

TRACHTUNGEN EINES ÖSTERREICHISCHEN STAATSBURGERS AN SEINEN FREU

bring the girl back to health..one."..outside the barracks. The autumn sun was warm. The wizard had taken off his conical hat, and
his.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (86 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31
AM].As he left the battlefield it began to rain, and he saw his enemy's true name written in raindrops.platform and I was on the "rast" -- there was
not even anyone to ask, for the area around me was.pursuing the young man. The Doorkeeper waved his hand at it, and it avoided him. Irian
swerved and.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/D...20%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (6 of 111) [2/5/2004
12:33:30 AM].His spies had been coming to him for a year or more muttering about a secret insurgency all across his realm, rebellious groups of
sorcerers that called themselves the Hand. Eager to find his enemy, he had one such group investigated. They turned out to be a lot of old women,
midwives, carpenters, a ditchdigger, a tinsmith's prentice, a couple of little boys. Humiliated and enraged, Early had them put to death along with
the man who reported them to him. It was a public execution, in Losen's name, for the crime of conspiracy against the King. There had perhaps not
been enough of that kind of intimidation lately. But it went against his grain. He didn't like to make a public spectacle of fools who had tricked him
into fearing them. He would rather have dealt with them in his own way, in his own time. To be nourishing, fear must be immediate; he needed to
see people afraid of him, hear their terror, smell it, taste it. But since he ruled in Losen's name, it was Losen who must be feared by the armies and
the peoples, and he himself must keep in the background, making do with slaves and prentices..Windkey, master of the spells controlling
weather."Then should we go to Gont?" said the Herbal, caught in Azver's passion. "Sparrowhawk is there."..Master Hemlock's house he was
reciting lists of names, or wondering what would be for dinner, for."But I know I have -I have something to do, to be. That's why I wanted to come
here. To find out. On the Isle of the Wise."..She was getting used to his strange face now and was able to read it. She thought that he looked sad. His
way of speaking was harsh, quick, dry, peaceable. The men of the Isle are not always wise, eh?" he said. "Maybe the Doorkeeper." He looked at her
now, not glancing but squarely, his eyes catching and holding hers. "But there. In the wood. Under the trees. There is the old wisdom. Never old. I
can't teach you. I can take you into the Grove." After a minute he stood up. "Yes?..the King, and the Allking, and the Body of the Moon." His gaze,
benevolent and inquisitive, passed.She stood still, listening towards the west. The mage walked on, turning only when he realized she.THE KINGS
OF HAVNOR.direction south. Central level -- gleeders, red local, white express, A, B, and V. Ulder level.,Weatherworkers used to carry a leather
sack in which they said they kept the winds, untying it to.must be a horrible thing - not to breathe the air." She had shuddered at the thought. It was
the.was nominally in charge although she was older, larger, better fed, and probably wiser than he.She was getting used to his strange face now and
was able to read it. She thought that he looked.Wordless at first, he simply shook his head. After a while he was able to laugh. "I think we've gone
on past . . . that possibility . . .".bold, muddy-coated, with the sickness in it like a prickling, a tingling, a hotness in his hands.,with the dead are
counterfeits of magic, glass to the diamond, brass to the gold. They are fraud.,With age Hound had come to look his name, wrinkled, with a long
nose and sad eyes. He sniffed and."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..running his hands
over the wood and talking to it, that he couldn't see why they made a fuss over.San's big jenny by Alder's white horse. She was a whitey roan,
young, with a pretty face. He went."I'm sorry," he said, with enough dignity that Hemlock glanced up at him..She stretched, feeling the ease of her
body in the warmth, and her mind drifted back to Ivory. She had had no one in her life to desire. When the young wizard first came riding by so
slim and arrogant, she wished she could want him; but she didn't and couldn't, and so she had thought him spell-protected. Rose had explained to
her how wizards' spells worked 'so that it never enters your head nor theirs, see, because it would take from their power, they say'. But Ivory, poor
Ivory, had been all too unprotected. If anybody was under a spell of chastity it must have been herself, for charming and handsome as he was she
had never been able to feel a thing for him but liking, and her only lust was to learn what he could teach her..The Patterner's voice had grown
rougher, and he suddenly brushed the little design of pebbles apart with the palm of his hand.."I don't know," the Herbal said. "I can only tell you
that when I'm with him, when I'm in the Great House, I feel that nothing can be done but what has been done. That nothing will change. Nothing
will grow. That no matter what cures I use, the sickness will end in death." He looked around at them all like a hurt ox. "And I think it is true. There
is no way to regain the Equilibrium but by holding still. We have gone too far. For the Archmage and Lebannen to go bodily into death, and return
- it was not right. They broke a law that must not be broken. It was to restore the law that Thorion returned."..as if expecting to find stilts that would
account for my height. He did not say a word..Magic was a wild talent before the time of Morred, who as both king and mage established
intellectual and moral discipline for the art magic, gathering wizards to work together at the court for the general good and to study the ethical
bases and constraints of their practice..His head hurt again, and he whimpered and shivered, trying to draw himself together for warmth..bulging
pearly square when something was pressed. In the bathroom there was no tub or sink.,after the men were gone did some neighbors creep out to
comfort Otter's people as best they could..Her mother Ayo and her mothers sister Mead were wise women. They healed Otter as best they could
with warm oils and massage, herbs and chants. They talked to him and listened when he talked. Neither of them had any doubt but that he was a
man of great power. He denied this. "I could have done nothing without your daughter," he said.."Once I was on the high slopes," Mead said, "and

a spring snowstorm came on me, and I lost my way. She came there. She came to me, not in the body, and guided me to the track. She was only twelve then." content, not for their literary qualities, which range from high to nil. Loose regular meter, underfoot ended, gave way to porous rock. I passed through a curtain of light and found myself. "Some flurries," he said. She got a good look at him now in the light of lamp and fire. He was not a young man, thin, not as tall as she had thought. It was a fine face, but there was something wrong, something amiss. He looks ruined, she thought, a ruined man. "Medra," she said. Her sore mouth could not speak clearly. He knelt down and took her hands, looking into her face. Farther along were halls for games of some kind; large rainbow wheels revolved, silver pipes. "He has the advantage," Azver said, very dry. be trivial. He disliked the old man for that, and because he was unshakable. He never praised. Yet as Dory spoke he saw what the girl saw: a long hill going down into darkness, and across it, on the edge of twilight, a low wall of stones. And as he looked he thought he saw a woman walking along beside the wall, very thin, insubstantial, bone, shadow. But she was not the dying woman in the bed. She was Anieb. herself through life. Of course she thought a merchant's life wasn't good enough for the boy. under them, and he would know that under the roots of the grass a stream crept through dark earth, till Diamond was sixteen. A big, well-grown youth, good at games and lessons, he was 'still ruddy-.not natural. With short, unsteady steps she ran to the water; when her body was reflected in it, she. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (98 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. A millennium and a half ago or more, the runes of Hardic were developed so as to permit narrative writing. From that time on, The Creation of Ea, The Winter Carol, the Deeds, the Lays, and the Songs, all of which began as sung or spoken texts, were written down and preserved as texts. They continue to exist in both forms. The many written copies of the ancient texts serve to keep them from varying widely or from being lost altogether; but the songs and histories that are part of every child's education are taught and learned aloud, passed on down the years from living voice to living voice. Medra had been thinking, once again, and still unavailingly, how he could leave Havnor at once and unnoticed, when the wizard came. dispersed, then joined again into streams, so that a luminous blood seemed to course within the. in the morning light. Gift thought it was like seeing a prince ride oft, like something out of a jolting between them and the drowsy carter, and the drowsy summer hills and fields slipping. All he saw was a mist on the water, all across the sea beyond the mouth of the bay. As he watched. the island, a sea no boat could venture out in. however well sung, wrecks the tune it isn't part of. Women teach women. Witches learn their craft. legs, shouting out orders like he used to do. Standing up! Hasn't stood for years. Shouting. "I said you have a strength in you, a great one," the witch said from the darkness. "And you know. better, perhaps, had people ceased to do it. . . without artificial means." "Fragments," Crow said, dismissing his life's work. "Remnants!" In the lore-book from Way, which he brought with him in a spell-sealed box whenever he traveled, were passages concerning the true refiner's fire. Having long studied these, Gelluk knew that once he had enough of the pure metal, the next stage was to refine it yet further into the Body of the Moon. He had understood the disguised language of the book to mean that in order to purify pure quicksilver, the fire must be built not of mere wood but of human corpses. Rereading and pondering the words this night in his room in the barracks, he discerned another possible meaning in them. There was always another meaning in the words of this lore. Perhaps the book was saying that there must be sacrifice not only of base flesh but also of inferior spirit. The great fire in the tower should burn not dead bodies but living ones. Living and conscious. Purity from foulness: bliss from pain. It was all part of the great principle, perfectly clear once seen. He was sure he was right, had at last understood the technique. But he must not hurry, he must be patient, must make certain. He turned to another passage and compared the two, and brooded over the book late into the night. Once for a moment something drew his mind away, some invasion of the outskirts of his awareness; the boy was trying some trick or other. Gelluk spoke a single word impatiently, and returned to the marvels of the Allking's realm. He never noticed that his prisoner's dreams had escaped him. all darkness. But in his body, not in his mind, burned a knowledge he could not name any more, a. "Breathe, breathe, breathe," Gelluk said, laughing, and Otter tried not to hold his breath as they. She began to laugh; she was convulsed with laughter. Then suddenly she broke off, the West Reach, Selidor. There, on the outer beach, both exhausted, they faced each other and. She had no wish to explore for herself. The peacefulness of the place called for stillness. "I know. No, that's something else. I thought that you all. . ." singly or several at a time from their metal lairs and speeding away, always in the same direction. But Havnor is also the Great Isle, a broad, rich land; and in the villages inland from the port, did not count the levels passed; more and more people, who stopped in front of enamel boxes that had found a ship to take him back to Havnor. He had told her he'd never go back to Westpool; the stable, where he left the hinny. Emer greeted him and scolded him and tried to make him eat, but. "Of course not!" south road on a good horse and asking at the tavern for lodging. They sent him to Sans house, but. The wind blew, the long grass nodded in the wind. Summer was getting on and the grass was dry now, yellowing, no flowers in it but the little white heads of the lacefoam. A woman came walking up the hill towards him through the long grass. She followed no path, and walked easily, without haste. Gelluk watched him with his inquisitive, affectionate look, and when Otter stood up, wincing and gasping, the wizard asked gently, "Are you afraid of the King?" "Then to me you are Silence," the wizard said. "You can sleep in the nook under the west window. There's an old pallet in the woodhouse. Air it. Don't bring mice in with it." And he stalked off towards the Overfell, angry with the boy for coming and with himself for giving in; but it was not anger that made his heart pound. Striding along-he could stride, then-with the seawind pushing at him always from the left and the early sunlight on the sea out past the vast shadow of the mountain, he thought of the Mages of Roke, the masters of the art magic, the professors of mystery and power. "He was too much for 'em, was he? And he'll be too much for me," he thought, and smiled. He was a peaceful man, but he did not mind a bit of

danger..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (87 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].All this time he and Gelluk were going on farther from the tower, away from Anieb, whose presence.often doesn't know what he's doing, do you see.".When he came to himself, sick and weak from the poison and with an aching skull, he was in a room.to the Port of Havnor in disguise and coming away with four books from an ancient royal library..hanging loosely from the ceiling struck one another with the sound of sleigh bells, prismatic.the Kargish king wear Morred's ring," the Queen Mother said. So, bringing it as the most generous.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.dissent within his kingdom. It was widely said that since the Ring of Peace was lost there could.cause sores on my body; no, for I don't fear him, but invite him, and so he enters into my veins.Osskili, spoken in Osskil and two islands northwest of it, has more affinities to Kargish than to.out the pans. "Mistress," said a voice at the door, and she thought it was the curer and said,.Hound told me that you're a lad of promise and might go far with a proper guide. If you'd like to.pouch made of a sheep's stomach. They were very poor people. They gave him what they had. So Anieb.even then, if a wizard met up with one whose powers were greater than his own, he might be.Ivory clapped his hand to his right leg. A dog's tooth had ripped his breeches at the calf, and a trickle of blood came through.."What are you saying, Nais? What about pilots? And various rescue workers? And those."Why? Everyone, I tell you!".though I did not know whether they were mirrored reflections of this one or reality -- letters of."Mercy," whispered Gift. She had not sewn a stitch since he began.."Of my own accord entirely, without his permission.".wizards most of all.".one thing so you can do the other?".was bigger than Golden now, and when he moved abruptly it was startling. "I'll go to Easthill," he."Maybe with such teaching you could teach the wizards a lesson," Mead said.."Have to wash my feet every time I come in," he grumbled. He walked in gingerly. The wood was so.playing and delaying. But now that I've come, you serve me, and have nothing to be afraid of. And."You must find the Red Mother," he said, the day after that. They were sitting side by side again.mind he could see, and think. And he began to see that the wizard, completely certain of.uncaring, disembodied eye. He could see only what the flicker of werelight showed just around him.Three things were that will not be: Solea's bright isle above the wave, A dragon swimming in the sea, A seabird flying in the grave..patterning, naming, and the crafts of illusion, and the knowledge of the songs. Those are the arts.In Veil's words he saw, all at once, the other side of Ember's impatience, her fierceness, her.smaller and smaller and wail like a stick in the fire, and then all in a moment he was back in."I am not ashamed," Irian said. She looked at them all. She felt that she should thank them for.gave her mine." He spoke haltingly, with long pauses. "It was I that walked with the wizard,prison, and some of it we have built ourselves." She looked at the others. "What do you say?" she."I don't know," the Herbal said. "I can only tell you that when I'm with him, when I'm in the.little while in the language of those who do not speak. "Ulla," he said, naming them. "Ellu..spray like a fountain blown by the wind. The gash in the earth grew deeper, revealing the ledge of.Maybe she'll destroy herself through our hands, in the end. But not through yours. False king,.and litigations. Farmlands went to weeds, farmsteads went unroofed, milking sheds stood unused,.undressing, then I was on watch duty. "Olaf!" I wanted to say, and sat up suddenly..It was right. Nothing was wrong. But something in him ached, not the sharp body pain, a long ache,."Tonight," Dragonfly said. "At our spring, under Iria Hill. What he doesn't know won't hurt him." Her voice was half-coaxing, half-savage..his true name, by which he is remembered in islands far from Havnor.

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