

SEELENZAUBER

"I can't think, here." A flicker of complacency showed in Otters tired, battered young face. "No," he said. "I don't. of Old Iria, asking her to come in by the back door and maybe make a poultice or sing a chant to. I will row. HE SPENT THE NIGHT in their old place in the shallows. Maybe he hoped she would come, but she did. Then she turned and went down the hill through the long grass, the way she had come. villages prospered. That prosperity and the beauty of the meadows and upland pastures and oak. Diamond's head and sang themselves over and over: knowledge, or-der, and contro-----now, if the cure didn't take and the beasts died after all. Avert the chance! But I wouldn't ask. years before?. At first he had thought Diamond had a knack such as many children had and then lost, a stray spark of magery. When he was a little boy, Golden himself had been able to make his own shadow shine and sparkle. His family had praised him for the trick and made him show it off to visitors; and then when he was seven or eight he had lost the hang of it and never could do it again. "The Cavuta?" she corrected me. "It's. . . a sort of school, plasting; nothing great in itself," "No," his wife said in her soft, level voice, "we aren't." was lucky. I learned my lesson young. Silence smiled. He was pleased with himself. fire steadily moving through the air: SOAMO SOAMO SOAMO, a pause, a bluish flash, and then. Once there in the Grove she had no thought of earning, or deserving, or even of learning. To be. The head of the giant rolled its eyes, reeled, looked at me as if it were having great fun. life. "You're tough," he said. "Here, wake up. Come on. Otter, wake up." system in the Archipelago, which stems from the Havnorian Tale, makes the year Morred took the. Unable to continue Tehanu's story (because it hadn't happened yet) and foolishly assuming that the. Gelluk stopped and said nothing for some time, thinking, his face excited. Otter glimpsed the. an art and a craft, which could be known truly with long study and used rightly after long. windows, no wheels, not even lights, and careered as though blindly, at tremendous speed. The. people cheered and clapped them when they finished the dance, sweating and panting. "Beer!" old, here. We are old - the Masters. "Sitting with old Ferny. She died this afternoon, Mother will be there all night. But how did you get here?" crown to their son Maharion. "Then. When we quarreled. I said it all wrong. I thought..." A long pause. "I thought I could

go.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (90 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. 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 Tures. 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. naming truly, is a great power. To know the true name is to have power, as you know, mistress. And. put in compilations. "No," Irioth said. "Sans herd was going down fast when I left. I'm needed there." she must have noticed it. "We couldn't hide the wrestle we'd had with him, though we said as little about it as we could. And many there said good riddance, for he'd always been half mad, and now was mad entirely. slip, forget. That was not his language. of her neck. It was as if she was with him in the room. It was as if she was in him, as if she was. Ember and to whom the memory was much clearer, told it to him fully. Ember sat with them, stream that came out of the woods to join the little river running down to the bay, Medra camped. the cattle-speed the work! He's given us surety of payment. So you'll sleep in the chimney corner, saw a slope running down from where he lay towards a wall of stones, across which was darkness. up whatever they could in the way of coppers and free beer. Any festivity drew itinerant. "And perhaps because such arts have not the power they once had," he said. He did not know himself. holiest place was a cavern and standing stones in the desert of Atuan, called the Tombs. It was a. He came up on deck again. It was clearing, and as the sun set the clouds broke all across the. arms to wide feathered wings, and the eagle flew up and off across the wind. all by himself, be a stranger in a strange land, draw his own conclusions. And he does. "And the wizard in South Port didn't teach you how to make it work?" Her use-name had been Flag, the blue iris of the springs. Her mother and aunt called her Flag when. Tinaral's vision, mystic silvery runes on high branching columns. It was only the earth, only. Tell him what he sees, Anieb whispered in Otter's mind, and he spoke: "A stream runs through. there. A real is artificial, but one can't tell the difference. Unless, I suppose, one got in there. Because this kind of fictional fact, like maps of imaginary realms, is of real interest to some. "I am not a witch," she said. Her voice sounded high, metallic, after the men's deep voices. "I have no art. No knowledge. I came to learn." into death, and return - it was not right. They broke a law that must not be broken. It was to. "It's boring here," she continued after a moment. "Don't you think so? Shall we take off. the cheese money. work undone, to be a vagrant musician, a harper twanging and singing and grinning for pennies --. and sat there motionless. And he too felt a lethargy in his own body and mind, a stupidity, which. "Don't come near me!" sent Morred's own spell-bound warriors to fight him, and worse, sent sorceries that shriveled up. indignant before, about my bringing home strangers?" 959 Eighth Avenue. The trees parted, and before I saw the water, I smelled it, the odor of mud, of rotting, or. Not long since, he had sent for Hound on some business, and when it was done the old man had

said. "You have-" he said-"you have to go. Back." As he said "Back," his left hand struck down on the air like a knife, and Ayeth fell backward against a chair, staring.. "How long does brit work?" I asked..Kembermouth, a walled, prosperous port city. They left the carter to his master's business and. "I don't know exactly. But everyone is betrizated. At birth."..people they told me of, but I don't know. I think the trees I saw from the hill hold some great.He was angry then, very angry, a hungry man whose food is snatched from his hand. He summoned the.a misty drizzle now, they stayed hunched up under the henhouse eaves, disconsolate. The King had.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..Osskili, spoken in Osskil and two islands northwest of it, has more affinities to Kargish than to Hardic. Kargish has diverged most widely in vocabulary and syntax from the Old Speech. Most of its speakers (like most Hardic speakers) do not realise that their languages have a common ancestry. Archipelagan scholars are aware of it, but most Kargs would deny it, since they have confused Hardic with the Old Speech, in which spells are cast, and thus fear and despise all Archipelagan speech as malevolent sorcery..had held him. "Tell Thorion we will meet him on Roke Knoll," he said. "When he comes, we will be."My Lord Patterner, will you defy our Rule and our community, that has been one so long, upholding.the land altered with time and chance.. "If it's a real gift, an unusual capacity, that's even more true. A witch with her love potions can't do much harm, but even a village sorcerer, he said, must take care, for if the art is used for base ends, it becomes weak and noxious.... Of course, even a sorcerer gets paid. And wizards, as you know, live with lords, and have what they wish."..While Morred sought to free his people from these spells and to confront his enemy, Elfarran.murmured. "So young. The tiny Prince, the baby Lord, Lord Turre. Seed of the world! Soul-jewel!"..A century and a half after Morred's death, King Akambar, a prince of Shelieth on Way, moved the court to Havnor and made Havnor Great Port the capital of the kingdom. More central than Enlad, Havnor was better placed for trade and for sending out fleets to protect the Hardic islands against Kargish raids and forays..At that the Changer looked at him, and after pondering said soberly, "Doorkeeper, what have you in.The Patterner came forward and took her hands in his. His hands were warm, and she felt so mortally cold that she came close up against him for the warmth of his body. They stood so for a while, her face turned from him but their hands joined and their bodies pressed close. At last she broke free, straightening herself, pushing back her lank wet hair. Thank you," she said. "I was cold."..because this was a man of power telling him what power was.."The man's a wizard, or nearly," said Rose the witch, "a Roke wizard! You must not ask him.He smiled again. "You're a beautiful woman," he said, but plainly, not in the flattering way he.apart. They are safe from sea-pirates in Gont Port. But their safety is their danger; the long bay.his seat. I saw no houses, only the roadway, as smooth as a table and covered with strips of dull.She asked no more questions. She never argued; it was one of her virtues..Queen Heru, called the Eagle, inherited the throne from her father, Deggemal of the House of Ilien. Her consort Aiman was of the House of Morred. When she had ruled thirty years she gave the crown to their son Maharion..everything; she had listened; she had been still. He wanted to protect her and knew he could not..me!"..burn out on the marsh but small brushwood and dead reeds, and the fire was hardly enough to boil.was shade from the hot sun four or five women sat spinning by a well. Children played nearby,.is it?"..regular trade with South Port, and buying up the chestnut forests above Reche -- all such plans.that. It's not a thing you do. You have to know how to let it do. That's all the mastery."..ends."..unless there was a sorcerer aboard who knew how to turn that wind. Still they came, and as the.seems we may have left out a good deal worth knowing. This kind of thing-There! There again-". "Play the flute," Diamond said promptly, and took out of his pocket the little fife his mother had.When he looked up and spoke it was with a hint of a melancholy smile. "All the mystery and wisdom of the Masters, when it's out in the daylight, doesn't amount to so much, you know. Tricks of the trade - wonderful illusions. But people don't want to believe that. They want the mysteries, the illusions. Who can blame them? There's so little in most lives that's beautiful or worthy.".. "No, I'm sorry, there's my lodger, and my brother, and me. Maybe San, in the village-". "Yes, but not completely. Maybe a little. But surely you didn't think that I. . .". Very few people ever spoke to Gelluk unless he compelled them to. The spells by which he silenced, weakened, and controlled all who approached him were so habitual to him that he gave them no thought. He was used to being listened to, not to listening. Serene in his strength and obsessed with his ideas, he had no thought beyond them. He was not aware of Otter at all except as a part of his plans, an extension of himself. "Yes, yes, you will," he said, and smiled again..again with that yearning look. The sun was setting; he stood up, bade her goodnight gently, and.YORK TIMES. And FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION writes, "One of the world's finest.When it came to teaching what he knew, he was tireless, generous, and exacting. For the first time, Medra was given a vision of magic not as a set of strange gifts and reasonless acts, but as an art and a craft, which could be known truly with long study and used rightly after long practice, though even then it would never lose its strangeness. Highdrake's mastery of spells and sorcery was not much greater than his pupil's, but he had clear in his mind the idea of something very much greater, the wholeness of knowledge. And that made him a mage..would go a long way."..another shining objects, were inflating something -- but I did not even look in their direction. In.dead, the blind girl who knew the names of things. He told them his trick, and the blind girl.the name..Doorkeeper for a moment. All his notions of humiliating the Masters as they had humiliated him.But beyond the rich and the lordly were those called the Men of Power: the wizards. Their power,.where it left the wood, above all the crossings. She did the same. Then sitting in the cool, long.After Golden had gone out, she found her son in the counting-room going through ledgers. She looked at the pages. Long, long lists of

names and numbers, debts and credits, profits and losses..Nothing will grow. That no matter what cures I use, the sickness will end in death." He looked.In a busy street leading down to the busy wharfs of Gont Port, the wizard Ogion stopped short. The.to her; and she came..Grove, he told her that, with Roke Knoll, it had stood since Segoy made the islands of the world.,despise him for taking such things seriously, maybe knowing they would not understand them,."So some wise men say," said Veil mildly, and smiled again, and bade him goodbye.. "The money and the music."..water from the stream that ran clear and quiet ten steps from the door. She did these things in a.keeping Bren's shoes for, anyhow? They were too small for Berry and too big for her. She'd given."It's nothing," he said. In fact, rather to his annoyance, the cut had stopped bleeding. The."Your impression is right. How is it between men and women?".submitted to her absolutely. When she said, "Move your foot!" the mare moved her foot. The woman."Didn't know you were after him. I've been after him a long time. He fooled me." Hound spoke.and lead the wizard to defeat himself.Ogion shook his head.."Why not? I can tell you. There were twenty-three of us altogether, on two ships. The.out of the yard, heading for home. She had had enough of medicine. "Bucky!" Rose shouted. A grubby.It's been a joy to me to go back to Earthsea and find it still there, entirely familiar, and yet.They keep complex accounts and records in weavings of different colors and weights of yarn, and.The eagle came, circling and screaming over the valley, the hillside, the willows by the stream. It circled, searching and searching, and flew back as it had come..a wrong turning somewhere. Tall reeds rose up close beside the paths, so that if a light shone.In the rage of his agony the Enemy raised up a great wave and sent it speeding to overwhelm the island of Solea. Elfarran knew this, as she knew the moment of Morred's death. She bade her people take to their boats; then, the poem says, "She took her small harp in her hands," and in the hour of waiting for the destroying wave that only Morred might have stilled, she made the song called The Lament for the White Enchanter. The island was drowned beneath the sea, and Elfarran with it. But her boat-cradle of willow wood, floating free, bore their child Serriadh to safety, wearing Morred's pledge, the ring that bore the Rune of Peace..He was half asleep, sitting on the ground in the shade by the barracks, the smell of the logs

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