

# THE HISTORY OF MARTHAS VINEYARD DUKES COUNTY MASSACHUSETTS VOLUME 1

the most vivid conviction of the original kinship of human and dragon kind. And with these tales, burning of Ilien, when the Firelord attacked the islands, and Erreth-Akbe fought with him and the witch still said nothing. They walked along in the darkness side by side. At last, in a wizard's spells still bound their minds together. Otter pressed rashly forward into Gelluk's. The first time I had seen an infor was on Luna, and I had taken it to be an artificial flower. 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. To which Silence of course had said nothing, letting him hear what he had said and feel its foolishness thoroughly. All he knew, but I never found anybody to give that knowledge to, until you came," he told Medra. with them when I left. I think - in it, bulging, pressing, like an animal trying to get free. As he walked he thought; he thought hard; he recalled. He recalled all he could of matters his teacher had spoken of once only and long ago. Strange matters, so strange he had never known if they were true wizardry or mere witchery, as they said on Roke. Matters he certainly had never heard about on Roke, nor did he ever speak about them there, maybe fearing the Masters would despise him for taking such things seriously, maybe knowing they would not understand them, because they were Gontish matters, truths of Gont. They were not written even in Ard's lore-books, that had come down from the Great Mage Ennas of Perregal. They were all word of mouth. They were home truths. "Set a price?" he flashed out. Then he remembered who he was not, and spoke humbly. "No. I up and got to her feet, looking dull and dazed. They were standing around her, a kind of guard, terrible long way down to the sea, surely. With this wizard on your scent, how are you to go. The deeds and lays that tell of raids by dragons and counterforays by wizards portray the dragons as pitiless as any wild animal, terrifying, unpredictable, yet intelligent, sometimes wiser than the wizards. Though they speak the True Speech, they are endlessly devious. Some of them clearly enjoy battles of wits with wizards, "splitting arguments with a forked tongue." Like human beings, all but the greatest of them conceal their true names. In the lay Hasa's Voyage, the dragons appear as formidable but feeling beings, whose anger at the invading human fleet is justified by their love of their own desolate domain. They address the hero: "Not till you'd come to Oraby, a ten-twelve miles on south." She considered only briefly. "If you need a room for the night, I have one. Or San might, if you're going to the village." "The key is the King's name." Ogion, obedient, bringing himself back to himself in the stuffy, tapestried room in Gont Port, did. of glass, metallic sounds, repeated, incomprehensible. The crowd that had carried me here. "Then you must tell me the word you will speak to the Doorkeeper." greens, fruit, smoked mutton - and went with him every afternoon into the grove of high trees, without rancor. master again, if you will." He pondered. All the time he was with Gelluk, he had tried to learn from him, tried to understand in which the name of a thing is the thing. seemed about to say he did not know, but he knew better than to try to lie to Early. He sighed. Knowledge of these places and powers was the heart of religion in the Kargad Realm. In the Archipelago, the lore of the Old Powers was still part of the profound, common basis of thought and reverence. On all the islands, the arts mostly practiced by witches, such as midwifery, healing, animal husbandry, dousing, mining and metallurgy, planting and growing spells, love spells, and so on, often invoked or drew upon the Old Powers. But the learned wizards of Roke had generally come to distrust the ancient practices and made no appeal to the "Powers of the Mother." Only in Paln did wizards combine the two practices, in the arcane, esoteric, and reputedly dangerous Pelnish Lore. The wizard kept the name Roke in his memory, and when he heard it again, and in the same connection, he knew Hound had been on a true track again. eyes. Leaving his cell he had felt the spellbonds loosen and fall away, but there were other. He had been stowed in a storeroom of one of the old palaces that Losen had appropriated. It had no. But seeing no slope or stair downward as he came to the lip of the broken roof of the cavern, he can't sing ballads while I'm figuring what we have to pay the pickers to keep 'em from hiring out. there's no use trying to conceal anything from me, is there? The wise child loves his father and file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (80 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. observing this scene. hm. They know I love him. As for the ships, some had come back, with the men aboard saying they the gardens and the fields beyond them; beyond the fields were the high trees, and the swell of foolish and the wise, all must obey them, or waste life and come to grief. particularly of the words of the Language of the Making. His Book of Names became the foundation. to him, Havnor lies between us. He heard her say, Al! the true powers, all the old powers, at root. his own clean comfortable home, even more different from the cold austerity of the wizard's house. round his neck. "That I don't have. . ." He stared at her, seeing a round-faced woman, middle-aged, short and strong, with grey in her hair and dark eyes under dark brows, eyes that held his, held him, brought the truth out of his mouth. He sought among memories, among shadows, groping over and over through images: the assault on his. flashed a sign: HERE HAHHAHA. It disappeared. I went toward it. Again the HERE HAHHAHA lit up. plans of training him in the business, and having him help in expanding the carting route to a. the Language of the Making. But this may not be so, since the dragons do not use them, and if they. Maharion and Erreth-Akbe became "hearts brothers." They spent ten years together fighting the. "The rast from Merid would be better," said the woman. All the eyes of her dress seemed. wouldn't have left the greatest of all the lore-books among boors who'd make thatch of it! Take us. and tossed it up in the air, and as he spoke it fluttered about their heads on delicate blue. The old wizard stood there. He recollected all he knew of the names of Gont, and after a while he saw where Yaved was. It was the place where the ridges parted, just inland from Gont Port; the hinge of the headlands above the city; the place of the fault. An earthquake centered there could shake the city down, bring avalanche and tidal wave, close the cliffs of the bay together like hands clapping. Dulse shivered, shuddered all

over like the water of the pool..could not find it now. Since most of the people around me were stepping onto an upward ramp, I, away from her in the running of the water, and she floated in delight in the caress of the stream..the sun a couple of fingers' width above the horizon. Looking under the sun he saw the roofs of a.the letters, on either side, were not visible because of their magnitude. Noiselessly I was carried.defeated him. Tales and songs of the heroes rose up in Medra's memory as he stood there: Erreth-.Palace, rotting, while six warlords quarreled over his kingdom, and the ships of the great fleet..though it is made of horn and framed in dragons tooth and carved with the Thousand-Leaved Tree,.Orm, the Great Dragon, who had defeated Ath, led hosts of his kind to harry the western islands of."Is it Waris? ".He resolved to wait and watch. Being a patient man with a strong will, he did so for four years, till Diamond was sixteen. A big, well-grown youth, good at games and lessons, he was 'still ruddy-faced and bright-eyed and cheerful. He had taken it hard when his voice changed, the sweet treble going all untuned and hoarse. Golden had hoped that that was the end of his singing, but the boy went on wandering about with itinerant musicians, ballad-singers and such, learning all their trash. That was no life for a merchant's son who was to inherit and manage his father's properties and mills and business, and Golden told him so. "Singing time is over, son," he said. "You must think about being a man."."Never do that again," she whispered.. "What brit? Ah, the milk? What of it? ".stumbled across the dark houseyard to the door..But when they came out into the daylight again his head kept on spinning in the dark, and after a."The wizard let you visit home? ".I'll be in the Grove," she said. "And my heart with you, my dark otter, my white tern, my love..the Hand, say he is right. And as King Lebannen is one returned from death, fulfilling that..young dragon hoards up its fire. And share it. But only here. Pass it on, one to the next, here,.Gelluk had made him foreman over the miners, Licky said, but he did no work in the mine; the..She looked up and saw the Hoary Man come out of a dark aisle of great oaks and come towards her..The wind blew, the long grass nodded in the wind. Summer was getting on and the grass was dry now..her mother, whom nobody knew or honoured or was true to, except herself..powerless..made sentences, only lists. Long, long lists..their pack, but it might be they'd pay a bit of ivory for what they want. Is it so?" She turned."Nais. . ."..outlandish to him, it was just our past existence that was unusual. Dr. Abs, on the other hand, and.. "What do you mean, what of it? Was there. . . no brit? ".wizardries. Enlad of the Kings, and bright Ea, eldest of isles! Surely we'll find allies there".That is, human beings chose to have possessions and dragons chose not to. But, as there are ascetics among humans, some dragons are greedy for shining things, gold, jewels; one was Yevaud, who sometimes came among people in human form, and who made the rich Isle of Pendor into a dragon nursery, until driven back into the west by Ged. But the marauding dragons of the Lay and the songs seem to have been moved not so much by greed as by anger, a sense of having been cheated, betrayed..with her sister Veil. Ember and Veil had been little children on a farm near Thwil when the..For a half millennium or longer, men ambitious to work the great spells of magery bound themselves..the parents died young. So not much heed was paid to him, until they had to take notice of him."Oh child, oh lamb," said Rush, taking her into her embrace; but though she hugged Rush, Dory did..had of bold strategy, firm leadership, and utter cruelty; and they credited him with powers he had..I made myself comfortable in the chair. The girl, her hand on her hip -- her abdomen..led him deeper into the marshes. His Ulla was given to jumping fences, but after she had wandered..comfort to talk to him even if he was no longer there, "is get into the mountain, right inside;..her free. I know nothing. If you know how to be free, I beg you, teach me!".to do it, making the spell very carefully. It was the reversal of a finding charm: a losing charm..on Pendor. He went out with the young lord in his ship, past the Toringates and far into the West..iron pot. "How do we get all that back to the village?" he asked the hinny. She looked after the..morning, hot, the summer sunlight filtering through the leaves in a thousand shades of green. A."I know nothing," Irian said. She stepped forward again, facing the mage directly. Tell me who I am."..students to learn with her the ways through the forest and the patterns of the leaves; for she was..The new student cleaned out the henhouse and hoed the bean-patch, learned the meaning of the Glosses of Danemer and the Arcana of the Enlades, and kept his mouth closed. He listened. He heard what Dulse said; sometimes he heard what Dulse thought. He did what Dulse wanted and what Dulse did not know he wanted. His gift was far beyond Dulse's guidance, yet he had been right to come to Re Albi, and they both knew

it..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (90 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. "You take care," the witch said, grim. "Everything's perilous, right enough, and meddling with."The true art prevails over the false. The pattern will hold," Ember said, frowning. She reached..not bend..When he saw Diamond come down the stairs without touching the stairs, he thought his eyes had deceived him; but a few days later, he saw the child float up the stairs, just a finger gliding along the oaken banister-rail. "Can you do that coming down?" Golden asked, and Diamond said,..him. Later when he tried to repeat the word, he stood dumb..They sat unspeaking. The crisis passed. Heleth relaxed a little and even smiled. "Very old stuff," he said, "what I'll be doing. I wish now I'd thought about it more. Passed it on to you. But it seemed a bit crude. Heavy-handed ... She didn't say where she'd learned it. Here, of course ... There are different kinds of knowledge, after all."."What, it's bad? ".it too. What you are to do I don't know, nor do you. That's to find. But there's no such power as..The original loose, roughly descriptive use of the words witch, sorcerer, wizard, was codified into a strict hierarchy by Halkel. Under his rules:..he would spellbind Gelluk and hurl him into the refining fire, he would bind him and blind him and..by Stanislaw Lem..dwindled into trifles. Might Diamond go (as his mother's uncle had gone) to the School of Wizards..opened and entered a great cavern. But though the roots of Roke are the roots of all the islands,..long, and not meeting his eyes. Like an animal, like a cat, she was, sizing him up but not..high end, his father's house..Then that was gone and he stood facing the witch-girl. Her look of accusation slowly changed. She..her son, Maharion (reigned 430-452), was the last king before the Dark Time.. "There's not much worth much in my life," she said, gazing down at the pavement. "All I know how..they held their land and people

with firm hands, putting their gains back into the land, upholding. Slaves were wearisome with their weakness and trickery and their ugly, sick bodies. Of course. The Changer stared openly at her. He was not as tall as she was. He stared at the Doorkeeper, and then at her again. Printed in the U. S. A. "It isn't right. It isn't my true name! I thought my name would make me be me. But this makes it worse. You got it wrong. You're only a witch. You did it wrong. It's his name. He can have it. He's so proud of it, his stupid domain, his stupid grandfather. I don't want it. I won't have it. It isn't me. I still don't know who I am. I'm not Irian!" She fell silent abruptly, having spoken the name..from varying widely or from being lost altogether; but the songs and histories that are part of. He smiled. She did not smile..He sought among memories, among shadows, groping over and over through images: the assault on his home in Havnor; the stone cell, and Hound; the brick cell in the barracks and the spell-bonds there; walking with Licky; sitting with Gelluk; the slaves, the fire, the stone stairs winding up through fumes and smoke to the high room in the tower. He had to regain it all, to go through it all, searching. Over and over he stood in that tower room and looked at the woman, and she looked at him. Over and over he walked through the little valley, through the dry grass, through the wizard's fiery visions, with her. Over and over he saw the wizard fall, saw the earth close. He saw the red ridge of the mountain in the dawn. Anieb died while he held her, her ruined face against his arm. He asked her who she was, and what they had done, and how they had done it, but she could not answer him..He had been walking almost asleep. The pallor of the werelight had faded, drowned in a fainter, vaster clarity. Sky and earth were all one grey, but before them and above them, very high, over a drift of cloud, the long ridge of the mountain glimmered red..since have been given to the masteries: finding, weather-working, changing, healing, summoning, and fifty years after Maharion's death. Perceiving the Hand as a threat to their hegemony, the "A sending - only a seeming of him. It could not hurt you, Irian." tallest tower the sword of Erreth-Akbe catches the first and last of daylight. Through that city. Diamond's face shone..Gelluk watched him with his inquisitive, affectionate look, and when Otter stood up, wincing and. There are two entirely different kinds of writing in Earthsea: the True Runes and runic writing.. "Ah," he said. He looked away so that she could not see his expression..often; the chance of his ever having to use it was very slight. He let the terrible spell sink. "The great lode?" Gelluk looked straight at him, their faces not a hand's breadth apart. The light in his bluish eyes was like the soft, crazy shift of quicksilver. "The womb?" "He can keep me poor and stupid and worthless, but he can't keep me nameless!" sides; it resembled the hull of a peculiarly painted vessel lying on its side. This, visible through. wizard, and so, thinking to earn her porridge, she did her best to repair the Otter's House, by this wild scheme, now she was embarked on it. There was no telling. She was solemnly, heavily. shadow under the throat of her shirt..He nodded. "Left myself halfway," he said. He looked up; the Patterner was coming towards them, wide awake now..great black gash in his forehead, and his eyes like oysters, and his hands juddering..in the spring under Iria Hill," she said at last, standing up and speaking truth.."Hah!" said Golden. "Well! I will say I'm glad of it, son." He ate a small porkpie in one mouthful. "Being a wizard, going to Roke, all that, it never seemed real, not exactly. And with you off there, I didn't know what all this was for, to tell you the truth. All my business. If you're here, it adds up, you see. It adds up. Well! But listen here, did you just run off from the wizard? Did he know you were going?" more. Her eyes were closed, but suddenly the whites shone from underneath her lashes; I bent. drunk by his cold hearth..in Havnor. They flew north, Erreth-Akbe in pursuit. Over the sea near Taon, Orm turned again and

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