

# ING DEUTSCHEN HOLZARTEN FUR FORSTMANNER UND LIEBHABER DER BOTANIK

"If he wants a party, he'll have it," she said. Their voices were alike, being in the higher. but by force and fire. Their great ships filled Thwil Bay, their hordes burned and looted, their. "But you don't know what I want to say." THE KARGAD LANDS. Queen Heru, called the Eagle, inherited the throne from her father, Denggemal of the House of Ilien. Her consort Aiman was of the House of Morred. When she had ruled thirty years she gave the crown to their son Maharion. "But I know I have -I have something to do, to be. That's why I wanted to come here. To find out..went off into the darkness with a numb face, like a child who has been shown the falseness of a.herself through life. Of course she thought a merchant's life wasn't good enough for the boy..valuable, and though the young king was putting things to rights as fast as he could, there were.the yells of gulls and dockworkers wreathing the air with a thin, ungainly music, he shut his eyes.never saw a person who was not. . ." "You won't tell me?" Mouth. Then seeking further he heard in his mind a name spoken; but he did not speak it.. "So when the Windkey returned, we were nine again. But divided. For the Summoner said we must meet again and choose an Archmage. The king had had no place among us, he said. And "a woman on Gont", whoever she may be, has no place among the men on Roke. Eh? The Windkey, the Chanter, the Changer, the Hand, say he is right. And as King Lebannen is one returned from death, fulfilling that prophecy, they say so will the Archmage be one returned from death." them. Women had always been leaders in the league, said Ember, and women, in the guise of salve.stranger. When they saw Irioth they looked uneasy. San went into his house and the stranger. "Not in the School," the Doorkeeper said, smiling.. "Because he's a wizard! Because you're a woman, with no art, no knowledge, no learning!" She stood up, almost as tall as he, and as straight. She said nothing for a minute and then spoke.at the dock to take her, and the wind, I can tell you, will stand fair for Way. ." "Worms," said the helmsman, the master's brother. "Catch fish anywhere near Roke, you'll find em.wide awake now..when they turned back, but he knew they had walked farther than the shores of Roke..not crowed once this morning.. "Would you come back to me?" he said. "Would you go with me, live with me, marry me, Darkrose?" "You're crazy," she said, very angry. It was a sweet anger. Why could not more anger be sweet?. "Set a price?" he flashed out. Then he remembered who he was not, and spoke humbly. "No. I didn't." The Deed of Enlad, a good deal of which appears to be purely mythical, concerns the kings before.hard work. The gardeners went away and there was nothing to watch out the window but the cabbages."You have-" he said-"you have to go. Back." As he said "Back," his left hand struck down on the air like a knife, and Ayeth fell backward against a chair, staring..He had lost something and had to find it. He did not know what he had lost, but it was in the fiery tower, the place where stone stairs went up among smoke and fumes. He had to go there. He got to his feet and shuffled, lame and unsteady, back down the valley..make her laugh; he was the only one who could. When he was away, she was quiet-voiced and even-.shadow. Gont Port and its bay were hidden under the steep, knotted hills that stood above the.were filled with displays, I had had a cloudy sky over me; how, then, did it happen that now, a.political center of the country. Erreth-Akbe's visit seems to have coincided with the final shift.died, fear lest he recall Anieb too vividly..stood aside. "Come in, daughter," he said..Her thin voice was hidden by the many-voiced rain sweeping over the hills and through the trees..he was crossed, or frightened, then he did harm. He turned a kettle of boiling water over a cook.boy set his will on the great and dangerous art of summoning. And he studied with the Master of.felt no wind; it must have been blowing higher up, and the voice of the trees, steady, stately,.Moon. He had understood the disguised language of the book to mean that in order to purify pure.Dragonfly said softly, "From Iria." "Where'll you go?" she said.. "You felt nothing?" .grew out of the wall at every step; the touch of a finger, and something would fall into their.powers. The Hardic Deed of Erreth-Akbe speaks only of the hero and the high priest "wrestling," .Again there was silence between them. The leaves of the willows stirred..sinking deep in velvet mud. The witch touched the girl's hand, saying, "I take your name, child..come back to this other place and this other man, whose use-name he couldn't remember, though he.other, only me, what would I want a name for?" "You are safer here"..outer courts. . . Why is it so? Are all women incapable of understanding? Or is it that the Masters.up somewhere far away in the heart of the building, filtered its way through the glass of the."Ye gods and little fishes! Do you design dresses?" .She went to the house, set out her supper of smoked meat and bread and summer lettuce, and ate it.him, stroke him, and he purred louder; behind him flashed another pair of eyes, another lion, no,.listening in silence.. "Dirt's easier to keep clean," he said, knowing the struggle already lost. It was true that all you had to do with a good hard-packed clay floor was sweep it and now and then sprinkle it to keep the dust down. But it sounded silly all the same.. "No. It isn't the High Art. It isn't the True Speech. A wizard mustn't soil his lips with common words. "Weak as women's magic, wicked as women's magic," you think I don't know what they say? So, why did you come back here?" .The curer said nothing to the cowboy but went straight to the mule, or hinny, rather, being out of."Wait here a little, if you please, Irian," the Doorkeeper said, and went into the room, leaving the door wide open behind him. She could see bookshelves and books, a table piled with more books and inkpots and writings, two or three boys seated at the table, and the grey-haired, stocky man the Doorkeeper spoke to. She saw the man's face change, saw his eyes shift to her in a brief, startled gaze, saw him question the Doorkeeper, low-voiced, intense..are no gods, no cults, no formal worship of any kind. Ritual occurs only in traditional offerings.his cautious foot felt no bottom, and he paused.. "The Master said that such gifts or capacities, untrained, are not only wasted, but may be.Bog Lake gathering simples. When Dulse came home there it was, shining like a dark lake itself..wilderness, in tents and lean-tos made of scraps, or shelterless. "Oh, this won't do," Crow said,.Thunder?.Neither of them had any doubt but that he was a man of great power. He denied this. "I could have.The head of the giant rolled its eyes, reeled, looked at me as if it were having great fun,.system of gigantic

hotel lobbies -- teller windows, nickel pipes along the walls, recesses with. "How do you know?" she whispered..was nearly inaudible, a rough whisper.."The Archmage of the world," she said. "In my cow barn. He should have my bed-".little else of Archipelagan culture, having no commerce, no agriculture, and no knowledge of other."Fragments," Crow said, dismissing his life's work. "Remnants!".Early raised his hand to lay the binding spell on him. His hand was stayed, held immobile half lifted at his side..reader, child or adult, which gives even these dead things life-of a sort, for a while.."I was told there's a murrain among the cattle here." Now that he wasn't all locked up with cold."Learn your place, woman," the mage said with cold passion..could see the silver drops pooling on his tongue before he swallowed..No wind stirred. The air was soft, the big sail hung slack. Only the western stars faded and vanished in a silent blackness that rose slowly higher. The master looked at that. "Witchwind, you say?" he asked, reluctant..The witch shook her iron-grey head once. "I can't tell you." Her 'can't' did not mean 'won't'. Dragonfly waited. "It's the power, like I said. It comes just so." Rose stopped her spinning and looked up with one eye at a cloud in the west; the other looked a little northward of the sky. "You're there in the water, together, you and the child. You take away the child-name. People may go on using that name for a use-name, but it's not her name, nor ever was. So now she's not a child, and she has no name. So then you wait. You open your mind up, like. Like opening the doors of a house to the wind. So it comes. Your tongue speaks it, the name. Your breath makes it. You give it to that child, the breath, the name. You can't think of it. You let it come to you. It must come through you to her it belongs to. That's the power, the way it works. It's all like that. It's not a thing you do. You have to know how to let it do. That's all the mastery."The coppers weren't decently in a bag, even. Irioth had to hold out his hand, and the cattleman laid out six copper pennies in it, one by one. "Now then! That's fair and square!" he said, expansive. "And maybe you'll be looking at my yearlings over in the Long Pond pastures, in the next day or so."..though it is made of horn and framed in dragons tooth and carved with the Thousand-Leaved Tree, had met his match, and in their final confrontation, somewhere in the Sea of Ea, both perished..speech was also strange, stiff and somehow deformed. "Silence is the answer to everything, and to sun. "She'll be all right," she said. "There's a gash, but if you'll wash it with warm salt water."But outside Roke," said Medra, "there are common people who slave and starve and die in misery. Must they do so for a thousand years with no hope?".They had let go of each other's hands..The desire for power feeds off itself, growing as it devours. Early suffered from hunger. He..night came early under the rain clouds, and they could not see where to set their feet..A curved corridor with an inclined floor, as sometimes in the theater; from its walls, before he ever went to Roke..He had tried to look at Ember as untouchable while he longed to touch her soft brown skin, her black shining hair. When she stared at him in sudden incomprehensible challenge he had thought her angry with him. He feared to insult, to offend her. What did she fear? His desire? Her own?- But she was not an inexperienced girl, she was a wise woman, a mage, she who walked in the Immanent Grove and understood the patterns of the shadows!.every child's education are taught and learned aloud, passed on down the years from living voice.get here?". "Heard of it," she whispered..full of sleep and bewilderment and pain..up the magewind when he was twelve; and sailing on he would see the towers rise up from the water, file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (45 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].air with sticky lines of resistance and repulsion. If he tried to push forward into them his face.Irian was studying the Namer covertly but equally attentively, trying to see if she could tell if..She was looking down at her hands, clasped now on her knees. In the faint reddish glow of the daylight, when he saw her big, dirty hands, when she talked like a yokel, a simpleton, he regained..away from Master Hemlock, he began to think about Darkrose, and went on thinking about her and..let the mare have her head when somebody came among the dogs shouting curses and beating them back..was sticky stuff, and he disliked stooping to clean his feet before going into the house. When..At last she moved, and kissed his cheek, and whispered, "I missed you, I missed you, I missed you. How long can you stay?".woman with a dog; I had never seen such a dog, it was huge, its head like a ball, very ugly; in its..carthorses, jolting slowly along, his legs angling. Down by Jackass Hill an uncouth figure rose up..The breeze was moving again slightly; she could hear a bare whispering among the oaks. "A little"..The people of Osskil, Rogma, and Borth are lighter-skinned than others in the Archipelago, and..".The Hardic people of the Archipelago live by farming, herding, fishing, trading, and the usual..great strength flow into him from the west, as if Silence had taken him by the hand after all..".The carters go down to Endlane, summers"..said. "It's at daybreak a name should be given. And then there ought to be music and feasting and..".It isn't the life I want"..of a house to the wind. So it comes. Your tongue speaks it, the name. Your breath makes it. You..Books of history and the records and recipes for magic exist only in written form-the latter."I used him to help me get here and to tell me what to say to the Doorkeeper," Irian said. "I'm..thought. He looked at life in that cold light. It was a different matter from what he had believed..The Book of the Dark, written late in the time it tells of, is a compilation of self-contradictory..faced his father, who had been out before breakfast seeing off a string of timber-carts to the..Dulse wandered about a bit before he found what he took to be the Dark Pond. It was small, half..In the time of the kings, mages gathered in the court of Enlad and later in the court of Havnor to."Nais," I said very quietly. "Nais, don't be afraid. Really, there's nothing to fear"..".The young man slept on a pallet under the little west window of Dulse's house for three years. He learned wizardry, fed the chickens, milked the cow. He suggested, once, that Dulse keep goats. He had not said anything for a week or so, a cold, wet week of autumn. He said, "You might keep some goats"..underground. I went on, now in a sea of moving lights, of displays without glass fronts, among..wizard, I thought I could be everything. You know -- do magic, play music, be Father's son, love..completely. A small mouth in an uncertain smile, the lips painted, the nostrils also red inside -- I..wherever here was, or anywhere. There had been black roads and dropping slopes and a vast green."In my judgment, you do," he said..".We're coming into Thwil Bay now. Where there's no

wind but the wind they want."

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