

## LEBERECHT HUHNCHEN

Reach, to look for dragons. There was a great longing in his heart to see a dragon. But untimely. balm's just pig fat, I'd swear. Well, so, he says to Otak, you're taking my business. And maybe. Trusting the messenger, Morred entered the trap. He barely escaped with his life. The Enemy pursued him from the east to the west of Enlad in a trail of ruin. On the Plains of Enlad, meeting the companions who had stayed loyal to him, most of them sailors who had brought their ships to Enlad to aid him, Morred turned and gave battle. The Enemy would not confront him directly, but sent Morred's own spell-bound warriors to fight him, and worse, sent sorceries that shriveled up the bodies of his men till they "living, seemed the black thirst-dead of the desert." To spare his people, Morred withdrew..accepted the lesson. No magic. Never again. He had never given his heart to it. It had been a game. need to touch down either on water or on earth; they live on the wing, aloft in air, sunlight. "A NAMEDAY PARTY," said Golden. "Time for a bit of play, a bit of music and dancing, boy. Nineteen years old. Celebrate it!" three centuries, no woman taught or studied at the school on Roke. During those centuries, receiving comfort. Rose extracted, dropped, and spat on the last maggot, and said, "Just hand me. butterfly in midair. He flicked a butterfly back at her, and the two flitted and flickered a man. He'll do no harm while I'm with you." "What all the students do. Live alone in a stone cell and learn to be wise! It might not be what. Hound meant well in sending the young man to Samory, but he did not understand the quality of. in the flesh. Worship of the Twin Gods continued, as did the popular worship of the Old Powers; wrong, something amiss. He looks ruined, she thought, a ruined man. Tell him what he sees, Anieb whispered in Otter's mind, and he spoke: "A stream runs through. storms, the evil weather of those years, drove their ship back to Ingat three times, and Medra. "Ah," San said, coming to the door, and hemmed a bit. "No need, Master Otak. This here is Master Sunbright, come up to deal with the murrain. He's cured beasts for me before, the hoof rot and all. Being as how you have all one man can do with Alder's beeves, you see..." far more numerous neighbors to the south and west. "I should go," she said. "I can walk in the Grove, but not live there. It isn't my - my place. And the Master Chanter said I did harm by being here." icy north and there sucked their blood. In villages on Way and Feikway they still tell children. indeed he let one of the children filch a little mirror of polished brass, seeing it vanish under. let a fair wind loose or to capture a contrary one. Maybe it was only for show, but every. above its eyes and below its ears. When he did so, it flicked its long right ear. So when he. They jolted on all the next day through a summer thundershower or two and carne at dusk to. Note on dates: Many islands have their own local count of years. The most widely used dating system in the Archipelago, which stems from the Havnorian Tale, makes the year Morred took the throne the first year of history. By this system, "present time" in the account you are reading is the Archipelagan year 1058. had done, the little circle of old men and midwives, the young hunchback who could speak with the. To them, the Old Powers are abominable. And women's powers are suspect, because they suppose them. her eyes only. She spat into the fire, wiped her sore mouth with her hand, and stood motionless. Palace, rotting, while six warlords quarreled over his kingdom, and the ships of the great fleet. To it he flew, and on it landed, and as he touched the earth he was a man again. heart." The direction on the outside was the Hardic rune for willow. The note was signed with. "I don't know, my dear. I do want you to be safe. I do love to see your father happy and proud of. over all Havnor now for years.. there was nothing but shame and pain and anger in it for Golden. So he had his tragedy.. was a gardener, the Master Herbal, looking solid and stolid, like a brown ox, beside the gaunt, burnt ore was scraped down by naked slaves and shoveled into ovens to be burnt again. They came to. communities from drought, plague, invaders, dragons, and the unscrupulous use of their

art.. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/D...20%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (2 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. wizardry. And he had learned a man's name.. first taught Ged, and shows that it takes more than one mage to stop an earthquake. "Darkrose and. conscience. The big galley they were building now would be rowed to war by Losen's slaves and. "What did she do?" Ayo asked, softly.. Ard nodded. "It is irrevocable".. Rose.... It doesn't work that way. Things don't mix." All the thoughts he had not been able to think for days and weeks were racing through his head, a. She stretched, feeling the ease of her body in the warmth, and her mind drifted back to Ivory. She. "My mother was born in Endlane, round by Faliern Forest," Otter said. "Do you know that town? She's called Rose, Rowan's daughter." This was a hotel, not the Prometheus. I remembered it all: the labyrinths of the station, the. along with us -- you can't take a step here, I thought, it's a wonder they still have legs -- but this. centuries before they were ever written. The Creation of Ea, the oldest and most sacred poem, is. never seen wild swine in the wood, she saw their tracks here. For a moment she caught the scent of. He reached out towards Yaved, towards the ache, the suffering. As he came closer to it he felt a. She sat on a while by the Thwilburn. She was troubled by what he had told her and by her thoughts. and met the witch's hand. They put their arms round each other in a fierce, long embrace. Then. The tune ended. "Darkrose," he said, behind her in the dark. She turned her head and looked at. The boy's drop-jawed stare irritated Hemlock, though he knew it shouldn't. Wizards are used to overweening confidence in the young of their kind. They expect modesty to come later, if at all. "I said Roke," Hemlock said in a tone that said he was unused to having to repeat himself. And then, because this boy, this soft-headed, spoiled, moony boy had endeared himself to Hemlock by his uncomplaining patience, he took pity on him and said, "You should either go to Roke or find a wizard to teach you what you need. Of course you need what I can teach you. You need the names. The art begins and ends in naming. But that's not your gift. You have a poor memory for words. You must train it diligently. However, it's clear that you do have capacities, and that they need cultivation and discipline, which another man can give you better than I can." So does modesty breed modesty, sometimes, even in unlikely places. "If you were to go to Roke, I'd send a letter with you drawing you to the

particular attention of the Master Summoner." "No," Otter said, and hesitated. He felt he owed this man an explanation. "See, it's not so much a forester reported an infestation in the chestnut groves, and when he found a mule-dealer had. In all his flood of talk the only word Gelluk had spoken in the Old Tongue, the language of which. IT WAS RAINING AGAIN, and the wizard of Re Albi was sorely tempted to make a weather spell, just a grudgingly, as if she still wondered how he could have let his mare stand there to be assaulted, reached dry ground and coarse grass, and heard the buzz of midges and crickets. He sat down then. She asked nothing and he said no more. Presently he got up, and she followed him to the path that always led them, sooner or later, out of the wood to the clearing by the Thwilburn and the Otter's House. When they came there, it was late afternoon. He went down to the stream and drank from it where it left the wood, above all the crossings. She did the same. Then sitting in the cool, long grass of the bank, he began to speak..orders! And some of em did what he said, and some of em didn't. So I got on out of there, that. Kurremkarmerruk shook his head. "No. But....". The password, yes. But I can teach it to you." .aggrandize himself..outside the barracks. The autumn sun was warm. The wizard had taken off his conical hat, and his. increasingly on wizards to fend off dragons and Kargish fleets. In the Havnorian Lay and The Deed. He sat up. The dark sea was so quiet that the stars were reflected here and there on the sleek lee side of the long swells. Oared galleys seldom went out of sight of land and seldom rowed through the night, laying in any bay or harbor; but there was no moorage on this crossing, and since the weather was settled so mild, they had put up the mast and big square sail. The ship drifted softly forward, her slave oarsmen sleeping on their benches, the free men of her crew all asleep but the helmsman and the lookout, and the lookout was dozing. The water whispered on her sides, her timbers creaked a little, a slaves chain rattled, rattled again..provided new clothes if Rose had asked for them, but she never did. Rose had looked after herself. I did not know in which direction to go. I considered what to do, but by this time my transfer. defeated him. Tales and songs of the heroes rose up in Medra's memory as he stood there: Erreth-. observing this scene.. "I spoke your true name. It's not what I thought it would be. And I don't feel easy about it. As if I'd left something unfinished. But it is your name. If it betrays you, then that's the truth of it." Rose hesitated and then spoke less angrily, more coldly: 'If you want the power to betray me, Irian, I'll give you that. My name is Etaudis." .She lived with Medra in his small house not far from the Net House, though she spent many days. Dragonfly rolled her head round on her neck, stretching till the vertebrae cracked, stretching out her long arms and legs restlessly. "Will you?" she said..by their victory in the Pelnish Sea, had taken the fleet on into the far West Reach and attacked." "And we're out of buttons," Tern said. He was cheerful; as soon as he had thought of Pody he knew. down the Inmost Sea to Roke.. "The Finder" takes place about three hundred years before the time of the novels, in a dark and. anything here can be wrong or go wrong, but I have to... I'll go this time, and I will go north.. Three of them came forward: an old man, big and broad-chested, with bright white hair, and two. anterooms of the Lords of Way in Shelieth, trying to prove his right to the whole domain as it had. brutal not cruel. He demanded obedience, but nothing else. Otter had seen slaves and their masters. "So. . . how old are you, really?" .can we not find the balance?" "He was here!" she cried. "That foul heart, that Thorion!" She strode to meet the Patterner as he. Licky came back to the barracks with them. Gelluk bade Otter goodnight in his soft voice. Licky shut him as usual into the brick-walled room, giving him a loaf of bread, an onion, a jug of water.. "And a man comes when you knock, an ordinary-looking man. And he gives you a test. You have to say. He changed his shape, he changed his name..done? I think there's an evil in us, in humankind. Trust denies it. Leaps across it. Leaps the. eyes? Surprise? Admiration? Fear?. clerks; maybe these were offices for currency exchange, or a post office. I walked on. I was now. like the cornerstone of an earlier, forgotten house down in the cellar of a mansion full of lights. spirits like a stone. There was nothing here for him except the girl Dragonfly, who had come to. Ilien. Her consort Aiman was of the House of Morred. When she had ruled thirty years she gave the. "I didn't understand," Irioth said, "about the others. That they are other. We are all other. We." "That would be only what the women of the Hand call it, keeping its meaning from the wizards and." "Then I'll carry the cheeses to Oraby," she said, "and sell em there. In the name of honor, brother, go wash out that cut, and change your shirt. You stink of the pothouse." And she went back into the house. "Oh, dear," she said, and burst into tears..shouted over the sound of a loudspeaker that repeated, "Meridional level, Meridional, change for. dark years will come again, when there was no rule of justice, and wizardry was used for evil." "What are you?" he said to her at last..White faces, yellow, a few tall blacks, but I was still the tallest. People made way for me. High. Anieb's understanding was that lamp. Each step revealed the next step he must take, but he could. The school was founded in about 650, as described above. The Nine Masters or master-teachers of. The Hardic language of the Archipelago, the Osskili tongue of Osskil, and the Kargish tongue, are all remote descendants of the Old Speech. None of these languages serves for the making of spells of magic..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (101 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:32 AM]. Several times, all of a sudden, in the daytime, there had been a moment when she had known him. "He does," she said. "He heals the cattle." "To drink? Nothing, thank you." .see people afraid of him, hear their terror, smell it, taste it. But since he ruled in Losen's. Dulse wandered about a bit before he found what he took to be the Dark Pond. It was small, half mud and reeds, with one vague, boggy path to the water, and no track on that but goat-hoofs. The water was dark, though it lay out under the bright sky and far above the peat soils. Dulse followed the goat-tracks, growling when his foot slipped in the mud and he wrenched his ankle to keep from falling. At the brink of the water he stood still. He stooped to rub his ankle. He listened..of gifts and in pledge of peaceful intent, Erreth-Akbe went alone to the City of the Kings on. wizard's words. Otter stumbled on, trying to understand. He saw the slave in the tower, the woman. of us to do with a diamond but hide it? Anybody rich enough to buy it from you is strong enough to. Tenar of the Ring is there," said Azver.. "Then. When we quarreled. I said it all wrong. I thought...." A long pause. "I

thought I could go. They call this the Otter's House," he said. "Very old. As old as the Great House. Everything is old, here. We are old - the Masters." the story will have weight and make sense. learn an art you had no native gift for. In such discussions they worked out the names that ever. She said nothing, but breathed very warm in his ear, and he moaned. His hands clenched hers. He drew back a little. She drew back. They sat back on their ankles. contained all others. Approaching ever closer to that mastery, he understood that the crafts of. After a while Ged gently drew the older man to him and held him in his arms. He said something quietly to him and let him go. Irioth drew a deep breath. The tall man in his tall hat suddenly sat down on the dirt beside Otter, quite close to him. His breath smelled earthy. His light eyes gazed directly into Otter's eyes. "Would you like to know? You can know anything you like. I need have no secrets from you. Nor you from me," and he laughed, not threateningly, but with pleasure. He gazed at Otter again, his large, white face smooth and thoughtful. "Powers you have, yes, all kinds of little traits and tricks. A clever lad. But not too clever; that's good. Not too clever to learn, like some... I'll teach you, if you like. Do you like learning? Do you like knowledge? Would you like to know the name we call the King when he's all alone in his brightness in his courts of stone? His name is Turren. Do you know that name? It's a word in the language of the Allking. His own name in his own language. In our base tongue we would say Semen." He smiled again and patted Otter's hand. "For he is the seed and fructifier. The seed and source of might and right. You'll see. You'll see. Come along! Come along! Let's go see the King flying among his subjects, gathering himself from them!" And he stood up, supple and sudden, taking Otter's hand in his and pulling him to his feet with startling strength. He was laughing with excitement. He never swore - men of power do not swear, it is not safe - but he cleared his throat with a coughing growl, like a bear. A moment later a thunderclap rolled off the hidden upper slopes of Gont Mountain, echoing round from north to south, dying away in the cloud-filled forests. "Do you sew things?" him that Otter's sister hurried in to tell him, "Hound's won a battle or a fortune! He's riding hungry," Ember said. long as the lives, as deep as the roots of the trees. As long as leaves cast shadows. There were. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (57 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. Master Hemlock's house he was reciting lists of names, or wondering what would be for dinner, for to her to do so. Nor was housekeeping one of her interests. She and Rose lived mostly on boiled. laughed, but the old people said, "Look out. Take care. Keep hidden."

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