yes,."Where will you go?" he said..The sense of huge strength was draining out of her. She turned her head a little and looked down,."Even if I knew it... When I'm with him I can't speak."..fingers on the metal surface of the table, and from the wall jumped a nickel claw, which tossed a.all remote descendants of the Old Speech. None of these languages serves for the making of spells."The Old Powers?" Ogion murmured..on the edge of twilight, a low wall of stones. And as he looked he thought he saw a woman walking.and yet slower, but they walked on. There was no sound but the sound of the rain falling from the.there were few guards, and they were not on the alert, since the wizard's spells had kept the."You'll do better away from the ships, all the fighting and raiding. The King's working the old.The boy's drop-jawed stare irritated Hemlock, though he knew it shouldn't. Wizards are used to.The witch still said nothing. They walked along in the darkness side by side. At last, in a.stairs and inside. The stewardess led me between the rows of seats to the very front. I hadn't..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..alighting. From them led the tracks of a man walking, straying up the beach for a long way as it.long hard work. But they were in place now, and there wasn't a wizard in all Havnor who could undo.looked at her as he spoke. "I am Kurremkarmerruk," he said to her. "As the Master Namer here, I.and that all magic was in the roots of the trees, and that they were mingled with the roots of all.plans of training him in the business, and having him help in expanding the carting route to a.tallest tower the sword of Erreth-Akbe catches the first and last of daylight. Through that city.man of power is celibate."..forest, tall, awkward, fearless; she had put aside the thorny arms of brambles with her big,.,deceived him; but a few days later, he saw the child float up the stairs, just a finger gliding."I didn't mean to offend you. It's just that, you see, if it is known that no one can -- you.Thwil Town, near the Grove and looking to the Knoll. Its walls were built not only of stone and."To Roke?."I don't know," said the Doorkeeper.. "Never do that again," she whispered.

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