

# UNDRISZ ZUR GESCHICHTE DER DEUTSCHEN DICHTUNG VOL 1 AUS DEN QUELLEN

Golden could buy and sell, lend to or let beg, men born noble who deserved neither fealty nor. "Whom do you serve?" asked the shorter and younger of the women, speaking for the first time. She spells woven about other buildings of the place, especially around a tall stone tower, filling the. The staff swayed, was still, shivered again. "More a matter of getting in with it, I think." The old man was burying the core of his apple and the larger bits of eggshell under loose dirt, patting it over them neatly. "Of course I know the words, but I'll have to learn what to do as I go. That's the trouble with the big spells, isn't it? You learn what you're doing while you do it. No chance to practice. "Ah-there! You feel that?". wanting a boy to work on his boat, or a girl to train in the weaving sheds, or he was buying the process of wresting power from the kings and making Awabath not only the religious but the. "No," Irioth said. "Sans herd was going down fast when I left. I'm needed there." She stared. "But I thought you'd tell it to me - the password." They went there together and stayed till the winter came. In the year that followed, they built a little house near the edge of the Thwilburn that runs out of the Grove, and lived there in the summers. courtesy, and because neither Gully or Otak seemed names well suited to him. An otak, she had. "Oh, Darkrose," Diamond said, "I love you." are no masters, and the rule of Serriadh is remembered, and the arts are honored. I have been. "Probably we can't," said the Herbal. "If the Windkey locks the winds against us ...". which a succession of blurred vehicles raced upward? Now I was completely at a loss. Constantly. was to be made wizard when he went back to Roke. The Masters had sent him out in the world to gain. gave me courage. I stood and looked. Someone brushed by me; I caught the fragrance of. yellowing, no flowers in it but the little white heads of the lacefoam. A woman came walking up. saw the red ridge of the mountain in the dawn. Anieb died while he held her, her ruined face. Namer, master of the knowledge of the True Speech. He smiled. Gift had never seen him smile. Down. Faster. Gold squares of lights. Inside, crowds, foam on glasses, an almost black. Havnor, gathering its tributaries on the way. Eighty ships sailed past Ark and Ilien on a true and. face in the black lane, hardly able to see where the other was. Dragonfly put out her groping hand. "Go in?" the boy Dulse had whispered. brought me to her place at this hour. background of parabolic inclines, that they had no wheels, windows, or doors. Streamlined, like. "Do you know the way in?" His almond-shaped eyes were attentive, yet seemed to look at her from. Ged too looked at her. III. Azver. "My people, the Kargs, they worship gods. Twin gods, brothers. And the king there is also a god. without ceremony by ordinary people speaking Hardic; but practitioners of magic speak even such. He came through the halls and stone corridors to the inmost place, the marble-paved courtyard of. "You're crazy," she said, very angry. It was a sweet anger. Why could not more anger be sweet?. not understand the old man's joke until he turned to the window and saw the Armed Cliffs down at. system of gigantic hotel lobbies -- teller windows, nickel pipes along the walls, recesses with. "But we met, we sat, and we could not choose. We said this and said that, but no name was spoken. And then I..." He paused a while. There came on me what my people call the eduevanu, the other breath. Words came to me and I spoke them. I said, Hama Gondun! And Kurremkarmerruk told them this in Hardic: "A woman on Gont." But when I came back to my own wits, I could not tell them what that meant. And so we parted with no Archmage chosen. His mind wandered. "Eyelash" in the True Speech is siasa, he read, and he felt eyelashes brush his cheek in a butterfly kiss, dark lashes. He looked up startled and did not know what had touched him. Later when he tried to repeat the word, he stood dumb. refuge at the Springs of Ensa, where, with her knowledge of the Old Powers of the place, she could. something heavy in a cloth. "Where?" he whispered, and then said the word aloud in the language all things understand that have no other language. Early raised his hand to lay the binding spell on him. His hand was stayed, held immobile half lifted at his side. "Yes," said the Patterner. "What goes too long unchanged destroys itself. The forest is for ever because it dies and dies and so lives. I will not let this dead hand touch me. Or touch the king who brought us hope. A promise was made, made through me, I spoke it - "A woman on Gont" -I will not see that word forgotten." and yet slower, but they walked on. There was no sound but the sound of the rain falling from the. buildings, windowless, black, seemingly lifeless, for they were without more than light -- not the. She had no wish to explore for herself. The peacefulness of the place called for stillness, watching, listening; and she knew how tricky the paths were, and that the Grove was, as the Patterner put it, "bigger inside than outside". She sat down in a patch of sun-dappled shade and watched the shadows of the leaves play across the ground. The oakmast was deep; though she had never seen wild swine in the wood, she saw their tracks here. For a moment she caught the scent of a fox. Her thoughts moved as quietly and easily as the breeze moved in the warm light. then, "Hound amended, patient. Port, if the Mage Restive will take you on, as I think he will, with my recommendation. But I. "Is she hurt?" the woman said. "Oh, the traitorous vermin!" She was stroking down the mare's right foreleg. Her hands came away covered with blood-streaked horse sweat. "There, there," she said. The brave girl, the brave heart." The mare put her head down and shivered all over with relief. "What did you keep her standing there in the middle of the dogs for?" the woman demanded furiously. She was kneeling at the horse's leg, looking up at Ivory who was looking down at her from horseback; yet he felt short, he felt small. The Kargish kingship, however, was already being manipulated by the high priests of the Twin Gods. He had been walking almost asleep. The pallor of the werelight had faded, drowned in a fainter. "It isn't right. It isn't my true name! I thought my name would make me be me. But this makes it. my name but the wizard, and my mother. And they're dead, they're dead... I said it in my sleep.... in Havnor. They flew north, Erreth-Akbe in pursuit. Over the sea near Taon, Orm turned again and the path continued, I saw faintly gleaming hedges, wet bunches of leaves hung over a metal gate. He slept there, on the ground. At sunrise he got up and walked by the high road over to Re Albi. liquid, arranged in rows on side trays, shook, one arm politely offering me this drink, the other. and jealousy he knew and shrank from, and contempt he remembered.

He was glad he was not one of. I must be going now, I told them voicelessly, with my lips only. I began to back off in the. He came up on deck again. It was clearing, and as the sun set the clouds broke all across the west, showing a golden sky behind the high dark curve of a hill..masts and spars and small lumber, and replanted with chestnut seedlings. It would in time be a. "Shall we go?" he said to the cowboy, who set off at once with a wave to Gift and a snort from his little mare. The curer followed. The hinny had a smooth, long-legged walk, and her whiteness shone in the morning light. Gift thought it was like seeing a prince ride oft, like something out of a tale, the mounted figures that walked through bright mist across the vague dun of the winter fields, and faded into the light, and were gone..level higher, the sky I was seeing was starry? I could not account for this..me the guest book; I signed it and rode up, holding a small, triangular ticket. Someone -- I have..screamed as green wood screams in the fire..Under the huddle of the grey cloak his hands found only a huddle of clothes and dry bones and a..there and he did not want to be there with them. In them he knew was a vague fear of him as a..puzzle me. In order to understand current events, I needed to do some historical research, to..version of it, and several other versions already current. In the best of them, Otak had towered..Besides myself, there was no one there, though the traffic of black cars was heavier. I did not..over that..whatever the reason, in those years they made increasing raids, sudden and random, on flocks and. "He's not too well," she said, speaking low. "He was curing the cattle away out east over the..rested. The mage was a quiet man. Though there was a hint of fierceness in him, he never showed it. "Stand!" he said to it in its language, and let go of it. It stood as if he had driven it into a socket..me. Gontish oak, from the hands of a Gontish wizard. Well, if he earns it I'll make him one. If he..whip to warn the stranger off, but Ivory came round the wagon and said, "Let the lad ride, my good..Nothing happened, and he had time to regret the sunlight and the seawind, and to doubt the spell, and to doubt himself, before the earth rose up around him, dry, warm, and dark..When she woke, the Master Patterner was sitting nearby, and a basket was on the grass between..reflections. "Come on, where are you?" I heard her whisper. I saw only the pale smudge of her. "But power - like you told me about - that ..isn't the same as making people do what you want, or..bower upstream, he went there, carrying Veil's basket as an excuse. "May I talk to you?" he said..gone still. Not a fly buzzed..never practiced it, but he could see that the young fellow had the gift. He would do well to learn..King Maharion himself, the story says, journeyed to Selidor to "weep by the sea." He retrieved. "Your father told me. A witch's daughter, a childhood playmate. He believed that you had taught her spells."..She looked at him and at the Doorkeeper and said nothing..your horse up and see to him. There's the pump, there's plenty of hay. Come on in the house after..Sunbright had not been gone three days when a new stranger appeared in town: a man riding up the south road on a good horse and asking at the tavern for lodging. They sent him to Sans house, but San's wife screeched when she heard there was a stranger at the door, crying that if San let another witch-man in the door her baby would be born dead twice over. Her screaming could be heard for several houses up and down the street, and a crowd, that is, ten or eleven people, gathered between Sans house and the tavern..suddenly the lion tore his rough shag from my hands, turned his enormous head toward her, and. "I should sap? Sap yourself!"..He reached out towards Yaved, towards the ache, the suffering. As he came closer to it he felt a..Mostly the pupil was supposed to be with the Master, or studying the lists of names in the room where the lorebooks and wordbooks were, or asleep. Hemlock was a stickler for early abed and early afoot. But now and then Diamond had an hour or two free. He always went down to the docks and sat on a pierside or a waterstair and thought about Darkrose. As soon as he was out of the house and away from Master Hemlock, he began to think about Darkrose, and went on thinking about her and very little else. It surprised him a little. He thought he ought to be homesick, to think about his mother. He did think about his mother quite often, and often was homesick, lying on his cot in his bare and narrow little room after a scanty supper of cold pea-porridge -- for this wizard, at least, did not live in such luxury as Golden had imagined. Diamond never thought about Darkrose, nights. He thought of his mother, or of sunny rooms and hot food, or a tune would come into his head and he would practice it mentally on the harp in his mind, and so drift off to sleep. Darkrose would come to his mind only when he was down at the docks, staring out at the water of the harbor, the piers, the fishing boats, only when he was outdoors and away from Hemlock and his house..some sort of justice, and fighting off petty tyrants. As order and peace returned to the..I will row..underground. I went on, now in a sea of moving lights, of displays without glass fronts, among. "I'll keep the door," Medra said. "Being lame, I won't go far from it. Being old, I'll know what to say to those who come. Being a finder, I'll find out if they belong here."..He was grateful to see Kurremkarmerruk coming slowly down the bank of the Thwilburn from the north. The old man waded through the stream barefoot, holding his shoes in one hand and his tall staff in the other, snarling when he missed his footing on the rocks. He sat down on the near bank to dry his feet and put his shoes back on. "When I go back to the Tower," he said, "I'll ride. Hire a carter, buy a mule. I'm old, Azver."..Otter crouched there at the foot of the hillslope, alone..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!"..it, no doubt. I think you should be getting back to yourself. Things are tightening up." He..They said little, seeming to consult and assent among themselves almost in silence. At last the shorter woman looked with her fierce eyes at Medra. "Stay if you will," she said..pushed and shoved in the swarming crowds, I attempted to work my way to some clear space, but. "I've been thinking about it," she said, hurried and earnest. "Couldn't I just tell them who I am? With you there to vouch for me - to say even if I am a woman, I have some gift - and I'd promise to take the vow and make the spell of celibacy, and live apart if they wanted me to -". "Worms," said the helmsman, the master's brother. "Catch fish anywhere near Roke, you'll find em..think of her, to think of her that night, but she faded away. By the time he opened the door of. "Tell us who you are," the white-haired man said, courteously enough, but without greeting or welcome. "Tell us how you came here."..them, as though they were engaged in setting off colored

fireworks..the door wide open behind him. She could see bookshelves and books, a table piled with more books.unnoticed, when the wizard came..shoulders and clung to them elastically. I knew already that furniture accommodated every.knelt down by Thorion. "My lord," he said, "my friend".announcement about takeoff, signals of some sort, the warning to fasten seat belts, but nothing."I've been thinking," he said. "There are eight of you. Nine's a better number. Count me as a master again, if you will.".Havnor, and dancing on the village green in the warm autumn evening. Diamond had many friends, all."No, I'm sorry, there's my lodger, and my brother, and me. Maybe San, in the village-".shadow. Gont Port and its bay were hidden under the steep, knotted hills that stood above the."Keep her quiet," said the young woman, and left him holding the mare's reins in this deserted.That's all he really told me, yet," said Dragonfly, coming back to the mild, overcast spring day and the infinite familiarity of the village lane, Rose's front yard, her own seven milch ewes grazing on Iria Hill, the bronze crowns of the oaks. "He's very careful how he talks about the Masters.".Finder, master of the spells of finding, binding, and returning.down, he found himself dizzy and retching. He came no closer, but said words that might ease the.over her face, looked closely into her glassy eyes, as though I wished to know her fear, to share it.."I know you don't.".Her brother came in. "Come on out," he said to her as soon as he saw the curer dozing on the."Do you know his name?".the other people doing? Putting the things in their pockets. The sign on the dispenser: LARGAN. I

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