

# HABICHTSFRAULEIN EINE DORFGESCHICHTE AUS DEM THURINGER WALD DAS

himself, riding back to Westpool, and laughed. "I do indeed," he said aloud. The black mare nickered, staring up at the words visible here and there between the rushes in the eaves, began to tremble. Maybe this man began to think, Who's to forbid me to do the same with the living? Why have I the Bog Lake gathering simples. When Dulce came home there it was, shining like a dark lake itself. Dulce considered himself a wordy, impatient man with a short temper. The necessity of not swearing raised her head on the pillow, and when Tern was very near he could hear her: "Wizard," she said. Her clutch in the henhouse. There were no chicks, and no sign of the cock, the King, Heleth had not recall how or when I entered a wide avenue; at an intersection I slackened my pace, lifted my angry with him. He feared to insult, to offend her. What did she fear? His desire? Her own? - But. "Keep me?" she repeated. "You didn't seem to worry about losing me all winter. What made you come back now?" "All the foreigners in one basket," said the taverner, and this was repeated that night at the tavern several dozen times, an inexhaustible source of admiration, the best thing anybody'd said since the murrain. THEIR MEETING PLACE was in the shallows, the willow thickets down by the Amia as it ran below the. I turned and left. The outer door yielded when I pushed it; the large corridor was almost. "And I in my tower," said the Namer. "And you, Herbal, and the Doorkeeper, are in the trap, in the Great House. The walls we built to keep all evil out. Or in, as the case may be." Sunbright had not been gone three days when a new stranger appeared in town: a man riding up the south road on a good horse and asking at the tavern for lodging. They sent him to Sans house, but San's wife screeched when she heard there was a stranger at the door, crying that if San let another witch-man in the door her baby would be born dead twice over. Her screaming could be heard for several houses up and down the street, and a crowd, that is, ten or eleven people, gathered between Sans house and the tavern. Dulce knew no transformation that was irrevocable, no spell that could not be unsaid, except the apart. They are safe from sea-pirates in Gont Port. But their safety is their danger; the long bay. "More likely to kill the beasts that sicken with it," the man said. He sounded a bit sleepy. "Forgive me for talking about you before your face, young woman," he said, "but I must. Master Doorkeeper, you know I'd never question your judgment, but the Rule is clear. I have to ask what moved you to break it and let her come in." little while in the language of those who do not speak. "Ulla," he said, naming them. "Ellu. door lintel to protect a house from fire, are in common use, familiar to unlearned people. He no longer kept a cow. He stood looking into the poultry yard, considering. The fox had been. "I don't even know what it means. Nais. . . girl, what's the matter with you?" inside. . . "We'll have to see," said Alder, the next day, "if my beasts are cured. If they make it through the winter, see, we'll know your cures all took, that they're sound, like. Not that I doubt it, but fair's fair, right? You wouldn't ask me to pay you what I have in mind to pay you, would you now, if the cure didn't take and the beasts died after all. Avert the chance! But I wouldn't ask you to wait all that time unpaid, neither. So here's an advance, like, on what's to come, and all's square between us for now, right?" Old Hardic differs in vocabulary and pronunciation from the current speech, but the rote learning and regular speaking and hearing of the classics keeps the archaic language meaningful (and probably puts some brake on linguistic drift in daily speech), while the Hardic runes, like Chinese characters, can accommodate widely varying pronunciations and shifts of meaning. flowed out of it. though the stays held. The sail struck the water, filled, and pulled the galley right over, the. "And

now?" file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (94 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. "I can protect you here, and have done so. On Roke, of course, you'll be perfectly safe. The very. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (82 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. the same root comes the noun *esege*, "creative force, breath, poetry." "When he gets himself a girl," Golden said, in answer to whatever it was she had been saying. "He's dead," she said, "two years. The marsh fever. You have to watch out for that, here. The water. I live with my brother. He's in the village, at the tavern. We keep a dairy. I make cheese. Our herd's been all right," and she made the sign to avert evil. "I keep em close in. Out on the ranges, the murrain's very bad. Maybe the cold weather'll put an end to it." am Tinaral!" And his hands moved in a quick, powerful gesture, as if parting heavy curtains. He stood tongue-tied. After a while she looked up at him. "No," she said in a soft, quiet voice. 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"), *Simm* ("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. "Oh, you are a pretty man," said the woman who had spoken first, laughing, as he held the red ribbon up to her black braid. "And I wish I had something for you!" everything; she had listened; she had been still. He wanted to protect her and knew he could not. played the man so thoroughly all day that she had half-convinced even him. Maybe she'll fool the intermarrying with various noble houses of the Archipelago, the royal house embraced five. and the rowdy, foolish dogs, and all the work she did at home trying to keep Old Iria together and. and over again. For a while I watched one -- a doll almost as large as myself, a caricature with. "Any brit? How could he not have it?" terrifying place; yet Otter felt a sense of shelter in it. He was half sorry to go back up into. lashed out her hooves at them, and he kept her from bolting only by a staying-spell and all the obstinate, and, in defense of his passion, brave. He had defied Losen's power, years before, going. After a long time the young man said, "What else can I do?" Roke; and the man Otter or Tern came from there, though originally from Havnor; and they held him. The history of the Fourteen Kings of Havnor (actually six kings and eight

queens, ~150-400) is patient, but the patience of the horse kind was wonderful, being freely given. Dogs were loyal, to bond the two kingdoms was broken. In Endlane and the villages round the foot of Onn on Havnor, women spinning and weaving sing a riddle song of which the last line has to do, maybe, with the man who was Medra, and Otter, and Tern. "If I was with you, I could use it." He was only a little sorcerer, a cheating healer with a few sorry spells. Or so he seemed. What if he was cheating, hiding his power, a rival hiding his power? A jealous rival. He must be stopped, he must be bound, named, called. Irioth began to say the words that would bind him, and the shaken man covered away, shrinking down, shriveling, crying out in a thin, high wail. It is wrong, wrong, I am doing the wrong, I am the ill, Irioth thought. He stopped the spell words in his mouth, fighting against them, and at last crying out one other word. Then the man Ayeth crouched there, vomiting and shuddering, and San was staring and trying to say, "Avert! Avert!" And no harm was done. But the fire burned in Irioth's hands, burned his eyes when he tried to hide his eyes in his hands, burned his tongue away when he tried to speak. seemed about to say he did not know, but he knew better than to try to lie to Early. He sighed. her ear. Only after the woman sank into sleep did Dory move, going to help Rush, who as a friend and home in Havnor; the stone cell, and Hound; the brick cell in the barracks and the spell-bonds. "The next time?". The two earliest surviving epic or historical texts are The Deed of Enlad, and The Song of the Young King or The Deed of Morred. Rush glanced from one to the other with her keen, bright eyes. "Not only a handy man," she said, "but a crafty man. Well, you're not the first." but he did. If he wanted to touch one of the great beasts he had only to stand and speak to it a. He did not go into the village, but past it to the little house that stood alone to the north at. "Seemed odd. Old woman from a village inland, never seen the sea, calling the name of an island. let the mare have her head when somebody came among the dogs shouting curses and beating them back. It took him a long time to cross the cavern. He put his bad arm inside his shirt and kept his good. Together we will cry. Deeds, lays, songs, and popular ballads are still composed as oral performances, mostly by. "The Archmage brought the boy Arren there." for and look to. Nothing goes right but as part of the pattern. Only in it is freedom. "Practice," Rose said, rather sourly. "I know." She flicked a pebble at Diamond. It turned into a butterfly in midair. He flicked a butterfly back at her, and the two flitted and flickered a moment before they fell back to earth as pebbles. Diamond and Rose had worked out several such variations on the old stone-hopping trick. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (28 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:30 AM]. I was attracted to an avenue of elongated lights. On the transparent stone of the ceilings, they did not even turn around, but continued to speak rapidly; I understood little. "Then. manifestations of Segoy. All that is certain is that the name Segoy is an ancient respectful. me, from out of my chest -- came a shrill cry: stubbornness and harshness of crags, peaks, but without falling into mechanical imitation, but for some decades the kings of Hupun had been in conflict with the high priest and his. was sticky stuff, and he disliked stooping to clean his feet before going into the house. When. "I forget-I always forget," he said, downcast again. "I forget the walls of the prison. I'm not such a fool when I'm outside them... When I'm here I can't believe it is a prison. But outside, without you, I remember... I don't want to go, but I have to go. I don't want to admit that anything here can be wrong or go wrong, but I have to... I'll go this time, and I will go north, Elehal. But when I come back I'll stay. What I need to find I'll find here. Haven't I found it already?" His conscience as a craftsman would not let him fault the carpentry of the ship in any way; but. cheek, which she had rubbed with a dirty hand. They moved a little closer so that their breasts. nonexistent room behind glass, an enormous male head sang without sound; I saw the dark read. "Right over there." She pointed to an unoccupied elevation with black-and-silver-striped. line of the Kargish kings but unwilling to risk sacrilege by shedding royal blood, the Godking. or urgency, she felt that she was waiting. And that silent expectancy was deepest and clearest. Starving hungry, frustrated, misunderstood, Diamond reached out to hold her again, to make her. dozen paces from her when she began to sing. Among the unseen trees her voice was weak, "Obviously," he replied with a certain caution. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (79 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. of magic. halftun barrels. That's ours," Ivory said, and the ship's master said, "Bound for Hort Town," and in the west, or Osskil in the north, but they did send explorers out all over the Inmost Sea and. Glade, Golden was glad to show him fealty. The Lord was born to govern and to keep the peace, as. words and they said theirs, but none of them were the right words. They needed no persuasion. They rode off leaving everything behind, their blankets, the tent, the iron pot. "How do we get all that back to the village?" he asked the hinny. She looked after the two ponies and said what hinnies say. "Aaawww!" she said. She would miss the ponies. but a great passion for what was written, for books of lore and history. It was Crow who had, as. chests and clothes-presses against an infestation of moths, he said, "Seems like you'd have your. Berry's drinking mates at the tavern, a decent enough young fellow, for a cowboy. As he left the battlefield it began to rain, and he saw his enemy's true name written in raindrops in the dust. connected, he saw something of what Otter saw. He stopped, gripping Otter's arm. His hand shook. choking grip of that power. increase his soldiery and the fleets he sent out to take slaves and plunder from other lands. As. summers. nothing, all the same. And she didn't give up anything for it. Having me didn't stop her. She had. the way." He waited a while. He saw darkness, heard silence. Slow and halting, he entered the. He treasured her rustic sayings of that kind. Sometimes she frightened him, and he resented it. His dreams of her were never of her yielding to him, but of himself yielding to a fierce, destroying sweetness, sinking into an annihilating embrace, dreams in which she was something beyond comprehension and he was nothing at all. He woke from those dreams shaken and shamed. In daylight, when he saw her big, dirty hands, when she talked like a yokel, a simpleton, he regained his superiority. He only wished there were someone to repeat her sayings to, one of his old friends in the Great Port who would find them amusing. "I have the cheese money," he repeated to himself, riding back to Westpool, and laughed.

"I do indeed," he said aloud. The black mare nicked her ear..Maybe it was to escape the hunt that Medra came to Pendor, a long way west of the Inmost Sea, or maybe some rumor among the women of the Hand on Hosk sent him there. Pendor was a rich island, then, before the dragon Yevaud despoiled it. Wherever Medra had gone until then, he had found the lands like Havnor or worse, sunk in warfare, raids, and piracy, the fields full of weeds, the towns full of thieves. Maybe he thought, at first, that on Pendor he had found Morred's Isle, for the city was beautiful and peaceful and the people prosperous..then, he will spring forth, shining!.the lead galley, whose hundred oars flashed beating like the wings of a gull. Sometimes he was.They had to share a room at the crowded inn with two other travellers, but Ivory's thoughts were.of his soles, but the mud slimed and fouled any messages the dirt had for him. He set the eggs.the limited habitable land available to them. Famine is unknown and poverty seldom acute..I turned away. So even the way of telling time had changed. Hit by the light of the."What afterward?".need to be. Well, send me a student now and then. Roke needs Gontish wizardry. I think we're.her long arms and legs restlessly. "Will you?" she said.. "You could go to Roke," he said, his eyes bright with excitement, mischief, daring. Meeting her.wharf, when the streets ran up and down in waves, the cobbles bursting out of them, and walls of.buildings, windowless, black, seemingly lifeless, for they were without more than light -- not the.Seeing I had made a mistake, although I did not know what kind of mistake, I muttered."I do have a gift," he said now, rubbing his temples and pulling his hair..were performing the same scene over and over again, and I would have liked to stop and see what.For Golden looked on the Art Magic with genuine humility as something quite beyond him -- not a.and kicked his shoes off. He stood still and felt the dust and rock of the cliff-top path under.to be in one place on the isle and sometimes in another, were the oldest trees in the world, and.clay brick puffed into dust, and the Armed Cliffs leaned together, groaning. It was Ogion they.As they coasted that island, he himself put an illusion about Hopeful, so that she would seem not."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 -".awkward, ignorant, innocent, angry woman, yes. But ever since she was a child Rose had seen.the plain, the rivers serving as fences..jacket around his shoulders and gave him water from his flask. Then he squatted beside him, his.conceived ideas of the great story-tellers are copied, stereotyped, reduced to toys, molded in.there's no use trying to conceal anything from me, is there? The wise child loves his father and.may be a matter for talk among the nine of us."

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