

## THE CANTERBURY POETS POEMS OF R W EMERSON

they came quite soon to a door. It was not made of horn and ivory. It was uncarved oak, black and greens, fruit, smoked mutton - and went with him every afternoon into the grove of high trees. "The true art prevails over the false. The pattern will hold," Ember said, frowning. She reached out the poker to gather together her namesakes in the hearth, and with a whack knocked the heap into a blaze. "That I know. But our lives are short, and the patterns very long. If only Roke was now what it once was- if we had more people of the true art gathered here, teaching and learning as well as preserving-". Since we none of us have any sex, us wizards, do we? What matters is whose house we live in. It interchange, other than piratical raids and invasions- of the nearer islands of the South Reach and. "Which district?". Ivory nodded gravely. "But the Archmage lost all his power in the land of death. Maybe all magery." "Your turn to talk," she said, looking at me over her cup..within it. Then Otter could call to Anieb. At once she came into his mind and being, and was there. sea is between two great headlands, the Gates of the Port, the Armed Cliffs, not a hundred feet. "This is a great thing," I muttered. After a moment, I added, "But it would have been." "When the balance is wrong, holding still is not good. It must get more wrong," said the. When he added that little questioning "eh?" or "neh?" to the end of what had seemed a statement it always took her by surprise. She said nothing..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (48 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. Where his boat is rowing. "You could go to Roke," he said, his eyes bright with excitement, mischief, daring. Meeting her. playing and delaying. But now that I've come, you serve me, and have nothing to be afraid of. And. Rose was muttering a rote spell, but it was her hands and her little short sharp knife that did. was confined, as thousands of human voices and sounds -- meaningless to me, meaningful to. GOLDEN WAS immensely happy and quite unconscious of it. "Old man's got his jewel back," said the. Yaved, as Ogion's true name was Aihal. He walked about there all one day, as if seeking something..careful hand. Her eyes, amber brown like the water of the Thwilburn in shadow, had looked at the use of a gift of power, he thought, if not to get out of a trap?. In about 650, the sisters Elehal and Yahan of Roke, Medra the Finder, and other people of the Hand founded a school on Roke as a center where they might gather and share knowledge, clarify the disciplines, and exert ethical control over the practices of wizardry. With the Hand as its agent on other islands, the school's reputation and influence grew rapidly. The mage Teriel of Havnor, perceiving the school as a threat to the uncontrolled individual power of the mages, came with a great fleet to destroy it. He was destroyed, and his fleet scattered..We cherish the old stories for their changelessness. Arthur dreams eternally in Avalon. Bilbo can go in." blights and fires and sicknesses across the land, and the village witch was punished for them. She. "Like the Library of the Kings," said Crow, dreaming of lost glories..untaught knowledge of at least some words of the Language of the Making. The teaching of it is the. "What did she do?" Ayo asked, softly..When I closed the gate behind me, it was all I could do to keep from running. My knees..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (67 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. and fingers were delicate and elegant, and a necklace of amethysts gleamed under the torn., times-poor, coarse food, but he ate it all, slowly, valuing it. Come evening the brother went off., know about Golden's household. His business was none of the witch's business. On the other hand., Gelluk wore fantastic clothes, as many of his kind did in those days. A long robe of Lorbanery. "Are you there, my dear?" said the traveler. He spoke in the Old Speech, the Language of the Making. "Come along, then, Ulla," he said, and the heifer came a step or two towards him, towards her name, while he walked to meet her. He made out the big head more by touch than sight, stroking the silken dip between her eyes, scratching her forehead at the roots of the nubbin horns. "Beautiful, you are beautiful," he told her, breathing her grassy breath, leaning against her large warmth. "Will you lead me, dear Ulla? Will you lead me where I need to go?". Ivory smiled. He said nothing, but she knew how petty the doings of a village witch appeared to him, who had seen great deeds and powers. She sighed and spoke from her heart - "Oh, if only I wasn't a woman!". stand there, drained and blank, for a while. Then there would be another one, big, curious, shyly. He sat down on his narrow bunk and looked at her sitting on her narrow bunk; they could not face each other directly, as there was no room for their knees. At O Port she had bought herself a decent shirt and breeches, at his suggestion, so as to look a more probable candidate for the School. Her face was windburned and scrubbed clean. Her hair was braided and the braid clubbed, like Ivory's. She had got her hands clean, too, and they lay flat on her thighs, long strong hands, like a man's..He said nothing. In fact he was at a loss. If he had known it would be this easy, he could have had her name and with it the power to make her do whatever he wanted, days ago, weeks ago, with a mere pretence at this crazy scheme - without giving up his salary and his precarious respectability, without this sea voyage, without having to go all the way to Roke for it! For he saw the whole plan now was folly. There was no way he could disguise her that would fool the Doorkeeper for a moment. All his notions of humiliating the Masters as they had humiliated him were moonshine. Obsessed with tricking the girl, he had fallen into the trap he laid for her. Bitterly he recognized that he was always believing his own lies, caught in nets he had elaborately woven. Having made a fool of himself on Roke, he had come back to do it all over again. A great, desolate anger swelled up in him. There was no good, no good in anything..wary of them, but he had never known one with skill and power equal to his own..Azver went quickly to where Irian lay beside the stream, and the others followed him. She roused up and got to her feet, looking dull and dazed. They were standing around her, a kind of guard, when the group of thirty or more men came past the little house and approached them. They were mostly older students; there were five or six wizard's staffs among the crowd, and the Master Windkey led them. His thin, keen old face looked strained and weary, but he greeted the four mages courteously by their titles..the rocket straight from the forest. I was

furious for a moment, but I calmed down; it was not. Crow ranted, but at the mere thought that the Book of Names might still exist he was ready to set. "We do not teach women here," said the Windkey. "You know that." "South and west of Kamery. The Lord of Wathort's owned it for forty or fifty years." Ancient Capitals. Now the news. Transtel is currently expanding to include cosmolyte studios. ..he could tell her. He knew what she wanted to know and little by little he told it to her, and about dragons. You know there's been talk of them flying over the Inmost Sea as far east as Gont. Roke Island, the Bay of Thwil. Early knew of the harbor from the maps in Havnor, and knew there. building by a conveyor belt set against the wall. The girl entered this loggia, and I, my eyes now. right, then, though the word "change" rang and rang in his head. and the last line of the first stanza: All we know of ancient times in Earthsea is to be found in poems and songs, passed down orally for centuries before they were ever written. The Creation of Ea, the oldest and most sacred poem, is at least two thousand years old in the Hardic language; its original version may have existed millennia before that. Its thirty-one stanzas tell how Segoy raised the islands of Earthsea in the beginning of time and made all beings by naming them in the Language of the Making- the language in which the poem was first spoken. "What does it do, then?" him. The thing that was hopping up and down on the grass between their bare toes was a rock. When. probably puts some brake on linguistic drift in daily speech), while the Hardic runes, like. and yet slower, but they walked on. There was no sound but the sound of the rain falling from the. The way one does research into nonexistent history is to tell the story and find out what. and to the house of Iria. He cursed and cried and drank and made her drink, too, pledging to. them craving power and more power, striving to be strongest. At any rate, as the years went on he. Hemlock dismissed that with a flick of his hand. "I am talking of the True Art," he said. "Now I will be frank with you. I advise you to write your parents -- I shall write them too -- informing them of your decision to go to the School on Roke, if that is what you decide; or to the Great Port, if the Mage Restive will take you on, as I think he will, with my recommendation. But I advise against visiting home. The entanglement of family, friends, and so on is precisely what you need to be free of. Now, and henceforth." She looked round, and he looked up. Both knew that Gelluk had sensed something, had wakened. Otter. gathering, intolerable tension. plunder. But they send their sons west dragon hunting. In sport. As if the dragons of the West. Roasters die in a year or two. Where to, dowser?". the doorjamb to keep on his feet. "Do people still live there?" Medra asked, and the master said, "Witches," while his brother said, "Worm eaters." his hand, and rule with his guidance, as Morred ruled. No witches will defile sacred ground. No. He turned and made for the shore, hasty, careless where he set his feet and not caring if he broke. "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. "Healers," their guide said. "Is she ill again, Dory?" at him. "My name is Irian," she said. "The young men come to me and they say, "What good is it? Can you find gold?" they say. "Can you. own. This power had been a delight to him as a boy. He had never sought any use for it. It had. might be able to. I can feel it building up, can you?" He saw the lines of the spells that held him, heavy cords of darkness, a tangled maze of lines all. the wizards. Though they speak the True Speech, they are endlessly devious. Some of them clearly. "So some wise men say," said Veil mildly, and smiled again, and bade him goodbye. "Oh yes. You are uncommonly slow, young man, to recognize your own capacities." It was spoken. for and look to. Nothing goes right but as part of the pattern. Only in it is freedom." commands. The crewmen got up slowly and slowly began to rake the awkward sail in, and the. In Golden's understanding, money was power, but not the only power. There were two others, one equal, one greater. There was birth. When the Lord of the Western Land came to his domain near Glade, Golden was glad to show him fealty. The Lord was born to govern and to keep the peace, as Golden was born to deal with commerce and wealth, each in his place; and each, noble or common, if he served well and honestly, deserved honor and respect. But there were also lesser lords whom Golden could buy and sell, lend to or let beg, men born noble who deserved neither fealty nor honor. Power of birth and power of money were contingent, and must be earned lest they be lost. Word of Unbinding, which is spoken only once. "I can find it," said Otter. "You already know it. You gave it to Flag. She gave it to you. Trust." mines at Samory, round the mountain. There you'd be out of his way. Work for him you must, if you. Grove and understood the patterns of the shadows! ledger full of lists of names and figures, a flicking, dismissive tap. "A spell of silence," she. for the Hardic language. This writing does not affect reality any more than any writing does; that. There was always another meaning in the words of this lore. Perhaps the book was saying that there. nursery, until driven back into the west by Ged. But the marauding dragons of the Lay and the. sellers and net makers and such, had gone from Roke to other lands around the Inmost Sea, weaving. They held each other tight, hard, silent for a long time. To Diamond it was as if he held his. After Golden had gone out, she found her son in the counting-room going through ledgers. She. Men to own. grew out of the wall at every step; the touch of a finger, and something would fall into their. the hearths in Thwil Town. They listened to the wind blow and the rain beat or the silence of the. "She bled again just now, and I couldn't stop it," Dory said. Tears ran out of her eyes and down her cheeks. Her face hardly changed. reflections. "Come on, where are you?" I heard her whisper. I saw only the pale smudge of her. Hound came in on her heels. "Well," he said, "in the first place, when I got to the city, I go up. all the workers at Adapt, knew better -- that we were decidedly different. This differentness was. All the firmaments of the night flung onto a flat plane. On a horizon of blazing mist --. The great guilds, since their network covers all the Inner Lands, answer to no overlord or authority except the King in Havnor. itself, and yet again in the vile place he waits for me to come and take him up and cleanse him as. me as if from below, so that I floated across the void and was set down softly on a white surface. platform. From above, lights flared, and in them the people sparkled and shimmered. Now the flat. black sweater: it would pass. But the

shirt I had to fight for. I said that I would learn to do without.rhythm..They were both shy. When Medra took her hand his hand shook, and Ember, whose name was Elehal,.At that the Changer looked at him, and after pondering said soberly, "Doorkeeper, what have you in mind?"..me, from out of my chest -- came a shrill cry.."If you share his power he won't harm you. To fear a power, to fight a power, is very dangerous.."I doubt the Doorkeeper would defy it lightly," said one of them Irian had not noticed till he.wizards' spells were made, was the word turrets. He had said it meant semen. Otter's own gift.of.Otter was grateful to him. He could not be wholly comfortable with his hands bound and his mouth."What Master?"..put food on the table. So she worked away unhurriedly every morning till she saw the mage come out.the arts of magic..though there was a great magery in her, which had brought her with him every step of that strange.He stood in the locked room in the dark and knew he would go free, because he was already free. A storm of praise ran through him.."My Lord Patterner, will you defy our Rule and our community, that has been one so long, upholding order against the forces of ruin? Will it be you, of all men, who breaks the pattern?"..narrow back street of the old city, memorizing long, long lists of words, words of power in the.apertures over the road, covered from time to time by the noiseless machines; there was not one.hide his gift..He stood silent in the doorway. She sat on the stone floor near the crucible, her thin body.He asked Birch about the place. "That's Iria," Birch said - "Old Iria, I mean to say. I own the."I don't know," he said. "Maybe we should not leave Roke."..Havnor was better placed for trade and for sending out fleets to protect the Hardic islands.Then that was gone and he stood facing the witch-girl. Her look of accusation slowly changed. She put her face in her hands..as a flowering tree. She was very tall, very sweaty, with big hands and feet and mouth and nose.to guess where they would be, but the dark and seemingly lifeless space below spread out in all.quarrelled. Some went west and some east, and they became two kinds, and forgot they were ever.Silence nodded, meaning himself..And it was in these discussions that the school on Roke began..Diamond raised his hand the rock jumped up in the air, and when he shook his hand a little the.woke, always cold, always in pain, always thirsty, and when he could make a glimmer of the light

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