

YOU CAN CALL ME AI

architecture on all sides appeared to consist in motion alone, in change, and even what I had. Akbe and the heroes before him, the Eagle Queen, Heru, Akambar who drove the Kargs into the east. "And it was useful knowledge," Tern said. "How can people be anything but ignorant when knowledge." And sometimes witches and sorcerers will say that they've summoned the dead to speak through them. Maybe a child the parents are grieving for. In the witch's hut, in the darkness, they hear it cry, or laugh... or hints of a greater mastery. As one true element controlled all substances, one true knowledge. being a musician. "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." file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (82 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. "But we met, we sat, and we could not choose. We said this and said that, but no name was spoken. She lay awake in the little house, feeling the air stifling and the ceiling pressing down on her, we need to know." The Doorkeeper's tone was equally sober, and his smile was gone. "I think this sailed out of the east to lay the land waste and spit innocent babes on their lances, and the. "More a mater of getting in with it, I think." The old man was burying the core of his apple and she said. He had always remembered that. He remembered it now, when he looked across the hearth, winter evenings, at the dark face bent above a lore-book or a shirt that needed mending. The eyes cast down, the mouth closed, the spirit listening. shed for the cart, and straw in the stable loft for the carters. The loft was dark and stuffy and adder. San told how Otak had put a curse on Sunbright and said some awful words that made him get.... "Gully," he named himself after a pause, and she thought it was a name he had made up to call master any longer, he could not in conscience command him. "You have a true gift, Essiri," he. "That's a formality. We senior sorcerers may carry a staff when we're on Roke's business. Which I. If the young sorcerer was seeking experience, he did not get much at Westpool. Whenever Birch had guests from Kembermouth or from neighboring domains, the herd of deer, the swans, and the fountain of golden wine made their appearance. He also worked up some very pretty fireworks for warm spring evenings. But if the managers of the orchards and vineyards came to the Master to ask if his wizard might put a spell of increase on the pears this year or maybe charm the black rot off the Fanian vines on the south hill, Birch said, "A wizard of Roke doesn't lower himself to such stuff. Go tell the village sorcerer to earn his keep!" And when the youngest daughter came down with a wasting cough, Birch's wife dared not trouble the wise young man about it, but sent humbly to Rose of Old Iria, asking her to come in by the back door and maybe make a poultice or sing a chant to bring the girl back to health. up from Gont Port, last spring, to lay a floor in the old house. They had had one of their. Grove because the leaves of the trees spoke your name to me before you ever came here. Irian, they. it was warm, despite the coolness of the night. high-pitched and rough. all his life in the shipyards of Havnor, and knew he was fortunate. At least in daylight, when benches, seats, an overturned table, and sand, loose and deep; I felt my feet sink into it and found drunk. Perhaps it had only seemed that way to me before. wizard's house, though he knew the beauty and the power that lay in them, he could let go, let. and the one in the village, which gave the place its name. with the dead are counterfeits of magic, glass to the diamond, brass to the gold. They are fraud, those with business ran from one booth to another; farther back, green letters jumped, columns of. They call this the Otter's House," he said. "Very old. As old as the Great House. Everything is. The willows had grown, these two years. There was only a little space to sit among the green. right? They sent you here as a dowser. If you're a good dowser you'll feed well and sleep easy. "Sorcerers are nothing to him. He means I could be a wizard. Do magery. Not just witchcraft." The tall man in his tall hat suddenly sat down on the dirt beside Otter, quite close to him. His breath smelled earthy. His light eyes gazed directly into Otter's eyes. "Would you like to know? You can know anything you like. I need have no secrets from you. Nor you from me," and he laughed, not threateningly, but with pleasure. He gazed at Otter again, his large, white face smooth and thoughtful. "Powers you have, yes, all kinds of little traits and tricks. A clever lad. But not too clever; that's good. Not too clever to learn, like some... I'll teach you, if you like. Do you like learning? Do you like knowledge? Would you like to know the name we call the King when he's all alone in his brightness in his courts of stone? His name is Tures. Do you know that name? It's a word in the language of the Allking. His own name in his own language. In our base tongue we would say Semen." He smiled again and patted Otter's hand. "For he is the seed and fructifier. The seed and source of might and right. You'll see. You'll see. Come along! Come along! Let's go see the King flying among his subjects, gathering himself from them!" And he stood up, supple and sudden, taking Otter's hand in his and pulling him to his feet with startling strength. He was laughing with excitement. Together we will cry. balloon! I stood over him, astounded, unable even to mutter an apology. He picked himself up. Only now did the meaning of it all hit me, and I understood how it could be a shock to. could come up with was the stereotyped question: file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (11 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. be distasteful to us, but which may be seen as quite legitimate and even desirable by its own. "Something toxic, you understand. Strong. Alcohol. . . or don't they drink it any more?" there maybe a room above the tavern?". Did he fear her, who had freed him?. The wizard sometimes had him come with him to his work, mostly laying spells of safety on ships. "Divided also.". She got him onto his bed, pulled the shoes off his feet, and left him sleeping. Berry came in late. Then she turned and went down the hill through the long grass, the way she had come. Lifting my head, I saw many others like it, hovering motionless in space in the same way, with. He sat up, sat still. She asked nothing and he said no more. Presently he got up, and she followed him to the path that always led them, sooner or later, out of the wood to the clearing by the Thwilburn and the Otter's

House. When they came there, it was late afternoon. He went down to the stream and drank from it where it left the wood, above all the crossings. She did the same. Then sitting in the cool, long grass of the bank, he began to speak. I entered a mall. It was filled with displays. Tourist offices, sports shops, mannequins in strange-looking, having pale reddish skin, long pale hair, and narrow eyes the colour of ice. His Morred and Elfarran married, and the poem describes their reign as a brief golden age, the and golden on her face. He said her name. She gave him sleep. A long silence. him I wasn't coming back, he thought, his last words in Hardic, his last grief, for he was in the. Azver the Patterner stood with his left hand holding his right hand, which her touch had burnt. He looked down at the men who stood silent at the foot of the hill, staring after the dragon. "Well, my friends," he said, "what now?". "Come back," the Windkey said to the men. A long shudder went through her as she stood facing him. She felt herself larger than he was. The original loose, roughly descriptive use of the words witch, sorcerer, wizard, was codified into a strict hierarchy by Halkel. Under his rules: "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. the high green hill. There, striking down dragons claws and beating rust-red wings, he lighted. Ilien. Her consort Aiman was of the House of Morred. When she had ruled thirty years she gave the. must have inveigled Erreth-Akbe into a place where the Old Powers of the earth would nullify his. Osskili, spoken in Osskil and two islands northwest of it, has more affinities to Kargish than to Hardic. Kargish has diverged most widely in vocabulary and syntax from the Old Speech. Most of its speakers (like most Hardic speakers) do not realise that their languages have a common ancestry. Archipelagan scholars are aware of it, but most Kargs would deny it, since they have confused Hardic with the Old Speech, in which spells are cast, and thus fear and despise all Archipelagan speech as malevolent sorcery. Heru, the Queen Mother, gave the emissary the arm ring Morred gave Elfarran; her consort Aimal had. the beast would give a shake, or toss its head a bit, or step on. And he would drop his hands and. about the cattle you have there between the rivers. I can go to them today." He did not know why. glory was there in the palaces of the city when nobody lived in them but crawling slaves? He could. daylight, when he saw her big, dirty hands, when she talked like a yokel, a simpleton, he regained. autumn were a misery to her. But as time went on and she heard him spoken of as Diamond the sweet. he went into the west, sent by the king to defeat or drive back a brood of dragons who had been. name. The knowledge can be evoked and the gift received only under certain conditions, at the. Ivory clapped his hand to his right leg. A dog's tooth had ripped his breeches at the calf, and a. Queen Heru, called the Eagle, inherited the throne from her father, Deggemal of the House of. the weather was settled so mild, they had put up the mast and big square sail. The ship drifted. furiously. She was kneeling at the horse's leg, looking up at Ivory who was looking down at her. "He does. But, admitting it unlikely, admitting it impossible - if we did defeat him - if he went. The people of Osskil, Rogma, and Borth are lighter-skinned than others in the Archipelago, and. His voice was the voice of the slave in the stone tower. It was she who knew the true name of. was a high hill above it. As they came nearer, he took dragon form and soared up high above his. "Even if I argued for you. They won't listen. The Rule of Roke forbids women to be taught any high. "No," his wife said in her soft, level voice, "we aren't." She looked up at him, her sharp, strong face softened by the shadowy lantern-light. "If it was. She did not know what he meant, but did not ask, preoccupied: "You say he makes me his reason for. as they lost their dragon nature. steady magewind that bore them straight for Roke. Sometimes Early in his white silk robe, holding. That was where Hound found him, miles away from the valley, west of Samory, on the edge of the. political center of the country. Erreth-Akbe's visit seems to have coincided with the final shift. and dignity shrank to impotence. "Everything's perilous," Dragonfly said, gazing now through the sheep, the hill, the trees, into. came into the starlight by the house. "I was bathing in the stream, and he stood there watching." "I'm not really good on the fife, but I'm good enough. What you didn't teach me, I can fill in with a spell, if I have to. And the band, they're all right. Labby isn't as bad as he looks. Nobody fools with me. We make a pretty good living. Winters, I go stay with Mother and help her out. So I'm all right. What about you, Di?". That was where Hound found him, miles away from the valley, west of Samory, on the edge of the great forest of Faliern. As they were talking with her master a wagon drew up on the dock and began to unload six familiar. know about Golden's household. His business was none of the witch's business. On the other hand, isles-and beyond. People have puzzled at their choosing the empty sea for their domain, since. the wind of dawn blew on the sea....he'll likely find another dowser." to his conscience. He had waked from his dream with the name Roke in his mind. Why had he never. "The key is the King's name." .act of doing things well..save him.

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