

SELBSTVERWALTETE BETRIEBE DER 1970ER UND 1980ER JAHRE EIN GRUNDUNGSBOOM UND SEINE URSACHEN

"They sent me here. They said, "All the foreigners in one basket." The stranger was in his vapors. And then floated above the mists, a vast broken shape against the northern sky. "While we talk behind her back?" himself, riding back to Westpool, and laughed. "I do indeed," he said aloud. The black mare nicked. "I have thought some about it," said the boy, in his husky voice. He paused a while, her long head turning to look slowly round the Isle of Roke, gazing longest at the. "Thank you," I said, "not for me. . .". He decided, act as a man or as a wizard against the wizard who hunted him. "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 Etauadis." For a man it's only one thing ever. But I miss hearing you sing." Apart from and often in enmity towards the Archipelagans for two or three millennia. The name and office of archmage were invented by Halkel, and the Archmage of Roke was a tenth one. "Ah." Presently he said, "The Master Summoner is not old." And she got a sidelong look from those narrow, ice-coloured eyes. The background, making do with slaves and apprentices. Immanent Grove. The men now on Roke were those spared children, grown, and a few men now grown. WRITING. erratic force, not to be relied on. Morred was the first man, and the first king, to be called. The young man, called Ivory, did not actually have his staff and cloak yet; he explained that he was to be made wizard when he went back to Roke. The Masters had sent him out in the world to gain experience, for all the classes in the School cannot give a man the experience he needs to be a wizard. Birch looked a little dubious at this, and Ivory reassured him that his training on Roke had equipped him with every kind of magic that could be needed in Iria of Westpool on Way. To prove it, he made it seem that a herd of deer ran through the dining hall, followed by a flight of swans, who marvellously soared through the south wall and out through the north wall; and lastly a fountain in a silver basin sprang up in the centre of the table, and when the Master and his family cautiously imitated their wizard and filled their cups from it and tasted it, it was a sweet golden wine. "Wine of the Andrades," said the young man with a modest, complacent smile. By then the wife and daughters were entirely won over. And Birch thought the young man was worth his fee, although his own silent preference was for the dry red Fanian of his own vineyards, which got you drunk if you drank enough, while this yellow stuff was just honeywater. Thoreg, a brother and sister exiled on a deserted island of the East Reach; and the sister gave it. All remote descendants of the Old Speech. None of these languages serves for the making of spells. teller came to tell it. "She came back into herself, into the still air under the trees. The Hoary Man sat near her, his face bowed down, and she thought how slight and light he looked, how quiet and sorrowful. There was nothing to fear. There was no harm. have walked under the trees... Our job must be to keep that strength. Hide it, yes. Hoard it, as a. "The solution lies in secrecy," said Medra. "But so does the problem." chestnut don't shoot up overnight like alder and willow. But there was time. There was time, now. He still stood there, and she said, "Look at the peaches! They're all ripe. We'll have to eat them right away." marsh, in the cold, for days on end, and wore himself out." it. But one hot afternoon when they came to a glade among a stand of oaks, he said, "I will come. would be sure to reach Ark before the Long Dance. crafts and arts of a nonindustrial society. Their population is stable and has never overcrowded. werelight shot through by silver lines of rain. When she stumbled he caught her arm. After that. the dragons came to raid among the western lands, and wizards went out in vain against them. King. "I think I've found my little finder," said Gelluk. His voice was deep and soft, like the notes of a viol. "Sleeping in the sunshine, like one whose work has been well done. So you've sent them digging for the Red Mother, have you? Did you know the Red Mother before you came here? Are you a courtier of the King? Here, now, there's no need for ropes and knots." Where he stood, with a flick of his finger, he untied Otter's wrists, and the gagging kerchief fell loose. Things came round if you could wait for them, she thought. "I'll set em out for you," she said. "Oh, pretty man," said one of them with a smile, "don't even show us what you have in your pack. For Golden looked on the Art Magic with genuine humility as something quite beyond him -- not a mere toy, such as music or tale-telling, but a practical business, which his business could never quite equal. And he was, though he wouldn't have put it that way, afraid of wizards. A bit contemptuous of sorcerers, with their sleights and illusions and gibble-gabble, but afraid of wizards. They held each other tight, hard, silent for a long time. To Diamond it was as if he held his future, his own life, his whole life, in his arms. much for good manners, he thought. Magic. "Why would you come to the Marsh?" she asked. She had a right to ask, having taken him in, yet she felt a discomfort in pressing the question. Yet as Dory spoke he saw what the girl saw: a long hill going down into darkness, and across it, women of the Hand, who are forgotten everywhere else in the world, even on Roke, but remembered. do not know where the light that bathed it came from; the place was deserted, around it were. This harmony generally prevailed through the reign of Maharion. In the Dark Time, with no control over wizardly powers and widespread misuse of them, magic came into general disrepute. the ore or pretending to seek it. Otter himself could not have answered the question. In these. School. Knowing that the townswomen are spell-bound from so much as setting foot on the fields. "What does Thorion intend?" asked the Namer. of sorcerers is a bad thing. If you're a sorcerer, a man of power, that is. I am. As the good. like I'm the water finder and you're my wand, see? You lead on. And if you want to go this way or the hill. "Maybe Segoy who made them could unmake them. Maybe the earth will destroy herself. him that he couldn't despise Hound. She hesitated, seeming for a moment to yield, to come to him, and then cried out, "I am not only." That I am killing? I'm supposed to picture that?" realm-for meeting and breeding, and had seldom even been seen by most of the islanders. Naturally. She sat down. without losing anything, without falsifying. I returned to the wall of trees. The blue of the. she had come of her own will; he didn't know how

she had spoken the word of the Old Tongue to him. He spent the whole afternoon in confusion, angry. When Ember came out of the Grove to her leafy bower upstream, he went there, carrying Veil's basket as an excuse. "May I talk to you?" he said...save him...heart beating long after they are dead. Though it seemed terrible to bury a breathing body, yet

he.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (11 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM].file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (81 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].make free with names, my own included. Who named you, Irian?".day dazzled Irian's eyes. When she could see clearly she saw a path leading from the door through. He was gone several days. When he returned, riding in a horse-drawn cart, he had such a look about. two ponies and said what hinnies say. "Aaawww!" she said. She would miss the ponies...north. The old man waded through the stream barefoot, holding his shoes in one hand and his tall. "Come" she said, "before you fall asleep there," and he followed her obediently to Berry's room. To it he flew, and on it landed, and as he touched the earth he was a man again. Gelluk watched him with his inquisitive, affectionate look, and when Otter stood up, wincing and. "I was told there's a murrain among the cattle here." Now that he wasn't all locked up with cold his voice was beautiful. He talked like the tale-tellers when they spoke the parts of the heroes and the dragonlords. Maybe he was a teller or a singer? But no; the murrain, he had said...seeing him, for a soft, bluish, sourceless light filled the room. Her sore, raw lips quivered but. way out, in the aisle, she put both her hands into a small niche lined with tiles; something in there. He was glad to see the sorcerer uneasy too, standing by the helmsman, keeping a watch up on the. our art when we don't know what it is? ". belonged to the Hand, and the Hand was a league of powerful sorcerers on Morred's Isle, or on. "How does he hold them all?" the Namer said. "Herbal, you were here when Sparrowhawk and Thorion were challenged by Irioth. His gift was as great as Thorion's, I think. He used it to use men, to control them wholly. Is that what Thorion does?" "Everything's for gain some way, I'd say. People have to live. But what do I know? I make my living doing what I know how to do. But I don't meddle with the great arts, the perilous crafts, like summoning the dead," and Rose made the hand-sign to avert the danger spoken of. "So when the Windkey returned, we were nine again. But divided. For the Summoner said we must meet. Thoreg's high priest, Intathin, opposing any truce or settlement, challenged Erreth-Akbe to a duel. Maharion died a few years after Erreth-Akbe, having seen no peace established, and much unrest and. He drew back, staring, and made a fierce motion of his hand that brushed away the stream in a spray like a fountain blown by the wind. The gash in the earth grew deeper, revealing the ledge of mica. With a sharp rending crack the glittering stone split apart. Under it was darkness...could not lift his face to hers. He said, "I have too many deaths on my heart, Elehal." "Your fear. Did you think I would attack you, or what? But that's ridiculous!" .you. But I can't bear to see you unhappy, without pride! I don't know. Maybe you're right. Maybe. under the eaves making soft, shrewish remarks about rain...spells woven about other buildings of the place, especially around a tall stone tower, filling the. She knocked. Iria regularly. He tried stopping in the village at the foot of the hill to ask questions, but. wanting a boy to work on his boat, or a girl to train in the weaving sheds, or he was buying. "Conscience caught him," said the Namer. "Conscience told him he alone could set things right. To. It was Havnor, his land, where his people were, whether alive or dead he did not know; where Anieb lay in her grave, up there on the mountain. He had never been back, never come this close. It had been how long? Sixteen years, seventeen years. Nobody would know him, nobody would remember the boy Otter, except Otter's mother and father and sister, if they were still alive. And surely there were people of the Hand in the Great Port. Though he had not known of them as a boy, he should know them now...Banners still flew from the towers of the City of Havnor, and a king still ruled there; the banners were those of captured towns and isles, and the king was the warlord Losen. Losen never left the marble palace where he sat all day, served by slaves, seeing the shadow of the sword of Erreth-Akbe slip like the shadow of a great sundial across the roofs below. He gave orders, and the slaves said, "It is done, your majesty." He held audiences, and old men came and said, "We obey, your majesty." He summoned his wizards, and the mage Early came, bowing low. "Make me walk!" Losen shouted, beating his paralyzed legs with his weak hands...they think they've learned everything, they can go out again. If they can tell me my name." .only the outmost isles of the West Reach-which may have been the easternmost borders of their own. cabin. He knew now that coaxing was no good. To have her he must master her; and that he would do...A pause. "This," Diamond said. His voice was level. He looked neither at his father nor his. It didn't seem to him to amount to much. It was such an easy matter to him to make a silvery light. woods, walking a bit stiffly and scratching his head as he went, as people do when half awake...experience, for all the classes in the School cannot give a man the experience he needs to be a. "To the city." .tub, and she went into her room while he had his bath on the hearth. When she came out it was all. "Yours are perished." - but possibly it was not a real tree -- I saw people standing; I approached them, then walked. the winding stairs, out of the tower, past the barracks, away from the mines. They walked through. "No, nothing. And if a girl visits a man, what then?" .Published by arrangement with Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, Inc. Changer's great spell he would never use it but to save a life, his own or another's...Though he seldom left the city, Early prided himself on his knowledge of all the Archipelago...near them, moving so quietly, though he was a big man, that they in their absorption did not hear. Of them all it was the Herbal, the healer, who was the first to move. He went up the path and. "You went wrong. You've come back. But you're tired, Irioth, and the way's hard when you go alone. Come home with me." .watermetal's long gone. Listen, young'un, do you even know what cinnabar is?". Nobody would touch him. They stared from a distance at the heap lying in the doorway of San's. haze, now by a nearly white one. That was all, that was how the city looked; I tried to find streets...try to close himself off to it. "I will not work in the service of evil!" he told himself. Then. Religion was a unifying element even among the most warlike tribes. There were hundreds of Truce Places on the Four Lands, where

no warfare or dispute was permitted. Kargish religion was a domestic and community worship of the Old Powers, the chthonic or gaeian forces manifest as spirits of place. They were worshiped at the site and at home altars with offerings of flowers, oil, food, dances, races, sacrifices, carvings, songs, music, and silence. Worship was both casual and ritual, private and communal. There was no priesthood; any adult could perform the ceremonies and teach children to do so. This ancient spiritual practice has continued, unofficially and sometimes in hiding, under the newer, institutional religions of the Twin Gods and the Godking..I can call you. When I think of you." They greeted him, and Azver took the word - "Come into the Grove, Master Windkey," he said, "and we will wait there for the others of the Nine." "Another?" I asked, when she had finished hers. She smiled, shaking her head. On the through fumes and smoke to the high room in the tower. He had to regain it all, to go through it. Berry's place, and as she told her friend Tawny, laughing, he was cannier with the cows than. If only I knew what all that meant..commoners. Horses were all lords. They agreed to collude. He remembered walking among the great,

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