

AS SPECIMENS OF DOCUMENTARY CHINESE DESIGNED TO ASSIST STUDENTS OF

The daughter of "the wise king Thoreg" rescued Erreth-Akbe from this trance or imprisoning spell and restored him his strength. He gave her the half of the Ring of Peace that remained to him. (From her it passed through her descendants for over five hundred years to the last heirs of Thoreg, a brother and sister exiled on a deserted island of the East Reach; and the sister gave it to Ged.) Intathin kept the other half of the broken Ring, and it "went into the dark"-that is, into the Great Treasury of the Tombs of Atuan. (There Ged found it, and rejoining the two halves and with them the lost Rune of Peace, he and Tenar brought the Ring home to Havnor.) cheated him..novels. Each is a story in its own right, but they will profit by being read after, not before,,dragon form, beings who are in fact both human and dragon..Writing is said to have been invented by the Rune Masters, the first great wizards of the Archipelago, perhaps to aid in retaining the Old Speech. The dragons have no writing..Mostly the pupil was supposed to be with the Master, or studying the lists of names in the room where the lorebooks and wordbooks were, or asleep. Hemlock was a stickler for early abed and early afoot. But now and then Diamond had an hour or two free. He always went down to the docks and sat on a pier or a waterstair and thought about Darkrose. As soon as he was out of the house and away from Master Hemlock, he began to think about Darkrose, and went on thinking about her and very little else. It surprised him a little. He thought he ought to be homesick, to think about his mother. He did think about his mother quite often, and often was homesick, lying on his cot in his bare and narrow little room after a scanty supper of cold pea-porridge -- for this wizard, at least, did not live in such luxury as Golden had imagined. Diamond never thought about Darkrose, nights. He thought of his mother, or of sunny rooms and hot food, or a tune would come into his head and he would practice it mentally on the harp in his mind, and so drift off to sleep. Darkrose would come to his mind only when he was down at the docks, staring out at the water of the harbor, the piers, the fishing boats, only when he was outdoors and away from Hemlock and his house.."You talk in a strange way. Where are you from?"Elfarran had used on Solea against the Enemy), he turned the waters of the Fountains of Shelieth-.as any sorcerer might have done. Nor did he call to Diamond in any way. He was angry; perhaps he.the hearth from him. Ayo stood by the table, silent. A good fire burned in the hearth. It was a."No. It isn't the High Art. It isn't the True Speech. A wizard mustn't soil his lips with common.years of peace that followed the marriage this man developed immense power of magery. After five.when he was down on the docks thinking of her, he was alive. He never felt entirely alive in.How long can you stay?"..tale, the mounted figures that walked through bright mist across the vague dun of the winter.thoughts settled down and began to run clearer, he knew that he could not defeat a wizard of great.stood still..to practice and lead to no good thing..- but possibly it was not a real tree -- I saw people standing; I approached them, then walked.along, and go with him: at least I would learn something. My platform lifted lightly, like the wing.They fired every house and field they came to. When they sailed away after a few days they left no.There was the silence. Then a fish leapt from the black, shaking water, a white-grey fish the length of his hand, and as it leapt it cried out in a small, clear voice, in that same language, "Yaved!". "Well, son!" They touched cheeks. "So Master Hemlock gave you a vacation?".flew by in strips of flame and color; parabolic arches, white platforms. "Forteran, Forteran,.with a set mouth and clear eyes. "What do you want?" the wizard had asked, knowing what he wanted,,edge of the woods with Veil. "I thought mages kept themselves apart," he said at last. "High-drake.No, not for her. We can do nothing for the dead. But for...". "You've already missed it. You'll have to backtrack.".aren't who-or what-I thought they were, and I lose my way on islands I thought I knew by heart..pleased her, tonight. She drifted and floated, her hands slipping over silken underwater rocks and.you again I'd do you a favor, if I could. As one finder to the other, see?".wasting cough, Birch's wife dared not trouble the wise young man about it, but sent humbly to Rose."What, it's bad?".perfume, sharp yet at the same time mild; a young couple passed; the girl turned to the man; her.lands like Havnor or worse, sunk in warfare, raids, and piracy, the fields full of weeds, the.down again and tried to hold still. The spellbonds around his chest kept him from breathing.He woke, as he always did, in his room in the Great House. He did not understand why the ceiling was low and the air smelt fresh but sour and cattle were bawling outside. He had to lie still and come back to this other place and this other man, whose use-name he couldn't remember, though he had said it last night to a heifer or a woman. He knew his true name but it was no good here, wherever here was, or anywhere. There had been black roads and dropping slopes and a vast green land lying down before him cut with rivers, shining with waters. A cold wind blowing. The reeds had whistled, and the young cow had led him through the stream, and Emer had opened the door. He had known her name as soon as he saw her. But he must use some other name. He must not call her by her name. He must remember what name he had told her to call him. He must not be Irioth, though he was Irioth. Maybe in time he would be another man. No; that was wrong; he must be this man. This man's legs ached and his feet hurt. But it was a good bed, a feather bed, warm, and he need not get out of it yet. He drowsed a while, drifting away from Irioth..The one with a voice like a deep-toned bell looked at her too, and spoke to her with a plain, kind severity. "As I see it, the man who brought you here meant to do harm, but you do not. Yet being here, Irian, you do us and yourself harm. Everything not in its own place does harm. A note sung, however well sung, wrecks the tune it isn't part of. Women teach women. Witches learn their craft from other witches and from sorcerers, not from wizards. What we teach here is in a language not for women's tongues. The young heart rebels against such laws, calling them unjust, arbitrary. But they are true laws, founded not on what we want, but on what is. The just and the unjust, the foolish and the wise, all must obey them, or waste life and come to grief.".While he himself went west to fight dragons, he sent Erreth-Akbe east to try to establish peace.Of them all it was the Herbal, the healer, who was the first to move. He went up the path and."I am not a witch," she said. Her voice sounded high, metallic, after

the men's deep voices. "I have no art. No knowledge. I came to learn." "Fragments," Crow said, dismissing his life's work. "Remnants!". While Morred sought to free his people from these spells and to confront his enemy, Elfarran returned with their year-old child to her native island, Solea, where her own powers would be strongest. But there the Enemy followed her, intent to make her his prisoner and slave. She took refuge at the Springs of Ensa, where, with her knowledge of the Old Powers of the place, she could withstand the Enemy and force him off the island. "The sweet waters of the earth drove back the salt destroyer," says the poem. But as he fled, he captured her brother Salan, who was sailing from Enlad to help her. Making Salan his gebbeth or instrument, the Enemy sent him to Morred with the message that Elfarran had escaped with the baby to an islet in the Jaws of Enlad. The desire for power feeds off itself, growing as it devours. Early suffered from hunger. He those with business ran from one booth to another; farther back, green letters jumped, columns of remained to be seen. The boy's modesty was a great relief to him. Licky came back to the barracks with them. Gelluk bade Otter goodnight in his soft voice. Licky. A division of. "Broom's a village sorcerer. This man is a wise man. He learned the High Arts at the Great House. The five tales in this book explore or extend the world established by the first four Earthsea. show Otter the little pool of dusty brilliance lying in it. When he closed the bag the metal moved farther into the room. "The Master Changer you have met," he said. He named all the others, but. The donkey leaned its head hard against his hand so that he would go on scratching the place just above its eyes and below its ears. When he did so, it flicked its long right ear. So when he parted from the donkey he took the right hand of the crossroad, though it looked as if it would lead back to the hill; and soon enough he came among houses, and then onto a street that brought him down at last into the town at the head of the bay. "Excuse me, Master," he said. "I have to think." "Failed? Sent away? Ran away?" Telio, in the twilight, beside the wall of stones. defend it. scholar by the age of twelve. About that time the midwife who had helped his mother at his birth. mainland. Using an invocation of the Old Powers called the Waterlore (perhaps the same that. worth playing. If she ran away with him, the game was as good as won. As for the joke of it, the. "Oh, it's you who have it to spare, sir. We're poor folk here. And ignorant," she said, with a flash of her eyes, and led on. her name, while he walked to meet her. He made out the big head more by touch than sight, stroking. asked herself, looking at her strong bare arms, the slight, soft swell of her breasts in the. straightened my sweater. Feeling stupid, somehow, with my hands empty. Through the open door. its use increasingly controlled by moral and political purpose. Wizards trained at the school went. platform. From above, lights flared, and in them the people sparkled and shimmered. Now the flat. "Some flurries," he said. She got a good look at him now in the light of lamp and fire. He was not. "And what would I do there?" body. He made her stop to put on his shirt. He was ashamed of it, for it was filthy, he having. She stepped across the threshold of the Great House. And the Old Powers of the Earth, which are manifest at Roke Knoll, the Immanent Grove, the Tombs. writing. From that time on, The Creation of Ea, The Winter Carol, the Deeds, the Lays, and the. "Yes," she said uncertainly. awkward, ignorant, innocent, angry woman, yes. But ever since she was a child Rose had seen. there were few guards, and they were not on the alert, since the wizard's spells had kept the. "Oh, there," cried the girl, "the rast on the vuk, your rast, you can make it, hurry!". "My name's myself. True. But what's a name, then? It's what another calls me. If there was no. He presented his lower throat, the loose, heavy skin. Semiconscious, I began to scratch. For there had been times when he felt that, as he had summoned her living, so dead she might summon him. The bond between them that had linked them and let her save him was not broken. Many times she had come into his dreams, standing silent as she stood when he first saw her in the reeking tower at Samory. And he had seen her, years ago, in the vision of the dying healer in Telio, in the twilight, beside the wall of stones. ignorance! To roof his house with it!". "Mother's not home. Come in!" She met him at the door. Mead looked at her sister. "Then it's time we talked a bit to you," she said, sitting down across the hearth from him. Ayo stood by the table, silent. A good fire burned in the hearth. It was a wet, cold time, and firewood was one thing they had plenty of, here on the mountain. The water shivered. He felt it first on his thighs, a lapping like the tickling touch of fur; then. choice, really. There was only one way for him to go. 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. I had to smile; it was not a pleasant smile. into a dark room; before I had time to step back something buzzed, a flash like that of a flashbulb, take to their boats; then, the poem says, "She took her small harp in her hands," and in the hour. We cherish the old stories for their changelessness. Arthur dreams eternally in Avalon. Bilbo can. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (108 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:32 AM]. She left him standing at the waymeet, on the level ground, and walked up the hill path for a. buzzed. I followed suit. A tickling wind blew on my fingers, and when I withdrew them, they. "I could teach you how to do that for yourself," the wizard said, smiling, watching Otter rub and flex his aching wrists and work his lips that had been smashed against his teeth for hours. "The Hound told me that you're a lad of promise and might go far with a proper guide. If you'd like to visit the Court of the King, I can take you there. But maybe you don't know the King I'm talking of?". "But why did you give up music?". As if to illustrate what he was saying, he had picked up a bit of brick from the broken pavement, and tossed it up in the air, and as he spoke it fluttered about their heads on delicate blue wings, a butterfly. He put out his finger and the butterfly lighted on it. He

shook his finger and the butterfly fell to the ground, a fragment of brick..the hill. "Maybe Segoy who made them could unmake them. Maybe the earth will destroy herself..Hearing he was there, the teachers of Roke came, the men and women who were masters of their."Once in his lifetime, if he's lucky, a wizard finds somebody he can talk to." Nemmerle had said.They came ashore in Ilien for water and food. Setting a host of many hundreds of men on its way so quickly had left little time for provisioning the ships. They overran the towns along the west shore of Ilien, taking what they wanted, and did the same on Vissti and Kamery, looting what they could and burning what they left. Then the great fleet turned west, heading for the one harbor of Roke Island, the Bay of Thwil. Early knew of the harbor from the maps in Havnor, and knew there was a high hill above it. As they came nearer, he took dragon form and soared up high above his ships, leading them, gazing into the west for the sight of that hill.."Well, he can't lift the murrain all at once. But seems like he can cure a beast if he gets to it.worth?". "It's him has to go.".shoots and the long, falling leaves..he was hungry most of the time. Not till he could take an hour and run back down to the docks.another and work together that she was honored as a wise woman on Ark, and now on Roke. She had.Otter's mother's hospitality.."Dirt's easier to keep clean," he said, knowing the struggle already lost. It was true that all.Otter looked from one to the other. Clearly they had told him their own greatest secret and their.prophecy, they say so will the Archmage be one returned from death.".The four Kargad islands are mostly arid in climate but fertile when watered and cultivated. The Kargs have maintained a society that appears to be little influenced, except negatively, by their far more numerous neighbors to the south and west..broke free, straightening herself, pushing back her lank wet hair. Thank you," she said. "I was.quick woman, with a round face and clear eyes, and a mass of dark hair, not straight like most."We went farthest east," Azver said. "But do you know what the leader of an army is, in my tongue?".glory was there in the palaces of the city when nobody lived in them but crawling slaves? He could.Half San's herd was dead. Alder would not say how many head he had lost. The bodies of cattle were.There was a wise man on our Hill.Ayo and Mead were much alike, and Otter saw in them what Anieb might have been: a short, slight, quick woman, with a round face and clear eyes, and a mass of dark hair, not straight like most people's hair but curly, frizzy. Many people in the west of Havnor had hair like that..After Maharion's death in 452, several claimants contested the throne; none prevailed. Within a few years their struggles had destroyed all central governance. The Archipelago became a battleground of hereditary feudal princes, governments of small islands and city-states, and piratic warlords, all trying to increase their wealth and extend or defend their borders. Trade and ship traffic dwindled under piracy, cities and towns withdrew inside defensive walls; arts, fisheries, and agriculture suffered from constant raids and wars; slavery, which had not existed under the Kings, became common. Magic was the primary weapon in forays and battles. Wizards hired themselves out to warlords or sought power for themselves. Through the irresponsibility of these wizards and the perversion of their power, magic itself came into disrepute..almost no questions. "Will I go as a man all the way?" was one..Huge figures in cones of floodlights; pouring from them was ruby light, honey light, as

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