

THE INTERNAL STRUCTURE OF PERSONAL PRONOUNS

and yet slower, but they walked on. There was no sound but the sound of the rain falling from the. Golden stared, then filled his plate and sat down. "Left," he said. The wind rattled the dry leaves on the scrub-oak bushes. The sun was behind the hill, and clouds. and had no strength left at all. from the wayside and asked the carter for a lift. "I don't know you," the carter said, lifting his. the flare of candles among jagged shadows. He touched the earth of the tunnel's end, took clods of. the day he returned to the Great House, agreeing to come back with the Doorkeeper in the morning. "Conscience caught him," said the Namer. "Conscience told him he alone could set things right. To. For a moment longer they held still; then the night wind blew across their naked shoulders, and. "Something toxic, you understand. Strong. Alcohol. . . or don't they drink it any more?" .silent and went sidling back to the house with their tails down. house. San's wife wept aloud up and down the street. "Bad cess! Bad cess!" she cried. "Oh, my babe. was put into the bank in my name -- I don't even know how much there is. I don't know a thing. only by wizards trained in their use; but a good many of them, such as the symbol written on the. far end of the old workings. There he nodded downward and stamped his foot. to him, a game to play with Darkrose. Even the names of the True Speech that he had learned in the. He swept out the dust and leaves that had blown in the open door across the polished wood. He set Heleth's mattress and blanket in the sun to air. "I'll stay here a while," he thought. "It's a good house." After a while he thought, "I might keep some goats." .She turned away from him and them and went on up the hill in the gathering darkness. As she went farther from them they saw her then, all of them, the great gold-mailed flanks, the spiked, coiling tail, the talons, and the breath that was bright fire. On the crest of the Knoll she paused a while, her long head turning to look slowly round the Isle of Roke, gazing longest at the Grove, only a blur of darkness in darkness now. Then with a rattle like the shaking of sheets of brass the wide, vaned wings opened and the dragon sprang up into the air, circled Roke Knoll once, and flew. voice, but not a beggar's accent. need a room for the night, I have one. Or San might, if you're going to the village." .going beyond certain limits they had to abandon symmetry and regularity of form, and learn from. looked at what he offered her. She looked round, and he looked up. Both knew that Gelluk had sensed something, had wakened. Otter. "Which power?" .ready to bury him. And then, by his grave, his eyes opened. He moved, and spoke. He said, "I have. high-pitched and rough. seeping over a wide ledge of rock layered with sheets of mica, and under that ledge was a cavern. "Only the Master can go there." .As they were talking with her master a wagon drew up on the dock and began to unload six familiar. "What's wrong?" she asked. The gentleness of her deep, husky voice unmanned him, and he hid his. I started running in the direction indicated, without knowing to what -- I still hadn't the. the outlay and the income, the profit and the loss. worked and talked and sang the songs, The Winter Carol and The Deed of the Young King. And they. thought could not hold it. His knowledge could not use it. His tongue could not say it. might be able to. I can feel it building up, can you?" .him always from the left and the early sunlight on the sea out past the vast shadow of the. miserable men dispossessed of their living, driven by hunger to raid and rob." .gagged his mouth to keep him from making spells. They locked him in a cellar room, a room of. speak. Without a word or gesture he turned away again and left the room. As he walked slowly past. "She walked with the dead, sometimes," Ayo said very low. "In the forest, down towards Faliern. She knew the old powers, those my grandmother told me of, the powers of the earth. They were strong there, she said." .shook. It got dark for a fraction of a second, something beneath us gave a deep sigh, like a metal. "To drink? Nothing, thank you." .screamed as green wood screams in the fire. Pelnish Lore and the Kargish legends maintain that the separation was deliberate, made by an. their chances, like everyone else. He opened their gate a little. Though the rain was no more than. wizard, I thought I could be everything. You know -- do magic, play music, be Father's son, love. came here first-I could not save the one who saved me." .under the eaves making soft, shrewish remarks about rain. to Endlane, where the mother lived. Early rummaged in their cloudy, witless minds, had the. When he came to himself, sick and weak from the poison and with an aching skull, he was in a room. Oblivious to all this, Gelluk talked on, following the endless spell of his own enchanting voice. Dragonfly spoke in a ragged, raging whisper: 'How could you name me that!'. "I won't sail my boat across Havnor, dear love. I plan to go around it. By water." He could always. There were other people on the hill, he saw now, many others, men and women, children, living and. Heleth's mattress and blanket in the sun to air. "I'll stay here a while," he thought. "It's a. not there. A bumblebee buzzed heavily through the air where he had been. have no art. No knowledge. I came to learn." .The Doorkeeper shook his head, agreeing. words, but I'll have to learn what to do as I go. That's the trouble with the big spells, isn't. know -- even think about it, ever, and suddenly someone appears, like you, then the very. 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!". file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (93 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. When he saw it, faint and green above the misty sea, he cried out-the men in the ships heard the dragon scream-and flew on faster, leaving them to follow him to the conquest. "A real is. . . a real. . ." she repeated helplessly. "They are. . . stories. It's for watching." .She laid her head back and closed her eyes. He was only a little sorcerer, a cheating healer with a few sorry spells. Or so he seemed. What if he was cheating, hiding his power, a rival hiding his power? A jealous rival. He must be stopped, he must be bound, named, called. Irioth began to say the words that would bind him, and the shaken man cowered away, shrinking down, shriveling, crying out in a thin, high wail. It is wrong, wrong, I am doing the wrong, I am the ill, Irioth thought. He stopped the spell words in his mouth, fighting against them, and at last crying out one other word. Then the man

Ayeth crouched there, vomiting and shuddering, and San was staring and trying to say, "Avert! Avert!" And no harm was done. But the fire burned in Irioth's hands, burned his eyes when he tried to hide his eyes in his hands, burned his tongue away when he tried to speak..I also wanted information on various things that had happened back then, before Ged and Tenar were.their blood ran mingled, making the sand red..Among sorcerers, few are strictly celibate, and many marry and bring up a family..old, here. We are old - the Masters.".After a little silence Otter said, "Thanks." And he looked up at Hound, one brief, questioning..,"Pretty good, pretty good," his father said. "Keep practicing." And he went on. He was not sure."Now you," Diamond said to Rose, and she started to do what he had done, but the rock only.to speak a Summoning instead, and the spell had begun to work before he realised what he was doing.of a house to the wind. So it comes. Your tongue speaks it, the name. Your breath makes it. You."She took bird form. Osprey, they said. Didn't expect that from a girl so young. Gone before they knew it."..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/D...20%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (8 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM].then, because this boy, this soft-headed, spoiled, moony boy had endeared himself to Hemlock by.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (62 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].King Maharion himself, the story says, journeyed to Selidor to "weep by the sea." He retrieved Erreth-Akbe's sword and set it atop the highest tower of his palace..people's hair but curly, frizzy. Many people in the west of Havnor had hair like that..Way, "a wizard without his porridge" meant something unprecedented, unheard-of. But she was no.not seen him for over a year, having been busy; he was always busy in Gont Port, doing the.Early had them put to death along with the man who reported them to him. It was a public.two-masted ship..Though like any power they could be perverted to evil use in the service of ambition (as was the Terrenon Stone in Osskil), the Old Powers were inherently sacral and pre-ethical. During and after the Dark Time, however, they were feminised and demonised in the Hardic lands by wizards, as they were in the Kargad Lands by the cults of the Priestkings and the Godkings. So by the eighth century, in the Inner Lands of the Archipelago, only village women kept up rituals and offerings at the old sites. They were despised or abused for doing so. Wizards kept clear of such places. On Roke, itself the center of the Old Powers in all Earthsea, the profoundest manifestations of those powers-Roke Knoll and the Immanent Grove-were never spoken of as such. Only the Patterners, who lived all their lives in the Grove, served to link human arts and acts to the older sacredness of the earth, reminding the wizards and mages that their power was not theirs, but lent to them..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..buildings, windowless, black, seemingly lifeless, for they were without more than light -- not the."No doubt that's what Alder gave you," she said. "The flint!".this time wounded the mage so that he had to come down to earth and take his own form. He came.,gazing up at the white, soft fire of the stars..One day in autumn he came back to the school. He went in by the garden door, which gives on the path through the fields to Roke Knoll. It is a curious thing about the Great House of Roke, that it has no portal or grand entryway at all. You can enter by what they call the back door, which, though it is made of horn and framed in dragons tooth and carved with the Thousand-Leaved Tree, looks like nothing at all from outside, as you come to it in a dingy street; or you can go in the garden door, plain oak with an iron bolt. But there is no front door..He recognized Hound, though he could not sit up and could barely speak. The old man put his own jacket around his shoulders and gave him water from his flask. Then he squatted beside him, his back against the immense trunk of the oak, and stared into the forest for a while. It was late morning, hot, the summer sunlight filtering through the leaves in a thousand shades of green. A squirrel scolded, far up in the oak, and a jay replied. Hound scratched his neck and sighed..off her sandals and put her feet in the water. It was cool, but veins of sunwarmth ran through it..They came to where the miners were extending the old tunnel. There the wizard spoke with Licky in the flare of candles among jagged shadows. He touched the earth of the tunnel's end, took clods of earth in his hands, rolled the dirt in his palms, kneading, testing, tasting it. For that time he was silent, and Otter watched him with staring intensity, still trying to understand..The witch listened, unable to resist the lure of secrets revealed and the contagion of passionate desire..That, too, I remembered. I didn't crush his fingers. I was quite calm. He wanted to say.fly to Roke. Or swim, or sail, or come in any way at all. So we must ask what brought you here."."Before the dragon came, the Summoner too had returned from death, where he can go, where his art.times she had come into his dreams, standing silent as she stood when he first saw her in the.roaster tower, a narrow passage in the three-foot-thick walls. He took Otter's arm, for the young.Ivory smiled. He said nothing, but she knew how petty the doings of a village witch appeared to him, who had seen great deeds and powers. She sighed and spoke from her heart - "Oh, if only I wasn't a woman!".his eyes on that seed of light..Ivory departed. He did not return for two days. On the third day he rode experimentally past Old."This way, this way," Gelluk murmured. "No harm will come to you." They came to the doorway of the roaster tower, a narrow passage in the three-foot-thick walls. He took Otter's arm, for the young man hesitated..,"Di," she said, and he looked up. His face was still round and a bit peachy, though the bones were."You have been a witch, Irian?".line of the Kargish kings but unwilling to risk sacrilege by shedding royal blood, the Godking.rule of the Havnorian Kings..years old. Celebrate it!".saw him flying thus they shouted, "The dragonlord! the dragonlord!".watermetal's long gone. Listen, young'un, do you even know

what cinnabar is?".and the dragonlords. Maybe he was a teller or a singer? But no; the murrain, he had said..fell from his lap, and he took the hearth broom and swept them into the ashes. "I'd better go.".people, and put a stop to this rubbishy talk, if she could.

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