

## IONAL ENCAMPMENT OF THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC PHILADELPHIA S

"Who told you about it?" "Maybe I ought to go now?" I asked. I still held my untouched drink..magery had recognized that meaning as the true one. Gelluk had said the word also meant. "You have told me," Veil said..away, instead of sinking into the blank misery of all his nights in that room, he stayed awake..She got him onto his bed, pulled the shoes off his feet, and left him sleeping. Berry came in late and drunker than usual, so that he fell and gashed his forehead on the andiron. Bleeding and raging, he ordered Gift to kick the shorsher out the housh, right away, kick 'im out. Then he vomited into the ashes and fell asleep on the hearth. She hauled him onto his pallet, pulled his shoes off his feet, and left him sleeping. She went to look at the other one. He looked feverish, and she put her hand on his forehead. He opened his eyes, looking straight into hers without expression. "Emer," he said, and closed his eyes again..He stared..knows it has real power, power of life and death, over the person. Often a true name is never. "I don't know," Dragonfly said. "To hear about the Great House is wonderful, but I thought the..Most people of the Archipelago have brown or red-brown skin, black straight hair, and dark eyes;..Maybe I said it out loud in my sleep. Or somebody told him. But nobody knows it. Nobody ever knew..would be sure to reach Ark before the Long Dance..teeth like a freshly baked roll, but immediately crumbled and melted on the tongue; the brown..strong man with rough greying hair, running now like a stag.. "And if. . ." "And a man comes when you knock, an ordinary-looking man. And he gives you a test. You have to say a certain word, a password, before he'll let you in. If you don't know it, you can never go in. But if he lets you in, then from inside you see that the door is entirely different - it's made out of horn, with a tree carved on it, and the frame is made out of a tooth, one tooth of a dragon that lived long, long before Erreth-Akbe, before Morred, before there were people in Earthsea. There were only dragons, to begin with. They found the tooth on Mount Onn, in Havnor, at the centre of the world. And the leaves of the tree are carved so thin that the light shines through them, but the door's so strong that if the Doorkeeper shuts it no spell could ever open it. And then the Doorkeeper takes you down a hall and another hall, till you're lost and bewildered, and then suddenly you come out under the sky. In the Court of the Fountain, in the very deepest inside of the Great House. And that's where the Archmage would be, if he was there..." "Well, to my story. Forty years and more ago, there was a child born on the Isle of Ark, a rich isle of the Inmost Sea, away south and east from Semel. This child was the son of an under-steward in the household of the Lord of Ark. Not a poor man's son, but not a child of much account. And the parents died young. So not much heed was paid to him, until they had to take notice of him because of what he did and could do. He was an uncanny brat, as they say. He had powers. He could light a fire or douse it with a word. He could make pots and pans fly through the air. He could turn a mouse into a pigeon and set it flying round the great kitchens of the Lord of Ark. And if he was crossed, or frightened, then he did harm. He turned a kettle of boiling water over a cook who had mistreated him."..told in the Havnorian Lay. Tracing descent both through the male and the female lines, and.."They won't buy our milk and cheese," Berry whined..Earth in her turning to the sun makes the days and nights, but within her there are no days. Medra walked through the night. He was very lame, and could not always keep up the werelight. When it failed he had to stop and sit down and sleep. The sleep was never death, as he thought it was. He woke, always cold, always in pain, always thirsty, and when he could make a glimmer of the light he got to his feet and went on. He never saw Anieb but he knew she was there. He followed her. Sometimes there were great rooms. Sometimes there were pools of motionless water. It was hard to break the stillness of their surface, but he drank from them. He thought he had gone down deeper and deeper for a long time, till he reached the longest of those pools, and after that the way went up again. Sometimes now Anieb followed him. He could say her name, though she did not answer. He could not say the other name, but he could think of the trees; of the roots of the trees. This was the kingdom of the roots of the trees. How far does the forest go? As far as forests go. As long as the lives, as deep as the roots of the trees. As long as leaves cast shadows. There were no shadows here, only the dark, but he went forward, and went forward, until he saw Anieb before him. He saw the flash of her eyes, the cloud of her curling hair. She looked back at him for a moment, and then turned aside and ran lightly down a long, steep slope into darkness.."Third time's the charm.."..regret her rash invitation, and I wanted to make things easy for her..Changer's face remained stern, but he blinked, and after a little thought said, "I'm sure - yes -..say it. And the rest is silence.."..When (in the year 440, by Hardic count) Erreth-Akbe came to make peace between the Archipelago and the Kargad Lands, bearing the Bond Ring as pledge of his king's sincerity, he came to Hupun as the capital of the Kargad Empire and treated with King Thoreg as its ruler.."Perhaps I am wrong," said Hemlock in his dry, flat voice. "Your gift may be for Pattern. Or..of his colleagues, no subsequent archmage seriously misused his power to weaken others or..Medra bowed his head, standing there. "Anieb," he said, "can you come back this far? I don't know..None of the mages answered him. In the silence, the men with him murmured, and a voice among them said, "Let us have the witch.."..wholeness, was a gain for him. He had begun merely by trying to get her into his bed, a game he..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (37 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]..I sat down. My fingers were unsteady; I wanted to hold something in them. I pulled a.."I won't sail my boat across Havnor, dear love. I plan to go around it. By water." He could always..erratic force, not to be relied on. Morred was the first man, and the first king, to be called..particularly of the words of the Language of the Making. His Book of Names became the foundation..the eldest, the Doorkeeper, Segoy....After a little silence Otter said, "Thanks." And he looked up at Hound, one brief, questioning.."Don't move," in a low, amicable voice. He sensed great power in the young man, enough that he was..and said gently, confidentially, "I'm sure you can find the great lode..".."That's a formality. We senior sorcerers may carry a staff when we're on Roke's business. Which I..has clung to it since. Witches paid dearly for practicing the arts they thought of as their

own..that lived long, long before Erreth-Akbe, before Morred, before there were people in Earthsea..the main Archipelago and the Kargad Lands east of it, while the dragons kept to the westernmost."He drinks because he drinks," she said. "With some, that's all it is. I'll be in the dairy, now..awareness; the boy was trying some trick or other. Gelluk spoke a single word impatiently, and.As he walked he thought; he thought hard; he recalled. He recalled all he could of matters his teacher had spoken of once only and long ago. Strange matters, so strange he had never known if they were true wizardry or mere witchery, as they said on Roke. Matters he certainly had never heard about on Roke, nor did he ever speak about them there, maybe fearing the Masters would despise him for taking such things seriously, maybe knowing they would not understand them, because they were Gontish matters, truths of Gont. They were not written even in Ard's lore-books, that had come down from the Great Mage Ennas of Perregal. They were all word of mouth. They were home truths..with the spells worked in such events and their success or unsuccess. Such random records reveal a.sarcophagi. What did they do in them? But such things I encountered all the time, and tried not to.his left..She's called Dragonfly, and she does all the work, and I saw her once last year. She's tall, and.the ragged shirt and saying nothing. At last he said he must go on, and the children drifted away.the spirit of one long dead. To see the beauty of Elfarran in the orchards of Solea, as Morred saw.The slave stood by, motionless. All the people who worked in the heat and fumes of the roaster.what you ask, and for that we ask your forgiveness. But if you seek to stay here you forfeit.Silence bowed his rough, thoughtful head.."He's angry," Diamond said, "but he won't do anything."PEOPLES AND LANGUAGES.nothing at all. He sat down near her. She looked down, as if studying the skeleton of a last-runes. To write in the True Runes, as to speak the Old Speech, is to guarantee the truth of what.She turned away from him and them and went on up the hill in the gathering darkness. As she went.see the King flying among his subjects, gathering himself from them!" And he stood up, supple and.He said nothing. In fact he was at a loss. If he had known it would be this easy, he could have.must be. I was wrong."..pale blotches of faces; there was something like a balcony up there. Blinded by the light, I could.there?"..had not come from Roke to trudge about on foot in the mud and dust of country byways..Gelluk wore fantastic clothes, as many of his kind did in those days. A long robe of Lorbanery silk, scarlet, embroidered in gold and black with runes and symbols, and a wide-brimmed, peak-crowned hat made him seem taller than a man could be. Otter did not need to see his clothes to know him. He knew the hand that had woven his bonds and cursed his nights, the acid taste and choking grip of that power.."The father and the witch-girl," said Darkrose..She had never seen where he lived. He slept wherever he chose to, she imagined, in these warm.watching, listening; and she knew how tricky the paths were, and that the Grove was, as the.perspective. It was hard to rest the eye on anything that was not in motion, because the.a sign that read STRATO lit up, as though written with the glowing end of a cigarette. I bent.breed modesty, sometimes, even in unlikely places. "If you were to go to Roke, I'd send a letter.to him, "Did you ever hear of Roke Island?"..spells made and annotated by a wizard, or by a lineage of wizards) there is usually one copy only..her and bring them back to Roke when he returned. So they set off northeast across the Inmost Sea.He walked down the straggling street of Purewells to Sans house, which was about midway, opposite the tavern. San, a hardbitten man in his thirties, was talking to a man on his doorstep, a stranger. When they saw Irioth they looked uneasy. San went into his house and the stranger followed..Another pause. Golden glanced over at his wife, who stood by the window listening in silence. Then he looked at his son. Slowly the mixture of anger, disappointment, confusion, and respect on his face gave way to something simpler, a look of complicity, very nearly a wink. "I see," he said. "And what did you decide you want?"..stories, I became (somewhat) more systematic and methodical, and put my knowledge of the peoples."Stand!" he said to it in its language, and let go of it. It stood as if he had driven it into a socket..At the stream Serrenen, where it runs within the north wall of the city, the midwife gave Otter."Where?"..back home and a lot of things had changed. Sex. Money. Transit. Violence. There's no more.fast and brilliant, too fast for some of the dancers. Diamond and his partner stayed in, and.entered the tower..Chinese characters, can accommodate widely varying pronunciations and shifts of meaning..was nominally in charge although she was older, larger, better fed, and probably wiser than he.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (69 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].They set off along the wharves, asking for a ship bound south that might take a wizard and his.the Changer and the pale man both watching her intently..Gelluk was sure that without him Losen's rubbishy kingdom would soon collapse and some enemy mage would rub out its king with half a spell. But he let Losen act the master. The pirate was a convenience to the wizard, who had got used to having his wants provided, his time free, and an endless supply of slaves for his needs and experiments. It was easy to keep up the protections he had laid on Losen's person and expeditions and forays, the prisoning spells he had laid on the places slaves worked or treasures were kept. Making those spells had been a different matter, a long hard work. But they were in place now, and there wasn't a wizard in all Havnor who could undo them..He could speak his language only with her. And he had lost her, let her go. The double heart has.quickly had left little time for provisioning the ships. They overran the towns along the west.she went about the house. He held the wizard's letter and reread the message and the two runes.him as a slave, he paid them in gold, and was gone by the next day, when the gold turned back into.ring, maybe that's nothing compared to what the wizards and the dragonlords can do, but it's not."As... as a bird, a tern. Is this Roke Island?"..a collateral line of the House of Enlad, inheriting the throne from a cousin; his forebears were.try to close himself off to it. "I will not work in the service of evil!" he told himself. Then.little wisdom or gentleness with him. Maybe they were afraid of him. They bound his hands and.He gave a sharp look at his staff, which leaned in the corner behind the door. He put the eggs in the larder, ate an apple quickly because he was hungry, and took his staff. It was yew, bound at the foot with copper, worn to silk at the grip. Nemmerle had given it to him.."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 was mad, and she didn't know what possessed her to let him stay, yet she could not fear him or distrust him. What did it matter if he was mad? He was gentle, and might have been wise once, before what happened to him happened. And he wasn't so mad as all that. Mad in patches, mad at moments. Nothing in him was whole, not even his madness. He couldn't remember the name he had told her, and told people in the village to call him Otak. He probably couldn't remember her name either; he always called her mistress. But maybe that was his courtesy. She called him sir, in courtesy, and because neither Gully or Otak seemed names well suited to him. An otak, she had heard, was a little animal with sharp teeth and no voice, but there were no such creatures on the High Marsh..After Maharion's death in 452, several claimants contested the throne; none prevailed. Within a

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