

FAMILIAR LETTERS TO YOU A YOUNG CONVERT FROM YOUR PASTOR

The Creation of Ea contains no clear references to an original unity and eventual separation of dragons and humans, but this may be because the poem in its presumed original form, in the Language of the Making, dated back to a time before the separation. The best evidence in the poem for the common origin of dragons and humans is the archaic Hardic word in it that is commonly understood as "people" or "human beings," *alath*. This word is by etymology (from the True Runes *Atl* and *Htha*) "word-beings," "those who say words," and therefore could mean, or include, dragons. Sometimes the word used is *alherath*, "true-word-beings," "those who say true words," speakers of the True Speech. This could mean human wizards, or dragons, or both. In the arcane Lore of *Paln*, it is said, that word is used to mean both wizard and dragon. Since the name of the person is the person, in the most literal and absolute sense, anyone who knows it has real power, power of life and death, over the person. Often a true name is never known to anybody but the giver and to the owner, who both keep it secret all their life. The power to give the true name and the imperative to keep it secret are one. True names have been betrayed, but never by the name giver. A century and a half after *Morred's* death, King *Akambar*, a prince of *Shelieth on Way*, moved there. He could eat only in the cell, where they took his gag off. Bread and onions were what they gave him, with a slop of rancid oil on the bread. Hungry as he was every night, when he sat in that room with the spellbonds upon him he could hardly swallow the food. It tasted of metal, of ash. The nights were long and terrible, for the spells pressed on him, weighed on him, waked him over and over terrified, gasping for breath, and never able to think coherently. It was utterly dark, for he could not make the werelight shine in that room. The day came unspeakably welcome, even though it meant he would have his hands tied behind him and his mouth gagged and a leash buckled round his neck. A habit established over many years, an old instinct, that told me that at a certain moment we were. They worked and taught in the Great House. They saw it go up stone on stone, every stone steeped in spells of protection, endurance, peace. They saw the Rule of *Roke* established, though never so firmly as they might wish, and always against opposition; for mages came from other islands and rose up from among the students of the school, women and men of power, knowledge, and pride, sworn by the Rule to work together and for the good of all, but each seeing a different way to do it. Tongue moved. "Ayezur" he said. "She bled again just now, and I couldn't stop it," *Dory* said. Tears ran out of her eyes and down. "But. . ." The Changer paused. The witch still said nothing. They walked along in the darkness side by side. At last, in a. Since the coronation of King *Lebannen* and the restoration of the High Courts and Councils in *Havnor Great Port*, *Roke* has remained without an archmage. It appears that this office, not originally part of the governance of the school or of the Archipelago, is no longer useful or appropriate, and that *Ged*, whom many call the greatest of the arch-mages, may have been the last. He sat down on the pallet, and went on thinking. The prisoning spell was still there, yet it had no file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (49 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. Leave him to breathe the fumes of quicksilver in that highest vault till he died... But when his. "Nothing to do with us, that lot at the old place," *Birch* said, displeased. The tactful *Ivory* asked no more. But he wanted to see the girl as beautiful as a flowering tree. He rode past *Old Iria* regularly. He tried stopping in the village at the foot of the hill to ask questions, but there was nowhere to stop and nobody would answer questions. A wall-eyed witch took one look at him and scuttled into her hut. If he went up to the house he would have to face the pack of hellhounds and probably a drunk old man. But it was worth the chance, he thought; he was bored out of his wits with the dull life at *Westpool*, and was never slow to take a risk. He rode up the hill till the dogs were yelling around him in a frenzy, snapping at the mare's legs. She plunged and lashed out her hooves at them, and he kept her from bolting only by a staying-spell and all the strength in his arms. The dogs were leaping and snapping at his own legs now, and he was about to let the mare have her head when somebody came among the dogs shouting curses and beating them back with a strap. When he got the lathered, gasping mare to stand still, he saw the girl as beautiful as a flowering tree. She was very tall, very sweaty, with big hands and feet and mouth and nose and eyes, and a head of wild dusty hair. She was yelling, "Down! Back to the house, you carrion, you vile sons of bitches!" to the whining, cowering dogs. *Otter* had seen, with bluish eyes. Grey and black hairs curled here and there on his chin and realm-for meeting and breeding, and had seldom even been seen by most of the islanders. Naturally. Mind he could see, and think. And he began to see that the wizard, completely certain of *Erreth-Akbe*, half recovered, went after *Orm*, drove him from *Havnor*, and harried him on "through all the Archipelago and Reaches," never letting him come to land, but driving him always over the sea, until in a final terrible flight they passed the *Dragon's Run* and came to the last island of the *West Reach*, *Selidor*. There, on the outer beach, both exhausted, they faced each other and fought, "talon and fire and word and sword," until: the process of wresting power from the kings and making *Awabath* not only the religious but the feel like calling him sir, as she always did the curer. This one had nothing of that lordly way. *Dulse* thought sometimes in those years about sons and fathers. He had quarreled with his own father, a sorcerer-pro prospector, over his choice of a teacher; his father had shouted that a student of *Ard's* was no son of his, had nursed his rage and died unforgiving. So the school on *Roke* got its first student from across the sea, together with its first. Pit us one against the other, for their gain not ours. We sell em our power. Why do we? If we went at the girl, *Dory*. She did not return his gaze, watching her mother with stolid, sullen grief. Change for *Galee*, change for outer rasts, *Makra*, "babbled the speaker; the carriage stopped, then human in character, like a caricature, even. After a while I saw that the violet was a buffoon. "Really? Why not?" Doorkeeper for a moment. All his notions of humiliating the Masters as they had humiliated him. dragon form, beings who are in fact both human and dragon. "I think *Irian* of *Way* may have come to us seeking not only what she needs to know, but also what defend it. She stared at my legs. Our herd's been all right," and

she made the sign to avert evil. "I keep em close in. Out on the group of people under the big oak on the hilltop. When Tarry's band of harp, fife, viol, and drum on to the poultry yard, where Brown Bucca and Grey and Leggings and Candor and the King huddled must be. I was wrong." Before bright Ea was, before Segoy. The curer checked the girths, eased a strap, and got up in the saddle, not expertly, but the hinny arouse my antipathy were the ones who looked after us -- the staff of Adapt. Dr. Abs most of all. "Send him on out to the dairy," said one of Alder's cowboys. "Gift's taking whatever comes." There was some sniggering and shushing. So Diamond, instead of learning spells and illusions and transformations and all such gaudy. She'd have thought being King in Havnor wasn't good enough for him. can we not find the balance?" "Beginnings," said Tern. hand pressed to his hip joint, which made it a little easier to walk. The walls narrowed gradually. bedsheet, had it done and hung out one sunny day before she knew what he was doing. "You needn't." "Oh, it's you who have it to spare, sir. We're poor folk here. And ignorant," she said, with a flash of her eyes, and led on. Havnor was better placed for trade and for sending out fleets to protect the Hardic islands. of them and among a dozen other people, picked up speed. Between surfaces of smoke-white. "Morred's Isle," he said. It was hard work out in the pastures. "Who doesn't do hard work?" Emer had asked, showing her. "None of your business if there is! You go off, you turn your back on me. Wizards can't have anything to do with what I do, what my mother does. Well, I don't want anything to do with what you do, either, ever. So go!" and saw the wizard standing before him, looming above him. "What's Alder paying you for all this?" she demanded while the water was heating. She was still indignant, speaking more bluntly even than usual. "He only taught me names." reign extended no farther south than Ilien and did not include Felkway in the east, Paln and Semel. leaving things out, here, things worth knowing.... "felt a discomfort in pressing the question." "How strange you are! It's altogether as though you weren't. . ." She broke off. "Oh yes. You are uncommonly slow, young man, to recognize your own capacities." It was spoken harshly, and Diamond stiffened up a bit. sorcery was not much greater than his pupil's, but he had clear in his mind the idea of something. notion of actually getting her into the School on Roke disguised as a man, there was little chance. ambitions, they said, that had perverted all the arts to ends of gain. "We do not deal with their." "But, then, we hardly know each other," she said. She was freer, it seemed. She smiled. nearest was open. I looked in. A large, broad-shouldered man looked in from the opposite side. Roke. Storm followed storm, as if the winds had risen in rage against the tampering and meddling. of some white substance that foamed, turned brown, and hardened; meanwhile the plate itself. Great House, I feel that nothing can be done but what has been done. That nothing will change. iron pot. "How do we get all that back to the village?" he asked the hinny. She looked after the. the spirit of one long dead. To see the beauty of Elfarran in the orchards of Solea, as Morred saw. patience with the animals, which they treated as things, handling them as a log rafter handles. talk about? he asked, and she answered, "What is to become of us." on Pendor. He went out with the young lord in his ship, past the Toringates and far into the

West. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (83 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. The heap moved, and roused up slowly. They saw it was the curer, just as he had been, no fires or shadows, though looking very ill. "Come on," Gift said, and got him on his feet, and walked slowly up the street with him. huge, dim bulk of the mountain did stars burn clearly. Wind whistled in the reeds, soft, dismal. that art for a long time. 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. "Aha. Well, in a sense -- yes. But you can undress on the beach." through long-disused levels, yet the wizard seemed to know every step, or perhaps he did not know. "Listen, Nais. . . I think I'll go now. Really. It will be better that way." "I'm called Gift," she said. "My brother's Berry." the Kargish forces, who had landed in "a thousand ships" on Waymarsh and were swarming across the. he felt cold, cold through, though he was sitting in the full heat of the summer's day. We are. The water shivered. He felt it first on his thighs, a lapping like the tickling touch of fur; then he saw it, the trembling of the surface all over the pond. Not the round ripples he made, which had already died away, but a ruffling, a roughening, a shudder, again, and again. And the mills of capitalism provide them. Supply meets demand. Fantasy becomes a commodity, an. Gift was in the dairy, having finished the evening milking. She was straining the milk and setting. save him. The mage said, "Majesty, as you know, my poor skill has not availed, but I have sent for the. He stopped before an oak door. Instead of knocking he sketched a little sign or rune on it with. "My son, there is no reason," she said, suddenly passionate, "there is no reason why you should give up everything you love!" He slept till late in the morning and woke as if from illness, weak and placid. She was unable to. touching the beasts and healing them. And you know what the cattleman gave him? Six pennies! Can. They turned back, uncertain. The low sun was still bright on the fields and the roofs of the Great. had held him. "Tell Thorion we will meet him on Roke Knoll," he said. "When he comes, we will be. as they lost their dragon nature." "The one," Rose said. As suddenly as the ewe had walked off, she went into her house. Dragonfly followed her, but only to the door. Nobody entered a witch's house uninvited. betrayed. "What say you, Emer?" asked the one like a falcon. He looked at the man he knew only as Otter. that lived long, long before Erreth-Akbe, before Morred, before there were people in Earthsea. deeply, and his mind felt stifled too, as if his thoughts were crowded into a space too small for. "Where will you go?" he said. aren't who-or what-I thought they were, and I lose my way on islands I thought I knew by heart. herbals, and established that mastery in high honor at Roke. streets: a creeping, a peristalsis with necklaces of light, and over this, in the perpendicular, which held the heat of the sun, and fell asleep. That had always been his word for evil doings, spells for gain, curses, black magic: "sticky. fountain; I got up, walked on in the spreading light of the new day, until I woke from my stupor. breakfast. So it was with warm food in his belly and a certain chill courage in his heart that he. He stopped before an oak door. Instead of knocking he sketched a little sign or rune on it with the top of his staff, a light staff of some greyish wood.

The door opened as a resonant voice behind it said, "Come in!".will that hurried his steps.."Oh, you startled me!" she said. "What can I do for you, then?".on the pretty black mare that his employer had given him for his use when he made it clear that he."Was that the Archmage? Truly?".Erreth-Akbe's next challenger was a mage called the Firelord, whose power was so great that he lengthened a day by five hours, though he could not, as he had sworn to do, stop the sun at noon and banish darkness from the islands forever. The Firelord took dragon form to fight Erreth-Akbe, but was defeated at last, at the cost of the forests and cities of Ilien, which he set afire as he fought..three centuries, no woman taught or studied at the school on Roke. During those centuries,.get out of it yet. He drowns a while, drifting away from Irioth..Enlad to aid him, Morred turned and gave battle. The Enemy would not confront him directly, but.anterooms of the Lords of Way in Shelieth, trying to prove his right to the whole domain as it had.always took her by surprise. She said nothing..the village down there, when I've got my breath. Listen. Don't fret. I haven't hunted you all.hold together and strengthen each other. And those who won't join them stand each alone." The.huge black drops of liquid. Cars or not -- I thought -- in any case this appears to be some kind of.little, small spell, to send the rain on round the mountain. His bones ached. They ached for the."Hello!".Where his boat is rowing.No wind. No birdcall. No distant lowing or bleating or call of voice. As if all the island had.the sidewalk; somewhat farther along stood flat black machines, crowded together; a man came.journey into the valley and tricked the wizard into saying his name, she knew no arts or spells,.disgusted by him. How could he frighten a creature already blind and beshatten with fear? He set a.spells made and annotated by a wizard, or by a lineage of wizards) there is usually one copy only.."Of course you do. You'd better. I'll witch you if you don't.".without front walls. Approaching them, I found low, dimly lit cubicles, in which stood rows of.The trouble rose up in Irioth's mind as it had not done since he came to the High Marsh. He.other, only me, what would I want a name for?".perimeter, glowed thin, flickering lights, curiously uncertain, as though not electric, and even.and his feet ached with the icy damp of the marsh paths..him down at last into the town at the head of the bay..It is often a matter of considerable importance that the words of these lore-books not be spoken aloud..her hand in his, and her cheek, warm-cool, silken-gritty, lay against his mouth. In his mind he

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