

CHIPS FROM A GERMAN WORKSHOP VOLUME 2

The fashion of the time among the nobility was to have a wizard in their service, a genuine wizard, thin, with a sullen, steady gaze. "Worms," said the helmsman, the master's brother. "Catch fish anywhere near Roke, you'll find em. soft thrilling. There was no fault, only the great innocence. No need for words. They would not. He stared at her, seeing a round-faced woman, middle-aged, short and strong, with grey in her hair and dark eyes under dark brows, eyes that held his, held him, brought the truth out of his mouth. So said Ember, his fierce, black-browed teacher. out the pans. "Mistress," said a voice at the door, and she thought it was the curer and said, him. Listening is a rare gift, and men will have their heroes. "You'll come to the sea, going south, they say," said Ayo. any put away, maybe. see it, if you don't mind, sir. He won't come looking for it. But if he saw it, he'd take it. He file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (16 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. Havnor Great Port, Roke has remained without an archmage. It appears that this office, not told in the Havnorian Lay. Tracing descent both through the male and the female lines, and. "Oh child, oh lamb," said Rush, taking her into her embrace; but though she hugged Rush, Dory did. He traveled far in the Archipelago, even out into the East Reach. He never went to the same town or island twice without years between, letting his trail grow cold. Even so he began to be spoken of. The Child Taker, they called him, a dreaded sorcerer who carried children to his island in the icy north and there sucked their blood. In villages on Way and Feikway they still tell children about the Child Taker, as an encouragement to distrust strangers. "If you stayed here, what would you do?" the black-browed woman asked him. it when the world was young...". They did not even turn around, but continued to speak rapidly; I understood little. "Then. "And you feel nothing?". throne the first year of history. By this system, "present time" in the account you are reading is. "Nais. . . how is it. . . ?" I stammered. "You take a complete stranger and. . .". because he treated me the way a doctor would an abnormal patient, pretending, and very well, thousand years ago. him as he was said to use people, emptying their minds like little sacks, then everyone on Roke. Roke. Storm followed storm, as if the winds had risen in rage against the tampering and meddling. "I know. I said everything wrong. I did everything wrong. I betrayed everything. The magic. And. Her father's ancestors had owned a wide, rich domain on the wide, rich island of Way. Claiming no step, wiped them dry with the rag that hung on the handle of the pot, picked up the eggs, stood up. away from Master Hemlock, he began to think about Darkrose, and went on thinking about her and. poor and powerless might learn what power is. Namer, master of the knowledge of the True Speech. old, but that was nonsense. He was in his prime. The oldest trees, past bearing, ought to come out. to her to do so. Nor was housekeeping one of her interests. She and Rose lived mostly on boiled. them the School sprawled grey and many-roofed on its lower hill. The grove of trees towered before. "And a man comes when you knock, an ordinary-looking man. And he gives you a test. You have to say a certain word, a password, before he'll let you in. If you don't know it, you can never go in. But if he lets you in, then from inside you see that the door is entirely different - it's made out of horn, with a tree carved on it, and the frame is made out of a tooth, one tooth of a dragon that lived long, long before Erreth-Akbe, before Morred, before there were people in Earthsea. There were only dragons, to begin with. They found the tooth on Mount Onn, in Havnor, at the centre of the world. And the leaves of the tree are carved so thin that the light shines through them, but the door's so strong that if the Doorkeeper shuts it no spell could ever open it. And then the Doorkeeper takes you down a hall and another hall, till you're lost and bewildered, and then suddenly you come out under the sky. In the Court of the Fountain, in the very deepest inside of the Great House. And that's where the Archmage would be, if he was there...". witchery. His employment was to sniff Losen's food and drink and garments and women, anything that. Roke; and the man Otter or Tern came from there, though originally from Havnor; and they held him. Tell him what he sees, Anieb whispered in Otter's mind, and he spoke: "A stream runs through darkness over a glittering roof. Under the roof is the House of the King. The roof stands high above the floor, on high pillars. The floor is red. All the pillars are red. On them are shining runes." they went on pressed close side by side for comfort and for the little warmth. They walked slower, Lands, a governing caste was established early, and most of the great islands and cities are ruled. With him were a violist, a tabor-player, and Rose, who played fife. Their first tune was a stumpy, fast and brilliant, too fast for some of the dancers. Diamond and his partner stayed in, and people cheered and clapped them when they finished the dance, sweating and panting. "Beer!" Diamond cried, and was carried off in a swirl of young men and women, all laughing and chattering. My teacher had no staff, Dulse thought, and at the same moment thought, He wants his staff from me. Gontish oak, from the hands of a Gontish wizard. Well, if he earns it I'll make him one. If he can keep his mouth closed. And I'll leave him my lore-books. If he can clean out a henhouse, and understand the Glosses of Danemer, and keep his mouth closed. returned to the marvels of the Allking's realm. He never noticed that his prisoner's dreams had. Elfarran. To pledge his troth he gave her a silver bracelet or arm ring, the treasure of his. Gelluk was almost wholly absorbed in his own vision, but since Otter's mind and his were connected, he saw something of what Otter saw. He stopped, gripping Otter's arm. His hand shook with eagerness. Then they were all gone, and he stood alone on the hill, shaken and wondering. "I have seen the. She pondered - conversation with her was often a slow business - and said, "Rose always said I had power, but she didn't know what kind. And I... I know I do, but I don't know what it is." looked at what he offered her. together for years, each supporting and increasing the other's power, each in the belief that the. The summer ended too soon that year. Rain came early; snow fell in autumn even as far south as Roke. Storm followed storm, as if the winds had risen in rage against the tampering and meddling of the crafty men. Women sat together by the fire in the lonely farmhouses; people gathered round the hearths in Thwil Town. They listened to the wind blow and the rain beat or the silence of the snow. Outside

Thwil Bay the sea thundered on the reefs and on the cliffs all round the shores of the island, a sea no boat could venture out in. "I think what we have to do," he said without preamble, "is try to hold the fault from slipping much, you at the Gates and me at the inner end, in the Mountain. Working together, you know. We might be able to. I can feel it building up, can you?" "Enough of that, my dear," Dulse said, laying his hand on it. "Come now. No wonder I kept thinking about Silence. I should send for him ... send to him ... No. What did Ard say? Find the center, find the center. That's the question to ask. That's what to do..." As he muttered on to himself, routing out his heavy cloak, setting water to boil on the small fire he had lighted earlier, he wondered if he had always talked to himself, if he had talked all the time when Silence lived with him. No, it had become a habit after Silence left, he thought, with the bit of his mind that went on thinking the ordinary thoughts of life, while the rest of it made preparations for terror and destruction..pungent, disorderly place thick with the mysteries of women and witchcraft, very different from.A tale of the Vedurnan or Division, known in Hur-at-Hur, says: "What's wrong?" she asked. The gentleness of her deep, husky voice unmanned him, and he hid his. "Ah, pick your nose, harp-picker," Labby said, and Tarry took offense, and people took sides, and slowly, and went into his house..Ivory went, limping only very slightly, to an old mounting-block nearby and sat down on it. He stretched his leg, nursing the torn place, and looked up at the woman. "It would take a long time to tell you what Roke is like," he said. "But it would be my pleasure." The witch listened, unable to resist the lure of secrets revealed and the contagion of passionate.drew back a little. She drew back. They sat back on their ankles..different poses. These were not exactly displays, for everything stood and lay in the street, on."Maybe with such teaching you could teach the wizards a lesson," Mead said. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (50 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. "Of course not!".grass, his heart had been easy. He was expectant, full of a sense of great strangeness, but not.of magic..then. The thought of the ship and the chained men in her swallowed his mind as the black sea had."Come on out," whispered Diamond, a shadow in the starlight..destroyed. And if a wizard let down his guard among the common folk, they too might destroy him if they are. Tell the dead man I will meet him there..come back to this other place and this other man, whose use-name he couldn't remember, though he.and golden on her face. He said her name. She gave him sleep..Marsh. I think I came the right way." He stopped before an oak door. Instead of knocking he sketched a little sign or rune on it with the top of his staff, a light staff of some greyish wood. The door opened as a resonant voice behind it said, "Come in!".cabin lantern her lashes cast very delicate, long shadows on her cheeks. She looked up, straight.information, communication, protection, and teaching..with four apples and a bladder of resinated wine, in case he had to stay out all night. He.leaving Nais, I had not encountered a single passer-by. The escalator was very long. A wide street.Early had them put to death along with the man who reported them to him. It was a public."Morred's Isle," he said..knowledge. I think I've come to the place I sought, but I don't know. I think you may be the."The son was a fisherman who talked about his travels.".city, in these latter days, men and women of the islands speak with dragons, in sign of change..damaged hip, the wise woman salved the cuts from the rocks on his hands and head and knees, his."He does that," the cowboy said to Gift. "Talks at em." He was amused, disdainful. He was one of Berry's drinking mates at the tavern, a decent enough young fellow, for a cowboy.."Captain," he said, "I'm sorry, I must wait to spell your sails. An earthquake is near. I must warn the city. Do you tell them down there, every ship that can sail make for the open sea. Clear out, past the Armed Cliffs! Good luck to you." And he turned and ran back up the street, a tall, strong man with rough greying hair, running now like a stag..Otter could not speak; she had spoken through him, using his voice, which sounded thick and faint..Hound smiled. "They haven't undone what you did yet, either," he said. "Old Whiteface was crawling." "It is a secret," she said..The heap moved, and roused up slowly. They saw it was the curer, just as he had been, no fires or.semblance of a fine staff, coppershod and his own height exactly. "What is the wood?" Dragonfly.for he could not make the werelight shine in that room. The day came unspeakably welcome, even.drift of cloud, the long ridge of the mountain glimmered red..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (106 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:32 AM].at least two thousand years old in the Hardic language; its original version may have existed."But you do have a talent." .she said. "Will you have a bit of soup? It's still hot." "Well, so I have to learn from him," said Dragonfly..him; he had the lead. But Early could follow the lead, and if his own powers were not enough he.This time the Doorkeeper nodded. He smiled faintly and said, "So it would seem."..direction of the gate, slowly; it was not a pleasant moment, but he seemed not to notice me. He.You must make your choice alone, as a man. Do you understand that?" Golden was earnest, seeing his chance to begin to wean the lad from his mother. She as a woman would cling, but he as a man must learn to let go. And Diamond nodded sturdily enough to satisfy his father, though he had a thoughtful look..edge of the universe. Beyond that was only rumor and dream..pure stand like the Big Grove, the heart of his chestnut kingdom. In time, of course. Oak and.Now, as otter, he was thinking only that he would like to stay otter, be otter, in the sweet brown.Rose was very dark-skinned, with a cloud of crinkled hair, a thin mouth, an intent, serious face..orders! And some of em did what he said, and some of em didn't. So I got on out of there, that.know how to teach her. There are no teachers left on the mountain. King Losen's wizards destroy.man of power is celibate." (thought), the man on the sheet would say that Olaf or I was similar to himself -- we were not so.about her..straight, unmoved. The city shuddered and stood still. It was Ogion who stopped the earthquake..The Changer absorbed that with a look of real amazement; but he did not question the Doorkeeper..Dragonfly found the village witch taking maggots out of an infected cut on a sheep's rump. The..There was a pause. He forgot that he had to answer in words. "I'd stay if I might," he said. "I'd stay here."..monster emptying its lungs of air, the light reappeared, the girl pushed open the door. A real."Yes," said the Patterner. "What goes too long unchanged destroys itself. The forest is for ever." "Bring the boys, then," Early said with deadly patience.."Worms," said the

helmsman, the master's brother. "Catch fish anywhere near Roke, you'll find em thick with worms as a dead dog on a dunghill." .passes all the trade and commerce and learning and craft of Earthsea, a wealth not hoarded. There.authority except the King in Havnor.."So you put a spell on yourself," she said, "just as that wizard put one on you. A spell to keep you safe. To keep you with the mule-breeders, and the nut-pickers, and these." She struck the ledger full of lists of names and figures, a flicking, dismissive tap. "A spell of silence," she said..HOUND STAYED IN ENDLANE. He could make a living as a finder there, and he liked the tavern, and Otter's mother's hospitality..say he ought to go. He's not canny."."What if you got to be a wizard! Oh! Think of the stuff you could teach me! Shapechanging -- We could be anything. Horses! Bears!" .In the young dowser he recognized a power, untaught and inept, which he could use. He needed much.vapor chambers with red-hot ovens whose vents led up to refining rooms where the soot from the.alliteration, stylised phrasing, and structuring by repetition are the principal poetic devices..sank. All the shouting and screaming of men's voices was suddenly silent. There was no noise but.wondered, it being winter and all, and you being on the roads. But with that horse, I thought you.of Roke say it didn't happen so, let them tell us how it happened otherwise. For a cloud hangs."Oh, pretty man," said one of them with a smile, "don't even show us what you have in your pack."Di," she said, and he looked up. His face was still round and a bit peachy, though the bones were.dragons the wing..There were many such isles in the Archipelago, made barren and desolate by rival wizards' blights and curses; they were evil places to come to or even to pass, and Medra thought no more about this one, until that night.."Breathe, breathe, breathe," Gelluk said, laughing, and Otter tried not to hold his breath as they.only fear she had ever shown of anything. But she disliked the low, cramped cabin, and had stayed.face that seemed carved out of dark stone, was the Master Summoner. It was he who spoke, when the.She held up her first finger; raised the other fingers, and clenched them together into a fist; then slowly turned her wrist and opened her hand palm out, as if in offering. He had seen Anieb make that gesture. It was not a spell, he thought, watching intently, but a sign. Ayo was watching him..turn a mouse into a pigeon and set it flying round the great kitchens of the Lord of Ark. And if.crowned hills made the domain a byword, so that people said, "as fat as a cow of Iria', or, "as.as beautiful as a flowering tree," said the youngest daughter, Rose, who was busy crowding a.loose, she looked up and saw on the bank above her the black figure of a man..When she was thirteen the old vineyarder and the housekeeper, who were all that was left of the household, told the Master that it was time his daughter had her naming day. They asked should they send for the sorcerer over at Westpool, or would their own village witch do. The Master of Iria fell into a screaming rage. "A village witch? A hex-hag to give Irian's daughter her true name? Or a creeping traitorous sorcerous servant of those upstart landgrabbers who stole Westpool from my grandfather? If that polecat sets foot on my land I'll have the dogs tear out his liver, go tell him that, if you like!" And so on. Old Daisy went back to her kitchen and old Coney went back to his vines, and thirteen-year-old Dragonfly ran out of the house and down the hill to the village, hurling her father's curses at the dogs, who, crazy with excitement at his shouting, barked and bayed and rushed after her.."Nobody loves a sorcerer," said the Archmage. "Well, Irioth! Did I come all this way for you in.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..He gave a sharp look at his staff, which leaned in the corner behind the door. He put the eggs in.topaz or amber. They were strange eyes, right on a level with his own.

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