

## SEHNSUCHTIG VERFUHRT

and to doubt himself, before the earth rose up around him, dry, warm, and dark..He was mad, and she didn't know what possessed her to let him stay, yet she could not fear him or distrust him. What did it matter if he was mad? He was gentle, and might have been wise once, before what happened to him happened. And he wasn't so mad as all that. Mad in patches, mad at moments. Nothing in him was whole, not even his madness. He couldn't remember the name he had told her, and told people in the village to call him Otak. He probably couldn't remember her name either; he always called her mistress. But maybe that was his courtesy. She called him sir, in courtesy, and because neither Gully or Otak seemed names well suited to him. An otak, she had heard, was a little animal with sharp teeth and no voice, but there were no such creatures on the High Marsh..Through that link he could send his own strength, the Mountain's strength, to help. I didn't tell."We must give what we have to give," said Medra. "If all but us are slaves, what's our freedom.Morred's people against him. Crying out that their king had betrayed them, the villagers of Enlad."He does that," the cowboy said to Gift. "Talks at em." He was amused, disdainful. He was one of Berry's drinking mates at the tavern, a decent enough young fellow, for a cowboy..Otter crouched as always in the uneasy oppression of the spellbond. He drank thirstily. The sharp earthy taste of the onion was good, and he ate it all..Atl and Htha) "word-beings," "those who say words," and therefore could mean, or include, dragons..There's no truth in this tale but one, which is that indeed one of the first Masters of Roke opened and entered a great cavern. But though the roots of Roke are the roots of all the islands, that cavern was not on Roke..defend theirs with spells. Morred could not even begin to fight his Enemy until he saw his Enemy's..not led him here. Since the raid, Roke Island had isolated itself wholly, sealed itself inside..betrayed..cling to - the ... purity of that rule."."I didn't understand," Irioth said, "about the others. That they are other. We are all other. We.Enlades. Though it is one of the great isles of the Earthsea Archipelago, there aren't many.He looked up suddenly. The sheep, who had been grouped near the stile, were scurrying off, and.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (83 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].the answering hatred in the son's eyes, the threat, the pitiless contempt. And seeing it, Dulse.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..died in childbirth there in the city..moving within for people. They were puppets, for advertising, performing a single action over.Azver went quickly to where Irian lay beside the stream, and the others followed him. She roused up and got to her feet, looking dull and dazed. They were standing around her, a kind of guard, when the group of thirty or more men came past the little house and approached them. They were mostly older students; there were five or six wizard's staffs among the crowd, and the Master Windkey led them. His thin, keen old face looked strained and weary, but he greeted the four mages courteously by their titles..The light had come back into Diamond's dark eyes..wilderness, in tents and lean-tos made of scraps, or shelterless. "Oh, this won't do," Crow said.,teaches. Maybe it's not a way of keeping the power pure, but of keeping the power to themselves..over the antique descriptions of harikki and otak and icebear. But Tern went ashore on every isle..It was only a beast healer's manual," Crow admitted, when they were sailing on and he had calmed..deeply, and his mind felt stifled too, as if his thoughts were crowded into a space too small for..be afraid of him. She found that he had no memory at all of what had happened in the village, of..For there had been times when he felt that, as he had summoned her living, so dead she might summon him. The bond between them that had linked them and let her save him was not broken. Many times she had come into his dreams, standing silent as she stood when he first saw her in the reeking tower at Samory. And he had seen her, years ago, in the vision of the dying healer in Telio, in the twilight, beside the wall of stones..The gift for magic is empowered mainly by the use of the True Speech, the Language of the Making, in which the name of a thing is the thing..wizard..it you did not always come out into the fields again. You walked on under the trees. In the inner..you drunken, crawling traitor! You foul, shameless lecher!"..sought. And they found no one, nothing. So Lebannen judged it to be a prophecy yet to be..Shaken by the intensity of that will, Tern straightened up and drew a deep breath. He looked round..In return he told Veil and Ember about the mines of Samory, and the wizard Gelluk, and Anieb the slave..troubling harvesters or sailors a hundred miles away..dark..deep shadows. Low armchairs, a black liquid with green foam in glasses, lanterns that spilled tiny..a night and a day. Now and then he talked to the statue, telling it that it was a clever lad and..milk. Her eyes grew wide in surprise. Something like a mocking smile touched her lips. She..It was Havnor, his land, where his people were, whether alive or dead he did not know; where Anieb lay in her grave, up there on the mountain. He had never been back, never come this close. It had been how long? Sixteen years, seventeen years. Nobody would know him, nobody would remember the boy Otter, except Otter's mother and father and sister, if they were still alive. And surely there were people of the Hand in the Great Port. Though he had not known of them as a boy, he should know them now..hers and smiled at him, a smile so tender and radiant that he said spontaneously, "And may what."Excuse me." I touched the arm of the man in fur. "Where are we?"..passage..Irian looked from one to the other..She walked with the dead, sometimes," Ayo said very low. "In the forest, down towards Faliern..He could eat only in the cell, where they took his gag off. Bread and onions were what they gave..settle the quarrel. Though the Master there would still be quarrelling with me if he didn't keep..of gifts and in pledge of peaceful intent, Erreth-Akbe went alone to the City of the Kings on..were not doing as much damage as the Kargs, and Maharion judged the urgent danger lay in the east..something of the eagles quick, stiff turn, staring. Wizard knows wizard, and he knew which house..suddenly stepped off the flowing ribbon, but only to mount another, which darted steeply upward..triple beat on his tabor, and they were off into a sailor's jig..If the Grove were cut, all wizardry would fail. The roots of those trees are the roots of..He tacked across the strong

wind, swung round South Point, and sailed into the Great Bay of Havnor..The Changer stared openly at her. He was not as tall as she was. He stared at the Doorkeeper, and then at her again..valuable, and though the young king was putting things to rights as fast as he could, there were.Elehal. But when I come back I'll stay. What I need to find I'll find here. Haven't I found it.A man with a deep, clear voice spoke: 'It's not our judgment that prevails, but the Rule of Roke.,There was an uncomfortable silence, as the Doorkeeper did not speak. At last a slight, bright-eyed.After another long time she said, "Maybe I can learn it here, sir."Brushwood formed a black circle around the lake. I could hear the rustling of rushes and.see. Nobody should ought to meddle with sorcery that ain't born to it. Nor with sorcerers. You supposed to wait until you got tired of playing wizard. Well, I got tired of waiting." Her voice flowed out of it..without losing anything, without falsifying. I returned to the wall of trees. The blue of the.arms and snug about the hips, was talking with a blonde girl who had her back against the bowl."Not for the same reasons as you," she said, "but I still want to. And we came all this way. And you know my name."there was enough, was all.."Not this. The Lords of Pendor are good men. They remember the kings. They don't seek war or."I have to have a single heart. I can't play the harp while I'm bargaining with a mule-breeder. I can't sing ballads while I'm figuring what we have to pay the pickers to keep 'em from hiring out to Lowbough!" His voice shook a little now, a vibrato, and his eyes were not sad, but angry..there's no use trying to conceal anything from me, is there? The wise child loves his father and.What we know is the doorway between them."Learn our strength!" said Medra.."I'll know. How do you know what name to say, Rose? Does the water tell you?"..quiet talk among them.."Keep me?" she repeated. "You didn't seem to worry about losing me all winter. What made you come.memory, which is a form of imagination. The event is real now, but once it's then, its continuing.All day he stayed near the Otter's House, keeping watch on Irian, making her eat a little with him. She came to the house, but when they had eaten she went back to her place on the streambank and sat there motionless. And he too felt a lethargy in his own body and mind, a stupidity, which he fought against but could not shake off. He thought of the Summoner's eyes, and then it was that he felt cold, cold through, though he was sitting in the full heat of the summer's day. We are ruled by the dead, he thought. The thought would not leave him..He had not thought. He had taken the shape that came soonest to him, run to the river as an otter would, swum as the otter would swim. But only in his own form could he think as a man, hide, decide, act as a man or as a wizard against the wizard who hunted him..teasing laugh of the girl and stood like a block of wood, rooted in the sand, not knowing whether."So you thought. . . you thought that I . . . no!".the ending from the beginning.,On the first of his voyages of finding, Medra, or Tern as he was called, sailed northward up the.soul! But they put men where we put the world. And so they hold that a true wizard must be a man..tried again, and stood up. Then he started forward..Birch was sending a carter down to Kembermouth with six barrels of ten-year-old Fanian ordered by the wine merchant there. He was glad to send his wizard along as bodyguard, for the wine was valuable, and though the young king was putting things to rights as fast as he could, there were still gangs of robbers on the roads. So Ivory left Westpool on the big wagon pulled by four big carthorses, jolting slowly along, his legs angling. Down by Jackass Hill an uncouth figure rose up from the wayside and asked the carter for a lift. "I don't know you," the carter said, lifting his whip to warn the stranger off, but Ivory came round the wagon and said, "Let the lad ride, my good man. He'll do no harm while I'm with you."..black shining hair. When she stared at him in sudden incomprehensible challenge he had thought her.master say to the helmsman, "Keep her south tonight so we don't raise Roke."..during its first decades; but since during the Dark Time women, witchery, and the Old Powers had.Dragonfly peered close at Rose's work. Rose brought out a maggot, dropped it, spat on it, and."How did you come here?"."Will you come with me?" the Patterner said to Irian..They set off along the wharves, asking for a ship bound south that might take a wizard and his.She got to work scraping down the inner wall of the house, readying it to plaster. But before the.But he made no spell. He had no magic left in him. It was gone, run out of him into this terrible hill, into the terrible ground under him, gone. He was no wizard, only a man like the others, powerless.."How can you deliver babies properly if you haven't had one?" said her mother..say. But you should know that leaving Roke may be even harder than coming to it. Prison within."Do you know his name?"."Very well," said the Herbal, with his patient, troubled look; and he went aside a little, and knelt to look at some small plant or fungus on the forest floor.."Let me in, mother," he whispered in the tongue that was as old as the hill. The ground shivered a.He stopped and felt the dirt under his feet. He was barefoot, as usual. When he was a student on Roke, he had worn shoes. But he had come back home to Gont, to Re Albi, with his wizard's staff, and kicked his shoes off. He stood still and felt the dust and rock of the cliff-top path under his feet, and the cliffs under that, and the roots of the island in the dark under that. In the dark under the waters all islands touched and were one. So his teacher Ard had said, and so his teachers on Roke had said. But this was his island, his rock, dust, dirt. His wizardry grew out of it. "My mastery is here," the boy had said, but it went deeper than mastery. That, perhaps, was something Dulse could teach him: what went deeper than mastery. What he had learned here, on Gont, before he ever went to Roke..buildings, windowless, black, seemingly lifeless, for they were without more than light -- not the.But beyond the rich and the lordly were those called the Men of Power: the wizards. Their power..day dazzled Irian's eyes. When she could see clearly she saw a path leading from the door through."What I have to do, you see," the old wizard said, still talking to Silence because it was a comfort to talk to him even if he was no longer there, "is get into the mountain, right inside; but not the way a sorcerer-pro prospector does; not just slipping about between things and looking and tasting. Deeper. All the way in. Not the veins, but the bones. So," and standing there alone in the high pasture, in the noon light, Heleth opened his arms wide in the gesture of invocation that opens all the greater spells; and he spoke..half a tun barrels. That's ours," Ivory said, and the ship's master said, "Bound for Hort Town," and.being a musician."..If Elfarran be not my own, I will unsay Segoy's word,..still depths, a colorless, vast emptiness like the clear sky before sunrise..followed her, but only

to the door. Nobody entered a witch's house uninvited..cousins while they rebuilt their burned house as best they could. They welcomed him with.A quotation from it stands at the head of A Wizard of Earthsea:.was to be made wizard when he went back to Roke. The Masters had sent him out in the world to gain.darkness of the trees a stream ran out, green-banked, with many brown trodden places where cattle.the eldest, the Doorkeeper, Segoy....fulfilled, the son of Morred is crowned, and yet we have no peace. Where have we gone wrong? Why.Though like any power they could be perverted to evil use in the service of ambition (as was the Terrenon Stone in Osskil), the Old Powers were inherently sacral and pre-ethical. During and after the Dark Time, however, they were feminised and demonised in the Hardic lands by wizards, as they were in the Kargad Lands by the cults of the Priestkings and the Godkings. So by the eighth century, in the Inner Lands of the Archipelago, only village women kept up rituals and offerings at the old sites. They were despised or abused for doing so. Wizards kept clear of such places. On Roke, itself the center of the Old Powers in all Earthsea, the profoundest manifestations of those powers-Roke Knoll and the Immanent Grove-were never spoken of as such. Only the Patterners, who lived all their lives in the Grove, served to link human arts and acts to the older sacredness of the earth, reminding the wizards and mages that their power was not theirs, but lent to them."I don't care about that..bulging pearly square when something was pressed. In the bathroom there was no tub or sink..size and prosperity..Still it rankled him that Diamond had let him down flat, without a word of thanks or apology. So.grossly ignorant. It is taught in winter and spring, and spoken and sung entire every year at the.there were no clear spaces here. Being a head taller than those around me, I was able to see that.go," she said..Many came there both small and great..It's him has to go..pungent, disorderly place thick with the mysteries of women and witchcraft, very different from.eyes. Leaving his cell he had felt the spellbonds loosen and fall away, but there were other."Of course. It was my responsibility as your teacher."Licky had told him that it was the fumes of the metal rising from heated ore that sickened and."I was new at the business of being Archmage then. And younger than the man we fought, and maybe not afraid enough of him. It was all the two of us could do to hold our own against him, there in the silence, in the cell in the tower. Nobody else knew what was going on. We fought. A long time we fought. And then it was over. He broke. Like a stick breaking. He was broken. But he fled away. The Summoner had spent a part of his strength for good, overcoming that blind will. And I didn't have the strength in me to stop the man when he fled, nor the wits to send anyone after him. And not a shred of power left in me to follow him with. So he got away from Roke. Clean gone..Seven or eight years after Tehanu was published, I was asked to write a story set in Earthsea. A.paces from me; he had a thin, matted mane; he stretched, once, twice; with a slow undulation of.not be lonely..surface carrying us began to branch, dividing along imperceptible seams; my strip passed through.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 to 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..old, here. We are old - the Masters."

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