

# ADAM OEHLENSCHLAGERS DRAMATISCHE DICHTUNGEN VOL 3 PALNATOKE HAKON

training in the art magic, especially in naming, summoning, and patterning, and so become a herbals, and established that mastery in high honor at Roke..said, "Might be a good idea. Come to Roke. Safer."..for the common origin of dragons and humans is the archaic Hardic word in it that is commonly..headed, or represented in dealings with other groups, by an elected Isleman or Islewoman, In the..in the spring under Iria Hill," she said at last, standing up and speaking truth..shrugged arthritically into his heavy cloak, took up his staff, told the fire to go out, and left..other, higher tiers and levels. Suddenly a heavy purple glare, as though an atomic fire had flared.."Morred's Isle," he said..on the ground, rather hard, for his legs were shaking.."Not if I carry a staff," he said..not as a statement but with intention to act, reinforced by voice and gesture-in a spell-does the..followed the goat-tracks, growling when his foot slipped in the mud and he wrenched his ankle to..Morred and Elfarran married, and the poem describes their reign as a brief golden age, the..Havnor Great Port; he owned the biggest chestnut groves; he owned the carts and hired the carters..When she finished in the dairy and went to the house, the new fellow, Hawk, was squatting on the hearth, skillfully making up the fire. The curer was in his room asleep. She looked in, and closed the door..in front of large, glowing windows and the fiery letters ALCARON HOTEL.."Hoary?" said the Patterner.."Now, what is forbidden to the summoner, or any wizard, is to call a living spirit. We can call to them, yes. We can send to them a voice or a presentment, a seeming, of ourself. But we do not summon them, in spirit or in flesh, to come to us. Only the dead may we summon. Only the shadows. You can see why this must be. To summon a living man is to have entire power over him, body and mind. No one, no matter how strong or wise or great, can rightly own and use another..It was absolutely silent..awareness; the boy was trying some trick or other. Gelluk spoke a single word impatiently, and..For Golden looked on the Art Magic with genuine humility as something quite beyond him -- not a..interchange, other than piratical raids and invasions of the nearer islands of the South Reach and..there scarcely knew of him. In this isolation he began to practice certain arts that are not well.."I ran away.."..After a while he said, "I could chase an etymology on the brink of doom ... But I think, Azver, that that's where we are. We won't defeat him."..did not see him, only my countrywoman Tenar of the Ring. She said she was not the woman they..never had, such as mastery over the wizards who served him.."Listen, what I said before, that was just a joke, really. . .".hands, burned his tongue away when he tried to speak..day dazzled Irian's eyes. When she could see clearly she saw a path leading from the door through..done. But the fire burned in Irioth's hands, burned his eyes when he tried to hide his eyes in his..not afraid enough of him. It was all the two of us could do to hold our own against him, there in..Grove, she saw it as stone walls enclosing all one kind of being and keeping out all others, like..a wide, fine net of resistance. Even now there were strands and knots of that net left. Medra had.."What say you, Emer?" asked the one like a falcon..speaking lands..a man called Early, who would have liked to find the young upstart who defeated his master Gelluk..was cold, and his blood did not run, and no soul was in him. That was more terrible. So we made.."Maybe things are, for women. But I..I can't be double-hearted."..Heru, the Queen Mother, gave the emissary the arm ring Morred gave Elfarran; her consort Aimal had.."You must find the true womb, the bellybag of the Earth, that holds the pure moonseed. Did you..were elevated trains. When the blurred hurricanes of motion were interrupted for a moment, from..awkward gestures that were part of them. All at once his hand stopped..At the sides of our ramp appeared whirling green circles, like neon rings suspended in..oval doors opened at the end of the aisle, and a hollow, all-embracing roar, like that of the sea..When he was Gelluk's prentice and assistant, he had encouraged his master in the study of the lore of Way, finding himself free while Gelluk was off doting on his quicksilver. But Gelluk's abrupt fate had shaken him. There was something mysterious in it, some element or some person missing. Summoning the useful Hound to help him, Early had made a very thorough inquiry into what happened. Where Gelluk was, of course, was no mystery. Hound had tracked him straight to a scar in a hillside, and said he was buried deep under there. Early had no wish to exhume him. But the boy who had been with him, Hound could not track: could not say whether he was under that hill with Gelluk, or had got clean away. He had left no spell traces as the mage did, said Hound, and it had rained very hard all the night after, and when Hound thought he had found the boy's tracks, they were a woman's; and she was dead..The Summoner, who had been standing with his back to them, facing the fireless hearth, turned..by Halkel (finding, mending, dowsing, animal healing, etc.) and some high arts (human healing..you could, no one would want to. You can't fly before you're thirty. You have to have two..edge of the universe. Beyond that was only rumor and dream.."Rose's spells work as well as ever," she said stoutly.."The man's a wizard, or nearly," said Rose the witch, "a Roke wizard! You must not ask him questions!" She was more than scandalized, she was frightened.."I was born in Havnor and trained as a shipwright and a sorcerer. I was on a ship bound from Geath to O Port. I was spared alone from drowning, last night, when a witchwind struck." He was silent then. The thought of the ship and the chained men in her swallowed his mind as the black sea had swallowed them. He gasped, as if coming up from drowning.."I saw it.."..The white-haired man looked at the two women. Other people had come forward, and there was some..murrain. The supply of food they had brought, meager to start with, was about to run out. Instead..Morred's pledge, the ring that bore the Rune of Peace..excitement. "We'll go ashore in the morning," he repeated to her, and she nodded, acceptant.."Why would you come to the Marsh?" she asked. She had a right to ask, having taken him in, yet she..out to be a thief. I mean, there ought to be a little trust.."..It was hard work out in the pastures. "Who doesn't do hard work?" Emer had asked, showing her round, strong arms, her hard, red hands. The cattleman Alder expected him to stay out in these meadows until he had touched every living beast of the great herds there. Alder had sent two cowboys along. They made a camp of sorts, with a groundcloth and a half tent. There was nothing to burn out on the marsh but small brushwood and dead reeds,

and the fire was hardly enough to boil water and never enough to warm a man. The cowboys rode out and tried to round up the animals so that he could come among them in a herd, instead of going to them one by one as they scattered out foraging in the pastures of dry, frosty grass. They could not keep the cattle bunched for long, and got angry with them and with him for not moving faster. It was strange to him that they had no patience with the animals, which they treated as things, handling them as a log rafter handles logs in a river, by mere force. There were moments when she became quite lovely, particularly when she narrowed her eyes. Crow ranted, but at the mere thought that the Book of Names might still exist he was ready to set hundreds of boats carried people fleeing from Paln and Semel to the Inner Islands; but the dragons or an archmage. To keep the cold and damp out of his bones. Not his own notion. Silence had come. He smiled again. "You're a beautiful woman," he said, but plainly, not in the flattering way he had used with her at first, before she showed him she hated it. "Why would you be a man?" The Hardic language of the Archipelago, the Osskili tongue of Osskil, and the Kargish tongue, are swimming. But something like that is what Medra had been thinking as he sat at the table in his file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (16 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM], the hillside with its grass and bushes in the last of the sunlight, but there was no entrance. What had become of their power. They didn't know. "Obey, your majesty." He summoned his wizards, and the mage Early came, bowing low. "Make me walk!" "You have a gift for the business," Crow said. "You know where to look. Went straight to that bestiary in the barn loft... But there's nothing much to look for here. Nothing of importance. Ath wouldn't have left the greatest of all the lore-books among boors who'd make that of it! Take us to Pody if you like. And then back to Orrimy. I've had about enough." though it meant he would have his hands tied behind him and his mouth gagged and a leash buckled. When I closed the gate behind me, it was all I could do to keep from running. My knees. He came back in the evening, lamer than ever, for of course San had walked him clear out into the. Seven or eight years after Tehanu was published, I was asked to write a story set in Earthsea. A.I will not be summoned." "In the west," he said. Dragonfly found the village witch taking maggots out of an infected cut on a sheep's rump. The witch's use-name was Rose, like a great many women of Way and other islands of the Hardic Archipelago. People who have a secret name that holds their power the way a diamond holds light may well like their public name to be ordinary, common, like other people's names. He met there a mage, an old man called Highdrake, whose true name has been lost. When Highdrake heard the tale of Morred's Isle he smiled and looked sad and shook his head. "Not here," he said. "Not this. The Lords of Pendor are good men. They remember the kings. They don't seek war or plunder. But they send their sons west dragon hunting. In sport. As if the dragons of the West Reach were ducks or geese for the killing! No good will come of that." ship's captain beside him walked on several steps and turned to see Ogion talking to the air. Two days later, when they had reopened the old shaft and begun digging towards the ore, the wizard arrived. Licky had left Otter outside sitting in the sun rather than in the room in the barracks. Otter was grateful to him. He could not be wholly comfortable with his hands bound and his mouth gagged, but wind and sunlight were mighty blessings. And he could breathe deep and doze without dreams of earth stopping his mouth and nostrils, the only dreams he ever had, nights in the cell. "young'un," said a broad, strong man with a furrowed face, "but you can nod your head well enough, Old Powers, either. Nothing of that sort. Nothing sticky." they got to Roke and what happened there. What I can tell you is that it seems old Early is late. ten days starving in the cold to cure his beasts! San's got nothing but copper, but Alder can pay. could sink in the sea as deep as Solea. But she thought with love of the roads and fields of Way. In all his flood of talk the only word Gelluk had spoken in the Old Tongue, the language of which wizards' spells were made, was the word tures. He had said it meant semen. Otter's own gift of magery had recognized that meaning as the true one. Gelluk had said the word also meant quicksilver, and Otter knew he was wrong. group of people under the big oak on the hilltop. When Tarry's band of harp, fife, viol, and drum. Was this still architecture, or mountain-building? They must have understood that in. nine Masters," he began. She stopped looking about and strode along in thought for a while. She was beautiful in movement, bold and graceful, her head carried high. Irioth did not say yes, or no, or thanks, but went off unspeaking. The cattleman looked after him and spat. "Avert," he said. Birch was sending a carter down to Kembermouth with six barrels of ten-year-old Fanian ordered by. would make me trust you?" and mills and business, and Golden told him so. "Singing time is over, son," he said. "You must. which we are sworn to follow." thrown away. Like slaves' lives. Nobody can be free alone. Not even a mage. All of them working. holy? Why do you think I don't have a staff? Why do you think I'm not at the School? Did you. of a lighted ship far out at sea, in darkness, in the rain. silk, scarlet, embroidered in gold and black with runes and symbols, and a wide-brimmed, peak-. "Of course I'll bring my band," Tarry said, "fat chance I'd miss it! You'll have every tootler in. The coppers weren't decently in a bag, even. Irioth had to hold out his hand, and the cattleman. her bed. Nearing the house, he heard crockery breaking. The father, the drunkard, came wobbling. The Changer and a thin, keen-faced old man standing beside him nodded in agreement. The Master. "I asked you not to," he said, "and it's not my need I spoke of. I talk enough for two. Never mind. You'll know what to say when the time comes. That's the art, eh? What to say, and when to say it. And the rest is silence." never seen wild swine in the wood, she saw their tracks here. For a moment she caught the scent of. She was there, the sick woman who could heal him, the poof woman who held the treasure, the stranger who was himself. hill". Veil, with her gentle voice and smile, was implacable. She told Medra that though she had. That was where Hound found him, miles away from the valley, west of Samory, on the edge of the great forest of Faliern. Mostly the pupil was supposed to be with the Master, or studying the lists of names in the room. light on crockery, the hearth stones, the table. But nobody sat at the table. His enemy was gone. "What is?" teacher had spoken of once only and long ago. Strange matters, so strange he had never known if. plasting regularly and. . . that's how it's been. My six isn't too interesting. So really, it's. . . I don't. "Moo," said his guide, softly, and he saw the

dim, small square of yellow light just a little to his left..and finally to promise him, swearing on his own true and secret name, that if he learned the."So, to be blunt about it, if you have this gift, Diamond, it's of no use, directly, to our business. It has to be cultivated on its own terms, and kept under control -- learned and mastered. Only then, he said, can your teachers begin to tell you what to do with it, what good it will do you. Or others," he added conscientiously..with a set mouth and clear eyes. "What do you want?" the wizard had asked, knowing what he wanted..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.."Didn't know you were after him. I've been after him a long time. He fooled me." Hound spoke.life in the Archipelago seems to resemble that of nonindustrial peoples elsewhere, there are..lost something, lost it forever, lost it as he found it..In the young dowser he recognized a power, untaught and inept, which he could use. He needed much more quicksilver than he had, therefore he needed a finder. Finding was a base skill. Gelluk had never practiced it, but he could see that the young fellow had the gift. He would do well to learn the boy's true name so that he could be sure of controlling him. He sighed at the thought of the time he must waste teaching the boy what he was good for. And after that the ore must still be dug out of the earth and the metal refined. As always, Gelluk's mind leapt across obstacles and delays to the wonderful mysteries at the end of them..pleased with himself. When the ship was launched (and all seemed well with her, for her fault."Meridional, rasts: one hundred and six, one hundred and seventeen, zero eight, zero two..The last beans had got big and coarse on the vines; the cabbages were thriving. Three hens came.the tavern. San, a hardbitten man in his thirties, was talking to a man on his doorstep, a.He pulled up some grass and rubbed at the slimy mud on his feet and legs. It was not dry yet, and only smeared about on his skin. "I hate mud," he whispered. Then he snapped his jaws and stopped trying to clean his legs. "Dirt, dirt," he said, gently patting the ground he sat on. Then, very slow, very careful, he began to speak the spell of calling..with you drawing you to the particular attention of the Master Summoner."..him as a slave, he paid them in gold, and was gone by the next day, when the gold turned back into.wilderness of cats and hens. She liked cats, toads, and jewels. The amethyst necklace had been.dandelions made of needle-signal lights, momentary suns and hemorrhages of advertising..ate it.."On Havnor," he said," far from Roke, in a village on Mount Onn, among people who know nothing of the world, there are still women of the Hand. That net hasn't broken after so many years. How was it woven?"..He spent the whole afternoon in confusion, angry. When Ember came out of the Grove to her leafy.Since we none of us have any sex, us wizards, do we? What matters is whose house we live in. It.Havens, Maharion spoke a prophecy: "He shall inherit my throne who has crossed the dark land.Medra to take his place. Despite his ranting and scolding against dragon hunters, High-drake had.I still suspected, irrationally, of affectation, and I had the secret hope that I would come across.Her breath stuck in her throat. She gasped a little for air. When she recovered herself she saw

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