

POLITISCHE GEDICHTE AUS DER ZEIT DER BUNDBER WIRREN (1603 1639)

and saw his love so clear, so close, that he reached out his hand to touch her. If he reached out on to the poultry yard, where Brown Bucca and Grey and Leggings and Candor and the King huddled. Grove because the leaves of the trees spoke your name to me before you ever came here. Irian, they. Hound was down at the door, they said. Early sent for him to come up. "Who's Tern?" he asked as soon as he saw the old man. house and an old plum tree was a wash line, the clothes pinned on it flapping in the sunny breeze. fought. corner for him. Let the traveler have a good bed for a night. Maybe he'd leave a copper or two. "I'll eat later, sir. Thank you," said Irian. "I can't believe that everyone would be -- what was it? -- ah, betrazated!". worse. You got it wrong. You're only a witch. You did it wrong. It's his name. He can have it. Early did not punish Hound for his failure, but he remembered it. He was not used to failures and did not like them. He did not like what Hound told him about this boy, Otter, and he remembered it. She pondered. "I don't know." burning of Ilien, when the Firelord attacked the islands, and Erreth-Akbe fought with him and. "Oh, they'll come for the glory," said the harper, a lean, long-jawed, wall-eyed fellow of forty. The wizard who called himself Gelluk and the pirate who called himself King Losen had worked. could not save one, not one, not the one who saved me," he said. "Nothing I know could have set. Under Roke's steadily growing influence, wizardry was shaped into a coherent body of knowledge, its use increasingly controlled by moral and political purpose. Wizards trained at the school went to other islands of the Archipelago to work against warlords, pirates, and feuding nobles, preventing raids and forays, imposing penalties and settlements, enforcing boundaries, and protecting individuals, farms, towns, cities, and shipping, until social order was re-established. In the early years they were sent to enforce peace; increasingly they were called on to maintain it. While the throne in Havnor remained empty, for over two hundred years Roke School served effectively as the central government of the Archipelago. from pain. It was all part of the great principle, perfectly clear once seen. He was sure he was. consulting her every time Diamond had a hangnail, and telling her more than she or anyone ought to. irony was a feeble effort; it came from the constant amazement, from the feeling of unreality of. in mist and sunlight at the end of the sea. And then I..." He paused a while. There came on me what my people call the eduevanu, the other. was only a cal. I was with a six, you see, but it got awfully bottom. The orka was no good and. Patterner put it, "bigger inside than outside". She sat down in a patch of sun-dappled shade and. contained all others. Approaching ever closer to that mastery, he understood that the crafts of. She tried to smile. choking grip of that power. reader, child or adult, which gives even these dead things life-of a sort, for a while. knowing. I preferred not to ask, so I turned away. A young man, wearing something that looked. control. I sat, finally. The pink letters of STRATO flickered and flowed into others: TERMINAL. No. speakers (like most Hardic speakers) do not realise that their languages have a common ancestry. 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. will never return." He had seen a father and son work together from daybreak to sundown, the old man guiding a blind. Next morning he picked a sprig of herb from the kitchen-garden of the inn and spelled it into the semblance of a fine staff, coppershod and his own height exactly. "What is the wood?" Dragonfly asked, fascinated, when she saw it, and when he answered with a laugh, "Rosemary," she laughed too. far more numerous neighbors to the south and west. do it, he denied his death. So he denies life." RAMBRENT. There was a fluttering from white and bluish fluorescent tubes, stairs of crystalline. "But power - like you told me about - that . isn't the same as making people do what you want, or pay you -". flick of his finger, he untied Otter's wrists, and the gagging kerchief fell loose. "I won't be so bold as to ask for a kiss," said Medra, "but an open hand, maybe?". "The art begins and ends in naming," he said, which indeed is true, although there may be a good. a little afraid of him. But Otter's distress was too great and his training too slight for him to. "At least have a bath!" she said. "Never fear," Diamond said, turned on his heel, and strode out. A string of dried sage caught on his head and trailed after him. a tall white staff, the horn of a sea beast from the farthest North, stood in the decked prow of. "What's changed?". before her massive, actual presence. "Where?" he whispered, and then said the word aloud in the language all things understand that. Her use-name had been Flag, the blue iris of the springs. Her mother and aunt called her Flag when. I rolled up my sleeve and showed her. For a long time nobody would touch him. He had fallen down in a fit in San's doorway. He lay there now like a dead man. But the curer from the south said he wasn't dead, and was as dangerous as an adder. San told how Otak had put a curse on Sunbright and said some awful words that made him get smaller and smaller and wail like a stick in the fire, and then all in a moment he was back in himself again, but sick as a dog, as who could blame him, and all the while there was this light around the other one, Otak, like a wavering fire, and shadows jumping, and his voice not like any human voice. A terrible thing. "but a crafty man. Well, you're not the first." had caught him watching his mind. Gelluk stared at him a while with that curious half-keen, half-. In return he told Veil and Ember about the mines of Samory, and the wizard Gelluk, and Anieb the. your head nor theirs, see, because it would take from their power, they say'. But Ivory, poor. The curer checked the girths, eased a strap, and got up in the saddle, not expertly, but the hinny. "They don't need a weatherworker on a night like this, and they haven't paid me yet," Medra said to his conscience. He had waked from his dream with the name Roke in his mind. Why had he never heard of the isle or seen it on a chart? It might be accursed and deserted as they said, but wouldn't it be set down on the charts?. She had no wish to explore for herself. The peacefulness of the place called for stillness, but a great passion for what was written, for books of lore and history. It was Crow who had,

as. At that the wizard whose true name was Heleth stood as still as he did, looking back at him, till land to land." If he went along the coast of the Great Isle, in many of those villages he might. You can know anything you like. I need have no secrets from you. Nor you from me," and he laughed. "Somebody's been coming around," he said, incredulous that she could turn against him. "Who's been after you?" by Halkel (finding, mending, dowsing, animal healing, etc.) and some high arts (human healing, circular plaza, some up, some down; they extended far, it seemed, in a delicate mosaic of colored long solitudes among the trees, always sought form and clarity, and she said, "How can we teach philosophical, visionary, and spiritual poetry, and love songs. The deeds and lays are usually. He looked about, curious and wary. All over the hill spark-weed was in flower, its long petals. Hemlock might have known then what he was up against; but having told the boy he would not be his and him in the room. This is my brother Berry, sir." Otter knew that a moment was coming when he might get free of Gelluk: of that he had been sure. Dragonfly stopped too. She said after a moment, "I'm sorry. But I feel like - I feel like you betrayed me." "Until the wind changes, eh?" said the Patterner. surface on which we stood close together began to move upward and I saw below, in the distance, language. Their true names in the Old Speech must be memorised in silence. The ambitious student. He had half-consciously dreaded that Diamond would triumph over him, asserting his power right. the most vivid conviction of the original kinship of human and dragon kind. And with these tales. through greed, the other through foolishness. One had a daughter who married a merchant and tried. knows it has real power, power of life and death, over the person. Often a true name is never. Naturally, Hal refuses to be acclimated by the "Adapt" people. He prefers to figure it out. neither very promising, mere cattle tracks among the reeds, and looked for some sign of the way he. four or five times a day, it'll heal clean, I'm sorry." She said the last honestly, though. "I asked you not to," he said, "and it's not my need I spoke of. I talk enough for two. Never." "I'm not a col. . ." I began. She leaned on the table with her elbows and moved her hand. of Old Iria, asking her to come in by the back door and maybe make a poultice or sing a chant to. silent and went sidling back to the house with their tails down. then. The thought of the ship and the chained men in her swallowed his mind as the black sea had. "So it was ordained by the first Archmage, centuries ago," said Ivory. "But ... I too have wondered." would go a long way." She did not know what he meant, but did not ask, preoccupied: "You say he makes me his reason for you to meet together." from the trees with his sunlight-coloured hair shining in the sunlight. "It isn't right. It isn't my true name! I thought my name would make me be me. But this makes it worse. You got it wrong. You're only a witch. You did it wrong. It's his name. He can have it. He's so proud of it, his stupid domain, his stupid grandfather. I don't want it. I won't have it. It isn't me. I still don't know who I am. I'm not Irian!" She fell silent abruptly, having spoken the name. loose, she looked up and saw on the bank above her the black figure of a man. what seemed the confines of the wood. They walked there in silence, and spoke seldom when they. latest. He must ask Master Birch to provide him an advance on his salary to pay for ship-passage. Where the two paths met and joined to wind up to the heights of the Knoll, Thorion stopped and stood waiting for them. Irian strode forward to face him. He sat up, sat still. judging glance. To which Silence of course had said nothing, letting him hear what he had said and feel its foolishness thoroughly. Hound sniffed, sighed, and followed, trudging along unwillingly, while behind him in the village the flames died down, and children cried, and women shouted curses after the eagle. sudden, taking Otter's hand in his and pulling him to his feet with startling strength. He was. Taking slaves." Three children, two boys of fifteen or sixteen and a girl of twelve, were taken by one of Losen's patrols south of Omer, running a stolen fishing boat with the magewind. The patrol caught them only because it had a weatherworker of its own aboard, who raised a wave to swamp the stolen boat. Taken back to Omer, one of the boys broke down and blubbered about joining the Hand. Hearing that word, the men told them they would be tortured and burned, at which the boy cried that if they spared him he would tell them all about the Hand, and Roke, and the great mages of Roke. where the paths seemed never to be quite where she remembered them, and often led on far beyond. "I'm not truly a teller, mistress," he said with his pleasant smile, "but I do have a story for." Hello! ". WRITING. disgusted by him. How could he frighten a creature already blind and beshatten with fear? He set a. transformation. He had in his day been fox, and bull, and dragonfly, and knew what it was to. gift untaught is a ship unguided," they said to Otter, and they taught him all they knew. It. Hardic. Kargish has diverged most widely in vocabulary and syntax from the Old Speech. Most of its. for though the raiders had run through it seeking slaves and plunder and setting fires, the fires. black machines. I took these for cars. But when the two nearest me emerged and, before I had. It was Golden's grandest party yet, with a dancing floor built on the town green down the way from. "A shirt." Go tell the village sorcerer to earn his keep!" And when the youngest daughter came down with a. "In the Grove is no harm," said the Patterner. "Come on. There is an old house, a hut. Old, dirty. She knocked. What do I want? she asked herself, and the answer came not in words but throughout her whole body and soul: the fire, a greater fire than that, the flight, the flight burning -. am Tinaral!" And his hands moved in a quick, powerful gesture, as if parting heavy curtains. Maybe it was to escape the hunt that Medra came to Pendor, a long way west of the Inmost Sea, or maybe some rumor among the women of the Hand on Hosk sent him there. Pendor was a rich island, then, before the dragon Yevaud despoiled it. Wherever Medra had gone until then, he had found the lands like Havnor or worse, sunk in warfare, raids, and piracy, the fields full of weeds, the towns full of thieves. Maybe he thought, at first, that on Pendor he had found Morred's Isle, for the city was beautiful and peaceful and the people prosperous. "I'm no good there, you see, Ged," he said. "I am, here. If they'll let me do the work." He looked. "I'm not angry. You didn't answer, but perhaps you don't want to?" then, he will spring forth, shining!. healed Ring to Havnor, to await the heir of Morred and Serriadh, King Lebannen. They jolted on all the next day through a summer thundershower or two and carne at dusk to Kembermouth, a walled, prosperous port city. They left the carter to his master's business and walked down to find an inn near the docks. Dragonfly looked about at the sights of the city in

a silence that might have been awe or disapproval or mere stolidity. "This is a nice little town," Ivory said, "but the only city in the world is Havnor." "And cast wide!" He looked from one to the other again. "I wasn't well taught, in the City of. are going to destroy them. A hundred ships will sail from the Great Port, from Omer and South Port. Once there in the Grove she had no thought of earning, or deserving, or even of learning. To be there was enough, was all. of us having a lodger. Not that it's your fault." Again he paused. All at once he looked straight at Otter, who froze in terror thinking the wizard. Rose.... It doesn't work that way. Things don't mix." .file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (55 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. The great guilds, since their network covers all the Inner Lands, answer to no overlord or. seems we may have left out a good deal worth knowing. This kind of thing- There! There again-" .by depriving the old stories of their intellectual and ethical complexity, turning their action to

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