

## ET DAS IST ZWEY TRACTATLEIN VON DER WAHREN EWIGEN UND EINIGEN WEISH

blazing yellow in the grass. Children on Havnor knew that flower. They called it sparks from the. BACK TODAY GLENIANIA ROON WITH HER MIMORPHIC REAL RECORDING PAYS TRIBUTE. and charms to ensure the good outcome of such undertakings was shared among the witches. But when. forget that. They seem the same as other folk. But they ain't like other folk. Seems there's no. they think they've learned everything, they can go out again. If they can tell me my name. ". all connected with the Old Powers. As if those Powers were to be controlled or used by any mortal. goats. ". "You have no plans?" safest? But while he was thinking about it, Losen's men, used to wizard's tricks, drugged his food. cabin lantern her lashes cast very delicate, long shadows on her cheeks. She looked up, straight. sap, then sap," piped the shortest, who had a potbelly. On his head he wore a tall cap. THEIR MEETING PLACE was in the shallows, the willow thickets down by the Amia as it ran below the. "And perhaps because such arts have not the power they once had," he said. He did not know himself why he tried to weaken her faith in wizardry; perhaps because any weakening of her strength, her wholeness, was a gain for him. He had begun merely by trying to get her into his bed, a game he loved to play. The game had turned to a kind of contest he had not expected but could not put an end to. He was determined now not to win her, but to defeat her. He could not let her defeat him. He must prove to her and himself that his dreams were meaningless. Morred and Elfarran married, and the poem describes their reign as a brief golden age, the. go in. ". "Speed the work," he said gravely. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (67 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. would make me trust you?" "I'd tell you mine," she said. "If that... if that's how we should begin." passes all the trade and commerce and learning and craft of Earthsea, a wealth not hoarded. There. since have been given to the masteries: finding, weather-working, changing, healing, summoning. Diamond raised his hand the rock jumped up in the air, and when he shook his hand a little the. Gelluk's white face had gone whiter; his jaw trembled a little. He stood up, suddenly, as he. Archmage, here, in the Grove, as always. But not as always. Of innumerable sacred groves, caves, mountains, hills, springs, and stones on the Four Lands, the holiest place was a cavern and standing stones in the desert of Atuan, called the Tombs. It was a center of pilgrimage from the earliest recorded times, and the kings of Atuan and later of Hupun maintained a hostel there for all who came to worship. whoever she may be, has no place among the men on Roke. Eh? The Windkey, the Chanter, the Changer, "Wait, wait," his companion said. "Give me a day." still clear enough under the green grasses of summer. sudden, taking Otter's hand in his and pulling him to his feet with startling strength. He was. is to say, indirectly, but considerably. It struck with one huge thunderclap out of sudden utter blackness and wild rain. The ship pitched like a horse rearing and then rolled so hard and far that the mast broke loose from its footing, though the stays held. The sail struck the water, filled, and pulled the galley right over, the great sweeps sliding in their oarlocks, the chained slaves struggling and shouting on their benches, barrels of oil breaking loose and thundering over one another-pulled her over and held her over, the deck vertical to the sea, till a huge storm wave struck and swamped her and she sank. All the shouting and screaming of men's voices was suddenly silent. There was no noise but the roar of the rain on the sea, lessening as the freak wind passed on eastward. Through it one white seabird beat its wings up from the black water and flew, frail and desperate, to the north. he'll likely find another dowser. ". His mind wandered. "Eyelash" in the True Speech is siasa, he read, and he felt eyelashes brush his. stylized conches were shooting forth, while above them raced the words INFOR INFOR INFOR. sinking deep in velvet mud. The witch touched the girl's hand, saying, "I take your name, child." "Thank you, mistress," he muttered, crouching at the fire. She brought him a bowl of broth. He. and their history together into "A Description of Earthsea." Its function is like that of the. And, just as in the now of the so-called real world, I didn't know what would happen next. I could. What he found on Roke was both less and more than the hope and rumor he had sought so long. Roke. Irian drew a deep breath and looked at him eye to eye as they sat there. ""Only in dark the. Telio, built of rosy sandstone, and fields and orchards that should have been fertile. But the. rested. The mage was a quiet man. Though there was a hint of fierceness in him, he never showed it. what he ought to have said. He did not want to encourage the boy to spend any more time on music. ". "Of all of us. Of Way, and Felkway, and Havnor, and Wathort, and Roke. All the people of the. "So what brought you here?" the Changer asked, stern, but not hiding his curiosity. Licky came back to the barracks with them. Gelluk bade Otter goodnight in his soft voice. Licky shut him as usual into the brick-walled room, giving him a loaf of bread, an onion, a jug of water. had not come from Roke to trudge about on foot in the mud and dust of country byways. tremendous, but fortunately she was stupid, and he was not. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (51 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. mechanical and violent. I stood and watched, hearing, behind me, the steady sough of hundreds. Neither spoke for a while. She could just make out the bulk of him in the leafy shadows. "You're bigger than you were," she said. "Can you still make a light, Di? I want to see you." They could hear men's voices in the fields east of the Grove. There was silence. It would not be easy for me, I thought, to stomach this new world. And. "If somebody could talk to her people there, they'd get word to her. Her brother, Littleash, used to conic to the city every year or two." "Ride back," he said. "Leave me here. There's enough food for one man for three or four days more. double white belts packed with people, and gaping black crevices along inert hulls -- for there. spreading and wandering, making a marsh of it, a big, desolate, waterland with a far horizon, few. deal between the beginning and the end. of the Masters of Roke even now, though the Chanter took the Finder's place when finding came to. "Did you think I was one of their eunuchs? That I'd castrate myself with spells so I could be. Immanent Grove. The men now on Roke were those spared

children, grown, and a few men now grown. IT WAS RAINING AGAIN, and the wizard of Re Albi was sorely tempted to make a weather spell, just a little, small spell, to send the rain on round the mountain. His bones ached. They ached for the sun to come out and shine through his flesh and dry them out. Of course he could say a pain spell, but all that would do was hide the ache for a while. There was no cure for what ailed him. Old bones need the sun. The wizard stood still in the doorway of his house, between the dark room and the rain-streaked open air, preventing himself from making a spell, and angry at himself for preventing himself and for having to be prevented..pledges and tears and the slobbered caresses that followed them. She escaped, if she could, and where was old Early and had the fleet been to Roke and come back and all. Early, they said, nobody. "But even if he's gone," she said, "surely some of the Masters are truly wise?" with them. "You and the cheese money will get along nicely." had seen something, something impossible to see, and it was of this that she sang. I was afraid. of Roke say it didn't happen so, let them tell us how it happened otherwise. For a cloud hangs. "Keep her quiet," said the young woman, and left him holding the mare's reins in this deserted place. She returned after some time lugging a heavy bucket, and set to sponging off the mare's leg. "Get the saddle off her," she said, and her tone held the unspoken, impatient, "you fool!" Ivory obeyed, half-annoyed by this crude giantess and half-intrigued. She did not put him in mind of a flowering tree at all, but she was in fact beautiful, in a large, fierce way. The mare submitted to her absolutely. When she said, "Move your foot!" the mare moved her foot. The woman wiped her down all over, put the saddle blanket back on her, and made sure she was standing in the sun. "She'll be all right," she said. "There's a gash, but if you'll wash it with warm salt water four or five times a day, it'll heal clean, I'm sorry." She said the last honestly, though grudgingly, as if she still wondered how he could have let his mare stand there to be assaulted, and she looked straight at him for the first time. Her eyes were clear orange-brown, like dark topaz or amber. They were strange eyes, right on a level with his own. "Nais," I said, "it's already very late. I think I'll go." "Rast?" I repeated helplessly..The tall woman smiled a little. "My sister has never taught a man before" she said. She glanced at. He could not see the woman any more. He was alone in the room, standing free..sleeping over a wide ledge of rock layered with sheets of mica, and under that ledge was a cavern., century, in the Inner Lands of the Archipelago, only village women kept up rituals and offerings. villages prospered. That prosperity and the beauty of the meadows and upland pastures and oak-. TWO. two ponies and said what hinnies say. "Aaawww!" she said. She would miss the ponies..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (60 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. MAHARION AND ERRETH-AKBE. "And no friends?". thrown away. Like slaves' lives. Nobody can be free alone. Not even a mage. All of them working. She led me toward a dark gold wall, to a mark on it, a little like a treble clef, lit up. At our. have walked under the trees... Our job must be to keep that strength. Hide it, yes. Hoard it, as a. need be, I'll do it, of course. But you'll find wizards very sparing of the great spells. For good. Knowing the Enemy's name, he was able to counter his enchantments and drive him from Enlad., he had enough of the pure metal, the next stage was to refine it yet further into the Body of the. that carried the timber and the chestnuts over the hills to be sold. He did very well from trees., The slave stood by, motionless. All the people who worked in the heat and fumes of the roaster. "We went farthest east," Azver said. "But do you know what the leader of an army is, in my. In all his flood of talk the only word Gelluk had spoken in the Old Tongue, the language of which wizards' spells were made, was the word tures. He had said it meant semen. Otter's own gift of magery had recognized that meaning as the true one. Gelluk had said the word also meant quicksilver, and Otter knew he was wrong.. where the paths seemed never to be quite where she remembered them, and often led on far beyond. dissent within his kingdom. It was widely said that since the Ring of Peace was lost there could. Master of Old Iria. He spent his youth and what remained of his inheritance in law courts and the. others they said, "Ember can tell you." She refused his question, not arrogantly but definitely., tower were naked or wore only breechclout and moccasins. Otter glanced again at the slave., Hemlock dismissed that with a flick of his hand. "I am talking of the True Art," he said. "Now I will be frank with you. I advise you to write your parents -- I shall write them too -- informing them of your decision to go to the School on Roke, if that is what you decide; or to the Great Port, if the Mage Restive will take you on, as I think he will, with my recommendation. But I advise against visiting home. The entanglement of family, friends, and so on is precisely what you need to be free of. Now, and henceforth." "The key is the King's name." Morred s Isle, they call it. But it's not Enlad of the Kings, nor Ea. It's south, not north of Havnor, they say. There they say the women of the Hand have kept the old arts. And they teach them, not keeping them secret each to himself, as the wizards do." the witch "the wisewoman," but a witch was a witch and her daughter was no fit companion for. The wizard's spells still bound their minds together. Otter pressed rashly forward into Gelluk's mind, seeking his true name. But he did not know where to look or how to look. A finder who did not know his craft, all he could see clearly in Gelluk's thoughts were pages of a lore-book full of meaningless words, and the vision he had described-a vast, red-walled palace where silver runes danced on the crimson pillars. But Otter could not read the book or the runes. He had never learned to read.. In the Archipelago, men built ships and women built houses, that was the custom; but in building a. the boy's gaze dropped.. Spells, much broken and made powerless by the Emanations of Fundaur centuries ago. He had just. To Otter this conversation was, again, like walking forward in a vast darkness with a small lamp. Anieb's understanding was that lamp. Each step revealed the next step he must take, but he could never see the place where he was. He did not know what was coming next, and did not understand what he saw. But he saw it, and went forward, word by word.. aware of her, concerned for her. She stood up and followed him.. He turned to her, startled, and came forward a little.. lies even on Roke, I'd hate those men for fooling me, fooling us all. It can't be lies. Not all of. The Changer stared openly at her. He was not as tall as she was. He stared at the Doorkeeper, and then at her again.. "But that's. . . you think that

I keep all these bottles here, in my apartment?" continuously by hundreds of feet on the floor above; the all-embracing roar now swelled, now. "Listen. . .".small plate in front of each of us and with two lightning movements threw on each plate a portion.He was shaking his head all through her speech. "No, no, no, no. Hopeless. Useless. Fatal!".the tavern crew wouldn't let it rest, it being the only thing of interest to talk about for the.The white-haired man looked at the two women. Other people had come forward, and there was some quiet talk among them..When she asked him if students came there from the Great House, he said, "Sometimes." Another time he said, "My words are nothing. Hear the leaves." That was all he said that could be called teaching. As she walked, she listened to the leaves when the wind rustled them or stormed in the crowns of the trees; she watched the shadows play, and thought about the roots of the trees down in the darkness of the earth. She was utterly content to be there. Yet always, without discontent or urgency, she felt that she was waiting. And that silent expectancy was deepest and clearest when she came out of the shelter of the woods and saw the open sky..window, its door was cross-grained oak barred with iron, and spells had been laid on that door.she saw Azver the Patterner rolled up in his grey cloak, sound asleep on the ground before her.wizardry was an honored art, conferring status and power, while witchery was an unclean and.turned away scowling. Then she touched his hand very lightly. When he stroked the sleek black flow.you do, either, ever. So go!". "And when he doesn't have any?".survived were wise women and their children, who had hidden themselves in the town or in the."I can't. I'm terribly afraid.".The door closed. It was silent except for the whisper of the fire.."It'll stop by midday," the wizard told the chickens. He fed them and squelched back to the house.On the island of Ark, and in Orrimy on Hosk, and down among the Ninety Isles, there are tales.something inside me kept repeating: So even time has changed. That somehow did me in. I saw.of him on Roke Dulse did not know. Silence did not say. He had learned there in two or three years.circles of ripples from his movement were slight and small. It was shallow for a long way. Then

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