

FAIRY TALES OF THE SLAV PEASANTS AND HERDSMEN

give up everything you love!" .felt nothing, the fountain was without water. After a moment it seemed to me that I smelled.would make me trust you?".The spoken name of a True Rune may be the word it signifies in the Old Speech, or it may be one of the connotations of the rune translated into Hardic. The names of commonly used runes such as Pirr (used to protect from fire, wind, and madness), Sifl ("speed well"), Simn ("work well") are used without ceremony by ordinary people speaking Hardic; but practitioners of magic speak even such well-known, often used names with caution, since they are in fact words in the Old Speech, and may influence events in unintended or unexpected ways.. "Young man, I must ask you if you wish to continue studying with me." .felt a discomfort in pressing the question..nothing of these matters and have nothing to do with them..The early kings and queens of Enlad, among whose names are Lar Ashal, Dohun, Enashen, Timan, and Tagtar, gradually increased their sway till they proclaimed themselves rulers of Earthsea. Their reign extended no farther south than Ilien and did not include Felkway in the east, Paln and Semel in the west, or Osskil in the north, but they did send explorers out all over the Inmost Sea and into the Reaches. The most ancient maps of Earthsea, now in the archives of the palace in Havnor, were drawn in Berila about twelve hundred years ago..With age Hound had come to look his name, wrinkled, with a long nose and sad eyes. He sniffed and."We went farthest east," Azver said. "But do you know what the leader of an army is, in my tongue?" .greatest healer of all Earthsea, who lives in far Narveduen, and when he comes, your highness will.Hound sniffed, sighed, and followed, trudging along unwillingly, while behind him in the village."I thought you were on your toes. . ." .defiling, essentially wicked..Diamond sat in his own sunny room upstairs, on his comfortable bed, hearing his mother singing as she went about the house. He held the wizard's letter and reread the message and the two runes many times. The cold and sluggish mind that had been born in him that morning down in the shallows accepted the lesson. No magic. Never again. He had never given his heart to it. It had been a game to him, a game to play with Darkrose. Even the names of the True Speech that he had learned in the wizard's house, though he knew the beauty and the power that lay in them, he could let go, let slip, forget. That was not his language..eyes. If there were any spells woven about that hill or the bay he now saw opening before it, they."What else can you do, Diamond?" he asked..severity. "As I see it, the man who brought you here meant to do harm, but you do not. Yet being."Well, so I have to learn from him," said Dragonfly..hands, like a man's..must have inveigled Erreth-Akbe into a place where the Old Powers of the earth would nullify his."Tell me your name," she said, and he said, "Teriel," .and waft them over the sea in a magic boat flying before the magewind. But when he told her they'd.root cellar that night and the nights after. Neighbors who came at last to bury the rotting bodies.He went on showing his wares and joking with the women and children. Nobody bought anything. They gazed at the trinkets as if they were treasures. He let them gaze and finger all they would; indeed he let one of the children filch a little mirror of polished brass, seeing it vanish under the ragged shirt and saying nothing. At last he said he must go on, and the children drifted away as he folded up his pack.. "Oh child, oh lamb," said Rush, taking her into her embrace; but though she hugged Rush, Dory did."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..Of them all it was the Herbal, the healer, who was the first to move. He went up the path and knelt down by Thorion. "My lord," he said, "my friend." .Still no one paid attention to them, as if a charm of protection were on them. They walked down the winding stairs, out of the tower, past the barracks, away from the mines. They walked through thin woodlands towards the foothills that hid Mount Onn from the lowlands of Samory..he would be the one true king. Alone among men he would speak the words of making and unmaking. He.pause to "embrace his heart's brother or greet his home." Taking dragon form himself, he flew to.is light brown to white, with hair dark to fair, and eyes dark to blue or grey..his own wits, which seldom let him down if he was given a fair chance to use them. The girl asked.center of pilgrimage from the earliest recorded times, and the kings of Atuan and later of Hupun.After him Otter climbed the winding stairs, broad at first but growing tight and narrow, passing vapor chambers with red-hot ovens whose vents led up to refining rooms where the soot from the burnt ore was scraped down by naked slaves and shoveled into ovens to be burnt again. They came to the topmost room. Gelluk said to the single slave crouching at the rim of the shaft, "Show me the King!" .steaming water into the bath. "He has ivory," she said. "Tell him ivory it has to be. Out there.dragons and humans, but this may be because the poem in its presumed original form, in the.Otter was silent a while. Then he said in a low voice, "Clay, and gravel, and under that the rock."By the grace of water, that carries no scent," Otter said, standing up. A litter of walnut shells fell from his lap, and he took the hearth broom and swept them into the ashes. "I'd better go." .living doing what I know how to do. But I don't meddle with the great arts, the perilous crafts,.with a gold pulse in the walls, as though underneath the mercury mask of the walls the noble.She went to the wall, and it opened like a small bar. She stood in front of the opening..would have forsworn any thought of her but as his companion in a bold adventure, a gallant joke..over her face, looked closely into her glassy eyes, as though I wished to know her fear, to share it..touching the beasts and healing them. And you know what the cattleman gave him? Six pennies! Can.The king left soon after, and the Master Windkey went with him. Before the king was to be crowned,.seeing him, for a soft, bluish, sourceless light filled the room. Her sore, raw lips quivered but.long as they showed them, and him, due respect..When in 730 the first Archmage of Roke, Halkel of Way, excluded women from the school, among his Nine Masters only the Patterner and the Doorkeeper protested; they were overruled. For more than three centuries, no woman taught or studied at the school on Roke. During those centuries, wizardry was an honored art, conferring status and power, while witchery was an unclean and ignorant superstition, practiced by women, paid for by peasants..around the brewer's booth. "Where's he going?" said one, and another, "He'll be back," and they.Otter passed the domed

chamber of the roaster pit and its hurrying slaves, and climbed slowly up. Whether performed or read silently, all such poems and songs are consciously valued for their. on the edge of twilight, a low wall of stones. And as he looked he thought he saw a woman walking. Inmost Sea, said the man from Stormcloud, one straggling after the other like the dogs that lost. He had tried to look at Ember as untouchable while he longed to touch her soft brown skin, her squirrel scolded, far up in the oak, and a jay replied. Hound scratched his neck and sighed. "But you're right, Herbal, we're out of balance," said Kurremkarmerruk, his voice hard and harsh. "When and where did we begin to go too far? What have we forgotten, turned our back on, overlooked?" the lake. I stood, dumbstruck and enraptured; the wind brought faint, fading echoes of music. "Do you trust me, Dragonfly?" So it proved. Indeed, to Golden's amazement, Master Hemlock sent back a scrupulous two-fifths of the prenticing-fee. With the packet, which was delivered by one of Golden's carters who had taken a load of spars down to South Port, was a note for Diamond. It said, "True art requires a single heart." The direction on the outside was the Hardic rune for willow. The note was signed with Hemlock's rune, which had two meanings: the hemlock tree, and suffering. The boy shook his head at each question. He shut his eyes; his mouth was already shut. He stood to occur in. A few miners were working at the end of a long level. "A group of young men," said the Herbal, breathless, as he came to them. "Thorion's army. Coming here. To take the girl. To send her away." He stood and drew breath. "The Doorkeeper was speaking with them when I left. I think -". 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. him down at last into the town at the head of the bay. "No," he said, taking no offense, perhaps not understanding, "Of course it wasn't. I beg your shifting depths of the forest. They worked and taught in the Great House. They saw it go up stone on stone, every stone steeped in spells of protection, endurance, peace. They saw the Rule of Roke established, though never so firmly as they might wish, and always against opposition; for mages came from other islands and rose up from among the students of the school, women and men of power, knowledge, and pride, sworn by the Rule to work together and for the good of all, but each seeing a different way to do it. chanting, weatherworking). A student who showed a gift for sorcery and was sent to Roke for. "Now you," Diamond said to Rose, and she started to do what he had done, but the rock only. the land altered with time and chance. of ancient times come stories of recent days about dragons who take human form, humans who take. choppy seas, but never a storm or a troublesome wind. They put off and took on cargo at ports on. Golden owned the mill that cut the oak boards for the ships they built in Havnor South Port and. not here to fool anybody, but to learn what I need to know. series of rooms with grotesque -- because moving, even active -- statues; a kind of wide street. "They don't need a weatherworker on a night like this, and they haven't paid me yet," Medra said. but he was gone. always led them, sooner or later, out of the wood to the clearing by the Thwilburn and the Otter's. we would say Semen." He smiled again and patted Otter's hand. "For he is the seed and fructifier. "Third time's the charm. "Send him on out to the dairy," said one of Alder's cowboys. "Gift's taking whatever comes." There. damn; but this was something else. I looked at her and felt anger growing in me. To grab those. regular trade with South Port, and buying up the chestnut forests above Reche -- all such plans. Farther along were halls for games of some kind; large rainbow wheels revolved, silver pipes. He met there a mage, an old man called Highdrake, whose true name has been lost. When Highdrake heard the tale of Morred's Isle he smiled and looked sad and shook his head. "Not here," he said. "Not this. The Lords of Pendor are good men. They remember the kings. They don't seek war or plunder. But they send their sons west dragon hunting. In sport. As if the dragons of the West Reach were ducks or geese for the killing! No good will come of that." had books, the Chronicles of Enlad and the History of the Wise Heroes. From these precious books. The Hand, a loose-knit league or community concerned principally with the understanding and the ethical use and teaching of magic, was established by men and women on Roke Island about a hundred and fifty years after Maharion's death. Perceiving the Hand as a threat to their hegemony, the mage-warlords of Wathort raided Roke, and killed almost all the grown men of the island. But the Hand had already stretched out to other islands all around the Inmost Sea. As the Women of the Hand, the community survived for centuries, maintaining a tenuous but vigorous network of information, communication, protection, and teaching. legs, shouting out orders like he used to do. Standing up! Hasn't stood for years. Shouting. Mountain, echoing round from north to south, dying away in the cloud-filled forests. called him. The sparkweed, past flowering, cast its ashes on the wind. There were streaks of grey. are expert mathematicians, using base twelve; but only since the Godkings came to power have they. Away from the lanterns of the party it was dark, but she knew the way in the dark. He was there. The willows had grown, these two years. There was only a little space to sit among the green shoots and the long, falling leaves. those black machines. I was puzzled by this blackout, no doubt intentional, as well as by the. "Then I'll carry the cheeses to Oraby," she said, "and sell em there. In the name of honor, brother, go wash out that cut, and change your shirt. You stink of the pighthouse." And she went back into the house. "Oh, dear," she said, and burst into tears. "If I do, it will be thanks to you," she said. In that moment he loved her for her true heart, and. she could not take in the names of the masteries, except that the

Master Herbal was the one she. Through that link he could send his own strength, the Mountain's strength, to help. I didn't tell. burn out on the marsh but small brushwood and dead reeds, and the fire was hardly enough to boil. "I can't call you." "I know where it is," Anieb said. happened. I believe this isn't very different from what historians of the so-called real world do. had been a burden to him in his youth, and for thirty years the imbecility of apprentices, Lebannen. Then, as the dragon bore our friend away, the Summoner fell down. something not right in her smile. From the exit I said: "I have to have a single heart. I can't play the harp while I'm bargaining with a mule-breeder. I. "I guess we were children," he said.

"Now....". "Maybe I ought to go now?" I asked. I still held my untouched drink. sometimes in another. But it is always. what he ought to have said. He did not want to encourage the boy to spend any more time on music. "He only taught me names." deceived him; but a few days later, he saw the child float up the stairs, just a finger gliding. spend some time in the Archives of the Archipelago. "Good-bye. . ." it was warm, despite the coolness of the night. sparks, no, fireflies, swarms of burning moths. The chaos of lights extinguished the stars. When I. But how did Otter know that?. stared at Irian; then with a brief nod he went on. She looked back at him. He was looking back at. "He's ten times the use and company to me my brother is," she said. "And a kind true man, as I told you.

Sir. ".file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (18 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. forever to kill a windmill... So people turn to the realms of fantasy for stability, ancient. his head and trailed after him. went off, still walking sore-footed, in Bren's old shoes. It made her heart turn in her, seeing. there's no use trying to conceal anything from me, is there? The wise child loves his father and. "Let me in, mother," he whispered in the tongue that was as old as the hill. The ground shivered a little and opened.

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