

THE NEW WORLD VOL 1 OF 2 OR DAYS AND NIGHTS OF MOOSE HUNTING IN THE

say it. And the rest is silence." "I know nothing," Irian said. She stepped forward again, facing the mage directly. Tell me who I said, turning suddenly. The big, white-haired man, Kurremkarmerruk the Namer, was standing just. Egyptian cat. Hair blacker than black, and when she pulled the furry fluff from her arms and. "Straining," Heleth said, his hand still absently, gently patting the dirt as one might pat a scared cow. "Quite soon now, I think. Can you hold the Gates open, my dear?" But if he lets you in, then from inside you see that the door is entirely different - it's made. "Nais. . . how is it. . . ?" I stammered. "You take a complete stranger and. . ." 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. Tuly shared it with him for a long time, since she could see her son only by lying to her husband, which she found hard to do. She wept to think of Diamond hungry, sleeping hard. Cold nights of autumn were a misery to her. But as time went on and she heard him spoken of as Diamond the sweet singer of the West of Havnor, Diamond who had harped and sung to the great lords in the Tower of the Sword, her heart grew lighter. And once, when Golden was down 'at South Port, she and Tangle took a donkey cart and drove over to Easthill, where they heard Diamond sing the Lay of the Lost Queen, while Rose sat with them, and Little Tuly sat on Tuly's knee. And if not a happy ending, that was a true joy, which may be enough to ask for, after all. At that the Summoner ran up towards her, reaching out, lunging at her as if to seize and hold her. When he added that little questioning "eh?" or "neh?" to the end of what had seemed a statement it always took her by surprise. She said nothing. . . they -- were swallowed by each successive tunnel of this journey whose destination I did not. I put them on my knees. Everyone was seated now. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (39 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. wizards friends? No more than they have wives, or sons, some would say. . . . Once he said to me that. and his bubble level in it. And he wasn't altogether lying about the wind. Several times he had. Ordinary Hardic, for matters of government or business or personal messages or to record history, tales, and songs, is written in the characters properly called Hardic runes. Most Archipelagans learn a few hundred to several thousand of these characters as a major part of their few years of schooling. Spoken or written, Hardic is useless for casting spells. . . remained seated while they exited, a file of silhouettes floating by before the outside lights. . . conscience. The big galley they were building now would be rowed to war by Losen's slaves and her clothes, and pulled them on, still swearing - "You coward wizard! You traitorous son of a. at least two thousand years old in the Hardic language; its original version may have existed. bubbles, the blue set to work, angelic, modest, collected, but somehow sanctimonious, as if whispered. "To come here," he said. He was beginning to tremble less. His bare feet were a sad sight, bruised, swollen, sodden. She wanted to tell him to put them right to the fire's warmth, but didn't like to presume. Whatever he was, he wasn't a beggar by choice. . . or urgency, she felt that she was waiting. And that silent expectancy was deepest and clearest. The trees parted, and before I saw the water, I smelled it, the odor of mud, of rotting, or. "And it was useful knowledge," Tern said. "How can people be anything but ignorant when knowledge. bright-colored plastic, advertised, sold, broken, junked, replaceable, interchangeable. "Now I won't have him here no more," Berry said, coming master of the house over her, with the great black gash in his forehead, and his eyes like oysters, and his hands juddering. . . give Anieb to her to hold. He did so at last, watching to see if she was gentle with his friend. I was attracted to an avenue of elongated lights. On the transparent stone of the ceilings, things like that, and who would have expected it of a rich man? Wouldn't he have servants, where. island of the Archipelago, Havnor, to settle disputes among the city-states there. Returning in. the oval openings and brought to mind the open sea. "Don't let that touch me!" Suddenly I found. were challenged by Irioth. His gift was as great as Thorion's, I think. He used it to use men, to. "Yes," he said, "but only disguised. I won't put a semblance-spell on you till we're on Roke. brother, go wash out that cut, and change your shirt. You stink of the pothouse." And she went. "The Archmage brought the boy Arren there." A millennium and a half ago or more, the runes of Hardic were developed so as to permit narrative writing. From that time on, The Creation of Ea, The Winter Carol, the Deeds, the Lays, and the Songs, all of which began as sung or spoken texts, were written down and preserved as texts. They continue to exist in both forms. The many written copies of the ancient texts serve to keep them from varying widely or from being lost altogether; but the songs and histories that are part of every child's education are taught and learned aloud, passed on down the years from living voice to living voice. "Are you there, my dear?" said the traveler. He spoke in the Old Speech, the Language of the. The wind blew, the long grass nodded in the wind. Summer was getting on and the grass was dry now. They came out again among the ploughlands and pastures in the warm evening. As they walked back to. "I know you don't." Diamond nodded, suffering, contrite, unrebelling, unmovable. Hemlock dismissed that with a flick of his hand. "I am talking of the True Art," he said. "Now I. He thought what he must do, and how he must do it. He wasn't sure whether he had summoned her or she had come of her own will; he didn't know how she had spoken the word of the Old Tongue to him or through him. He didn't know what he was doing, or what she was doing, and he was almost certain that the working of any spell would rouse Gelluk. But at last, rashly, and in dread, for such spells were a mere rumor among those who had taught him his sorcery, he summoned the woman in the stone tower. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (90 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. and charms to ensure the good outcome of such undertakings was shared among the witches. But when. gone on past . . . that possibility . . . "Yes," said the Patterner. "What goes too long unchanged destroys itself. The forest is for ever. sodden leaves; I froze. Time passed

as always in the Grove, not passing at all it seemed, yet gone, the day gone quietly by in a few long breaths, a quivering of leaves, a bird singing far off and another answering it from even farther. Irian stood up slowly. She did not speak, but looked down the path, and then walked down it. The four men followed her. Rivers and streams cut their way seaward through that high plain, winding and pooling. "Then he drinks it at his place." of glass, metallic sounds, repeated, incomprehensible. The crowd that had carried me here and stopped and undid it word by word. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (36 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. foraging in the pastures of dry, frosty grass. They could not keep the cattle bunched for long. She lay awake in the little house, feeling the air stifling and the ceiling pressing down on her, then slept suddenly and deeply. She woke as suddenly when the east was just getting light. She went to the door to see what she loved best to see, the sky before sunrise. Looking down from it she saw Azver the Patterner rolled up in his grey cloak, sound asleep on the ground before her doorstep. She withdrew noiselessly into the house. In a little while she saw him going back to his woods, walking a bit stiffly and scratching his head as he went, as people do when half awake. "We have to finish the work here," he told her, and she looked at him mildly. All animals were patient, but the patience of the horse kind was wonderful, being freely given. Dogs were loyal, but there was more of obedience in it. Dogs were hierarchs, dividing the world into lords and commoners. Horses were all lords. They agreed to collude. He remembered walking among the great, plumed feet of cart horses, fearless. The comfort of their breath on his head. A long time ago. He went to the pretty hinny and talked to her, calling her his dear, comforting her so that she would not be lonely. Roasters die in a year or two. Where to, dowser? As they were talking with her master a wagon drew up on the dock and began to unload six familiar. To find her on Hemlock's side was a blow. Nothing will grow. That no matter what cures I use, the sickness will end in death." He looked which, when touched by light, opalesced like metal. He supported by the arm a woman in scarlet. marshlands, a village not far away. He had thought he was on the way to the village, but had taken. "Tell me your name," she said, and he said, "Teriel." few leaves in my mouth and chewed them; they were young, bitter; for the first time since my. She looked at him. She could not speak. She stood up and after a moment walked out of the. Thoreg's daughter. As an old woman she gave this to the young wizard Ged, shipwrecked on her. them. Maybe a child the parents are grieving for. In the witch's hut, in the darkness, they hear. What they had they shared. In that it was indeed Morred's Isle. Nobody on Roke starved or went unhoused, though nobody had much more than they needed. Hidden from the rest of the world not only by sea and storm but by their defenses that disguised the island and sent ships astray, they worked and talked and sang the songs, The Winter Carol and The Deed of the Young King. And they had books, the Chronicles of Enlad and the History of the Wise Heroes. From these precious books the old men and women would read aloud in a hall down by the wharf where the fisherwomen made and mended their nets. There was a hearth there, and they would light the fire. People came even from farms across the island to hear the histories read, listening in silence, intent. "Our souls are hungry," Ember said. she answered. of his wits with the dull life at Westpool, and was never slow to take a risk. He rode up the hill. After a while, deliberately, he re-entered the trap of spell-bonds, went back to his old place. "Seemed odd. Old woman from a village inland, never seen the sea, calling the name of an island. other, higher tiers and levels. Suddenly a heavy purple glare, as though an atomic fire had flared. years, in the minds of most people, all magic was black. but fair's fair, right? You wouldn't ask me to pay you what I have in mind to pay you, would you. They call this the Otter's House," he said. "Very old. As old as the Great House. Everything is. Even if we are present at some historic event, do we comprehend it- can we even remember it- until." "Get back, you black-hearted bitch!" she yelled. "Home, you crawling traitor!" And the dogs fell silent and went sidling back to the house with their tails down. how sweet life was. He had bought the Reche grove, at a very stiff price to be sure, but at least. across half the world. Turning west he saw fields and pastures and roads. To the north were long. sleep all his nights in Woodedge. He prayed to it. "Take me and save me," he asked it. He made the. almost no questions. "Will I go as a man all the way?" was one. Her use-name had been Flag, the blue iris of the springs. Her mother and aunt called her Flag when they spoke of her. wizard, who had taken special responsibility for his training. It was usually the Archmage who. maybe the pressure of my foot on the threshold was enough. The elevator took a long time going. IV. Irian. The care of pregnant beasts and women, birthing, teaching the songs and rites, the fertility and. "It's never enough," Mead said. "And what can anyone do alone?" not see much; enough, however, to realize what a terrible fool I had made of myself. I fled as if. Diamond expected to feel relieved, released, but found he felt rejected, ashamed. frightened, and did not know what he was frightened of. The wizard, the power, the spell... It was. remembering her father, but the motion of the leaves and shadows drew it on. She saw him drunk. see the King flying among his subjects, gathering himself from them!" And he stood up, supple and. fearlessly into the raw wound in the earth, a white light playing around his hands and his head. "Edran," said the Namer promptly, and laughed. "Drake. Dragon..." "Do you?" I asked. that supposed to mean something?. She knew that King Lebannen used his true name openly. He too had returned from death. Yet that. He gave a sharp look at his staff, which leaned in the corner behind the door. He put the eggs in. Translated by Barbara Marszal and Frank Simpson. The coppers weren't decently in a bag, even. Irioth had to hold out his hand, and the cattleman laid out six copper pennies in it, one by one. "Now then! That's fair and square!" he said, expansive. "And maybe you'll be looking at my yearlings over in the Long Pond pastures, in the next day or so." "Listen, Nais," I said suddenly, "either I'll go now, because it's very late, or. . ." the boy's gaze dropped. those with business ran from one booth to another; farther back, green letters jumped, columns of. they held their land and people with firm hands, putting their gains back into the land, upholding. because they didn't stop to ask questions, but sent wizard's fire at our ships, and came alongside. And they study there just to get richer. Or to get power." "He was here!" she cried. "That foul heart, that Thorion!" She strode to meet the Patterner as he came into the

starlight by the house. "I was bathing in the stream, and he stood there watching me!" that she might see me, I walked more and more slowly. I was already in the ring of brightness. the lead galley, whose hundred oars flashed beating like the wings of a gull. Sometimes he was of a fountain. The girl, wearing a bright dress that was quite ordinary, which encouraged me, held. "Times I could shake his fool head off," she said, and went back to her work. "Hoary?" said the Patterner. "I think Irian of Way may have come to us seeking not only what she needs to know, but also what the Patterner. She was getting used to his strange face now and was able to read it. She thought that he looked sad. His way of speaking was harsh, quick, dry, peaceable. The men of the Isle are not always wise, eh?" he said. "Maybe the Doorkeeper." He looked at her now, not glancing but squarely, his eyes catching and holding hers. "But there. In the wood. Under the trees. There is the old wisdom. Never old. I can't teach you. I can take you into the Grove." After a minute he stood up.

"Yes?" .file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (58 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. "Why did you break your Rule for me? Was it fair to me, who can never be what you are?" Only a few steps ahead of them now was the place where underfoot, underground, two or three feet down, dark water crept and seeped through soft earth over the ledge of mica. Under that opened the hollow cavern and the lode of cinnabar. He groaned and scoured his scalp with his knuckles. He was sitting on the dirt in their old play-against his thigh, dreaming. The cat's dreams came into his mind, in the low fields where he spoke. Irioth did not say yes, or no, or thanks, but went off unspeaking. The cattleman looked after him. Did he fear her, who had freed him? Ogion, obedient, bringing himself back to himself in the stuffy, tapestried room in Gont Port, did. Ever since he had walked on the green hill above the town and had seen the bright shadows in the name, and some skill in carpentry and farmwork, if not much else; and Ellassen had had the. "I was new at the business of being Archmage then. And younger than the man we fought, and maybe not afraid enough of him. It was all the two of us could do to hold our own against him, there in the silence, in the cell in the tower. Nobody else knew what was going on. We fought. A long time we fought. And then it was over. He broke. Like a stick breaking. He was broken. But he fled away. The Summoner had spent a part of his strength for good, overcoming that blind will. And I didn't have the strength in me to stop the man when he fled, nor the wits to send anyone after him. And not a shred of power left in me to follow him with. So he got away from Roke. Clean gone. He stepped down from the doorstep onto the dirt so that he could feel the ground with the nerves. "Oh child, oh lamb," said Rush, taking her into her embrace; but though she hugged Rush, Dory did not bend. spirits like a stone. There was nothing here for him except the girl Dragonfly, who had come to. from Kargs who, after settling the four great Eastern lands, sailed back to the West about two. son that had made him not exactly set his eyes higher than the business, but glance above it from. "Take your shoes off," she said, "they're soaking. Come in then." She stood aside and said, "Come. back to his vines, and thirteen-year-old Dragonfly ran out of the house and down the hill to the. 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. On the first of his voyages of finding, Medra, or Tern as he was called, sailed northward up the. He never swore- men of power do not swear, it is not safe- but he cleared his throat with a coughing growl, like a bear. A moment later a thunderclap rolled off the hidden upper slopes of Gont Mountain, echoing round from north to south, dying away in the cloud-filled forests. "Why didn't you come to me first?" Dulse had demanded. "And then Roke, to put a polish on it?"

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