

BIBLIA ANAGRAMMATICA OR THE ANAGRAMMATIC BIBLE A LITERARY CURIOSITY GATHERED FROM UNEXPLORED SOURCES

He looked from one sister to the other: the one so mild and so immovable, the other, under her anything lost, a dropped nail, a mislaid tool, as soon as he understood the word for it. And as a file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (31 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. "I don't know," he said. 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. Dragonfly spoke in a ragged, raging whisper: 'How could you name me that!' freely, as if they were not material. It was far more convenient to him that Losen should be king than that he himself should rule Havnor openly. Men of arms didn't trust men of craft and didn't like to serve them. No matter what a mage's powers, unless he was as mighty as the Enemy of Morred, he couldn't hold armies and fleets together if the soldiers and sailors chose not to obey. People were in the habit of fearing and obeying Losen, an old habit now, and well learned. They credited him with the powers he had had of bold strategy, firm leadership, and utter cruelty; and they credited him with powers he had never had, such as mastery over the wizards who served him. "Yes," he said, "but only disguised. I won't put a semblance-spell on you till we're on Roke. of pearly minerals surrounded the mouths of the caves; in these people sat, legs dangling; small singer with a droning voice and a droning bagpipe was singing The Deed of the Dragonlord to a held in my hand seemed to be made of paper, empty. But I quickly learned to control my body. In return, I felt that I no longer desired, was looking for, was in need of a single thing; it was enough. been a period of years), the depredations of the dragons increased. The Inward Isles were troubled. clamour and racket of barking that woke everybody for a half-mile round except the Master, sodden. "Yes," she said. "I'm sorry." Her hand was still on his knee. She said, "We can make love if you. and obeying Losen, an old habit now, and well learned. They credited him with the powers he had. sound. She adjusted the back of it, gave me a smile, and left. I sat down. The cushions were. He drank a mug of beer down in one draft, and the girls with him watched the muscles in his strong throat as he swallowed, and they laughed and chattered, and he shivered all over like a cart horse stung by flies. He said, "Oh! I can't --!" He bolted off into the dusk beyond the lanterns hanging around the brewer's booth. "Where's he going?" said one, and another, "He'll be back," and they laughed and chattered. Maharion and Erreth-Akbe became "hearts brothers." They spent ten years together fighting the Kargs, whose occasional forays from the East had in recent times become a slave-taking, colonising invasion. Venway, Torheven and the Torikles, Spevy, Perregal, and parts of Gont were under Kargish dominion for a generation or longer. At Shelieth on Way, Erreth-Akbe worked a great magic against the Kargish forces, who had landed in "a thousand ships" on Waymarsh and were swarming across the mainland. Using an invocation of the Old Powers called the Waterlore (perhaps the same that Elfarran had used on Solea against the Enemy), he turned the waters of the Fountains of Shelieth-sacred springs and pools in the gardens of the Lords of Way-into a flood that swept the invaders back to the seacoast, where Maharion's army awaited them. No ship of the fleet returned to Karego-At. mines at Samory, round the mountain. There you'd be out of his way. Work for him you must, if you. at me. Her eyes froze. But to that I had grown accustomed. I asked where the Inner Circle was. salt destroyer," says the poem. But as he fled, he captured her brother Salan, who was sailing. "My people, the Kargs, they worship gods. Twin gods, brothers. And the king there is also a god. remained to be seen. The boy's modesty was a great relief to him. still the station but preferred not to ask. She led me to a small cabin inside a wall, not very. "Now the King is in my body, the noble guest of my house. He won't make me slaver and vomit or cause sores on my body; no, for I don't fear him, but invite him, and so he enters into my veins and arteries. No harm comes to me. My blood runs silver. I see things unknown to other men. I share the secrets of the King. And when he leaves me, he hides in the place of ordure, in foulness itself, and yet again in the vile place he waits for me to come and take him up and cleanse him as he cleansed me, so that each time we grow purer together." The wizard took Otter's arm and walked along with him. He said, smiling and confidential, "I am one who shits moonlight. You will not know another such. And more than that, more than that, the King enters into my seed. He is my semen. I am Turren and he is me..." them a part of the House that will be all their own, or even a separate house, so they can keep. not see that word forgotten." "Lord Thorion has returned from death to save us all," the Windkey said, fiercely and clearly. "He will be Archmage. Under his rule Roke will be as it was. The king will receive the true crown from his hand, and rule with his guidance, as Morred ruled. No witches will defile sacred ground. No dragons will threaten the Inmost Sea. There will be order, safety, and peace." And beyond that, nothing. There had been illusions, little spells, pebbles that turned to butterflies, wooden birds that flew on living wings for a minute or two. There had never been a choice, really. There was only one way for him to go. Before their marriage, a mage or wizard, whose name is never given except as the Enemy of Morred. "Too high and mighty these days to stop and talk," said Tarry, "though I taught him all he knows." "Whom do you serve?" asked the shorter and younger of the women, speaking for the first time. She. misery, she leaped out of bed and opened the shutters. smoke he saw far down the shore. Behind him were the tracks of an otter's four feet coming up from. when they turned back, but he knew they had walked farther than the shores of Roke. shoes walking round Andanden on the cruel roads of black lava. The soles were worn right through. west of Ensmer, Ath confronted the great dragon Orm. Accounts of this meeting vary; but though. The slave, short and thin, hairless, with running sores on his hands and arms, uncapped a stone. and when his son was born, the mother said, "We could call him Chestnut, or Oak, maybe?" But the. If the young sorcerer was seeking experience, he did not get much at Westpool. Whenever Birch had. If written down, spells are written in the True Runes, sometimes with some admixture of the Hardic runes. To write in the True Runes, as to speak the Old Speech, is to guarantee the truth of what one says-if one

is human. Human beings cannot lie in that language. Dragons can; or so the dragons say; and if they are lying, does that not prove that what they say is true? the night. Once for a moment something drew his mind away, some invasion of the outskirts of his. "Maybe I came to destroy him." "There, you see -- did you know in which direction the water flowed before it. . . ?". GOLDEN WAS immensely happy and quite unconscious of it. "Old man's got his jewel back," said the. "What is that?". librarian. The Book of Names, which is kept now in the Isolate Tower, was the foundation of the. 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..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (74 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].his prey was in. He walked to it and flung the door open..All the people of the Archipelago and the Reaches share the Hardic language and culture with local variations. The Raft People of the far South West Reach retain the great annual celebrations, but little else of Archipelagan culture, having no commerce, no agriculture, and no knowledge of other peoples.. "You still are," Medra said. "Anieb was one of you. She and you and all of us live in the same prison." In the Archipelago, men built ships and women built houses, that was the custom; but in building a.a plum, with just a hint of prickliness above the lip and jawline, where he had taken to shaving. There was no warmth and no light.. "You ought to have your proper name day, your feast and dancing, like any young 'un," the witch. was lucky. I learned my lesson young.. Then for a while he held still, body and mind, beginning to understand for the first time where. know something about the power, see," she said at last, and looked at Dragonfly with one eye. Her. hm. They know I love him. As for the ships, some had come back, with the men aboard saying they. Otter a little cinnabar in a bucket, brownish red clots and crumbs. Shadows leapt across the earth. What am I going to do?". The two earliest surviving epic or historical texts are The Deed of Enlad, and The Song of the. the ship's master, "I'll go ashore in the morning." they spoke of her.. tried to say he would not take the man's work from him. But all these words burned away in the. falling. Then he walked forward, stiff and awkward, trying not to resist the coercive, passionate. there is no doubt of that: "The womb of the Mother lies under Samory." In a day or two some of Licky's men came asking if anyone had seen or heard tell of the great. founded a school on Roke as a center where they might gather and share knowledge, clarify the. On the first of his voyages of finding, Medra, or Tern as he was called, sailed northward up the Inmost Sea to Orrimy, where he had been some years before. There were people of the Hand there whom he trusted. One of them was a man called Crow, a wealthy recluse, who had no gift of magic but a great passion for what was written, for books of lore and history. It was Crow who had, as he said, stuck Tern's nose into a book till he could read it. "Illiterate wizards are the curse of Earthsea!" he cried. "Ignorant power is a bane!" Crow was a strange man, willful, arrogant, obstinate, and, in defense of his passion, brave. He had defied Losen's power, years before, going to the Port of Havnor in disguise and coming away with four books from an ancient royal library. He had just obtained, and was vastly proud of, an arcane treatise from Way concerning quicksilver. "Got that from under Losen's nose too," he said to Tern. "Come have a look at it! It belonged to a famous wizard." Archipelagan scholars are aware of it, but most Kargs would deny it, since they have confused. across the glade.. She had thought maybe his talk of coming here to cure the cattle sickness was one of the mad bits.. four or five times a day, it'll heal clean, I'm sorry." She said the last honestly, though. understand that? "No," Diamond said.. "It's a rare gift, to know where you need to be, before you've been to all the places you don't. by." isn't saved, isn't taught? If books could be brought together in one place..." Then that was gone and he stood facing the witch-girl. Her look of accusation slowly changed. She put her face in her hands.. "How can we get free?" "Get back, you black-hearted bitch!" she yelled. "Home, you crawling traitor!" And the dogs fell. and kicked his shoes off. He stood still and felt the dust and rock of the cliff-top path under. divided land. By the time the girl called Dragonfly was born, the domain of Iria, though still one. He smiled. Gift had never seen him smile.. wizards.. myself. She flinched.. Her thin voice was hidden by the many-voiced rain sweeping over the hills and through the trees.. "You have been watching clips from newsreels of the seventies, in the series Views of the. you know my name." "Wait," I said. "Do you have anything to drink?". the outlay and the income, the profit and the loss.. sleep with on a cold night. I'll be glad to pay you, mistress, if two coppers would suit, and my. In the young dowser he recognized a power, untaught and inept, which he could use. He needed much more quicksilver than he had, therefore he needed a finder. Finding was a base skill. Gelluk had never practiced it, but he could see that the young fellow had the gift. He would do well to learn the boy's true name so that he could be sure of controlling him. He sighed at the thought of the time he must waste teaching the boy what he was good for. And after that the ore must still be dug out of the earth and the metal refined. As always, Gelluk's mind leapt across obstacles and delays to the wonderful mysteries at the end of them.. root cellar that night and the nights after. Neighbors who came at last to bury the rotting bodies. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (86 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. could be anything. Horses! Bears!" "Of course," Golden said, pleased with his son's caution. He had thought Diamond might leap at the. to fear him. I do not need to fear his power. I do not need his power. I must see him, to be sure.. onto a moving walkway. Quite close to me, a pair of startled eyes flashed by -- a lovely dark girl. was some sniggering and shushing.. "No. I'll write him," Diamond said, in his new, level voice.

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