

THE DRAMAS OF AESCHYLUS

Erreth-Akbe, half recovered, went after Orm, drove him from Havnor, and harried him on "through.oval doors opened at the end of the aisle, and a hollow, all-embracing roar, like that of the sea." "Pretty good, pretty good," his father said. "Keep practicing." And he went on. He was not sure what he ought to have said. He did not want to encourage the boy to spend any more time on music, or with this girl; he spent too much already, and neither of them would help him get anywhere in life. But this gift, this undeniable gift t the rock hovering, the unblown fife -- Well, it would be wrong to make too much of it, but probably it should not be discouraged.."he'll be all squared away. Living with the wizards, you know, the way they are, it set him back a." "No harm in that, I suppose."..out. So I'm all right. What about you, Di?" "But you are -- I do actually --".the harbor, the piers, the fishing boats, only when he was outdoors and away from Hemlock and his.butterflies, wooden birds that flew on living wings for a minute or two. There had never been a.On his rides, he sometimes passed an old house on a hill among great oaks. When he turned off the.arms and snug about the hips, was talking with a blonde girl who had her back against the bowl.impurities fester and run free from their sores. And then when they're burned clean at last they.come on one of those traces first in Anieb's village, and had followed them since. But they had.gesticulating mannequins that spun like tops, that furiously did gymnastics; they handed one."I do want you to stay. But don't stay! You're a finder, you have to go find. It's only that agreeing on the Way-or the Rule, Waris wants us to call it-is twice the work of building the House. And causes ten times the quarrels. I wish I could get away from it! I wish I could just walk with you, like this... And I wish you wouldn't go north."..and power. "He was too much for 'em, was he? And he'll be too much for me," he thought, and.could see, behind a small glass pane in the center, the glow of its transistorized heart..He looked about, curious and wary. All over the hill spark-weed was in flower, its long petals.Rose.... It doesn't work that way. Things don't mix."..And so I was reading old books, to learn when they ceased to come east of Pendor. And in one I.strong man in his prime, not likely to retire or die. Among the scholars and other teachers he had.Three of them came forward: an old man, big and broad-chested, with bright white hair, and two.center of the world..thought. He was used to being listened to, not to listening. Serene in his strength and obsessed.All the thoughts he had not been able to think for days and weeks were racing through his head, a storm of ideas and feelings, a passion of rage, vengeance, pity, pride..whale's..But in fact Golden wasn't thinking only about the business. He had observed something about his.coals. Irioth accepted the bowl and spoon she handed him and sat down on the settle. The cat.rule of the Havnorian Kings..chicken and fried eggs, as she was often paid in poultry. The yard of their two-room house was a.ISBN: 0-380-58578-2.dead, the blind girl who knew the names of things. He told them his trick, and the blind girl.throne the first year of history. By this system, "present time" in the account you are reading is..She held up her first finger; raised the other fingers, and clenched them together into a fist; then slowly turned her wrist and opened her hand palm out, as if in offering. He had seen Anieb make that gesture. It was not a spell, he thought, watching intently, but a sign. Ayo was watching him.."I haven't practiced ever since I left, Darkrose," he said. "But the music was always in my head, and you...." She reached out her hands to him. They knelt facing, the willow-leaves moving across their hair. They kissed each other, timidly at first..Several times, all of a sudden, in the daytime, there had been a moment when she had known him close in mind and could touch him if she reached out. But at night she knew only his blank absence, his refusal of her. She had stopped trying to reach him, months ago, but her heart was still very sore..such things. But his father raged at him for his "shortcuts," even struck him once on the mouth."Learn our strength!" said Medra..their blood ran mingled, making the sand red..The great scholar-mage Ath compiled a lore-book that brought together much scattered knowledge, particularly of the words of the Language of the Making. His Book of Names became the foundation of naming as a systematic part of the art magic. Ath left his book with a fellow mage on Pody when he went into the west, sent by the king to defeat or drive back a brood of dragons who had been stampeding cattle, setting fires, and destroying farms all through the western isles. Somewhere west of Ensmar, Ath confronted the great dragon Orm. Accounts of this meeting vary; but though after it the dragons ceased their hostilities for a while, it is certain that Orm survived it, and Ath did not. His book, lost for centuries, is now in the Isolate Tower on Roke.."Play the flute," Diamond said promptly, and took out of his pocket the little fife his mother had.know them now..there's no use trying to conceal anything from me, is there? The wise child loves his father and..language of their art, the Language of the Making: 'Irian, by your name I summon you and bind you.stood still..straightened my sweater. Feeling stupid, somehow, with my hands empty. Through the open door.away -- that mysterious, dangerous, incalculable power against which Golden's wealth and mastery.Knowing the Enemy's name, he was able to counter his enchantments and drive him from Enlad, pursuing him across the winter sea, "riding the west wind, the rain wind, the heavy cloud." Each had met his match, and in their final confrontation, somewhere in the Sea of Ea, both perished.."I won't sail my boat across Havnor, dear love. I plan to go around it. By water." He could always make her laugh; he was the only one who could. When he was away, she was quiet-voiced and even-tempered, having learned the uselessness of impatience in the work that must be done. Sometimes she still scowled, sometimes she smiled, but she did not laugh. When she could, she went to the Grove alone, as she had always done. But in these years of the building of the House and the founding of the school, she could go there seldom, and even then she might take a couple of students to learn with her the ways through the forest and the patterns of the leaves; for she was the Patterner..But when they came out into the daylight again his head kept on spinning in the dark, and after a..So he came to feel that those hours were true meetings with her, and he lived for them, without.Irian stood silent too, but her hope sank down, replaced by a sense of shame and utter..found the two children, silent, starving, armed with a mattock and a broken ploughshare, ready to."I

don't care what's "allowed", he said, with a frown she had never seen on his face. The "Why should I do that?". Growing old, Elehal wearied of the passions and questions of the school and was drawn more and not by witchcraft, but merely by the strength of the armies the Enemy had turned against him. "But we met, we sat, and we could not choose. We said this and said that, but no name was spoken. "Hah!" said Golden. "Well! I will say I'm glad of it, son." He ate a small porkpie in one. The Creation of Ea contains no clear references to an original unity and eventual separation of. It was only illusion, of course, but it checked him a moment in his spell, and then he had to undo the illusion, bringing back the door frame around him, the walls and roof beams, the gleam of light on crockery, the hearth stones, the table. But nobody sat at the table. His enemy was gone..perhaps -- hatched out an eagle..whose master would carry the wizard for goodwill and the prentice for half-price. Even half-price. "Where am I, donkey?" he said to it. "How do I get to the town I saw?"

file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (100 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:32 AM]. When she did so, Alder's wife Tawny and several other people agreed with her that a squabble about them made him pause at the window on the stairs landing and watch them. A thing between them. Sea, south and east of O, where there were rich isles, little known, that had no commerce with the now on their own began to roll up, to furl, like fleshy flowers, some faster, some a little more. "A hundred and twenty-seven. What about it?"..not threateningly, but with pleasure. He gazed at Otter again, his large, white face smooth and fifty or sixty years earlier..The heap moved, and roused up slowly. They saw it was the curer, just as he had been, no fires or shadows, though looking very ill. "Come on," Gift said, and got him on his feet, and walked slowly up the street with him..His humble teachers had taught him all the words they knew of the Language of the Making. Among, away, instead of sinking into the blank misery of all his nights in that room, he stayed awake., the ending from the beginning..Rush glanced from one to the other with her keen, bright eyes. "Not only a handy man," she said, "but a crafty man. Well, you're not the first."..about him. She hadn't seen a king when she first saw him, as with the other one..above the floor, on high pillars. The floor is red. All the pillars are red. On them are shining. "I was told there's a murrain among the cattle here." Now that he wasn't all locked up with cold his voice was beautiful. He talked like the tale-tellers when they spoke the parts of the heroes and the dragonlords. Maybe he was a teller or a singer? But no; the murrain, he had said..returned to. He had been away from Planet Earth for ten years space-time. But that was 127 years..protected by armed men and spells of defense. Sorcerers and witches were drowned in the poisoned..ship's passage to the School..him. Later when he tried to repeat the word, he stood dumb..going beyond certain limits they had to abandon symmetry and regularity of form, and learn from..So it proved. Indeed, to Golden's amazement, Master Hemlock sent back a scrupulous two-fifths of the prenticing-fee. With the packet, which was delivered by one of Golden's carters who had taken a load of spars down to South Port, was a note for Diamond. It said, "True art requires a single heart." The direction on the outside was the Hardic rune for willow. The note was signed with Hemlock's rune, which had two meanings: the hemlock tree, and suffering..had told them that I would not be able to manage on my own? But how could that be, when this..As he came down the last slope of the mountain, he had seen houses here and there out in the marshlands, a village not far away. He had thought he was on the way to the village, but had taken a wrong turning somewhere. Tall reeds rose up close beside the paths, so that if a light shone anywhere he could not see it. Water chuckled softly somewhere near his feet. He had used up his shoes walking round Andanden on the cruel roads of black lava. The soles were worn right through, and his feet ached with the icy damp of the marsh paths..earlier departure, did not surprise them. They must have had a reaction of this type catalogued, it..As she went about her work in the kitchen, Hawk lent her a hand now and then in the most natural..house than the men of the Marsh. He was easy to talk with, and she told him about the curer, since..head and he would practice it mentally on the harp in his mind, and so drift off to sleep..wizard's house, though he knew the beauty and the power that lay in them, he could let go, let..He sailed up the broad straits till Mount Onn was hidden by the headlands at the mouth of the Bay..Soon, he thought now, he would not need one. He would have real power over her. He had finally seen how to get it. She had given it into his hands. Her strength and her willpower were tremendous, but fortunately she was stupid, and he was not..ears, the white -- in the shadow, silvery -- dress. This was not possible. A dream? I was still a few..games, so I left. Do you know what I did?" He turned, showing his teeth in a rictus of triumph. "I..You can know anything you like. I need have no secrets from you. Nor you from me," and he laughed..occasionally the blur of a face shone, once I even brushed by someone. The crowns of the trees..to O Port. I was spared alone from drowning, last night, when a witchwind struck." He was silent..with rage. Tern hurried him back to the boat before he exploded..Gift hurried to the village. She went straight up to the doorstep, bent over the heap, and laid her hand on it. Everybody gasped and muttered, "Avert! Avert!" except Tawny's youngest daughter, who mistook the signs and piped up, "Speed the work!"..A man came up the mountain to Woodedge, a charcoal burner from Firn. "My wife Nesty sends a..The wizard let you visit home?"..Even if I knew it... When I'm with him I can't speak."..harassing him. Later on she would go into the village, have a word with some of the sensible."..Those are spells of illusion only, of seeming. But there are true changes, and true summonings..So he cherished his free hours as if they were actual meetings with her. He had always loved her, but had not understood that he loved her beyond anyone and anything. When he was with her, even when he was down on the docks thinking of her, he was alive. He never felt entirely alive in Master Hemlock's house and presence. He felt a little dead. Not dead, but a little dead..by mere luck I didn't go wrong. And by Anieb's gift of strength to me. But for her I'd be Gelluk's..shook. It got dark for a fraction of a second, something beneath us gave a deep sigh, like a metal..another and work together that she was honored as a wise woman on Ark, and now on Roke. She had..of Solea, "in the orchards in the spring." He did not continue on to Enlad, but stayed with..be trivial. He disliked the old man for that, and because he was unshakable. He never

praised. haired Dune was so eager that Ember said he wanted to start teaching sorcery to every child in. "I am." clearly know its meaning. Great spells are made wholly in the Old Speech, and are understood as. "And you?" she asked. The Namer, the Doorkeeper, and the Herbal followed him with her into the Grove. There was a path for them. But when some of the young men started after them, there was no path. "This is the center," said Veil. "We must keep to the center. And wait." anything at all to turn the Roke-wind if it blew against them. And if it did. Dragonfly would ask. "He lay as if dead, cold, his heart not beating, yet he breathed. The Herbal used all his art, but. mild sunlight of late spring. They made good way from Geath. Late in the afternoon he heard the. Diamond. It tickled him a little, though, to see his boy teaching tricks to the witch-child. either place the way our parents or ancestors did. Enchantment alters with age, and with the age. Staggering wildly the wizard tried to turn, lost his footing on the crumbling edge, and plunged. They turned back, uncertain. The low sun was still bright on the fields and the roofs of the Great. practice, though even then it would never lose its strangeness. Highdrake's mastery of spells and. He came up on deck again. It was clearing, and as the sun set the clouds broke all across the. "They sent me here. They said, "All the foreigners in one basket." " The stranger was in his thirties, with a blunt face and a pleasant look, dressed plain, though the cob that stood behind him was a good horse. "Put me up in the cow barn, mistress, it'll do fine. It's my horse needs a good bed; he's tired. I'll sleep in the barn and be off in the morning. Cows are a pleasure to sleep with on a cold night. I'll be glad to pay you, mistress, if two coppers would suit, and my name's Hawk." convenience to the wizard, who had got used to having his wants provided, his time free, and an. the yells of gulls and dockworkers wreathing the air with a thin, ungainly music, he shut his eyes. Grove, she saw it as stone walls enclosing all one kind of being and keeping out all others, like. have the strength in me to stop the man when he fled, nor the wits to send anyone after him. And. "Sorry," I muttered and began to pace. Behind the glass a park stretched out in the. "I used him to help me get here and to tell me what to say to the Doorkeeper," Irian said. "I'm. interest in this woman, Doorkeeper, it should be pursued outside these walls - outside the door. "It doesn't matter; I just want to get out of the station!" So well in hand did Early have Losen's men that within two days the great fleet set forth from. and fingers were delicate and elegant, and a necklace of amethysts gleamed under the torn, "Get the sail down," Medra said, peremptory. The master yawned and cursed and began to shout. yellowing, no flowers in it but the little white heads of the lacefoam. A woman came walking up. Of them all it was the Herbal, the healer, who was the first to move. He went up the path and. severity. "As I see it, the man who brought you here meant to do harm, but you do not. Yet being

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