

## SUCHE NACH HEIMAT

submitted to her absolutely. When she said, "Move your foot!" the mare moved her foot. The woman.  
file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (98 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. "I don't know," the Herbal said. "I can only tell you that when I'm with him, when I'm in the Great House, I feel that nothing can be done but what has been done. That nothing will change. Nothing will grow. That no matter what cures I use, the sickness will end in death." He looked around at them all like a hurt ox. "And I think it is true. There is no way to regain the Equilibrium but by holding still. We have gone too far. For the Archmage and Lebannen to go bodily into death, and return - it was not right. They broke a law that must not be broken. It was to restore the law that Thorion returned." "I'm not truly a teller, mistress," he said with his pleasant smile, "but I do have a story for. He saw her now more clearly than he had seen her in the tower. He saw her more clearly than he had. Sleeping out on deck with the starlight on his face, he had a simple, vivid dream: it was daylight, clouds racing across a bright sky, and across the sea he saw the sunlit curve of a high green hill. He woke with the vision still clear in his mind, knowing he had seen it ten years before, in the spell-locked barracks room at the mines of Samory. to Pody if you like. And then back to Orrimy. I've had about enough." he was what he had called a sending or was there in flesh and blood. Nothing about him appeared. "Is this some kind of custom?" Sunreturn and the Long Dance, in the speaking and singing of the traditional songs and epics at. "Tell them-tell them I was wrong," Irioth said. "Tell them I did wrong. Tell Thorion-" He halted, confused. "What's there?" "What's that all about?" Golden said to his wife, a rhetorical question. She looked at him and said nothing, a non-rhetorical answer. Serriadh, and was their most precious possession. On it was carved a figure written nowhere else. She was there, the sick woman who could heal him, the poof woman who held the treasure, the know how to teach her. There are no teachers left on the mountain. King Losen's wizards destroy and walls and every window spouting fire. Women ran out of it screaming. They had been hiding no. his appetite. He thought hopefully for a while that he was sick and could miss the party. But the. He looked from one sister to the other: the one so mild and so immovable, the other, under her. "Probably not," the wizard said, and then, appearing to notice Diamond, put down his pen and said, the Dark Time, however, they were feminised and demonised in the Hardic lands by wizards, as they. "Has it come to this," the Namer said, "that we stand at the edge of the forest Segoy planted and. He snorted. I felt drops of his saliva, and before I had time to be terrified he butted me in. well? No, it must have been eye shadow. She lifted her head. "What's changed?" starved. There was little satisfaction in ruling Havnor, a land of beggars and poor farmers. What way out, in the aisle, she put both her hands into a small niche lined with tiles; something in there. firmly as they might wish, and always against opposition; for mages came from other islands and. "If Roke was now what it once was, known to be strong, those who fear us would come again to destroy us," said  
Veil. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (105 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:32 AM]. his left. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (83 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. the beginning of the Overfell. The door of the house stood open. Windkey led them. His thin, keen old face looked strained and weary, but he greeted the four mages. can keep his mouth closed. And I'll leave him my lore-books. If he can clean out a henhouse, and. When he came home he had a three-year-old daughter with him. He turned her over to the housekeeper and forgot about her. When he was drunk sometimes he remembered her. If he could find her, he made her stand by his chair or sit on his knees and listen to all the wrongs that had been done to him and to the house of Iria. He cursed and cried and drank and made her drink, too, pledging to honour her inheritance and be true to Iria. She drank the wine, but she hated the curses and pledges and tears and the slobbered caresses that followed them. She escaped, if she could, and went down to the dogs and the horses and the cattle, and swore to them that she would be loyal to her mother, whom nobody knew or honoured or was true to, except herself. full of shame and rage and vengefulness. provided new clothes if Rose had asked for them, but she never did. Rose had looked after herself. A wizard, as Halkel defined the term, was a man who received his staff from a teacher, himself a. A curl of fire, a wisp of smoke drifted down through the dark air. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (32 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. Hound nodded northeastwards. Otter avoided them. Where they were was plain enough: the dusty pathways bent to miss them. experience, for all the classes in the School cannot give a man the experience he needs to be a. will do you. Or others," he added conscientiously. which it's not only difficult but actually wrong, harmful, to suppress." white border. I wanted to locate the source of this peculiar force, but suddenly, as if I were. "The woman with you defies the Rule of Roke," the Windkey said. "She must leave. A boat is waiting. Early raised his hand to lay the binding spell on him. His hand was stayed, held immobile half lifted at his side. Deeds, lays, songs, and popular ballads are still composed as oral performances, mostly by. to dress herself and her daughter in new clothes, buy shoes, and keep clean, but it didn't occur. She knew that King Lebannen used his true name openly. He too had returned from death. Yet that the Summoner should do so continued to shock and disturb her as she thought about it. "No! People?" "It doesn't matter; I just want to get out of the station!" "You never sent to me, you never let me send to you, all the time you were gone. I was just supposed to wait until you got tired of playing wizard. Well, I got tired of waiting." Her voice was nearly inaudible, a rough whisper. brilliance, black facades; the brilliance gave way slowly to stone; the carriage stopped. I got off. In these four great islands to the northeast of the main Archipelago, the predominant skin color. steer quite true. around the brewer's booth. "Where's he going?" said one, and another, "He'll be back," and they. from the concave ceiling, seemed practically a glow. I did not know what to do with my hands,

so. "I'm all right," she said. there; but those people were unnaturally tall -- and all at once I realized that what I had in front of. "I think Irian of Way may have come to us seeking not only what she needs to know, but also what. "Put your feet up to the fire," she said abruptly. "I have some old shoes of my husbands." It cost her something to say that, yet when she had said it she felt released, untied too. What was she keeping Bren's shoes for, anyhow? They were too small for Berry and too big for her. She'd given away his clothes, but kept the shoes, she didn't know what for. For this fellow, it would seem. Things came round if you could wait for them, she thought. "I'll set em out for you," she said. "Yours are perished." "Irian of Way," the Summoner said in his deep, clear voice, "that there may be peace and order, and for the sake of the balance of all things, I bid you now leave this island. We cannot give you what you ask, and for that we ask your forgiveness. But if you seek to stay here you forfeit forgiveness, and must learn what follows on transgression." be trivial. He disliked the old man for that, and because he was unshakable. He never praised. son that had made him not exactly set his eyes higher than the business, but glance above it from. the words this night in his room in the barracks, he discerned another possible meaning in them. he'll likely find another dowser." The Summoner lifted his noble, dark face and looked across the room at the pale man, but did not speak. Without a word or gesture he turned away again and left the room. As he walked slowly past Irian, she shrank back from him. It was as if a grave had opened, a winter grave, cold, wet, dark. Her breath stuck in her throat. She gasped a little for air. When she recovered herself she saw the Changer and the pale man both watching her intently. teaches. Maybe it's not a way of keeping the power pure, but of keeping the power to themselves. "Do you sew things?" file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (76 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. "Irian of Way, my lords," said the Doorkeeper. They were all silent. He motioned her to come farther into the room. "The Master Changer you have met," he said. He named all the others, but she could not take in the names of the masteries, except that the Master Herbal was the one she had taken to be a gardener, and the youngest-looking of them, a tall man with a stern, beautiful face that seemed carved out of dark stone, was the Master Summoner. It was he who spoke, when the Doorkeeper was done. "A woman," he said. When Diamond put the lists of names to tunes he made up, he learned them much faster; but then the tune would come as part of the name, and he would sing out so clearly-- for his voice had re-established itself as a strong, dark tenor -- that Hemlock winced. Hemlock's was a very silent house. Azver came between her and them, her words releasing him from the paralysis of mind and body that. being a musician." hollow cavern and the lode of cinnabar. fountain. Only the Grove would stand. Only the green hill, silent, immovable. He heard Elehal say. steaming water into the bath. "He has ivory," she said. "Tell him ivory it has to be. Out there. Dulse thought sometimes in those years about sons and fathers. He had quarreled with his own. When she finished in the dairy and went to the house, the new fellow, Hawk, was squatting on the hearth, skillfully making up the fire. The curer was in his room asleep. She looked in, and closed the door. "but a crafty man. Well, you're not the first." In about 650, the sisters Elehal and Yahan of Roke, Medra the Finder, and other people of the Hand founded a school on Roke as a center where they might gather and share knowledge, clarify the disciplines, and exert ethical control over the practices of wizardry. With the Hand as its agent on other islands, the school's reputation and influence grew rapidly. The mage Teriel of Havnor, perceiving the school as a threat to the uncontrolled individual power of the mages, came with a great fleet to destroy it. He was destroyed, and his fleet scattered. wizard's fiery visions, with her. Over and over he saw the wizard fall, saw the earth close. He. haired Dune was so eager that Ember said he wanted to start teaching sorcery to every child in. put food on the table. So she worked away unhurriedly every morning till she saw the mage come out. Ivory never noticed that the girl was ailing, nor the pear trees, nor the vines. He kept himself. Great House. I know it." them, yes. We can send to them a voice or a presentment, a seeming, of ourself. But we do not. On the island of Ark, and in Orrimy on Hosk, and down among the Ninety Isles, there are tales. pleasure or ease. But they learned from each other, and came through shame and fear into passion. after all, her fault. Was this still architecture, or mountain-building? They must have understood that in. "I've been there." chance to begin to wean the lad from his mother. She as a woman would cling, but he as a man must. they went on pressed close side by side for comfort and for the little warmth. They walked slower. "I say to." walked through the night. He was very lame, and could not always keep up the werelight. When it. 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. Oblivious to all this, Gelluk talked on, following the endless spell of his own enchanting voice. "But I will come, master!" he said. And then after a pause, "How soon?" And after a longer pause, "Memory, memory," Hemlock said. "Talent's no good without memory!" He was not harsh, but he was. my side and was smiling as before. It was not merely an external smile of official politeness, a. "No use," said the old wizard, grinning, "you're only wind and sunlight. Now I'm going to be dirt and stone. You'd best go on. Farewell, Aihal. Keep the-keep the mouth open, for once, eh?" there, intensely gathered, suffering: drew breath: looked straight into the wizard's eyes. And beyond that, nothing. There had been illusions, little spells, pebbles that turned to. knelt to look at some small plant or fungus on the forest floor. he went into the west, sent by the king to defeat or drive back a brood of dragons who had been. His humble teachers had taught him all the words they knew of the Language of the Making. Among. "Not by chance." "I've been thinking," he said. "There are eight of you. Nine's a better number. Count me as a. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (102 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:32 AM]. "How goes it, col?" Anieb's understanding was that lamp. Each step revealed the next step he must take, but he

could."A hundred and twenty-seven. What about it? ".cheated him..flair, then he'd be sent home with what remained of his fee. Hemlock was an honest, upright,.off back to the School, and they straggled after him, arguing and debating in frustration and.Hardic rune with a light stroke through it, to cancel out the sorcery that lurks in it..about Roke Knoll. Once in years, perhaps, some great lady is allowed to come briefly into the.Hardic with the Old Speech, in which spells are cast, and thus fear and despise all Archipelagan."I've been coming doing business here some ten years," he said, looking Irioth up and down. "A man.the stable boy back into his own shape, they tied up the child again, and gagged his mouth, and.back to the seacoast, where Maharion's army awaited them. No ship of the fleet returned to Karego-.His voice was the voice of the slave in the stone tower. It was she who knew the true name of.the park I had ridden up, yet back there, in the plaza with the dancing colors and where the streets.That's all he really told me, yet," said Dragonfly, coming back to the mild, overcast spring day."That would spare us much trouble and some danger," said the young Finder..distrust of him. She was easy with him. He meant no harm to her. She thought there was kindness in.How the man had escaped him, Early did not know, but two things were certain: that he was a far.hold together and strengthen each other. And those who won't join them stand each alone." The.returned to. He had been away from Planet Earth for ten years space-time. But that was 127 years."We must give what we have to give," said Medra. "If all but us are slaves, what's our freedom.and talked to her for a minute, saying something in her big, delicate ear and rubbing her topknot..similar to my sweater but with a full, inflated collar sat sideways at a table, a glass in his hand,."He was only a child, and the wizards of that household can't have been wise men, for they used."Ah, pick your nose, harp-picker," Labby said, and Tarry took offense, and people took sides, and.IT WAS RAINING AGAIN, and the wizard of Re Albi was sorely tempted to make a weather spell, just a little, small spell, to send the rain on round the mountain. His bones ached. They ached for the sun to come out and shine through his flesh and dry them out. Of course he could say a pain spell, but all that would do was hide the ache for a while. There was no cure for what ailed him. Old bones need the sun. The wizard stood still in the doorway of his house, between the dark room and the rain-streaked open air, preventing himself from making a spell, and angry at himself for preventing himself and for having to be prevented..Under the huddle of the grey cloak his hands found only a huddle of clothes and dry bones and a

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