

A GRAMMAR OF AMERICAN POLITICS THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT

file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (85 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. "No. Theater, I know what that was -- that was long ago. I know: they had actual people. conceived ideas of the great story-tellers are copied, stereotyped, reduced to toys, molded in jaws with the snap of a gate bolted, I caught the stench of his breath, what. . . people cheered and clapped them when they finished the dance, sweating and panting. "Beer!" "But you can't undo this!" he said aloud. Still no one paid attention to them, as if a charm of protection were on them. They walked down the winding stairs, out of the tower, past the barracks, away from the mines. They walked through thin woodlands towards the foothills that hid Mount Onn from the lowlands of Samory. There was a pause. He forgot that he had to answer in words. "I'd stay if I might," he said. "I'd. When you construct or reconstruct a world that never existed, a wholly fictional history, the. His voice had become very soft, very dark. "When he gets himself a girl," Golden said, in answer to whatever it was she had been saying, "he'll be all squared away. Living with the wizards, you know, the way they are, it set him back a bit. Don't worry about Diamond. He'll know what he wants when he sees it!" "Then. When we quarreled. I said it all wrong. I thought...." A long pause. "I thought I could go on running away. With you. And play music. Make a living. Together. I meant to say that." "Were there any women there?" "She came to this place at this time," the Namer said. "And to this place, at this time, no one. aren't who-or what-I thought they were, and I lose my way on islands I thought I knew by heart. way to come. And you have no wizards in the Kargish lands, I think." He had seen a father and son work together from daybreak to sundown, the old man guiding a blind ox, the middle-aged man driving the iron-bladed plough, never a word spoken; as they started home the old man laid his hand a moment on the son's shoulder. The wind had come up again. They were both shivering, their teeth chattering. They stood face to face in the black lane, hardly able to see where the other was. Dragonfly put out her groping hand and met the witch's hand. They put their arms round each other in a fierce, long embrace. Then they hurried on, the witch to her hut near the village, the heiress of Iria up the hill to her ruinous house, where all the dogs, who had let her go without much fuss, received her back with a clamour and racket of barking that woke everybody for a half-mile round except the Master, sodden drunk by his cold hearth. "If the Grove were cut, all wizardry would fail. The roots of those trees are the roots of knowledge. The patterns the shadows of their leaves make in the sunlight write the words Segoy spoke in the Making." Another pause. Golden glanced over at his wife, who stood by the window listening in silence. Then he looked at his son. Slowly the mixture of anger, disappointment, confusion, and respect on his face gave way to something simpler, a look of complicity, very nearly a wink. "I see," he said. "And what did you decide you want?" I should laugh or cry; the nonexistent singer hummed something softly. I did not want to listen. I. "Said he thought he'd better keep the doors," said the Herbal. He closed his many-pocketed pouch carefully and looked around at the others. "But I don't know if he can keep a lid on the ant-hill." "The password he will ask you for is your true name." 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. It is often a matter of considerable importance that the words of these lore-books not be spoken aloud. Not much mixing of the Kargish and Archipelagan skin-color types has taken place except on Osskil, since the North Reach is isolated and thinly populated, and the Kargad people have held themselves apart from and often in enmity towards the Archipelagans for two or three millennia. of Earthsea had all in some degree that gift; and they shared, in secret, what lore and craft they had. "A scholar by the age of twelve. About that time the midwife who had helped his mother at his birth. the use of a gift of power, he thought, if not to get out of a trap? ". A sending with eyes, a seeming with seeing! May he be -" She stopped, at a loss suddenly for the word. She felt sick. She shuddered, and swallowed the cold spittle that welled in her mouth. thing to fight against until he could defeat it. There are many boys like that. I was one. But I. "He was here!" she cried. "That foul heart, that Thorion!" She strode to meet the Patterner as he. miles or years away. in the morning light. Gift thought it was like seeing a prince ride oft, like something out of a. "You can. Oh, you can!" somewhere, col? ". the wizard, driven by his visions, forgot to guard himself- and if Otter could learn his name. After spending the next several days trying to recapture the missing word, he had set Silence to. Through love, respect, and trust, Dragonfly would never disregard a warning from Rose; but she was. Gelluk's attention turned entirely away from him then, fixed on the hillside and the vision he saw. "But I know I have -I have something to do, to be. That's why I wanted to come here. To find out. "I do not know my other name," she said. She spoke as he had spoken, as she had spoken to the Summoner, in the Language of the Making, the tongue the dragons speak. "Got that from under Losen's nose too," he said to Tern. "Come have a look at it! It belonged to a. "Tell me about yourself," I suggested. "Do you want to? ". "And we're out of buttons," Tern said. He was cheerful; as soon as he had thought of Pody he knew. She thought he was clever and quite handsome, but she didn't think much about him, except for what. "Not hiding at all. Went about the city, talking to people. Went to see his mother in Endlane, round the mountain. He's there now." You are no child. You have no name. ". father's carters, along with Master Hemlock. As a rule, people do what wizards advise them to do. troubled time; its story casts light on how some of the customs and institutions of the. Of innumerable sacred groves, caves, mountains, hills, springs, and stones on the Four Lands, the. down into the dark, his scarlet cloak billowing up, the werelight round him like a falling star. cool of it rising between his toes. He still like to go barefoot, but no longer enjoyed mud; it. glass, and inside the semitransparent material swarms of fireflies circulated freely, sometimes. register but dark-toned, and held to

an even quietness, contained, restrained. She perched on a he fought against but could not shake off. He thought of the Summoner's eyes, and then it was that. He walked down the straggling street of Purewells to Sans house, which was about midway, opposite the tavern. San, a hardbitten man in his thirties, was talking to a man on his doorstep, a stranger. When they saw Irioth they looked uneasy. San went into his house and the stranger followed. His Herbal came back from the woods and sat down beside him on the bench a while. In the middle of. "The great lode?" Gelluk looked straight at him, their faces not a hand's breadth apart. The light. RAMBRENT. There was a fluttering from white and bluish fluorescent tubes, stairs of crystalline. She thought about the School, where she had been so briefly. From here, under the eaves of the. then slowly turned her wrist and opened her hand palm out, as if in offering. He had seen Anieb. an illuminated walkway. I took it. Above me the whitish spans of structures sailed by; somewhere. another world. quickly had left little time for provisioning the ships. They overran the towns along the west. quick woman, with a round face and clear eyes, and a mass of dark hair, not straight like most. In the rage of his agony the Enemy raised up a great wave and sent it speeding to overwhelm the island of Solea. Elfarran knew this, as she knew the moment of Morred's death. She bade her people take to their boats; then, the poem says, "She took her small harp in her hands," and in the hour of waiting for the destroying wave that only Morred might have stilled, she made the song called The Lament for the White Enchanter. The island was drowned beneath the sea, and Elfarran with it. But her boat-cradle of willow wood, floating free, bore their child Serriadh to safety, wearing Morred's pledge, the ring that bore the Rune of Peace. Rose watched her. She knew she did not know who Man was or what she might be. A big, strong, awkward, ignorant, innocent, angry woman, yes. But ever since she was a child Rose had seen something more in her, something beyond what she was. And when Irian looked away from the world like that, she seemed to enter that place or time or being beyond herself, utterly beyond Rose's knowledge. Then Rose feared her, and feared for her. on, I'll show you. Dog can't track till he's had the scent. appropriate, and that Ged, whom many call the greatest of the arch-mages, may have been the last. for them. But when some of the young men started after them, there was no path. "Oh, yes," he said, confused, and got up and limped back to the bedroom for his pouch. He brought. about Medra, since he went under many names, seldom if ever calling himself Otter any more. coronation, here. By the Archmage Thorion. blights and fires and sicknesses across the land, and the village witch was punished for them. She. Besides myself, there was no one there, though the traffic of black cars was heavier. I did not. "Has it come to this," the Namer said, "that we stand at the edge of the forest Segoy planted and. "Will you trust me entirely, wholly - knowing that the risk I take for you is greater even than your risk in this venture?" at least two thousand years old in the Hardic language; its original version may have existed. ledger full of lists of names and figures, a flicking, dismissive tap. "A spell of silence," she. "I spoke your true name. It's not what I thought it would be. And I don't feel easy about it. As if I'd left something unfinished. But it is your name. If it betrays you, then that's the truth of it." Rose hesitated and then spoke less angrily, more coldly: "If you want the power to betray me, Irian, I'll give you that. My name is Etaudis. wrong, something amiss. He looks ruined, she thought, a ruined man. inconceivable. "I'll be all right," she said. "So the Namer, and you - and the Doorkeeper?" Otter, sitting by the fire shelling walnuts, held still. Mead thanked the messenger and brought him in for a cup of water and a handful of shelled nuts. She and Ayo chatted with him about his wife. When he had gone she turned to Otter. Mead looked at her sister. "Then it's time we talked a bit to you," she said, sitting down across. He was still shaken, appalled, by the ease with which Gelluk had forced him to say his name, which. The Deed of Enlad, a good deal of which appears to be purely mythical, concerns the kings before Morred, and Morred's first year on the throne. The capital city of these rulers was Berila, on the island of Enlad. out in a high, harsh voice. "Come up on to the hill, Thorion," she said. "So I was practice," Rose snarled. He stopped in front of her. She felt herself blush, her face and throat burning, dizzy, her ears ringing. She sought words, anything to say, to turn his attention away from her, and could find nothing at all. He sat down near her. She looked down, as if studying the skeleton of a last-year's leaf by her hand. him. He drew closer to Irian. He felt the warmth of her body. She stood staring, in that animal. "Go to Roke," the wizard said. The boy wore shoes and a good leather vest. He could afford or earn. Unable to continue Tehanu's story (because it hadn't happened yet) and foolishly assuming that the. north. The old man waded through the stream barefoot, holding his shoes in one hand and his tall. gone still. Not a fly buzzed. vellum that had been worked into the thatching of his house. "They good for something else?" Crow. Finder, master of the spells of finding, binding, and returning. cavern stretched away. He could see that its rooms and passages went much farther than he had. know about Golden's household. His business was none of the witch's business. On the other hand, Medra had been thinking, once again, and still unavailingly, how he could leave Havnor at once and unnoticed, when the wizard came. He recognized Hound, though he could not sit up and could barely speak. The old man put his own. system of gigantic hotel lobbies -- teller windows, nickel pipes along the walls, recesses with. Medra knew only a hint of this story from Ember. One night Veil, who was three years older than. house than the men of the Marsh. He was easy to talk with, and she told him about the curer, since

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