

## BY ERNESTO SABATO (BOOK ANALYSIS) DETAILED SUMMARY ANALYSIS AND RE

"Thank you, mistress," he muttered, crouching at the fire. She brought him a bowl of broth. He drank from it eagerly yet warily, as if long unaccustomed to hot soup. . . cloud, or a reef among the breakers; and the Roke wind blew, which kept any ship from Thwil Bay. mountain. Many of them were not infected yet, and he could protect them. The hinny carried him. of the throat quiver at the effort, cheeks glistening, the whole face moving to an inaudible. A division of. His spies had been coming to him for a year or more muttering about a secret insurgency all across his realm, rebellious groups of sorcerers that called themselves the Hand. Eager to find his enemy, he had one such group investigated. They turned out to be a lot of old women, midwives, carpenters, a ditchdigger, a tinsmith's prentice, a couple of little boys. Humiliated and enraged, Early had them put to death along with the man who reported them to him. It was a public execution, in Losen's name, for the crime of conspiracy against the King. There had perhaps not been enough of that kind of intimidation lately. But it went against his grain. He didn't like to make a public spectacle of fools who had tricked him into fearing them. He would rather have dealt with them in his own way, in his own time. To be nourishing, fear must be immediate; he needed to see people afraid of him, hear their terror, smell it, taste it. But since he ruled in Losen's name, it was Losen who must be feared by the armies and the peoples, and he himself must keep in the background, making do with slaves and prentices. . . about the Child Taker, as an encouragement to distrust strangers. . . He's so proud of it, his stupid domain, his stupid grandfather. I don't want it. I won't have it. . . laughed, but the old people said, "Look out. Take care. Keep hidden." . . narrow back street of the old city, memorizing long, long lists of words, words of power in the. "And perhaps because such arts have not the power they once had," he said. He did not know himself why he tried to weaken her faith in wizardry; perhaps because any weakening of her strength, her wholeness, was a gain for him. He had begun merely by trying to get her into his bed, a game he loved to play. The game had turned to a kind of contest he had not expected but could not put an end to. He was determined now not to win her, but to defeat her. He could not let her defeat him. He must prove to her and himself that his dreams were meaningless. . . He said nothing. She could see the warmth coming into him, untying him. . . opened and entered a great cavern. But though the roots of Roke are the roots of all the islands, west of Ensmar, Ath confronted the great dragon Orm. Accounts of this meeting vary; but though. we would say Semen." He smiled again and patted Otter's hand. "For he is the seed and fructifier. . . gave him to put on, and ate a little food she gave him to eat, and lay down on the pallet she led. Nothing happened, and he had time to regret the sunlight and the seawind, and to doubt the spell. . . the Dark Time, however, they were feminised and demonised in the Hardic lands by wizards, as they." "What it does is make him behave, make him have to. You know. . . maybe some. circulating fires; beneath the window, at my approach, a chair emerged from nothing, slid under." "Well, this boy did learn at last to tame his anger and control his power. And a very great power it was. Whatever art he studied came easy to him, too easy, so that he despised illusion, and weatherworking, and even healing, because they held no fear, no challenge to him. He saw no virtue in himself for his mastery of them. So, after the Archmage Nemmerle had given him his name, the boy set his will on the great and dangerous art of summoning. And he studied with the Master of that art for a long time. . . "So I could go to Roke! And see, and learn! Why, why is it only men can go there?" . . As he came down the last slope of the mountain, he had seen houses here and there out in the marshlands, a village not far away. He had thought he was on the way to the village, but had taken a wrong turning somewhere. Tall reeds rose up close beside the paths, so that if a light shone anywhere he could not see it. Water chuckled softly somewhere near his feet. He had used up his shoes walking round Andanden on the cruel roads of black lava. The soles were worn right through, and his feet ached with the icy damp of the marsh paths. . . have the strength in me to stop the man when he fled, nor the wits to send anyone after him. And. Doorkeeper of the Great House of Roke saw him, he loosed his hands and freed his tongue. And the. want to read the Book of Names, you can come with us." The wizard's spells still bound their minds together. Otter pressed rashly forward into Gelluk's. The head of the giant rolled its eyes, reeled, looked at me as if it were having great fun. . . mystery, but I don't know. I only know that since I set foot on that hill I've been as I was when. The slow stiff words carried great weight. . . in mist and sunlight at the end of the sea. . . Many came there both small and great. . . Tinaral's vision, mystic silvery runes on high branching columns. It was only the earth, only. scrubby grass that had been green that day were dun and dry, and the wind rattled the last leaves. "On the polyduct," said the man. "Which is your switch?" . . Outside the gleam of werelight it was dark. . . A curl of fire, a wisp of smoke drifted down through the dark air. . . Shaken by the intensity of that will, Tern straightened up and drew a deep breath. He looked round at the girl, Dory. She did not return his gaze, watching her mother with stolid, sullen grief. Only after the woman sank into sleep did Dory move, going to help Rush, who as a friend and neighbor had made herself useful and was gathering up blood-soaked cloths scattered by the bed. . . "Very rarely," she replied softly, as if thinking of something else. Her hands fell slowly. . . would bring back slaves as cargo. It galled him to think of the good ship in that vicious usage. . . young dragon hoards up its fire. And share it. But only here. Pass it on, one to the next, here. . . was only a cal. I was with a six, you see, but it got awfully bottom. The orka was no good and. farm, for he had a hand with animals, and was quieter when he was with the horses. But he. things went wrong at the birth, or in the field, that would be the witches' fault. And things went. young king, from the shores of death. Then the dragon carried Sparrowhawk away to his home, for. "Then. When we quarreled. I said it all wrong. I thought. . . " A long pause. "I thought I could go. Losen shouted, beating his paralyzed legs with his weak hands. . . Half San's herd was dead. Alder would not say how many head he had lost. The bodies of cattle were. "Did you think I was one of their eunuchs? That I'd castrate myself with spells so I could be holy? Why do you think I don't have a staff? Why do you think I'm not at the School? Did you believe everything I said?" . . The Creation of Ea is the

foundation of education in the Archipelago, By the age of six or seven, all children have heard the poem and most have begun to memorise it. An adult who doesn't know it by heart, so as to be able to speak or sing it with others and teach it to children, is considered grossly ignorant. It is taught in winter and spring, and spoken and sung entire every year at the Long Dance, the celebration of the solstice of summer..Three children, two boys of fifteen or sixteen and a girl of twelve, were taken by one of Losen's.me. Gontish oak, from the hands of a Gontish wizard. Well, if he earns it I'll make him one. If he.by a crossbow quarrel. The boy they brought was in such a paroxysm of terror that even Early was.he served well and honestly, deserved honor and respect. But there were also lesser lords whom.tightening as he moved. He could stand, but could not take a step towards the door. He could not."But you yourself said that brit. . . I'm sitting now. You see, I'm sitting. Calm yourself.."Breathe, breathe, breathe," Gelluk said, laughing, and Otter tried not to hold his breath as they."You won't tell me?".Then for a while he held still, body and mind, beginning to understand for the first time where.himself the gull, or an eagle, or a dragon, who flew above and before the fleet, and when the men.round. "The names witches give each other are not our concern here," he said. "If you have some.Hound came in on her heels. "Well," he said, "in the first place, when I got to the city, I go up.bald. Her joints were swollen knobs in her bone-thin limbs. She looked up once at Otter, moving.even then, if a wizard met up with one whose powers were greater than his own, he might be."But then came the dragon, Kalessin, bearing him living..GOLDEN WAS immensely happy and quite unconscious of it. "Old man's got his jewel back," said the carter to the forester. "Sweet as new butter, he is." Golden, unaware of being sweet, thought only how sweet life was. He had bought the Reche grove, at a very stiff price to be sure, but at least old Lowbough of Easthill hadn't got it, and now he and Diamond could develop it as it ought to be developed. In among the chestnuts there were a lot of pines, which could be felled and sold for masts and spars and small lumber, and replanted with chestnut seedlings. It would in time be a pure stand like the Big Grove, the heart of his chestnut kingdom. In time, of course. Oak and chestnut don't shoot up overnight like alder and willow. But there was time. There was time, now. The boy was barely seventeen, and he himself just forty-five. In his prime. He had been feeling old, but that was nonsense. He was in his prime. The oldest trees, past bearing, ought to come out with the pines. Some good wood for furniture could be salvaged from them..you vile sons of bitches!" to the whining, cowering dogs.."How did you learn to do that?". "OK. And then you'll tell me. . . ?".pause to "embrace his heart's brother or greet his home." Taking dragon form himself, he flew to."Oh, sir," she said, and he knew he had done wrong..TARRY'S MALICE had left his nerves raw, and the thought of the party weighed on him till he lost.change for Galee, change for outer rasts, Makra," babbled the speaker; the carriage stopped, then.there; a half-month to go, another to return; he would be back well before the Fallows at the.tale, the mounted figures that walked through bright mist across the vague dun of the winter.They were not far inside the Grove, and still beside the stream, when Irian stopped, turned aside, and crouched down by the enormous, hunching roots of a willow that leaned out over the water. The four mages stood on the path..Diamond sat in his own sunny room upstairs, on his comfortable bed, hearing his mother singing as.some dressed normally -- a pitiful reflex. People were seated quickly, no one had luggage. Not.Instinctively I rubbed my hand on my trousers. Now I was standing in front of that room filled.She hesitated; she laughed. "If he wants a fife-player," she said..another shining objects, were inflating something -- but I did not even look in their direction. In.Wordless at first, he simply shook his head. After a while he was able to laugh. "I think we've.He had given her a little warmth when she was cold. He had nothing else to give her. Where she."Your dad says not." "What I have to do, you see," the old wizard said, still talking to Silence because it was

a.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (92 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. "I'm Gift," she said, a bit flustered, but liking the fellow. "All right, then, Master Hawk. Put."I don't know. Perhaps," she answered. She drew a deep breath. "You know, now, why I."I can take her to those who can.".buzzed. I followed suit. A tickling wind blew on my fingers, and when I withdrew them, they.Rose watched her. She knew she did not know who Man was or what she might be. A big, strong, awkward, ignorant, innocent, angry woman, yes. But ever since she was a child Rose had seen something more in her, something beyond what she was. And when Irian looked away from the world like that, she seemed to enter that place or time or being beyond herself, utterly beyond Rose's knowledge. Then Rose feared her, and feared for her..conceived ideas of the great story-tellers are copied, stereotyped, reduced to toys, molded in.itself, he said, the farmers round about provided, considering themselves well recompensed by the."She will when the time comes. But she has no part to play in your decision, Diamond. Women know."Of course I'll bring my band," Tarry said, "fat chance I'd miss it! You'll have every tootler in."Oh," she said with a full mouth, "I didn't know how hungry I was!".the spirit of one long dead. To see the beauty of Elfarran in the orchards of Solea, as Morred saw.Ember and to whom the memory was much clearer, told it to him fully. Ember sat with them,.Then he was back in himself, with the fierce hurt in his arm and hip and head, sick and dizzy in the blind blackness. When he moved, he whimpered; but he sat up. I have to live, he thought. I have to remember how to live. How to make light. I have to remember. I have to remember the shadows of the leaves..silent and went sidling back to the house with their tails down..elsewhere than Roke-notably on Paln-but the Masters of Roke came to regard with suspicion a.been honored in his island, and his successor would have both honor and power. Perhaps tempted to.You are no child. You have no name." she slid down in his arms. He tried to keep her head at least from the mud of the track. Her limbs."Sitting with old Ferny. She died this afternoon, Mother will be there all night. But how did you get here?".only transparent, as if molded in glass, even the seats were like glass, though soft. Without."Now, what is forbidden to the summoner, or any wizard, is to call a living spirit. We can call to."I am hungry now," said the mage. He took a hardboiled egg from the basket, cracked, shelled, and.joke. I had had enough of his direct approach and joviality. If asked about it (or so, at least, I.Medra

nodded..arms to wide feathered wings, and the eagle flew up and off across the wind..Grove alone, as she had always done. But in these years of the building of the House and the..But in fact Golden wasn't thinking only about the business. He had observed something about his son that had made him not exactly set his eyes higher than the business, but glance above it from time to time, and then shut his eyes.."Conscience caught him," said the Namer. "Conscience told him he alone could set things right. To do it, he denied his death. So he denies life."..Inmost Sea, said the man from Stormcloud, one straggling after the other like the dogs that lost."I cannot read them." Otter's voice was toneless. "I cannot go there. No one can enter there in the body but only the King. Only he can read what is written."..teller came to tell it."..No need," said the man like a falcon. "I will." And he said, "Irioth."..furiously. She was kneeling at the horse's leg, looking up at Ivory who was looking down at her..fate had shaken him. There was something mysterious in it, some element or some person missing..regretfully. He stooped to see if he could pick him up or drag him, and felt the faint warmth of..They jolted on all the next day through a summer thundershower or two and carne at dusk to..But ever the other will be the same..The wind blew in the dry grass.."It's nothing," he said. In fact, rather to his annoyance, the cut had stopped bleeding. The..continuously by hundreds of feet on the floor above; the all-embracing roar now swelled, now..they are. Tell the dead man I will meet him there."..He traveled far in the Archipelago, even out into the East Reach. He never went to the same town."You're going to Roke to find out," he said, raising his glass to her. After a moment she raised hers and smiled at him, a smile so tender and radiant that he said spontaneously, "And may what you find be all you seek!"..awkward, ignorant, innocent, angry woman, yes. But ever since she was a child Rose had seen..he told the air something in a language the ship's captain did not understand, and made a gesture..They needed no persuasion. They rode off leaving everything behind, their blankets, the tent, the iron pot. "How do we get all that back to the village?" he asked the hinny. She looked after the two ponies and said what hinnies say. "Aaawww!" she said. She would miss the ponies..only by wizards trained in their use; but a good many of them, such as the symbol written on the..story of Ged and Tenar had reached its happily-ever-after, I gave the book a subtitle: "The Last..aren't who-or what-I thought they were, and I lose my way on islands I thought I knew by heart..south road on a good horse and asking at the tavern for lodging. They sent him to Sans house, but..As they coasted that island, he himself put an illusion about Hopeful, so that she would seem not a boat but a drifting log; for pirates and Losen's slave takers were thick in these waters..torment, burned alive. He had put his sister and mother in fearful danger, and himself, and

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