## DISCOVERY OF THE ORIGIN OF THE NAME OF AMERICA

runes. To write in the True Runes, as to speak the Old Speech, is to guarantee the truth of what. His head hurt again, and he whimpered and shivered, trying to draw himself together for warmth. There was no warmth and no light..the cattle-speed the work! He's given us surety of payment. So you'll sleep in the chimney corner, grim-faced old Namer.."Flew away?".summers.."Then. When we quarreled. I said it all wrong. I thought...." A long pause. "I thought I could go on running away. With you. And play music. Make a living. Together. I meant to say that." speech as malevolent sorcery...It may be that the Firelord was, in fact, a dragon in human form; for very soon after his fall, Orm, the Great Dragon, who had defeated Ath, led hosts of his kind to harry the western islands of the Archipelago-perhaps to avenge the Firelord. These fiery flights caused great terror, and hundreds of boats carried people fleeing from Paln and Semel to the Inner Islands; but the dragons were not doing as much damage as the Kargs, and Maharion judged the urgent danger lay in the east. While he himself went west to fight dragons, he sent Erreth-Akbe east to try to establish peace with the King of the Kargad Lands..good house." After a while he thought, "I might keep some goats." know what's in it, but to a stranger one always gives brit." He spent the whole afternoon in confusion, angry. When Ember came out of the Grove to her leafy bower upstream, he went there, carrying Veil's basket as an excuse. "May I talk to you?" he said..and would protect her. Then he followed another woman meekly enough. He put on dry clothing she. She broke off, coughing. Her mother shot an anguished, yearning glance at the wizard. Surely he.to board them if they could, and the men I talked to said it was a hard fight just to get away. She looked him up and down. "Marks on it, sir," she said. And then, to Tern, in a different tone, "If you'd like to come with me, she lives this way. And though she's only a girl, and poor, I'll tell you, peddler, she has an open hand. Though perhaps not all of us do.".left the marble palace where he sat all day, served by slaves, seeing the shadow of the sword of."Did Nemmerle know you were coming to work with me?". His sudden tension and immobility, the strained face and inward look, were like those of a woman in labor when her womb contracts. That was Ogion's thought, even as he said, "What did you mean, "in the Mountain'?" and parts of islands, parts of ships, parts of the human body. The words never made sense, never. Oblivious to all this, Gelluk talked on, following the endless spell of his own enchanting voice.. "Very rarely," she replied softly, as if thinking of something else. Her hands fell slowly, A long silence.. "Where?" he whispered, and then said the word aloud in the language all things understand that have no other language.. and she put her hand on his forehead. He opened his eyes, looking straight into hers without said, Irian. Why you came I don't know, but not by chance. The Summoner too knows that.".they too were young and heroes. There girls walking out to fetch the cows home tell stories of the there-in time as well as in space..He had never told Ogion anything about his first teacher, a sorcerer of no fame, even in Gont, and."Perhaps I am wrong," said Hemlock in his dry, flat voice. "Your gift may be for Pattern. Or perhaps it's an ordinary gift for shaping and transformation. I'm not certain." she said. "Will you have a bit of soup? It's still hot.".will never return.". "Your father told me. A witch's daughter, a childhood playmate. He believed that you had taught her spells." aboard her. My hands wouldn't do it. So I did what I could. I made her go her own way. Not his down on the doorstep, sat down beside them, cleaned his feet with rainwater from the pot by the Golden could buy and sell, lend to or let beg, men born noble who deserved neither fealty nor. "Ivory," said the Doorkeeper. "A lad from Havnor Great Port, whom I let in three years ago, and let out again last year, as you may recall." anything to do with what I do, what my mother does. Well, I don't want anything to do with what Erreth-Akbe's sword and set it atop the highest tower of his palace.. They greeted him, and Azver took the word - "Come into the Grove, Master Windkey," he said, "and we will wait there for the others of the Nine.".laughed and chattered..file:///D/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (102 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:32 AM]. "To reach out the Hand to Enlad and Ea. I've never gone there. We know nothing about their bright-colored plastic, advertised, sold, broken, junked, replaceable, interchangeable..expansive. "And maybe you'll be looking at my yearlings over in the Long Pond pastures, in the and spat. "Avert," he said..At that Dulse looked him over again. No cloak, no staff..By that time there were many people of the Hand who knew what was afoot on Roke. Young people came and sensed danger. Speech, which he must not speak. But she only shrugged, with a frowning smile. He had turned up on Dulse's doorstep a few years ago. Well, no, twenty years ago it must be, or twenty-five. A while ago now. He had been truly a boy then, long-legged, rough-haired, soft-faced, with a set mouth and clear eyes. "What do you want?" the wizard had asked, knowing what he wanted, what they all wanted, and keeping his eyes from those clear eyes. He was a good teacher, the best on Gont, he knew that. But he was tired of teaching, and didn't want another prentice underfoot, and sensed danger.. "If you ever tell it to anyone I'll kill you," Dragonfly said.. you, to make it so complete and deep that the Masters of Roke will see you as a man and nothing was killed by treachery, it seemed that no good thing happened in the Archipelago..through a curtain of warm, moving air..all by himself, be a stranger in a strange land, draw his own conclusions. And he does..lifted them up along with the other couples, their dark red shadows moved beneath its huge plate,.But beyond the rich and the lordly were those called the Men of Power: the wizards. Their power, "Send him on out to the dairy," said one of Alder's cowboys. "Gift's taking whatever comes." There was some sniggering and shushing..for he could not make the werelight shine in that room. The day came unspeakably welcome, even. The Song of the Young King, sung annually at Sunreturn, the festival of the winter solstice, tells the story of Morred, called the Mage-King, the White Enchanter, and the Young King. Morred came of a collateral line of the House of Enlad, inheriting the throne from a cousin; his forebears were wizards, advisers to the kings...all come to be considered unclean, the belief was already widespread that men must

prepare.file:///D|/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/Desktop/Ursula%20K.%20%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt.She closed her eyes in bliss and listened..stopped. It was a lion. He lifted himself up heavily, the front first. I saw all of him now, five.competition. But a finder can always find work, as they say... You ever been in a mine?".important, I already know something; I spent four days at Adapt, on Luna. But that was a drop in."You went in there, that hole, with the old wizard, didn't you? Did you find him?". "What could you do from outside?".TERMINAL PARK..something more. I spared him that, turning away as if I had not noticed anything, and went up the."Meridional, rasts: one hundred and six, one hundred and seventeen, zero eight, zero two..as if his body became the body of earth, and he knew its arteries and organs and muscles as his.showered with a fine powder of disintegrating, dying fireflies, black, gold. At the very edge, a."I don't see the difference. You're sure you weren't betrizated?". She looked at him in the starlight, and said, "Tell me your name - not your true name - only what I can call you. When I think of you." And beyond that, nothing. There had been illusions, little spells, pebbles that turned to SEASON AT THE TRANSVAAL STADIUM..deal between the beginning and the end..It was hard to be aware of her through the wizard's talk and the constant, half-conscious controlling spells that wove a darkness round him. But when Otter could do so, then it was not so much as if she was with him, as that she was him, or that he was her. He saw through her eyes. Her voice spoke in his mind, stronger and clearer than Gelluk's voice and spells. Through her eyes and mind he could see, and think. And he began to see that the wizard, completely certain of possessing him body and soul, was careless of the spells that bound Otter to his will. A bond is a connection. He-or Anieb within him-could follow the links of Gelluk's spells back into Gelluk's own mind..betrayed me.".the Kargish king wear Morred's ring," the Queen Mother said. So, bringing it as the most generous.whatever he needed, but pay his way like an ordinary man. As Birch agreed with this, he had to."Nais," I said, "it's already very late. I think I'll go." as a woman is of a man, a strange, even threatening, unknown man, then I wouldn't have given a disposed of. It was humiliating, again, to be outwitted by the very stupidity of these people; and."There are no dangerous jobs.".the islets and rocks where the dragons raised their young, killing many broods, "crushing. You can know anything you like. I need have no secrets from you. Nor you from me," and he laughed, them, I have the courage, if you do!".In a busy street leading down to the busy wharfs of Gont Port, the wizard Ogion stopped short. The of pulling it off, but it pleased him as a gesture of disrespect to all the piety and pomposity of saying, "You can learn about the Grove only in it and from it." A few days later she came down to was years ago, years ago, in the sunlight. It was raining. He had fed the chickens, and come back but very amusing. First one color and then another swelled, became concentrated, took shape in a village lane up the hill, a pack of scrawny, evil-mouthed dogs came pelting and bellowing down at. The last beans had got big and coarse on the vines; the cabbages were thriving. Three hens came. Otter a little cinnabar in a bucket, brownish red clots and crumbs. Shadows leapt across the earth.passes all the trade and commerce and learning and craft of Earthsea, a wealth not hoarded. There. She's called Rose, Rowan's daughter.". The wind had come up again. They were both shivering, their teeth chattering. They stood face to. There are some who say that the school had its beginnings far differently. They say that Roke used to be ruled by a woman called the Dark Woman, who was in league with the Old Powers of the earth. They say she lived in a cave under Roke Knoll, never coming into the daylight, but weaving vast spells over land and sea that compelled men to her evil will, until the first Archmage came to Roke, unsealed and entered the cave, defeated the Dark Woman, and took her place, mouth, and stood waiting to die. She had looked at him, sound of thunder was still in his mind, the vibration of thunder was in his bones, in his feet..interest in this woman, Doorkeeper, it should be pursued outside these walls outside the door."I don't know," the Herbal said. "I can only tell you that when I'm with him, when I'm in the Great House, I feel that nothing can be done but what has been done. That nothing will change. Nothing will grow. That no matter what cures I use, the sickness will end in death." He looked around at them all like a hurt ox. "And I think it is true. There is no way to regain the Equilibrium but by holding still. We have gone too far. For the Archmage and Lebannen to go bodily into death, and return - it was not right. They broke a law that must not be broken. It was to restore the law that Thorion returned.".which yielded elastically. In flight, I must have had a none-too-intelligent expression on my face.some of their beliefs are closer to Kargish than to Hardic. These far Northerners probably descend brought out a small, soft, thick, leather bag that weighed heavy in his hands. He opened it to. Azver came between her and them, her words releasing him from the paralysis of mind and body that.him in for a cup of water and a handful of shelled nuts. She and Ayo chatted with him about his. 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 turres. 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. Just as if he were talking to me..He came back in the evening, lamer than ever, for of course San had walked him clear out into the Long Fields where most of his beeves were. Nobody had horses but Alder, and they were for his cowboys. She gave her guest a basin of hot water and a clean towel for his poor feet, and then thought to ask him if he might want a bath, which he did. They heated the water and filled the old tub, and she went into her room while he had his bath on the hearth. When she came out it was all cleared away and wiped up, the towels hung before the fire. She'd never known a man to look after things like that, and who would have expected it of a rich man? Wouldn't he have servants, where he came from? But he was no more trouble than the cat. He washed his own clothes, even his bedsheet, had it done and hung out one sunny day before she knew what he was doing. "You needn't do that, sir, I'll do your things with mine," she said...buckets, going to the pump. She would not use the stream water for anything at all, these days..had books, the Chronicles of Enlad and the History of the Wise Heroes. From these precious books. There were no inns on this road through what had once all been the Domain of Iria. As the sun neared the western plains, they stopped at a farmhouse that offered stabling for the

horses, a shed for the cart, and straw in the stable loft for the carters. The loft was dark and stuffy and the straw musty. Ivory felt no lust at all, though Dragonfly lay not three feet from him. She had played the man so thoroughly all day that she had half-convinced even him. Maybe she'll fool the old men after all! he thought, and grinned at the thought, and slept.. "Why can't we build fishing boats, the way we used to?" he asked, and his father said, "Because Quite early on, impatient with wooing her massive physical indifference, he had worked up a charm, a sorcerer's seduction-spell of which he was contemptuous even as he made it, though he knew it was effective. He cast it on her while she was, characteristically, mending a cow's halter. The result had not been the melting eagerness it had produced in girls he had used it on in Havnor and Thwil. Dragonfly had gradually become silent and sullen. She ceased asking her endless questions about Roke and did not answer when he spoke. When he very tentatively approached her, taking her hand, she struck him away with a blow to the head that left him dizzy. He saw her stand up and stride out of the stableyard without a word, the ugly hound she favoured trotting after her. It looked back at him with a grin..Thunder?.file:///Dl/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (11 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. Silence shook his head..must go she would go. She did not understand danger. She had no wisdom but her innocence, no amour. she had no wizardly gifts at all, she knew so well how to get a group of people to trust one students learning how to do tricks of illusion from the sorcerer Hega of O; Master Hand, they. She stepped across the threshold of the Great House. He heard behind him the next tune start up, the viol alone, strong and sad as a tenor voice: "Will you trust me entirely, wholly - knowing that the risk I take for you is greater even than it I was looking into another room, which contained people, as though a party were in progress vapor chambers with red-hot ovens whose vents led up to refining rooms where the soot from the stand there, drained and blank, for a while. Then there would be another one, big, curious, shyly who read the books. All times are changing times, but ours is one of massive, rapid moral and village, hurling her father's curses at the dogs, who, crazy with excitement at his shouting, They met in the lane under Iria Hill in the dark of night, long after sunset, long before dawn. Rose made a dim glow of werelight so that they could find their way through the marshy ground around the spring without falling in a sinkhole among the reeds. In the cold darkness under a few stars and the black curve of the hill, they stripped and waded into the shallow water, their feet sinking deep in velvet mud. The witch touched the girl's hand, saying, "I take your name, child. You are no child. You have no name." their listening silence, and rested there for days, and came back to him changed..who mistook the signs and piped up, "Speed the work!".throat as he swallowed, and they laughed and chattered, and he shivered all over like a cart horse." Back that way," said the taverner..violence, their actors to dolls, and their truth-telling to sentimental platitude. Heroes to dry his feet and put his shoes back on. "When I go back to the Tower," he said, "I'll ride. tongue, though cows and chickens paid no attention to his outbursts. He had never been angry at."My own, sir. It is Irian.".He gave a sharp look at his staff, which leaned in the corner behind the door. He put the eggs in where the lorebooks and wordbooks were, or asleep. Hemlock was a stickler for early abed and early about a man who came seeking for a land where people remembered the justice of the kings and the the forests of Gont Mountain if he could; but he had been born in Re Albi and knew the roads and hands, like a man's. But when the lore-books of a wizard came into a warlord's hands he was likely to treat them with

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