

## VATER UND TOCHTER IN DER DEUTSCHEN LITERATUR

Away from the lanterns of the party it was dark, but she knew the way in the dark. He was there..She's called Rose, Rowan's daughter."Neither of them had any doubt but that he was a man of great power. He denied this. "I could have women of the Hand, who are forgotten everywhere else in the world, even on Roke, but remembered.beginning of time and made all beings by naming them in the Language of the Making-the language in."Isn't it?".deeply, and his mind felt stifled too, as if his thoughts were crowded into a space too small for.never see the place where he was. He did not know what was coming next, and did not understand."How strange you are! It's altogether as though you weren't. . ." She broke off..man. But wizards carried no staff in those years, and Erreth-Akbe certainly was an unbroken man.The last heirs of the House of Hupun were a boy and girl, Ensar and Anthil. Wishing to end the line of the Kargish kings but unwilling to risk sacrilege by shedding royal blood, the Godking ordered these children to be stranded on a desert island. Among her clothes and toys the princess Anthil had the half of the broken Ring brought by Erreth-Akbe, which had descended to her from Thoreg's daughter. As an old woman she gave this to the young wizard Ged, shipwrecked on her island. Later, with the help of the high priestess of the Tombs of Atuan, Arha-Tenar, Ged was able to rejoin the broken halves of the Ring and so remake the Rune of Peace. He and Tenar brought the healed Ring to Havnor, to await the heir of Morred and Serriadh, King Lebannen..He resolved to wait and watch. Being a patient man with a strong will, he did so for four years,.marsh, in the cold, for days on end, and wore himself out."I'll be in the Grove," she said. "And my heart with you, my dark otter, my white tern, my love..Equilibrium but by holding still. We have gone too far. For the Archmage and Lebannen to go bodily.It took him a long time to cross the cavern. He put his bad arm inside his shirt and kept his good hand pressed to his hip joint, which made it a little easier to walk. The walls narrowed gradually to a passage. Here the roof was much lower, just above his head. Water seeped down one wall and gathered in little pools among the rocks underfoot. It was not the marvelous red palace of Tinaral's vision, mystic silvery runes on high branching columns. It was only the earth, only dirt, rock, water. The air was cool and still. Away from the dripping of the stream it was silent. Outside the gleam of werelight it was dark..the park I had ridden up, yet back there, in the plaza with the dancing colors and where the streets.away off like that."him. No, it had become a habit after Silence left, he thought, with the bit of his mind that went.his eyes on that seed of light."It's a rare gift, to know where you need to be, before you've been to all the places you don't."I don't know," he said. "Maybe we should not leave Roke."The history of the Four Lands is mostly legendary, concerning local struggles and accommodations of the tribes, city-states, and small kingdoms that made up Kargish society for millennia..sea, until in a final terrible flight they passed the Dragon's Run and came to the last island of.one says-if one is human. Human beings cannot lie in that language. Dragons can; or so the dragons.The witch shook her iron-grey head once. "I can't tell you." Her 'can't' did not mean 'won't'..could not save one, not one, not the one who saved me," he said. "Nothing I know could have set.language. They are True Runes that have been given "safe," inactive names in the ordinary."Only the Master can open the door. Only the King has the key."..study with him because it might be dangerous not to. Oh," and Diamond beat his head with his.been honored in his island, and his successor would have both honor and power. Perhaps tempted to.initially taken to be a vaulted ceiling were only overhanging tiers, tiers that now gave way to.separated into two kinds of being, incompatible in their habits and desires. Perhaps a long.To love power and to share it is the royal way. Look. Watch what I do." Gelluk held up the pouch."No," she said, "only me... But there's a great deal of seeking and finding to be done in the Grove. Enough to keep even you from being restless. Why north?"..village, sending Hound there before him, sending his own presentment there to watch. When he knew.Havnor, and dancing on the village green in the warm autumn evening. Diamond had many friends, all.myself could have come up with better. They insisted on one thing only, that each of us fly."But -" Irian said, and stopped.."It's dangerous," Crow said, "it's pointless," but he made no further objection. The modest, naive young man whom he had taught to read had become his unfathomable guide..advertised products. They told me nothing.."What brought you here, Azver?" the Namer asked. "I've often thought of asking you. A long, long way to come. And you have no wizards in the Kargish lands, I think."..She thought about the School, where she had been so briefly. From here, under the eaves of the Grove, she saw it as stone walls enclosing all one kind of being and keeping out all others, like a pen, a cage. How could any of them keep their balance in a place like that?.from the wayside and asked the carter for a lift. "I don't know you," the carter said, lifting his.the trees was never twice the same. People in Thwil told him it was best not to go too far, since.great strength flow into him from the west, as if Silence had taken him by the hand after all..she answered..And many there said good riddance, for he'd always been half mad, and now was mad entirely.."A summoner grows used to bidding spirits and shadows to come at his will and go at his word. Maybe this man began to think, Who's to forbid me to do the same with the living? Why have I the power if I cannot use it? So he began to call the living to him, those at Roke whom he feared, thinking them rivals, those whose power he was jealous of. When they came to him he took their power from them for himself, leaving them silent. They couldn't say what had happened to them, what had become of their power. They didn't know..their chances, like everyone else. He opened their gate a little. Though the rain was no more than.know some words of the Old Speech innately. But the very great majority of people must learn the.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..This language is innate to dragons, not to humans, as said above. There are exceptions. A

few human beings with a powerful gift of magic, or through the ancient kinship of humans and dragons, know some words of the Old Speech innately. But the very great majority of people must learn the Old Speech. Hardic practitioners of the art magic learn it from their teachers. Sorcerers and witches learn a few words of it; wizards learn many, and some come to speak it almost as fluently as the dragons do..which the poem was first spoken.. "But the Summoner fought him both in body and spirit, and called to me, and I came. Together we.vaster clarity. Sky and earth were all one grey, but before them and above them, very high, over a.He was so distraught that when he made up his mind to call Silence he could not think of the opening of the spell, which he had known for sixty years; then when he thought he had it, he began to speak a Summoning instead, and the spell had begun to work before he realised what he was doing and stopped and undid it word by word..him. Later when he tried to repeat the word, he stood dumb..man Tern to reappear, but he did not know his true name and had no hold of heart or mind on him..The witch shook her iron-grey head once. "I can't tell you." Her 'can't' did not mean 'won't'. Dragonfly waited. "It's the power, like I said. It comes just so." Rose stopped her spinning and looked up with one eye at a cloud in the west; the other looked a little northward of the sky. "You're there in the water, together, you and the child. You take away the child-name. People may go on using that name for a use-name, but it's not her name, nor ever was. So now she's not a child, and she has no name. So then you wait. You open your mind up, like. Like opening the doors of a house to the wind. So it comes. Your tongue speaks it, the name. Your breath makes it. You give it to that child, the breath, the name. You can't think of it. You let it come to you. It must come through you to her it belongs to. That's the power, the way it works. It's all like that. It's not a thing you do. You have to know how to let it do. That's all the mastery." "Very well," said the Herbal, with his patient, troubled look; and he went aside a little, and.coming home. Hmn, hmn," he went, pleased with his joke. "Late coming home," he repeated, and got.him, stroke him, and he purred louder; behind him flashed another pair of eyes, another lion, no,.Golden did not like the child. She was both outspoken and defensive, both rash and timid. She was.the Archipelago..the hearth from him. Ayo stood by the table, silent. A good fire burned in the hearth. It was a."You take care," the witch said, grim. "Everything's perilous, right enough, and meddling with.lost something, lost it forever, lost it as he found it..wet, cold time, and firewood was one thing they had plenty of, here on the mountain..He helped her stand. He made no spell to protect or hide them. His strength had been used up. And.transformation. He had in his day been fox, and bull, and dragonfly, and knew what it was to.Dulse had sent students on to the School, three or four of them, nice lads with a gift for this or that; but the one Nemmerle waited for had come and gone of his own will, and what they had thought of him on Roke Dulse did not know. Silence did not say. He had learned there in two or three years what some boys learned in six or seven and many never learned at all, but to him it had been mere groundwork..mental transformation. Archetypes turn into millstones, large simplicities get complicated, chaos."No. It isn't the High Art. It isn't the True Speech. A wizard mustn't soil his lips with common.great structure women let men work with them, not having the miners' superstitions that kept men.ONE WINTER AFTERNOON on the shore of the Onneva River where it fingers out into the north bight.He pondered. All the time he was with Gelluk, he had tried to learn from him, tried to understand what the wizard was telling him. Yet he was certain, now, that Gelluk's ideas, the teaching he so eagerly imparted, had nothing to do with his power or with any true power. Mining and refining were indeed great crafts with their own mysteries and masteries, but Gelluk seemed to know nothing of those arts. His talk of the Allking and the Red Mother was mere words. And not the right words. But how did Otter know that?.Rose.... It doesn't work that way. Things don't mix." .him. He saw the flash of her eyes, the cloud of her curling hair. She looked back at him for a.The gift for magic is empowered mainly by the use of the True Speech, the Language of the Making, in which the name of a thing is the thing..He was half asleep, sitting on the ground in the shade by the barracks, the smell of the logs stacked by the roaster tower bringing him a memory of the work yards at home, the fragrance of new wood as the plane ran down the silky oak board. Some noise or movement roused him. He looked up and saw the wizard standing before him, looming above him..then at her again.."I spoke your true name. It's not what I thought it would be. And I don't feel easy about it. As.he was what he had called a sending or was there in flesh and blood. Nothing about him appeared.As if to illustrate what he was saying, he had picked up a bit of brick from the broken pavement..On the High Marsh Dragonfly.to himself, as a man of craft and learning should. He spent his days riding about the countryside.underground. I went on, now in a sea of moving lights, of displays without glass fronts, among."Very well, then. Irioth, my dear companion, teacher, rival, friend, farewell. Emer, brave woman,.gone on past . . . that possibility . . ." "How clever you are," he said. "Have you found better ore than that patch you found first? Worth.metal truly flowed; I felt a hot gust, everything went out -- I stood in a glass pavilion. It was in."One of the old women you had tortured before they burned the lot, you know? Well, the fellow who."And you asked me, What can you tell me that could make me trust you?".file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/D...20%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (4 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM].He tacked across the strong wind, swung round South Point, and sailed into the Great Bay of."She spoke with the other breath," Azver said.."Will you trust me entirely, wholly - knowing that the risk I take for you is greater even than.It may be that Segoy is or was one of the Old Powers of the Earth. It may be that Segoy is a name for the Earth itself. Some think all dragons, or certain dragons, or certain people, are manifestations of Segoy. All that is certain is that the name Segoy is an ancient respectful nominative formed from the Old Hardic verb seoge, "make, shape, come intentionally to be." From the same root comes the noun esege, "creative force, breath, poetry." He asked her, rather timidly, to tell him what the Immanent Grove was, for when he had asked others they said, "Ember can tell you." She refused his question, not arrogantly but definitely, saying, "You can learn about the Grove only in it and from it." A few days later she came down to the sands of Thwil Bay, where he was

repairing a fishing boat. She helped him as she could, and asked about boat-building, and he told her and showed her what he could. It was a peaceful afternoon, but after it she went off in her abrupt way. He felt some awe of her; she was incalculable. He was amazed when, not long after, she said to him, "I'll be going to the Grove after the Long Dance. Come if you like."..so much before. Could they be flying columns? People were hurrying toward it from all.mind, seeking his true name. But he did not know where to look or how to look. A finder who did.thoughts settled down and began to run clearer, he knew that he could not defeat a wizard of great.Books of history and the records and recipes for magic exist only in written form-the latter.lisped:.stableyard, off across the hill, on the path that went around it halfway up. One of the dogs, her.whole "independence" escapade involved flying from one terminal to another, where someone.I beg your pardon.".offered them at fair prices, mostly in barter, since there was little money among the islanders..cause sores on my body; no, for I don't fear him, but invite him, and so he enters into my veins.hollow cavern and the lode of cinnabar..away his clothes, but kept the shoes, she didn't know what for. For this fellow, it would seem.. "She gave me freedom," he said. "And I still feel that all I do is done through her and for her. No, not for her. We can do nothing for the dead. But for...". "Irian," said Azver the Patterner, "will you come back to us?".Rose nodded..But he made no spell. He had no magic left in him. It was gone, run out of him into this terrible hill, into the terrible ground under him, gone. He was no wizard, only a man like the others, powerless..word haath, "dragon," in the Old Speech.).The power of the Archmage of Roke was in many respects that of a king. Ambition, arrogance, and prejudice certainly influenced Halkel, the first Archmage, in creating his own authoritative title. Yet, restrained by the consistent teaching and practice of the school and the watchfulness of his colleagues, no subsequent archmage seriously misused his power to weaken others or aggrandize himself..Grove, only a blur of darkness in darkness now. Then with a rattle like the shaking of sheets of.kings who followed him in Enlad were seven, and their realm increased in peace and wealth. Then.fee, although his own silent preference was for the dry red Fanian of his own vineyards, which got.loved to play. The game had turned to a kind of contest he had not expected but could not put an.who challenge the power of the old. And at the centre, nothing. An empty courtyard. The Archmage.forget that. They seem the same as other folk. But they ain't like other folk. Seems there's no

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