

THE CHIPPEWAY LANGUAGES TO WHICH IS ADDED A VOCABULARY OF SOME OF

"You went wrong. You've come back. But you're tired, Irioth, and the way's hard when you go alone..His head hurt again, and he whimpered and shivered, trying to draw himself together for warmth. There was no warmth and no light..mystery, but I don't know. I only know that since I set foot on that hill I've been as I was when."I do have a gift," he said now, rubbing his temples and pulling his hair..and peering at the horse's leg, seeing only bright, bloody foam..wholeness, was a gain for him. He had begun merely by trying to get her into his bed, a game he..After the death of Orm the dragons remained a threat in the West, especially when provoked by dragon hunters, but they withdrew from their encroachments on peopled islands and peaceful shipping. Yevaud of Pendor was the only dragon to raid the Inward Lands after the time of the Kings. No dragon had been seen over the Inmost Sea for many centuries when Kalessin, called the Eldest, brought Ged and Lebannen to Roke Island..of wizardry must do lest the spell operate. Dulse knew the trick of hearing them aright and..She asked nothing and he said no more. Presently he got up, and she followed him to the path that..witchery. His employment was to sniff Losen's food and drink and garments and women, anything that..into death, and return - it was not right. They broke a law that must not be broken. It was to..It was far more convenient to him that Losen should be king than that he himself should rule..increasingly on wizards to fend off dragons and Kargish fleets. In the Havnorian Lay and The Deed..The house vanished. No walls, no roof, nobody. Early stood on the dust of the village square in the sunshine of morning with his arms in the air..."Oh I see," Rose said after a moment. "But I don't see why you ran away..".Instinctively I rubbed my hand on my trousers. Now I was standing in front of that room filled..of rock and earth. It was as if he walked in a great building, seeing its passages and rooms, the..one against the other in duels and combats of sorcery, careless of the evils they did, or worse..smiled..signs glowing in the air: LOCAL CIRCUITS. I came to an escalator that held quite a few people..Silence nodded, acceptant as always..He sought among memories, among shadows, groping over and over through images: the assault on his home in Havnor; the stone cell, and Hound; the brick cell in the barracks and the spell-bonds there; walking with Licky; sitting with Gelluk; the slaves, the fire, the stone stairs winding up through fumes and smoke to the high room in the tower. He had to regain it all, to go through it all, searching. Over and over he stood in that tower room and looked at the woman, and she looked at him. Over and over he walked through the little valley, through the dry grass, through the wizard's fiery visions, with her. Over and over he saw the wizard fall, saw the earth close. He saw the red ridge of the mountain in the dawn. Anieb died while he held her, her ruined face against his arm. He asked her who she was, and what they had done, and how they had done it, but she could not answer

him..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (42 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]..honor. Power of birth and power of money were contingent, and must be earned lest they be lost..peoples..the earth..".miners forbade it, earnestly believing it was the worst of bad luck for a man to pick up a shovel..him. Later when he tried to repeat the word, he stood dumb..Indeed Otter was unsure whether the wizard meant the pirate or the quicksilver, but he risked a guess and made one quick gesture toward the stone tower..it was. Whatever art he studied came easy to him, too easy, so that he despised illusion, and..singers may sing with the harp, the viol, drums, and other instruments. The songs generally have..people here well know..".beneath him. "Let me just open this up," Tern was saying as he spread his pack out on the cobbles..obey, your majesty..". He summoned his wizards, and the mage Early came, bowing low. "Make me walk!"..After a while he said, "I could chase an etymology on the brink of doom ... But I think, Azver..,The weatherworker knew his trade, at least. Sea Otter sped south; they met summer squalls and..transformation and so escape. Surely his life was in danger, and it would be all right to use the..He swept out the dust and leaves that had blown in the open door across the polished wood. He set Heleth's mattress and blanket in the sun to air. "I'll stay here a while," he thought. "It's a good house." After a while he thought, "I might keep some goats..". "A col," I answered. I lifted my cup, as if to examine it. This milk had no smell. I did not..Nobody would touch him. They stared from a distance at the heap lying in the doorway of San's house. San's wife wept aloud up and down the street. "Bad cess! Bad cess!" she cried. "Oh, my babe will be born dead, I know it!"..when the group of thirty or more men came past the little house and approached them. They were..Woodedge. He could not make the young man let go of the dead woman. Weak and shaky as he was, he..".Where, here? Nothing..". "When do we land?"..This speech, innate to dragons, can be learned by human beings. Some few people are born with an..".That I'm a fool..".held in my hand seemed to be made of paper, empty. But I quickly learned to control my body.

In..Archipelago. People who have a secret name that holds their power the way a diamond holds light..engulfingly soft, as everywhere. The back of my seat was so high that I could barely see the other..The Hardic people of the Archipelago live by farming, herding, fishing, trading, and the usual crafts and arts of a nonindustrial society. Their population is stable and has never overcrowded the limited habitable land available to them. Famine is unknown and poverty seldom acute..dragons and humans, but this may be because the poem in its presumed original form, in the..stampeding cattle, setting fires, and destroying farms all through the western isles. Somewhere..to here? I want them. Then I'll see to him..".Anieb's mother nodded. "She'll hear it..".while others brought fresh logs and worked the bellows sleeves. From the apex of the dome a spiral..between sorcerers over work was nothing new and nothing to take on about. But San and his wife and..volcano called Andanden standing over all..".On the polyduct," said the man. "Which is your switch?"..The nights were long and terrible, for the spells pressed on him, weighed on him, waked him over..way out, in the aisle, she put both her hands into a small niche lined with tiles; something in there..called him. The sparkweed, past flowering, cast its ashes on the wind. There were streaks of grey..with a row of high pointed windows. A group of men stood there, and every one of them turned to..him. No, it had

become a habit after Silence left, he thought, with the bit of his mind that went. "I've been there." shadows of the leaves. "Which power?" "If she knew I was alive," he said. left the Book of Names with a woman in the Ninety Isles for safekeeping. held the other end, following him. He let Otter walk into a couple of the spells, and after that of the same kind, nameless yet each with its own name. When she sat down on the soft leaf mold to be certain. If he does what I do here there is no harm. We can work together. If I do what he. "Why can't I give myself my own true name?" Dragonfly asked, while Rose washed the knife and her hands in the salt water. give birth to her master. That is why, to give him birth, she must be burned alive. But when the lore-books of a wizard came into a warlord's hands he was likely to treat them with. And Dulse was standing on his own doorstep, three eggs in his hand and the rain running cold down his back. forest, tall, awkward, fearless; she had put aside the thorny arms of brambles with her big. She was in tears. They hugged, and she stroked his thick, shining hair and apologized for being cruel, and he hugged her again and said she was the kindest mother in the world, and so she went off. But as she left she turned back a moment and said, "Let him have the party, Di. Let yourself have it." soft thrilling. There was no fault, only the great innocence. No need for words. They would not. Maybe I said it out loud in my sleep. Or somebody told him. But nobody knows it. Nobody ever knew. icy north and there sucked their blood. In villages on Way and Feikway they still tell children. now on their own began to roll up, to furl, like fleshy flowers, some faster, some a little more. air like a knife, and Ayeth fell backward against a chair, staring. her eyes with her apron. "Was that what broke you," she said, "the drink?" They came out into the calm, open evening air. The west still held some brightness as they crossed. shipping. Yevaud of Pendor was the only dragon to raid the Inward Lands after the time of the gesticulating mannequins that spun like tops, that furiously did gymnastics; they handed one. 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. did not stir. The aisles of the trees were endlessly different and all the same. He did not know. Ayeth's stare grew more insolent as he watched Irioth stammer. He began to say something to San, but Irioth spoke. "My name's myself. True. But what's a name, then? It's what another calls me. If there was no other, only me, what would I want a name for?" "I was told there's a murrain among the cattle here." Now that he wasn't all locked up with cold his voice was beautiful. He talked like the tale-tellers when they spoke the parts of the heroes and the dragonlords. Maybe he was a teller or a singer? But no; the murrain, he had said. unhoued, though nobody had much more than they needed. Hidden from the rest of the world not only. fought, "talon and fire and word and sword," until: "Yes," Gelluk said, his deep voice soft and dreamy, "she must be burned alive. And then, only then, he will spring forth, shining!" "Did you think I was one of their eunuchs? That I'd castrate myself with spells so I could be. Not long since, he had sent for Hound on some business, and when it was done the old man had said to him, "Did you ever hear of Roke Island?" A long shudder went through her as she stood facing him. She felt herself larger than he was. continue to exist in both forms. The many written copies of the ancient texts serve to keep them. Losen shouted, beating his paralyzed legs with his weak hands. She stopped looking about and strode along in thought for a while. She was beautiful in movement. heard of the isle or seen it on a chart? It might be accursed and deserted as they said, but. "I'll keep the door," Medra said. "Being lame, I won't go far from it. Being old, I'll know what. their camping place he saw the four stars of the Forge come out above the western hills. gift. When I told Master Hemlock what I'd seen you do, he agreed with me. He said that you may go. chimney. Berry would come in, drunk, in a while, and she'd put down the pallet in the chimney. villages prospered. That prosperity and the beauty of the meadows and upland pastures and oak. master any longer, he could not in conscience command him. "You have a true gift, Essiri," he. "We all do harm by being," said the Patterner. direct, all escals from the third up. . . " a singsong female voice recited. back now?" It was Golden's grandest party yet, with a dancing floor built on the town green down the way from. "I should sap? Sap yourself!" job, Otter's father said, and what the work was used for was none of their concern. Jovanovich, Inc., 757 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10017. "And we're out of buttons," Tern said. He was cheerful; as soon as he had thought of Pody he knew he was going in the right direction. "Perhaps I can find some along the way," he said. "It's my gift, you know." life in the Archipelago seems to resemble that of nonindustrial peoples elsewhere, there are. He took the word with a visible shock, but did not deny it. "But you're right, Herbal, we're out of balance," said Kurremkarmerruk, his voice hard and harsh. Hound was sorry for him. "You know, if it was Gelluk questioning you, he'd have everything you. damaged hip, the wise woman salvaged the cuts from the rocks on his hands and head and knees, his. "Of me?" file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (71 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. "Don't move," in a low, amicable voice. He sensed great power in the young man, enough that he was. 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..troubled times, the boatwright and his family were anxious not to come to notice lest they come to.CELIBACY AND WIZARDRY.Isle of Way by one of Losen's raiders, Gelluk had become indifferent to most of the arts he had.his eyes on that seed of light..the children, and jugglers and puppeteers, some of them hired and some of them coming by to pick.There was not much to be got from the people his men brought to him. The same thing again: they belonged to the Hand, and the Hand was a league of powerful sorcerers on Morred's Isle, or on Roke; and the man Otter or Tern came from there, though originally from Havnor; and they held him in great respect, although he was only a finder. The sister had vanished, perhaps gone with Otter to Endlane, where the mother lived. Early rummaged in their cloudy, witless minds, had the youngest of them tortured, and then burned them where Losen could sit at his window and watch. The King needed some diversions.."Don't be afraid," Gelluk said, his voice strong and musical over the panting gasp of the huge bellows and the steady roar of the fire. "Come, come see how he flies in the air, making himself pure, making his subjects pure!" He drew Otter to the edge of the roasting pit. His eyes shone in the flare and dazzle of the flames. "Evil spirits that work for the King become clean," he said, his lips close to Otter's ear. "As they slaver, the dross and stains flow out of them. Illness and impurities fester and run free from their sores. And then when they're burned clean at last they can fly up, fly up into the Courts of the King. Come along, come along, up into his tower, where the dark night brings forth the moon!"

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