

ALIENISCHE LITERATUR DER GEGENWART VON DER ROMANTIK ZUM FUTURISMUS

below them. "I'll go in, try to keep things from sliding around, eh? I'll find out when I'm doing." "No. It isn't the High Art. It isn't the True Speech. A wizard mustn't soil his lips with common." "My place," she said, slowly, the words dragging, "my place is on the hill. Where things are what they are. Tell the dead man I will meet him there." agreement known as *verv nadan*, *Vedurnan*, the Division.. "Why can't I give myself my own true name?" Dragonfly asked, while Rose washed the knife and her hands in the salt water..accepted the lesson. No magic. Never again. He had never given his heart to it. It had been a game. "I'd say," she said, her voice thin and reedy, speaking to the curer, "that if Alder's beeves stay afoot through the winter, the cattlemen will be begging you to stay. Though they may not love you." next morning Golden told his son again that he must think about being a man.. "There are good men there," he said. "Great and wise the Archmage certainly was. But he's gone.." "Look," she said, halting. "Medra, look.." defend it..thought they'd be..." She gazed off at the sheep on the hill, her face troubled. "Some of them are..only by returning as you went could you be sure of coming out into the fields..Diamond had been given his truenam at the springs of the *Amia* in the hills above *Glade*. The.." "There's bread," Ayo said, and Mead hurried to pack hard bread and hard cheese and walnuts into a..Crafty men used weather as a weapon, sending hail to blight an enemy's crops or a gale to sink his ships; and such storms, freakish and wild, might blow on far past the place they had been sent, troubling harvesters or sailors a hundred miles away.." "How does he hold them all?" the Namer said. "Herbal, you were here when Sparrowhawk and Thorion..but purposeful, down one of the tracks, and he went with her, a hand on her hip when the way was..title or court privilege in the days of the kings, through all the dark years after *Maharion* fell..flowed out of it..If written down, spells are written in the True Runes, sometimes with some admixture of the *Hardic*..all the workers at *Adapt*, knew better -- that we were decidedly different. This differentness was..the men of greed. What good can any art be used that way? It's wasted. It goes wrong, or it's..Jovanovich, Inc., 757 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10017.." "The key," Gelluk said..would not show up until she was out on the open sea) he could not keep from his teachers what he..sentience. At the wizards touch he did not feel the horror of the spellbond, but rather a gift of.." "Oh, but it is. I'll bet you had to unlearn every spell I taught you. Didn't you?" "I swear that. . .". And, just as in the now of the so-called real world, I didn't know what would happen next. I could..hands down her apron. He knew nothing at all about women. He had not lived where women were since..Medra had come to *Havnor* thinking that because he meant no harm he would do no harm. He had done.." "Hoary?" said the Patterner..I preferred darkness but walked on straight ahead to a stone circle, where a human figure stood. I.." "But outside *Roke*," said Medra, "there are common people who slave and starve and die in misery. Must they do so for a thousand years with no hope?"..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..alone, I would have chosen this broad artery, because in the distance blazed the letters *TO THE*..And *Early* had a good chance of tracing him. *Losen's* power stretched all across *Havnor* and the..He sailed up the broad straits till *Mount Onn* was hidden by the headlands at the mouth of the Bay of *Havnor*. He would not see it again unless he went through that narrow passage. Then he would see the mountain, all the sweep and cresting of it, over the calm waters where he used to try to raise up the *magewind* when he was twelve; and sailing on he would see the towers rise up from the water, dim at first, mere dots and lines, then lifting up their bright banners, the white city at the center of the world..He gave a sharp look at his staff, which leaned in the corner behind the door. He put the eggs in the larder, ate an apple quickly because he was hungry, and took his staff. It was *yew*, bound at the foot with copper, worn to silk at the grip. *Nemmerle* had given it to him..Medra knew the danger of repeatedly taking any form but his own, but he was shaken and weakened by the shipwreck and the long night flight, and the grey beach led him only to the feet of sheer cliffs he could not climb. He made the spell and said the word once more, and as a sea tern flew up on quick, laboring wings to the top of the cliffs. Then, possessed by flight, he flew on over a shadowy sunrise land. Far ahead, bright in the first sunlight, he saw the curve of a high green hill..end to. He was determined now not to win her, but to defeat her. He could not let her defeat him.." "What brought you here, *Azver*?" the Namer asked. "I've often thought of asking you. A long, long..bit impatient with the singing and the trinkets. "There are more important things for you to do,..invented tunes when he heard none. His mother had the wisewoman *Tangle* teach him *The Creation* of.." "We knew there was a great gift in her," Ayo said, and then fell silent for a while. "We didn't know how to teach her. There are no teachers left on the mountain. King *Losen's* wizards destroy the sorcerers and witches. There's no one to turn to.." then slowly turned her wrist and opened her hand palm out, as if in offering. He had seen *Anieb*..itself, he said, the farmers round about provided, considering themselves well recompensed by the..They came forward on their knees, face to face, their arms straight down and their hands joined. They kissed each other all over their faces. To Rose's lips *Diamond's* face was smooth and full as a plum, with just a hint of prickliness above the lip and jawline, where he had taken to shaving recently. To *Diamond's* lips *Rose's* face was soft as silk, with just a hint of grittiness on one cheek, which she had rubbed with a dirty hand. They moved a little closer so that their breasts and bellies touched, though their hands stayed down by their sides. They went on kissing..and over terrified, gasping for breath, and never able to think coherently. It was utterly dark.." "Straining," *Heleth* said, his hand still absently, gently patting the dirt as one might pat a scared cow. "Quite soon now, I think. Can you hold

the Gates open, my dear?"..made one gesture of her hand, downward to the earth..quicksilver, and Otter knew he was wrong..had planned this conversation. "To enter the Great House: to go through that door.."after you?"..need be, I'll do it, of course. But you'll find wizards very sparing of the great spells. For good."You won't find out. It's all lies, shams. Old men playing games with words. I wouldn't play their games, so I left. Do you know what I did?" He turned, showing his teeth in a rictus of triumph. "I got a girl, a town girl, to come to my room. My cell. My little stone celibate cell. It had a window looking out on a back-street. No spells - you can't make spells with all their magic going on. But she wanted to come, and came, and I let a rope ladder out the window, and she climbed it. And we were at it when the old men came in! I showed 'em! And if I could have got you in, I'd have showed 'em again, I'd have taught them their lesson!".She knew the old powers, those my grandmother told me of, the powers of the earth. They were.They were not far inside the Grove, and still beside the stream, when Irian stopped, turned aside,..At the sides of our ramp appeared whirling green circles, like neon rings suspended in.This harmony generally prevailed through the reign of Maharion. In the Dark Time, with no control over wizardly powers and widespread misuse of them, magic came into general disrepute.."One of the old women you had tortured before they burned the lot, you know? Well, the fellow who did it told me. She talked about her son on Roke. Calling out to him to come, you know. But like as if he had the power to."A pause. "This," Diamond said. His voice was level. He looked neither at his father nor his.It was right. Nothing was wrong. But something in him ached, not the sharp body pain, a long ache.,Tern left late that year on his journey. He had with him a boy of fifteen, Mote, a promising.their great lights out; at some, where craft were arriving, the lights were on. But those rockets or.flair, then he'd be sent home with what remained of his fee. Hemlock was an honest, upright,.listening in silence..still clear enough under the green grasses of summer..He told her, as well as he could. "We were strangers. Yet she gave me her name," he said. "And I.He checked the henhouse, finding three eggs. Red Bucca was setting. Her eggs were about due to hatch. The mites were bothering her, and she looked scruffy and jaded. He said a few words against mites, told himself to remember to clean out the nest box as soon as the chicks hatched, and went on to the poultry yard, where Brown Bucca and Grey and Leggings and Candor and the King huddled under the eaves making soft, shrewish remarks about rain..from women, and they want men to make the decisions for all. Now what compromise can we make with.Tarry came back with his band in an hour or so, ungrateful for the respite and much the worse for.preventing himself and for having to be prevented..them? Why did they come here, if they won't work with us?".Once in his lifetime, if he's lucky, a wizard finds somebody he can talk to." Nemmerle had said that to Dulse a night or two before he left Roke, a year or two before Nemmerle was chosen Archmage. He had been the Master Patterner and the kindest of all Dulse's teachers at the School. "I think, if you stayed, Heleth, we could talk."After a while Golden asked, still looking at the table, "Why?".English translation Copyright ? 1980 by Stanislaw Lem.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (27 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM].He presented his lower throat, the loose, heavy skin. Semiconscious, I began to scratch.hunting for me through all the infors of this station-city..Dulse thought sometimes in those years about sons and fathers. He had quarreled with his own."Yes," Gelluk said, his deep voice soft and dreamy, "she must be burned alive. And then, only then, he will spring forth, shining!.insistence and spoke freely at last..It was absolutely silent..Who says that?".I'm not truly a teller, mistress," he said with his pleasant smile, "but I do have a story for you." And when he had drunk his soup, and she was settled with her mending, he told it..Hearing he was there, the teachers of Roke came, the men and women who were masters of their.Glade. The Lord and his Lady praised the boy's singing and gave him a tiny gold box with a diamond.In a day or two some of Licky's men came asking if anyone had seen or heard tell of the great.dragons had taken to setting fire to boats that went west of Hosk, and harried ships even in.the.repute, but Semel has only cattle and sheep, forests and little towns, and the great silent.enlightening mageries and charms, all the lore and rules of Roke, all the wisdom of the books Ard."You're going to Roke to find out," he said, raising his glass to her. After a moment she raised hers and smiled at him, a smile so tender and radiant that he said spontaneously, "And may what you find be all you seek!".were dozens of ships like ours. The moving platform made a turn, accelerated, continued to.Her eyes were wild..The Doorkeeper nodded once, mild as ever..grayish and dark like the stones. Her chin and breasts were shiny with the spittle that ran from.The desire for power feeds off itself, growing as it devours. Early suffered from hunger. He starved. There was little satisfaction in ruling Havnor, a land of beggars and poor farmers. What was the good of possessing the Throne of Maharion if nobody sat in it but a drunken cripple? What glory was there in the palaces of the city when nobody lived in them but crawling slaves? He could have any woman he wanted, but women would drain his power, suck away his strength. He wanted no woman near him. He craved an enemy: an opponent worth destroying..Beautiful, you are beautiful," he told her, breathing her grassy breath, leaning against her.old Lowbough of Easthill hadn't got it, and now he and Diamond could develop it as it ought to be."Are there still marriages?".Red Mother is born the Allking. From the spittle of a dying slave is made the silver Seed of.from the trees with his sunlight-coloured hair shining in the sunlight..Did you know that, Irian?" the Doorkeeper asked her..Iria, and she came striding down to meet him. "I'm sorry, Ivory," she said, looking up at him with.still the station but preferred not to ask. She led me to a small cabin inside a wall, not very.grim-faced old Namer..against the blaze shoveled and reshoveled ore onto logs kept in a roaring blaze by great bellows,.He went on showing his wares and joking with the women and children. Nobody bought anything. They.and jealousy he knew and shrank from, and contempt he remembered. He was glad he was not one of.power over him now. He could walk into it and out of it as if it were mere lines painted on the."Plast. You don't know what that is?".Grove, only a blur of darkness in darkness now. Then with a rattle like the shaking of sheets of."I don't see the difference. You're sure you weren't betrizated?".knowledge. Then Rose feared her, and feared for her..He went on showing his wares and joking with the women and children.

Nobody bought anything. They gazed at the trinkets as if they were treasures. He let them gaze and finger all they would; indeed he let one of the children filch a little mirror of polished brass, seeing it vanish under the ragged shirt and saying nothing. At last he said he must go on, and the children drifted away as he folded up his pack..Thoreg's high priest, Intathin, opposing any truce or settlement, challenged Erreth-Akbe to a duel.and yet slower, but they walked on. There was no sound but the sound of the rain falling from the.sleeping over a wide ledge of rock layered with sheets of mica, and under that ledge was a cavern.,grass of the bank, he began to speak..Listening to him, Medra thought of how he and Anieb had walked in the dark and rain by the faint glimmer that showed them only the next step they could take, and of how they had looked up to the red ridge of the mountain in the dawn..which rotated slowly, like a record. It was not supported by anything, did not even have an axis.,Silence shook his head.

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