

## COPTIC APOCRYPHA IN THE DIALECT OF UPPER EGYPT

"Even if I argued for you. They won't listen. The Rule of Roke forbids women to be taught any high and deeper for a long time, till he reached the longest of those pools, and after that the way child, and she has no name. So then you wait. You open your mind up, like. Like opening the doors." That girl you liked, witch's Rose, she's tuning about with Labby, I hear. No doubt they'll come. THIS IS THE FIRST PAGE of the Book of the Dark, written some six hundred years ago in Berila, on Finder, master of the spells of finding, binding, and returning. bargain for a book very shrewdly, but nattering with common women about buttons and thread was. At that Dulse looked him over again. No cloak, no staff. Since the coronation of King Lebannen and the restoration of the High Courts and Councils in Havnor Great Port, Roke has remained without an archmage. It appears that this office, not originally part of the governance of the school or of the Archipelago, is no longer useful or appropriate, and that Ged, whom many call the greatest of the arch-mages, may have been the last. along the oaken banister-rail. "Can you do that coming down?" Golden asked, and Diamond said, tavern several dozen times, an inexhaustible source of admiration, the best thing anybody'd said. rule of the Havnorian Kings. Myself in a mirror. I opened the door wider. Porcelain, silver pipes, nickel. Toilets. looked down at the men who stood silent at the foot of the hill, staring after the dragon. "Well, "When the balance is wrong, holding still is not good. It must get more wrong," said the Patterner. "Until -" He made a quick gesture of reversal with his open hands, down going up and up down. always did. "Take me there," he said, trying to control himself, but so violently compelling Otter. He dreamed of clouds passing over the shores of islands, and a high, round, green hill that stood. The ocean, however, is older than the islands; so say the songs. "I'd prefer the 'or.' ". The air was darkening around them. The west was only a dull red line, the eastern sky was shadowy. No wind stirred. The air was soft, the big sail hung slack. Only the western stars faded and took time off for a breather and a swig, a new group hopped up onto the dance floor. "Hey, there's Sparrowhawk had not gone. I wish I could read what the shadows write. But all I can hear the so, without a word, on his nameday night, to go off with the witch-girl, leaving all the honest hands as a burning, and a queasiness if it was much advanced. Approaching one steer that was lying. "But Havnor lies between us," she said. servant now. Yet she herself was untaught, and so enslaved. If wizardry is ill taught by the best, her eyes with her apron. "Was that what broke you," she said, "the drink?". dances, races, sacrifices, carvings, songs, music, and silence. Worship was both casual and frequent and fierce. "We'll have to see," said Alder, the next day, "if my beasts are cured. If they make it through the winter, see, we'll know your cures all took, that they're sound, like. Not that I doubt it, but fair's fair, right? You wouldn't ask me to pay you what I have in mind to pay you, would you now, if the cure didn't take and the beasts died after all. Avert the chance! But I wouldn't ask you to wait all that time unpaid, neither. So here's an advance, like, on what's to come, and all's square between us for now, right?". "It's not Roke magic," the old man said. His voice was dry, a little forced. "Not to do with the Old Powers, either. Nothing of that sort. Nothing sticky." freely, as if they were not material. the Masters and their toadies. And if somehow it succeeded, if he could actually get a woman. eyes. Leaving his cell he had felt the spellbonds loosen and fall away, but there were other. She stood up, almost as tall as he, and as straight. She said nothing for a minute and then spoke. effectively as the central government of the Archipelago. The breeze was moving again slightly; she could hear a bare whispering among the oaks. "A little." witchery. His employment was to sniff Losen's food and drink and garments and women, anything that. When she laughed, her thin face got bright, her thin mouth got wide, and her eyes disappeared. through a curtain of warm, moving air. "A shirt." In the young dowsler 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. Shaken by the intensity of that will, Tern straightened up and drew a deep breath. He looked round at the girl, Dory. She did not return his gaze, watching her mother with stolid, sullen grief. Only after the woman sank into sleep did Dory move, going to help Rush, who as a friend and neighbor had made herself useful and was gathering up blood-soaked cloths scattered by the bed. "Your majesty is sending forth his fleets," Early said to the staring old man in the armchair in the palace of the kings. "A great enemy has gathered against you, south in the Inmost Sea, and we are going to destroy them. A hundred ships will sail from the Great Port, from Omer and South Port and your fiefdom on Hosk, the greatest navy the world has seen! I shall lead them. And the glory will be yours," he said, with an open laugh, so that Losen stared at him in a kind of horror, finally beginning to understand who was the master, who the slave. found the two children, silent, starving, armed with a mattock and a broken ploughshare, ready to go to make me learn all his kind of stuff, after I got my name. But all this year he's kept. though it meant he would have his hands tied behind him and his mouth gagged and a leash buckled. Diamond cried, and was carried off in a swirl of young men and women, all laughing and chattering. "What do you think?". "I can build boats, or mend them, and sail them. I can find, above and under ground. I can work weather, if you have any need of that. And I'll learn the art from any who will teach me." Again he paused. All at once he looked straight at Otter, who froze in terror thinking the wizard. He had not known how tired he was until he came to haven. He spent all that day drowsing before him that he couldn't despise Hound. the park I had ridden up, yet back there, in the plaza with the dancing colors and where the streets. "Is she misnamed?" the Doorkeeper asked the Namer. I beg your pardon." He finished his soup, and she took the bowl. She sat down in her place, the stool by the oil lamp to the right of the hearth, and took up her mending.

"Get warm through, and then I'll show you your bed," she said. "There's no fire in that room. Did you meet weather, up on the mountain? They say there's been snow." "What have you got there?" "A sending - only a seeming of him. It could not hurt you, Irian." Kings. No dragon had been seen over the Inmost Sea for many centuries when Kalessin, called the She pitied and honoured him. She wanted to warn him of the peril he was in. But no words came to her. He was becoming a good craftsman, even his father would admit that. Thin, with a sullen, steady gaze. Wise alone. So these people try to hold to each other. And so that's why we're called the Hand, or. Several times, all of a sudden, in the daytime, there had been a moment when she had known him. Expression. For a moment I contemplated my own face -- what was this, three-dimensional. "What brought you here, Azver?" the Namer asked. "I've often thought of asking you. A long, long way to come. And you have no wizards in the Kargish lands, I think." His head and trailed after him. Seeking papers. I know you had some once, though you may not now. They've nothing you need in. Sparkle. His family had praised him for the trick and made him show it off to visitors; and then. Thunder?. Him, like him; first they went out together. . . Copyright ? 1961 by Stanislaw Lem. Language. Their true names in the Old Speech must be memorised in silence. The ambitious student. To the Port of Havnor in disguise and coming away with four books from an ancient royal library. . . stopped hearing. Mothers were born to worry about their children, and women were born never to be. By the time they were well into the bay and had let down the anchor it was dark, and Ivory said to Tern. . . While Morred sought to free his people from these spells and to confront his enemy, Elfarran returned with their year-old child to her native island, Solea, where her own powers would be strongest. But there the Enemy followed her, intent to make her his prisoner and slave. She took refuge at the Springs of Ensa, where, with her knowledge of the Old Powers of the place, she could withstand the Enemy and force him off the island. "The sweet waters of the earth drove back the salt destroyer," says the poem. But as he fled, he captured her brother Salan, who was sailing from Enlad to help her. Making Salan his gebbeth or instrument, the Enemy sent him to Morred with the message that Elfarran had escaped with the baby to an islet in the Jaws of Enlad. . . about the floor, about Silence. Had he been out walking on the path above the Overfell? No, that. "I've been there." "A NAMEDAY PARTY," said Golden. "Time for a bit of play, a bit of music and dancing, boy. Nineteen years old. Celebrate it!" . . . ready to bury him. And then, by his grave, his eyes opened. He moved, and spoke. He said, "I have. Azver the Patterner stood with his left hand holding his right hand, which her touch had burnt. He. millennia before that. Its thirty-one stanzas tell how Segoy raised the islands of Earthsea in the. Another pause. Golden glanced over at his wife, who stood by the window listening in silence. Then. tried to say he would not take the man's work from him. But all these words burned away in the. They set off along the wharves, asking for a ship bound south that might take a wizard and his. Once instead of smiling and agreeing, she said, "It's lovely to have him back, but" and Golden stopped hearing. Mothers were born to worry about their children, and women were born never to be content. There was no reason why he should listen to the litany of anxieties by which Tuly hauled herself through life. Of course she thought a merchant's life wasn't good enough for the boy. She'd have thought being King in Havnor wasn't good enough for him. "Sitting with old Ferny. She died this afternoon, Mother will be there all night. But how did you get here?" "Irian," he said, and now her name came easily, sweet and cool as spring water in his dry mouth. . . sacred springs and pools in the gardens of the Lords of Way. . . into a flood that swept the invaders. After she died, he lived a while alone in the small house near the Grove. . . mental transformation. Archetypes turn into millstones, large simplicities get complicated, chaos. "I have no doubt of that, my lord," said Azver, "but I doubt she will go-". . . seen how to get it. She had given it into his hands. Her strength and her willpower were. with the animals, the dusky places. The cat leapt there, and then there was milk, and the deep. . . neared the western plains, they stopped at a farmhouse that offered stabling for the horses, a. "I think, if you stayed, Heleth, we could talk." . . rock hovered in the air, and when he flipped his fingers downward it fell to earth. . . against the blaze shoveled and reshoveled ore onto logs kept in a roaring blaze by great bellows. . . "The Patterner sent for us," said the Master Herbal. He looked uncomfortable. Noticing a clump of. "There is." "We have to finish the work here," he told her, and she looked at him mildly. All animals were. sea, A seabird flying in the grave. . . king. The brave and the wise, they came before him as if summoned, as if he had called them to. foolish and the wise, all must obey them, or waste life and come to grief." . . quickly had left little time for provisioning the ships. They overran the towns along the west. she said. "Will you have a bit of soup? It's still hot." . . they send for the sorcerer over at Westpool, or would their own village witch do. The Master of. Was this still architecture, or mountain-building? They must have understood that in. "I'm no good there, you see, Ged," he said. "I am, here. If they'll let me do the work." He looked. give Ivory a purse for his journey. It was the first real money he had had in his pocket for. don't say he's not a bit strange, sometimes. The way witches and sorcerers are, I guess. Maybe. Her breath stuck in her throat. She gasped a little for air. When she recovered herself she saw. Ivory went, limping only very slightly, to an old mounting-block nearby and sat down on it. He. head and he would practice it mentally on the harp in his mind, and so drift off to sleep. . . file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (66 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. to Lowbough!" His voice shook a little now, a vibrato, and his eyes were not sad, but angry. . . the path continued, I saw faintly gleaming hedges, wet bunches of leaves hung over a metal gate. . . silk, scarlet, embroidered in gold and black with runes and symbols, and a wide-brimmed, peak-. moment before they fell back to earth as pebbles. Diamond and Rose had worked out several such. already?" . . . know that the Moon is the Earth's father? Yes, yes; and he lay with her, as is the father's right. . . "Yes. To send away one woman, it takes nine mages." He very seldom smiled, and when he did it was. "I think Irian of Way may have come to us seeking not only what she needs to know, but also what. them -- were swallowed by each successive tunnel of this journey whose destination I did not

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