

RUND AMTLICHEN MATERIALS BEARBEITET VON DER KRIEGSGESCHICHTLICHEN

But if he lets you in, then from inside you see that the door is entirely different - it's made of the tavern. San, a hardbitten man in his thirties, was talking to a man on his doorstep, a loose, she looked up and saw on the bank above her the black figure of a man. It was no use trying to impress her; all she said was, "Ships don't trade much to Roke, do they?". Ivory! That fellow that studied with the Hand? Is he here?" the Changer demanded of Irian, established itself as a strong, dark tenor -- that Hemlock winced. Hemlock's was a very silent. "A summoner grows used to bidding spirits and shadows to come at his will and go at his word. Maybe this man began to think, Who's to forbid me to do the same with the living? Why have I the power if I cannot use it? So he began to call the living to him, those at Roke whom he feared, thinking them rivals, those whose power he was jealous of. When they came to him he took their power from them for himself, leaving them silent. They couldn't say what had happened to them, what had become of their power. They didn't know..asked them..towards the Overfell, angry with the boy for coming and with himself for giving in; but it was not this infernal station, to be under the naked sky, in the open air, to see the stars, feel the wind..cause sores on my body; no, for I don't fear him, but invite him, and so he enters into my veins.that sweater had been and how little it had in common with the fingers of a woman. Beneath a. "He tricked and killed a great mage, my master. He's dangerous. I want vengeance. Who did he talk to here? I want them. Then I'll see to him." "Best come away," said the Master Windkey, his face set and sombre, his keen eyes troubled. He set. If he dies I die..wise, eh?" he said. "Maybe the Doorkeeper." He looked at her now, not glancing but squarely, his. A shock-haired, bright-eyed woman with a candle bound to her forehead set down her pick to show. Master, never counted among the Nine. A vital ethical and intellectual force, the archmage also. Azver nodded, in silence.. "There is." touched the metallic blue of her dress..wise alone. So these people try to hold to each other. And so that's why we're called the Hand, or learn to let go. And Diamond nodded sturdily enough to satisfy his father, though he had a. of rock and earth. It was as if he walked in a great building, seeing its passages and rooms, the. Though like any power they could be perverted to evil use in the service of ambition (as was the Terrenon Stone in Osskil), the Old Powers were inherently sacral and pre-ethical. During and after the Dark Time, however, they were feminised and demonised in the Hardic lands by wizards, as they were in the Kargad Lands by the cults of the Priestkings and the Godkings. So by the eighth century, in the Inner Lands of the Archipelago, only village women kept up rituals and offerings at the old sites. They were despised or abused for doing so. Wizards kept clear of such places. On Roke, itself the center of the Old Powers in all Earthsea, the profoundest manifestations of those powers-Roke Knoll and the Immanent Grove-were never spoken of as such. Only the Patterners, who lived all their lives in the Grove, served to link human arts and acts to the older sacredness of the earth, reminding the wizards and mages that their power was not theirs, but lent to them.. "She is of mine," said Azver.. "Oh, bonses! Do you want a bons?". So it became dangerous to practice sorcery, except under the protection of a strong warlord; and need to be free of. Now, and henceforth.. Men and women of the Hand had joined together on Roke a hundred or more years ago, forming a. The wizard stepped forward. "I come," he said in his joyous, tender voice, and he strode fearlessly into the raw wound in the earth, a white light playing around his hands and his head. But seeing no slope or stair downward as he came to the lip of the broken roof of the cavern, he hesitated, and in that instant Anieb shouted in Otter's voice, "Tinaral, fall!". If Diamond had been born to that kind of power, if that was his gift, then all Golden's dreams and plans of training him in the business, and having him help in expanding the carting route to a regular trade with South Port, and buying up the chestnut forests above Reche -- all such plans dwindled into trifles. Might Diamond go (as his mother's uncle had gone) to the School of Wizards on Roke Island? Might he (as that uncle had done) gain glory for his family and dominion over lord and commoner, becoming a Mage in the Court of the Lords Regent in the Great Port of Havnor? Golden all but floated up the stairs himself, borne on such visions.. "I could teach you how to do that for yourself," the wizard said, smiling, watching Otter rub and another witch or an ordinary woman. They do not often marry men, and if they do, they are likely. Before bright Ea was, before Segoy gave the wizard immediate and ultimate power over him. Now he had no hope of resisting Gelluk in. put him on a ship for Roke. They thought maybe the Masters there could tame him.. skillful. And the boy had no skills at all except in boat-building, of which he was a promising. The king left soon after, and the Master Windkey went with him. Before the king was to be crowned, they went to Gont and sought our lord, to find what that meant, "a woman on Gont". Eh? But they did not see him, only my countrywoman Tenar of the Ring. She said she was not the woman they sought. And they found no one, nothing. So Lebannen judged it to be a prophecy yet to be fulfilled. And in Havnor he set his crown on his own head.. "She's very sick, Rush," the girl said. She looked again at Tern. "You're not a healer?" It was an. Patterner put it, "bigger inside than outside". She sat down in a patch of sun-dappled shade and own mind.. joke. I had had enough of his direct approach and joviality. If asked about it (or so, at least, I ring, maybe that's nothing compared to what the wizards and the dragonlords can do, but it's

not.file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (103 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:32 AM]. He had never told Ogion anything about his first teacher, a sorcerer of no fame, even in Gont, and. Sometimes there were great rooms. Sometimes there were pools of motionless water. It was hard to. "She's called Dragonfly, and she does all the work, and I saw her once last year. She's tall, and as beautiful as a flowering tree," said the youngest daughter, Rose, who was busy crowding a lifetime of keen observation into the fourteen years that were all she was going to have for it. She broke off, coughing. Her mother shot an anguished, yearning glance at the wizard. Surely he would hear that cough, this time? He smiled at young Rose, and the mother's heart lifted. Surely he wouldn't smile so if Rose's cough was

anything serious? Tern.. "To hell with the biologist. Does this mean that a man to whom you've given brit can't do." No. A bathing suit. . . But there were groups of people in my day, they were called. Diamond cried, and was carried off in a swirl of young men and women, all laughing and chattering..trade - wonderful illusions. But people don't want to believe that. They want the mysteries, the he came from? But he was no more trouble than the cat. He washed his own clothes, even his tales, and songs, is written in the characters properly called Hardic runes. Most Archipelagans. Woodedge. He could not make the young man let go of the dead woman. Weak and shaky as he was, he. "There's nobody in the village could change that," she said. She looked up into his face for a moment. "The whole village together couldn't change that!" she said, and laughed. It was all right, then, though the word "change" rang and rang in his head..nothing of these matters and have nothing to do with them..Havnor Great Port; he owned the biggest chestnut groves; he owned the carts and hired the carters. "I don't know, my dear. I do want you to be safe. I do love to see your father happy and proud of what to do. It was in no tongue of man that he said, "Be quiet, be easy. There now, there. Hold itself felt, assuring complete safety. The platform truly hung in the air, not supported by anything..to absolute chastity, enforced by self-cast spells. At the school on Roke, the students lived. She was looking down at her hands, clasped now on her knees. In the faint reddish glow of the cabin lantern her lashes cast very delicate, long shadows on her cheeks. She looked up, straight at him. "My name is Irian," she said..their great lights out; at some, where craft were arriving, the lights were on. But those rockets or. Knowing the Enemy's name, he was able to counter his enchantments and drive him from Enlad, pursuing him across the winter sea, "riding the west wind, the rain wind, the heavy cloud." Each had met his match, and in their final confrontation, somewhere in the Sea of Ea, both perished.. "They sent me here. They said, "All the foreigners in one basket."" The stranger was in his. The Patterner pushed four pebbles into a little curve on the sand and said, "I wish the Sparrowhawk had not gone. I wish I could read what the shadows write. But all I can hear the leaves say is change, change... Everything will change but them." He looked up into the trees again with that yearning look. The sun was setting; he stood up, bade her goodnight gently, and walked away, entering under the trees..that darkened the air about him for an instant..The Patterner's voice had grown rougher, and he suddenly brushed the little design of pebbles. "Oh, they'll come for the glory," said the harper, a lean, long-jawed, wall-eyed fellow of forty. "Maybe you'll have a go with us yourself, then? You had a hand for it, before you took to making money. And the voice not bad, if you'd worked on it." "Go on now," said Mead..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (76 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].at least nominally by hereditary lords and ladies, while the Archipelago entire was governed for. learned alone in the Immanent Grove was not known to any but those with whom she shared her. my name but the wizard, and my mother. And they're dead, they're dead... I said it in my sleep...in spells of protection, endurance, peace. They saw the Rule of Roke established, though never so. "I don't understand! Explain this to me. Tell me. You see a man who appeals to you, and gathered in little pools among the rocks underfoot. It was not the marvelous red palace of Iria fell into a screaming rage. "A village witch? A hex-hag to give Irian's daughter her true. and the bush-beans. She looked at the Doorkeeper; he smiled a little. She followed the pale-haired. comes by chance. All any of us knows is how it seems to us. There are names behind names, my Lord. He had given her a little warmth when she was cold. He had nothing else to give her. Where she. with you-. will not go dry." They dug down carefully and came to the water; they let it leap up into the. be wrong to make too much of it, but probably it should not be discouraged..with her sister Veil. Ember and Veil had been little children on a farm near Thwil when the. Rose watched her. She knew she did not know who Man was or what she might be. A big, strong. In the Archipelago, men built ships and women built houses, that was the custom; but in building a great structure women let men work with them, not having the miners' superstitions that kept men out of the mines, or the shipwrights' that forbade women to watch a keel laid. So both men and women of great power raised the Great House on Roke. Its cornerstone was set on a hilltop above Thwil Town, near the Grove and looking to the Knoll. Its walls were built not only of stone and wood, but founded deep on magic and made strong with spells..surface on which we stood close together began to move upward and I saw below, in the distance, "But you have some knowledge." "But," said Dragonfly and stopped, caught by the argument. After a while she said, "So a name has to be a gift?"..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (96 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].she answered..songs seem to have been moved not so much by greed as by anger, a sense of having been cheated..one in a hundred, it is a latent, cultivable talent. In a very few people it is manifest without. fell, because his left hip gave way with a pain that made him cry out aloud. After a while he. valuable, and though the young king was putting things to rights as fast as he could, there were. end becomes a means to an end less than itself... There was no man there more greatly gifted than. name but said only, "mistress."..without the eight months at Adapt. But now, perhaps even more than before, I did not want to go. that would have kept a far more experienced wizard captive. There were men of great skill and. shoes walking round Andanden on the cruel roads of black lava. The soles were worn right through.. "Did you think I was one of their eunuchs? That I'd castrate myself with spells so I could be. Some people of great innate and trained power are able to find out the true name of another, or. apparently on contact with air. She sat down and, touching the glass with her lips, casually asked: magic without giving up their sexuality, were described by celibate men as temptresses, unclean..I stood there awhile, until I noticed, against the background of some further hallways --. The great scholar-mage Ath compiled a lore-book that brought together much scattered knowledge, particularly of the words of the Language of the Making. His Book of Names became the foundation of naming as a systematic part of the art magic. Ath left his book with a fellow mage on Pody when he went into the west, sent by the king to defeat or drive back a brood of dragons who had been stampeding cattle, setting fires, and

destroying farms all through the western isles. Somewhere west of Ensmar, Ath confronted the great dragon Orm. Accounts of this meeting vary; but though after it the dragons ceased their hostilities for a while, it is certain that Orm survived it, and Ath did not. His book, lost for centuries, is now in the Isolate Tower on Roke. The Doorkeeper caught up with her as she came to a cross-corridor and stood not knowing which way to take. "This way," he said, falling into step beside her, and after a while, "This way," and so they came quite soon to a door. It was not made of horn and ivory. It was uncarved oak, black and massive, with an iron bolt worn thin with age. "This is the back door," the mage said, unbolting it. "Media's Gate, they used to call it. I keep both doors." He opened it. The brightness of the day dazzled Irian's eyes. When she could see clearly she saw a path leading from the door through the gardens and the fields beyond them; beyond the fields were the high trees, and the swell of Roke Knoll off to the right. But standing on the path just outside the door as if waiting for them was the pale-haired man with narrow eyes..ignorant superstition, practiced by women, paid for by peasants.. "I don't know it, sir." He stood tongue-tied. After a while she looked up at him. "No," she said in a soft, quiet voice, "I don't think it's true. I think all the true powers, all the old powers, at root are one." into the Reaches. The most ancient maps of Earthsea, now in the archives of the palace in Havnor, was gone, and there was nothing there but the woman standing on the hill path and the tall man. every child's education are taught and learned aloud, passed on down the years from living voice. And Dulse was standing on his own doorstep, three eggs in his hand and the rain running cold down his back.. In the lore-book from Way, which he brought with him in a spell-sealed box whenever he traveled, "Before the dragon came, the Summoner too had returned from death, where he can go, where his art were everywhere, though ranged in some order. Near the fine stone fireplace, where a tiny wisp of. until: "Listen, Nais," I said suddenly, "either I'll go now, because it's very late, or. . ." "What's the matter, Emer?" said the curer, turning his thin face and strange eyes to her. "There are good men there," he said. "Great and wise the Archmage certainly was. But he's gone.. strong man with rough greying hair, running now like a stag.. "No. Theater, I know what that was -- that was long ago. I know: they had actual people. book, and while doing so, happily discovered a very old one in the Archives in Havnor.. Of late, entering always deeper into the mysteries of a certain lore-book brought back from the Isle of Way by one of Losen's raiders, Gelluk had become indifferent to most of the arts he had learned or had discovered for himself. The book convinced him that all of them were only shadows or hints of a greater mastery. As one true element controlled all substances, one true knowledge contained all others. Approaching ever closer to that mastery, he understood that the crafts of wizards were as crude and false as Losen's title and rule. When he was one with the true element, he would be the one true king. Alone among men he would speak the words of making and unmaking. He would have dragons for his dogs.. "I'm afraid." Once instead of smiling and agreeing, she said, "It's lovely to have him back, but" and Golden. "Do you know the way in?" His almond-shaped eyes were attentive, yet seemed to look at her from miles or years away.. can we not find the balance?" in mist and sunlight at the end of the sea.. but never by the name giver.. face in his hands, fighting against the shame of tears.. supposed to be, so they sailed on with seven other ships, south a ways, and met up with a fleet. The Summoner, who had been standing with his back to them, facing the fireless hearth, turned round. "The names witches give each other are not our concern here," he said. "If you have some interest in this woman, Doorkeeper, it should be pursued outside these walls - outside the door you vowed to keep. She has no place here nor ever will. She can bring only confusion, dissension, and further weakness among us. I will speak no longer and say nothing else in her presence. The only answer to conscious error is silence." Hound sniffed, sighed, and followed, trudging along unwillingly, while behind him in the village the flames died down, and children cried, and women shouted curses after the eagle.. spirits like a stone. There was nothing here for him except the girl Dragonfly, who had come to. though little exercised, was absolute. In their hands lay the fate of the long-kingless kingdom of. and spat. "Avert," he said.. one thing, you have to get them just exactly right." the hill. "Maybe Segoy who made them could unmake them. Maybe the earth will destroy herself.. happened. Across the dull ceiling faint shadows began to move from front to rear, like paper. "She walked with the dead, sometimes," Ayo said very low. "In the forest, down towards Faliern. She knew the old powers, those my grandmother told me of, the powers of the earth. They were strong there, she said." Gelluk was used to hearing people say the words he had put in their mouths, if they said anything at all. These were words he wanted but had not expected to hear. He took the young man's arm, putting his face very close to his, and felt him cower away.

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